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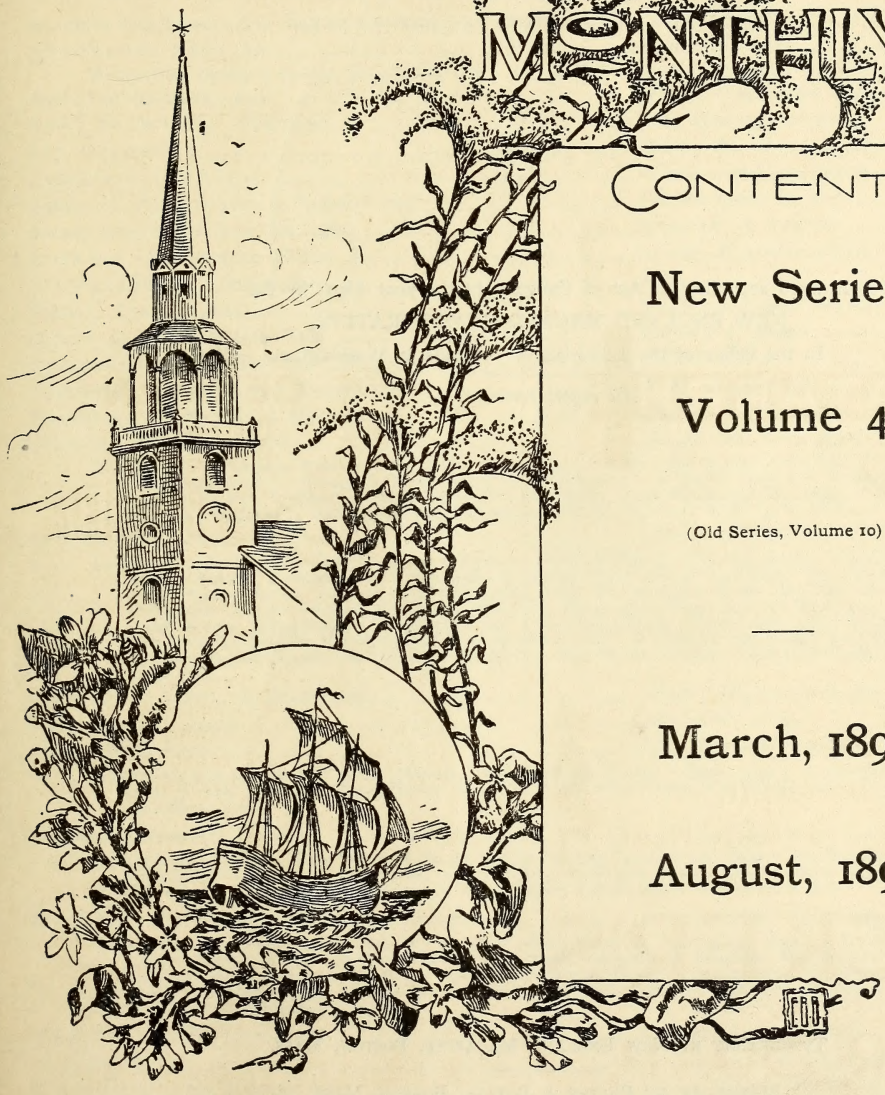
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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY



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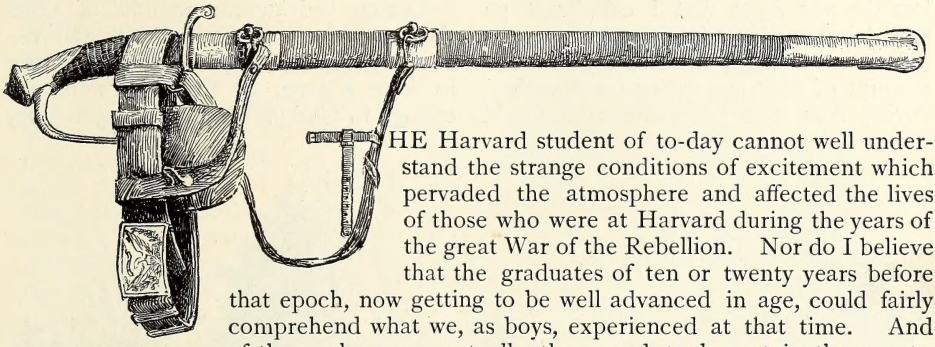
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HARVARD COLLEGE DURING THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

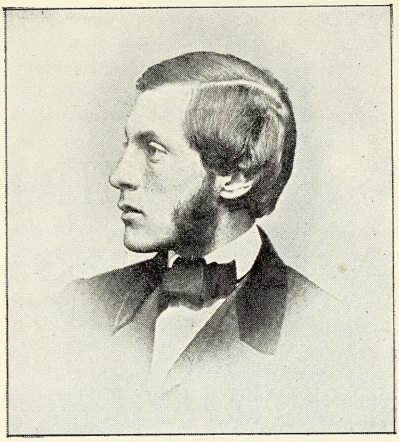
By Captain Nathan Appleton.



THE Harvard student of to-day cannot well understand the strange conditions of excitement which pervaded the atmosphere and affected the lives of those who were at Harvard during the years of the great War of the Rebellion. Nor do I believe that the graduates of ten or twenty years before that epoch, now getting to be well advanced in age, could fairly comprehend what we, as boys, experienced at that time. And of those who were actually there, and took part in the events, there are not many; for, after all, it was a short transition period, the most interesting part of it being the beginning of the war, the spring of 1861, when we students felt that we were called upon to do something there, in the very place itself, to save the arsenal, and perhaps the college, from invasion and capture.

Of the classes then at Harvard, none was more identified with this important work than the one to which I belonged, — the great and glorious class of 1863. We were then Sophomores, in the full tide of bumptiousness, and just at the age to enjoy the excitements of the occasion; and so I think we did. We graduated in July, 1863, when the early enthusiasms had passed away; there was no novelty in the situation, and those who entered the army then had learned that it was not to be the ninety days' picnic as first supposed. This was after Gettysburg and Vicksburg, when the back of the rebellion was broken. Looking calmly at it now, it seems as if the war should have ended then; as it would have been had it not been prolonged by the culpable vanity of Jefferson Davis, and the hopelessly stubborn resistance of the brave Confederate army. Slavery had been abolished by President Lincoln's proclamation on January 1, 1863, and so the results of the war had been assured before it was finished in the field.

The continuance of the war after Commencement in 1863 gave me and many others the opportunity of taking part in it which would otherwise have been denied us; for my good mother had said from the beginning, when we all had more or



Prof. Charles W. Eliot.

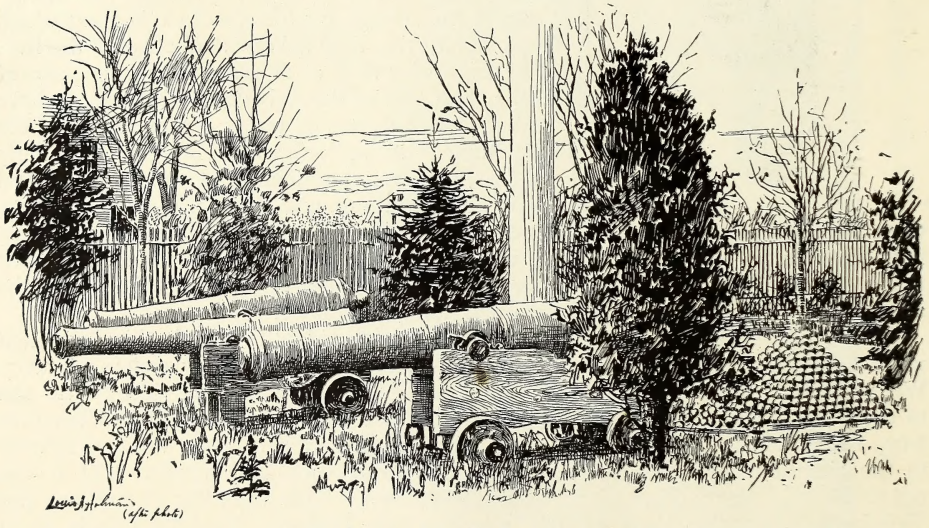
FROM A PHOTO TAKEN IN 1863.

less the war fever, that I could not go until I had graduated.

I have thought, therefore, that some account of what was going on at college during those two years and more would be interesting, as related by one who was there and took part in the scenes. I must, at the start, ask indulgence for anything that seems like egotism in my narrative, for it is taken almost entirely from what I did or saw or know of myself, aided very much by a scrap-book I kept at the time, as well as by letters and other contributions from classmates and friends. Of course, too, I must rely considerably on memory, and as it is a memory which goes back nearly thirty years, it is to be expected that fancy will play her part in the tale.

The political campaign of 1860 was the beginning of the new order of things. Abraham Lincoln was the candidate of the Republican party, then for the first time coming prominently before the people for their votes. I, like many others, had been brought up in the traditions of the good old Whig party. This is not the place to speak of what it had accomplished; but it had for years been a party of compromise, and such parties generally have to come to an end in a nation's crisis, — and this crisis arrived later on with the fatal shot at Fort Sumter.

During the autumn months of 1860 there was plenty of political talk and discussion, and we boys, although too young to have a vote, all the same were old enough to take part in what was going on, especially the fun of a torchlight procession. These demonstrations at that time were very different from the gorgeous ones we have seen in the last twenty years, in which the Harvard students have been an important factor. In those days there was little in the way of uni-

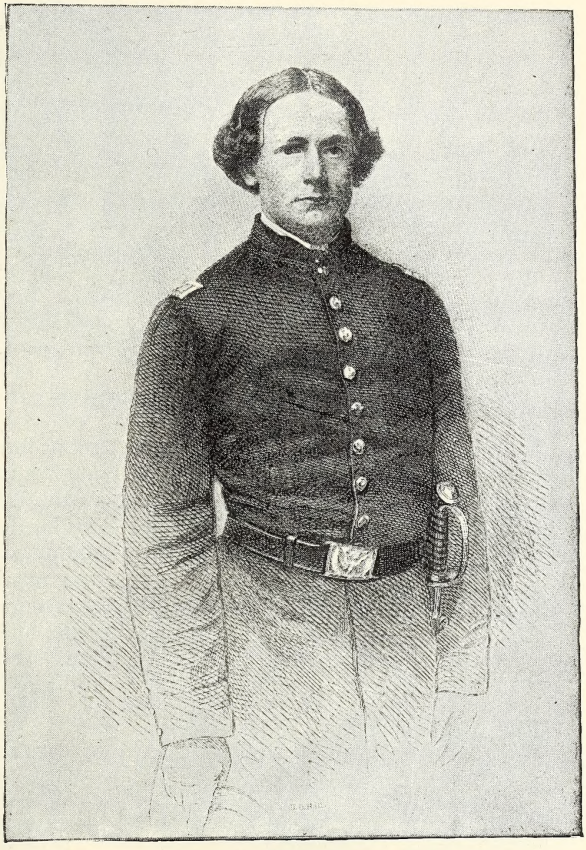


In the Grounds of the Old Cambridge Arsenal.

form, but we managed somehow to get torches, the distinguishing feature of such affairs, — often extinguished before long on the march. I well remember one of these torchlight processions, which was in honor of Bell and Everett, the last candidates of the Whigs. "Bell and the Belles, 1860, Harvard," was our gallant motto, as one can see from the badge prepared for the occasion, which I have preserved as a souvenir. We met in that large open space by the Bratttle House, now the University Press, crowded ourselves into an omnibus, and drove over to Brookline, the starting place of the procession, which was to march through that town. There we were treated to "cakes and ale." We had no band, I believe, but were well supplied with our own musical talent, for it was our plan on the way back to stop at a few houses in Longwood and favor the young ladies with serenades, then much in vogue. We brought up at the mansion of Amos A. Lawrence, treasurer of Harvard College, who, when the war broke out, was one of the most energetic and patriotic of our citizens; also, at the house of the family of Dutton Russell, who lost two sons in the war.

No better idea of this festivity can possibly be given than by the following stanzas, which I take from a letter in poetry written me by one of the most gifted men in our class, my dearest friend, then rusticated at Milton for some college escapade, Albert Kintzing Post of New York. Later he was a private and lieutenant in the 45th Mass. Regt. of Infantry, and was drowned at the early age of twenty-nine, trying to save the life of a boy with whom he had gone in bathing at West Hampton, Long Island. His son was the poet of the class that graduated at the last commencement. This is the way Post tells the story in what he calls "A Graduate's Lament":

"It seems as though 'twere yesterday
I was a rampant Soph,
And well do I remember now
Th' elections coming off.
Oh, those happy days at Harvard, of jovial student life!



Lieutenant William Lowell Putnam.

"Our crowd went Bell and Everett,
A motto proud had we,
'Twas 'Bell and the Belles,' and then the cheer
Was, 'Harvard! One! Two!! Three!!!'
Oh, those, etc.

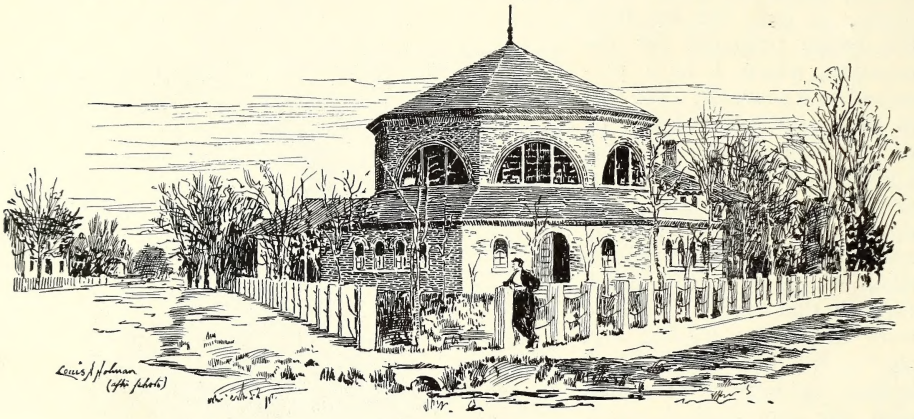
"Nobly we all worked for the cause,
Ready in time of need,
We'd carry torches sixty miles,
Provided we got feed.
Oh, those, etc.

"Oh, many a jolly time we had,
Squeezed in that famous '*bus*,'

Whose creaking roof we often feared
Would be the death of us!
Oh, those, etc.

"But yet it bore us out right well,
Who'd at its old joints frown,
When 'Dixie' and 'Litoria'
Did all their squeaking drown.
Oh, those happy days at Harvard, of jovial student life!"

suspense, at the theatres in Boston, "Dixie" was the favorite music, and was always cheered vociferously when started by the band. It seemed as if our people wanted in every way, even by the enthusiasm and charm of music, to conciliate the South, and try to prevent it from continuing in its mad career. It was too

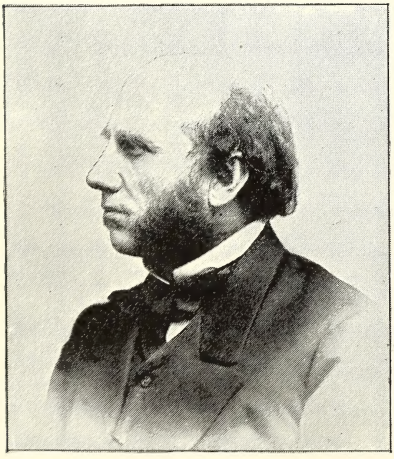


Old Gymnasium.

"Litoria" was one of the popular college songs of the time, but "Dixie" was more important, as it had a national signification. All readers will remember it, some of the words at least:

"I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land."

I can recall how, during that winter of



Professor Horsford.

soon for "John Brown's Body" which later became the inspiring march music of the Union army, when that army had to be formed and march to save the nation. I remember one stanza which was much sung at that time, when John A. Andrew was Governor of Massachusetts, and has been since almost forgotten. Some will remember it. This is the way it went:

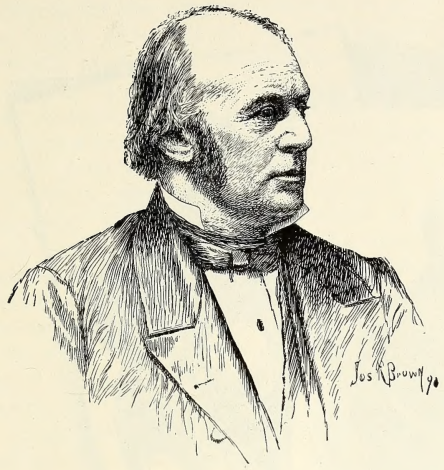
"Tell John Andrew,
Tell John Andrew,
Tell John Andrew,
John Brown's dead."

— certainly a dismal refrain.

It was a winter of doubt and gloomy forebodings, and at length, on December 20th, a few days before Christmas and New Year, it was flashed over the wires that South Carolina had seceded from the Union. Well did Dr. Holmes express the situation when he wrote:

"Ah! Caroline, Caroline,
Child of the Sun,
There are battles 'gainst fate
Which can never be won."

Most of the old slaveholding states followed the example of South Carolina, at different dates in the month of January,



Prof Louis Agassiz.

FROM A PHOTO TAKEN IN 1863.

with Texas in February; leaving Virginia as the only important one still in the Union until April 17th, when she, too, severed her allegiance. The first gun fired against the stars and stripes was what may be considered a chance shot on the picket line of the Great Rebellion, when, on January 9th, in Charleston Harbor, the militia of South Carolina aimed at the "Star of the West," bringing

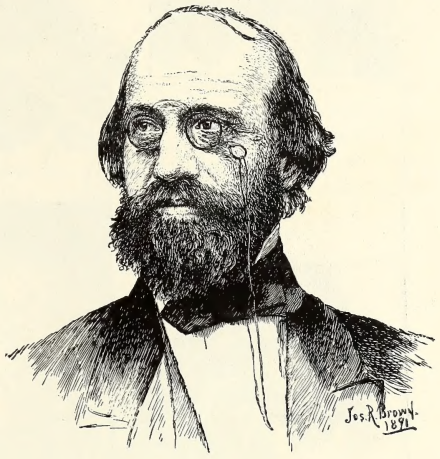


Gen. James S. Wadsworth.

FROM A PHOTO TAKEN IN 1864.

supplies to Major Anderson and his garrison of United States troops at Fort Sumter.

You must know that in those days Harvard College had a winter vacation of six weeks, beginning some time in February. Most of the students went to their homes, while some passed the time in teaching school. The year in which we now are, 1861, witnessed the departure of most of the southern students, of whom, for that matter, there were not many; and I do not know whether any of them came back to continue their studies. In my class there were but four, all of whom served in the Confederate army, and one died at Richmond a few days after our Class-day.



Professor Lovering.

FROM A PHOTO TAKEN IN 1863.

The month of April brought matters to a crisis. On the 12th of that month was the first shot which opened the bombardment of Fort Sumter. The war of the Rebellion had begun. The President's proclamation brought into the streets of Boston the 6th and 8th Mass. Regts., who went at once to the defence of the capital. On April 19th, the 6th was mobbed at Baltimore.

The appeal of Abraham Lincoln was followed by that extraordinary uprising of the people, which took its first expression in the blossoming out of the nation's flag on every housetop in the states which remained true to the Union. The students of Harvard could not but have been in a thrill of excitement. Let us see what they did just then. The following is



Gorham Phillips Stevens. Samuel Sheldon Gould.

Horace Sargent Dunn.

Cabot Jackson Russell.

taken from a newspaper slip in my scrapbook, but without date, — some time in April:

"HARVARD TO THE RESCUE.

"The students of Harvard are fully alive with patriotism at the present time. On Monday evening last the Seniors raised a transparency on one of the trees in front of Holworthy, inscribed on one side 'The Constitution and the Enforcement of the Laws,' and on the other, 'Harvard for War.' This was greeted with great cheering and a flight of rockets. This morning every window of 'Old Massachusetts,' which is occupied chiefly by Sophomores, had a small American flag waving from it. This exhibition of devotion to the Union was loudly applauded by the students as they returned from prayers."

As regards the "Massachusetts" decoration, I can say that I was its organizer, having procured the flags in Boston and then, going round to the different occupants of the rooms in the building, taken up a small subscription, and arranged to have the flags displayed from the windows in time for prayers. The newspaper article continues by stating that there were then three undergraduates serving with the Massachusetts troops, and there was a rumor that the three upper classes would organize drill clubs. There was also a meeting in front of the Post Office, with stirring speeches, and an exhortation to avenge the death of those who had fallen at Baltimore.

To go back a few months, — I can say that a drill club had been started during the winter by a natty and energetic Frenchman, Colonel Salignac, to instruct any who might apply, in the ordinary drill of the soldier. This was in Boston, and we met, as well as I can remember, in a large hall somewhere in Sudbury Street. I was one of the number, and feel myself much indebted to Colonel

Salignac for the excellent lessons he gave us, which were full of the *élan* of the French army. The organization continued some time, for late in the spring Colonel Salignac took us down Beacon Street to Longwood, where we exercised on a large tract of land belonging to Mr. Amos A. Lawrence, who was himself a pupil of Salignac. Our uniform consisted of a red fatigue cap, blouse and all the necessary accoutrements of the infantry soldier. There were other students besides myself in the battalion of Colonel Salignac, and our exercise there came in well to prepare us for the duty of guarding the arsenal at Cambridge.

Some items are taken from the diary of my friend, the secretary of our class, Arthur Lincoln, as follows:

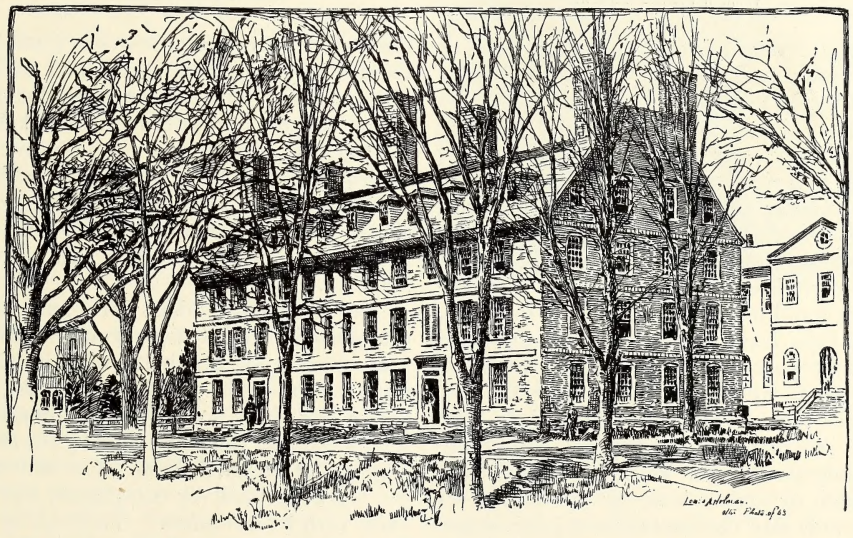
"April 27. Mass meeting of citizens under Washington Elm, — Gov. Banks, Judge Russell and others. At 5 P. M., Prof. L. Agassiz met me in the college yard, asked me if I was a student, if I was discreet, etc. I told him I thought I was, and he said, 'Have as many students within call in half an hour as you can.' It turned out the Governor wanted volunteers for the arsenal, as the Pulaski guard had been ordered off, and Professor Eliot [now the President of Harvard University] called for volunteers. This Saturday night he took twenty or thirty law students, resident graduates, etc., from their drill club, and they spent Sunday there."

This was the beginning of our famous guarding of the arsenal, the most important episode in Harvard's military life, as a home guard. In our imagination we thought that Jeff Davis might appear in person and take possession of it for the incipient Confederacy. I have in my scrap-book a list of those, thirty in all, who were there as privates at the time when I, thanks to my drilling under Salignac, had the honor of being either a sergeant or a corporal. It is written out in pencil, and perhaps there is not another one in existence. Here are the names:

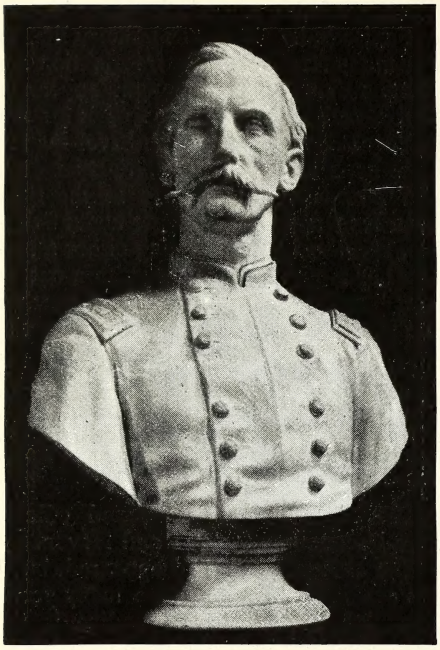
"Allen, Bowditch, Verplanck, Tarbell, Brown, Cole, Wheeler, Derby, Wigglesworth, Emory, Hun, Jones, Langdon, Marsh, Ropes, Stoddard, Taber, Pettie, Rand, Shurtleff, Nichols, Brooks, Edwards, Cromwell, Noyes, Higginson, Furness, Gilbert, Goodwin, Goddard."

The other non-commissioned officers were Greenough, Wright, and Haven.

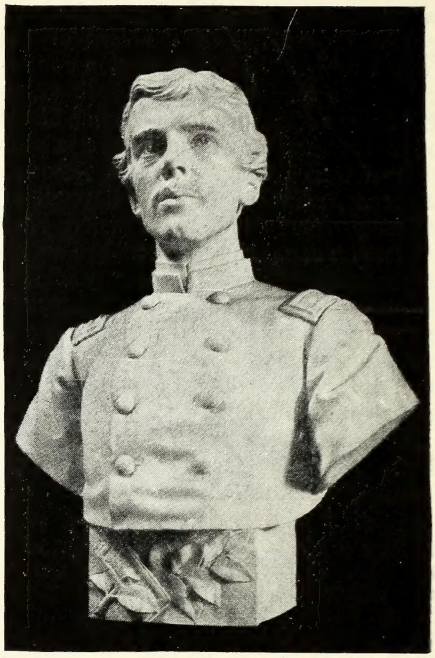
The old arsenal has disappeared, but I can see it again after these many years. The high wood wall surrounding it, the large one-story building, used as barracks for the men, with mattresses on either side, the central building for the officers, the large storeroom, the graceful elm trees, the old-fashioned guns, now in a place of honor around the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument on Cambridge Common, with piles of cannon balls, and



Massachusetts Hall.



William Francis Bartlett.



Charles Russell Lowell.

in the centre of it all the flag staff with the stars and stripes proudly but sadly floating in the air.

Our sojourn there, which did not last many weeks, was of course a regular spree, with a serious attachment. Many were the pranks that were played. Cannon balls would be rolled down between the mattresses of the recumbent sleepers in the early hours after midnight. If a student could manage to get out of the yard, and then learn at what hour of the night and at what place some friend would be on guard, he would let him over the wall without the required countersign. We used to march three times a day in detachments to our respective boarding-houses or club tables, for our meals, for the only fare the government gave us was crackers and coffee for the night work. I remember going around to relieve the guard when all was chilly and silent and dark, and feeling the soldierly thrill of being on duty. Boys as we were, it was exciting.

We had there to look after us a commissioned officer of the Boston Cadets. The three days I was there, for I was there only once, the officer was a tall and handsome young man, Lieutenant Hodgkinson. By family ties we were distantly connected, and one afternoon some ladies, related both to him and to me, came out to visit the arsenal. How proud I felt as I did my share of the honors of the occasion! No army general could have more deeply appreciated the glory and responsibilities.

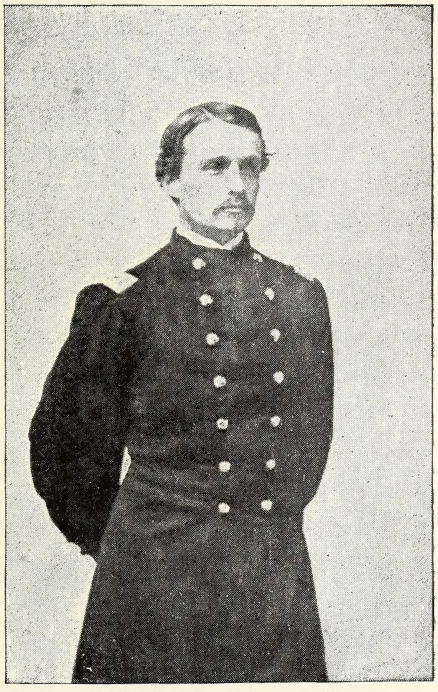
The Harvard Cadets were now fairly established; and I have somewhere the brass buckle for our belts, with H. C. in large letters upon it. On May 1st, we began our drills in the old gymnasium, the building in the small Delta; Professor Eliot superintended them. On May 10th we began to drill by companies, and on June 11th by battalion. This was in the Delta, where the Memorial Hall now stands, but up to that time sacred to the memory of the annual football fight. One of the college professors undertook to drill the battalion, but it would occasionally be too much for him, and after giving an order, which was obeyed by rapid marching, he would rush to the fence, with the young soldiers after him. But as

regular and serious instruction was necessary, the services were secured of Joseph Hayes, a fine-looking and dignified man and perfect disciplinarian, every inch the soldier. I knew him well later, in the army of the Potomac, as colonel of the 18th Massachusetts regiment, and commander of a brigade and a division of the 5th corps.

Exciting news now came every day or week. We all felt a keen sorrow at the death of the young and dashing Colonel Ellsworth of the Zouaves, as he was shot on the stairs of the Marshall House at Alexandria when taking down the Confederate flag which was waving over the hotel. I first read the sad tidings from a newspaper in front of the Post-Office, which was then in the Lyceum building, Harvard Square. We had followed the march of the famous 7th New York Regt. to Washington, and were soon to hear of the death of one of its soldiers, Theodore Winthrop, then an officer and acting on the staff of General Butler at Big Bethel. The 1st Mass. Infantry was recruiting near Fresh Pond, and the 2d, in which were many Harvard graduates as officers, at West Roxbury, on the grounds of the famous Brook Farm. They were soon ready for the field and left Boston, after a review on the Common, in July. Then came the summer vacation, and with it the battle of Bull Run, on July 21st. The North now accepted the challenge in earnest, and settled down to the formation of the great Army of the Potomac under McClellan, while at the West preparations were also made on a gigantic scale.

I should here state that, besides our drills and other out-of-door military exercises during the spring, we had been favored with the most interesting and instructive course of lectures by Prof. E. N. Horsford, which were delivered in his happiest vein. They treated of the recent improvements in cannon, the composition of gunpowder, the structure of the *Monitor*, the development of weapons, paper money, and telegraphy. The only cause of regret that we had in relation to them was that they deprived us of the lectures on English literature, wit, and humor by Prof. J. R. Lowell, which would regularly have come in that epoch of our academic career. Unfortunately, we could not have two good things at the same time.

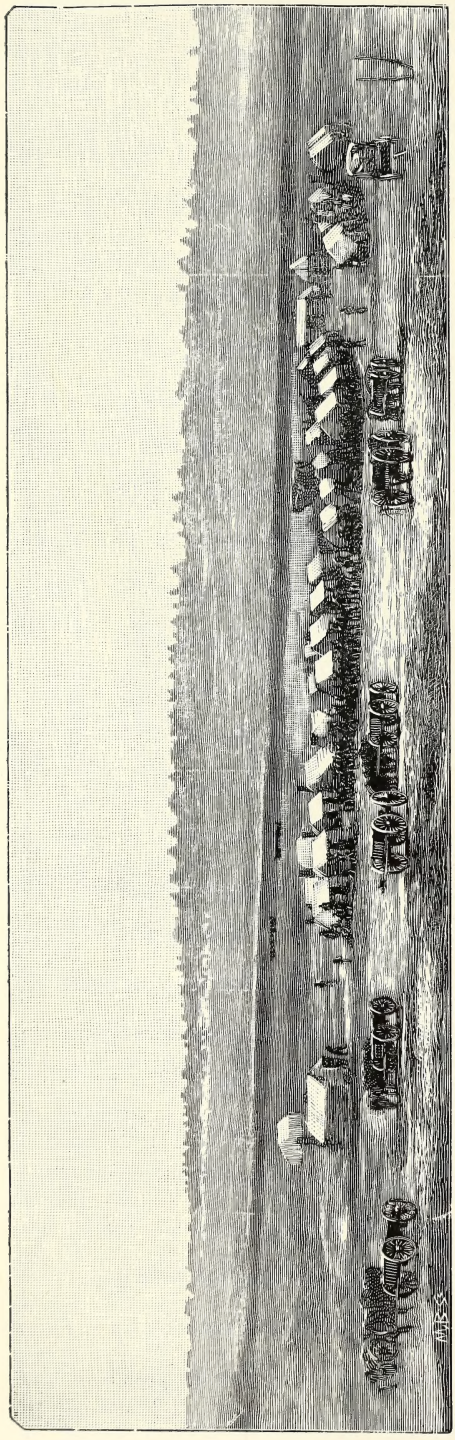
On re-assembling at college for the autumn term of 1861, we soon received the news of the disastrous engagement at Ball's Bluff in October. In this, the 20th Mass. lost heavily. Among the killed was young Lieut. William Lowell Putnam of the Law School. His funeral



Col. Robert G. Shaw.

services were held in the West Church in Cambridge Street, Boston, of which his grand-uncle, Dr. Lowell, had for many years been the pastor. I attended it, and I well remember the impression made upon me, as being the first funeral I had attended of any officer killed in the Union army, and he so young, so handsome, and with so much before him.

Of course college life, with its studies and amusements, and even the social gayeties of Boston, continued all the time, but in a subdued manner. Students were constantly leaving college to join the army, and there were sword presentations and good-bys, mixed with a feeling of



On the Rappahannock. — Camp of 5th Mass. Battery, December, 1863 – April, 1864.

envy of those who were off to the front. Occasionally they would come back for a visit, and make a sensation in the Yard, as they appeared in their brilliant uniforms. Then, too, there were visits to the great camp at Readville, which was the rendezvous of many of the regiments, particularly those officered by sons of Harvard. Somewhere up North Avenue, near Porter's, was Camp Cameron, where the 28th Mass. was recruiting, an Irish regiment, the Faugh a Ballagh, or Clear the Way, generally known as the "Ful a Ballews"; and, as many of the officers were jolly fellows, they fraternized readily with us students, and many were the visits exchanged and the songs sung together.

It was during my junior year that the organization of the Army of the Potomac was being perfected, near Washington, and I, like many others, availed myself of the winter's vacation to go to the capital of the nation and see what was taking place. Needless to say it was an interesting trip. After spending a few days in Baltimore with a classmate who had relatives there, and hearing plenty of secession talk, and meeting at the house of one of my cousins the first Confederate officer I had ever seen, in his gray uniform and gold braid (he had just been exchanged from Fort Warren in Boston Harbor), I arrived one evening just after dark at Washington. I put up at Willard's Hotel, prepared for anything that was to be done. On arising next morning and looking out of the window, I saw a long line of army wagons passing by in Pennsylvania Avenue, and I said to myself, "Ah, ha! I am indeed fortunate to have arrived just now, for evidently the army is to be on the move." It was not so, however, but part of the daily life of the capital, which was in the middle of encircling camps, — the great host of more than a hundred thousand men marshalled there, — and the carrying of supplies to and from them caused this continuous procession of wagons. Washington then was a strange sight; nothing like it had been seen before, nor has there since. Knee deep with mud in winter and covered with dust in summer, with its buildings in an unfinished state,



The Bugle Call.

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT — CLASS OF 1844.

the Washington monument up only a short height and in the middle of an immense pasture for cattle, one would hardly recognize the beautiful and clean city of to-day. The hotels, of which Willard's was the principal one, were crowded, besides the ordinary guests and tourists attracted to the place, with a motley array of officers of all ranks and every branch of the service, whose mud-spattered boots, clanking spurs and swords resounded over the marble floors of the lobbies and corridors.

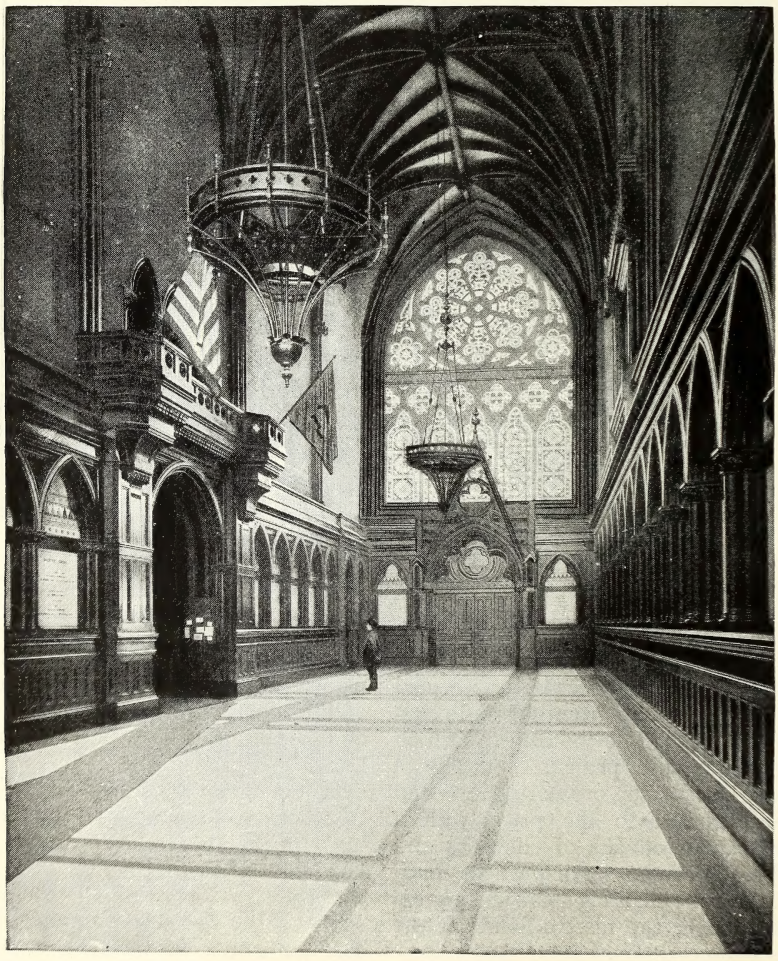
Of course the great attraction was to see the Army of the Potomac, encamped over the river from which it took its name. So, armed with passes and letters of introduction, my friend and I started off one beautiful February morning, on horseback, to visit the camps. Crossing over the chain or aqueduct bridge, at Georgetown, we made a long day of it, lunching at General Fitz John Porter's headquarters, with his aid, now Gen. S. M. Weld, of Boston, and others of the staff. Little did I then think that this was the corps to which later I should belong; the battery in which I was to be

an officer, the 5th Mass., Captain Charles A. Phillips, of Salem, himself a Harvard graduate of 1860, was probably encamped close by. After passing pretty much through the great army, we re-crossed the river by the historic Long Bridge, and reached the hotel just as the evening shades were lengthening.

The railroad journey from New York to Washington at that time was a tedious affair. We had to pass through Philadelphia in horse cars, and this consumed nearly an hour. In Baltimore the railroad cars were pulled by mules quite a distance from one station to another, and there it was that the Massachusetts troops were attacked on April 19, 1861. During the transit through Philadelphia in the horse car, I remember that a man came aboard selling the popular patriotic songs of the time, and to aid in the sale he gave us a specimen of his lyric powers. This was what he sang to us. It was shortly after the capture of Mason and Slidell, by Captain Wilkes of the *San Jacinto*, November 8, 1861 :

"They sent two envoys plenipo,
From Dixie's land, from Dixie's land,
To Johnny Bull and John Crapeau
That freedom might go down.

"A gallant plucky Commodore,
From Yankee land, from Yankee land,
Just bagged them both, while John Bull swore
Lest treason should go down.



Memorial Hall. — Transept.



Memorial Hall — Dining Room.

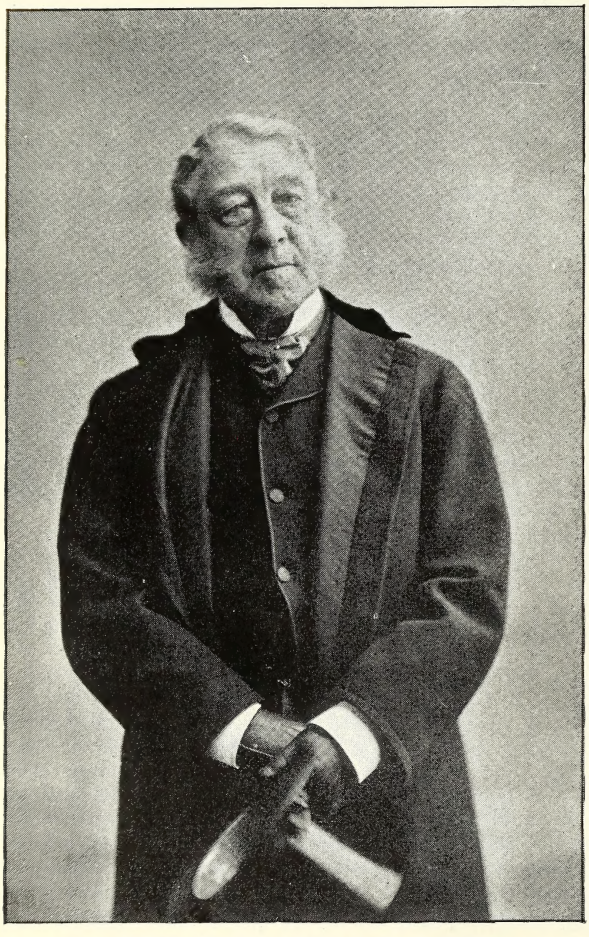
Refrain:

"We're marching on, we're marching on
To Dixie's land, to Dixie's land,
Our flag shall float to the Rio Grande
And treason shall go down."

And this takes me directly back to Boston, where Captain Wilkes, doing his duty as he interpreted it, without considering the possible international complications involved, had deposited safely in Fort Warren, Messrs. Mason and Slidell whom he had captured from the British steamer *Trent*. He was, of course, the hero of the day, and this was to me an important affair. Being well acquainted with my family, he called upon us at our house in Beacon Street, and I had the good luck of meeting him and, more than this, of escorting him to the house of my aged grandmother, Mrs. Jesse Sumner, in Chestnut Street. Never shall I forget the pride I felt in walking with him down Beacon Street, up Spruce Street, to the house in Chestnut Street. I knew we were the observed of all observers, and I dare say I considered myself the more important personage of the two; was not this natural, for he was under my charge, and I was then nearly nineteen years old! Those are the triumphs of youth, which cannot later be won.

And now again to the war, and what my classmates were doing. Three gave up their lives in quick succession. I must refer to my scrapbook again. The first was Horace Sargent Dunn, and in the biographies of our class, written by our secretary, Arthur Lincoln, he states that "he was the first Harvard undergraduate who died in the war." Leaving college early in the junior year, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the 22d Mass., the Henry Wilson regiment. He was taken ill with typhoid fever at the siege of Yorktown, May 5, 1862, and died in the City Hospital at New York, May 22. He had been a member of our Freshman crew, victorious over Yale, was a man of fine physique, of a most sterling and amiable nature, and died at the age of twenty. I have his card as recruiting officer on Sudbury Street for the Hatteras Guard, to be attached to the 22d Mass. Regt. A sympathetic notice of him ap-

peared in the Boston *Courier*, written by Mr. G. S. Hillard, and at a class meeting resolutions were passed, and we adopted the usual badge of mourning. I knew him well at the Latin School, had rowed with him in the same boat before going to college, and during the Sophomore year we were at the same club table.



Col. Henry Lee.

Next comes Gorham Phillips Stevens. He, I can fairly say, was regarded as the most brilliant and promising youth of our class. He left college during the junior year, and was presented by us with a regulation sword, sash, etc., the subscription list for which, signed by his classmates, I have. He joined the 7oth N. Y. Infantry, in the 1st Excelsior Brigade, as 2d lieutenant, January 1st, 1862; was 1st lieutenant, May 5th. He died of typhoid fever — induced by returning to his post too soon after a wound — August 12th, 1862, in the hospital at Harrison's Landing, Va., and was buried at his native place, North Andover, August 21st. His short career in the army, for one so young and of subaltern rank, had been remarkable, and elicited the praise of his superior officers. At college he was our strongest speaker, earnest, serious, eloquent and with exceptional intelligence and knowledge. In the debates at the Institute of 1770, during the sophomore year he easily took the lead, his most worthy antagonist being Frederic T. Greenhalge, now a member of Congress from Massachusetts. No better tribute could be paid to his qualities while a student, than the following verses, which I quote from a poem delivered by Edward D. Boit of our class at the Hasty Pudding Club, in which he speaks of the old debates at the Institute:

"Another speaker mingles in the fray.
His tone is clear, impressive, calm and slow,
Yet every voice submissive dies away
As from his lips the words begin to flow.
He sets our reason free from passion's chain
Only to lead her captive in his train.
From fleeing truth the pinions he unties,
Gives them to time and gives her to the skies.

"What wonder then our hearts were filled with joy!
What marvel that our hopes exultant ran!
That we who knew the genius of the boy
Foresaw a brilliant future for the man!
That we expected to behold his name
In golden letters in the Book of Fame,
Thought when he spoke the world would gather round,
And vaulted ceilings with his praise resound!

"But now, alas! our fondest hopes were vain;
Our hero sleeps beneath the winter snow;
No voice can call him back to life again,
Or to his cheek restore the wonted glow.
He died alone upon a distant shore,
Another victim to the god of war!
Just Heaven! A war should gain eternal bliss
To justify such sacrifice as this!"

I take pleasure in giving these stanzas in full, not only from their own merit as coming from our class poet, now a well-known artist, but chiefly as a tribute to Stevens, showing how intense the feeling was at that time for one of our number who had died in the service of his country.

The last of the three was Samuel Sheldon Gould; and his fate was singularly pathetic. After the disasters of 1862 on the Peninsula, at Cedar Mountain, and the Second Bull Run, a general gloom pervaded the North. More men were needed, and President Lincoln now came out with another appeal to arms. Among those to respond was young Gould. After delivering several stirring speeches, the last one at the Meionaon in Boston, he joined the 13th Massachusetts Regiment as a private, and had only been with it a few days when he was killed at Antietam, September 17th, 1862. On going into the fight, he did not even have a musket, but picked one up on the field. As in the case of the others, his funeral was attended by his classmates and the mourning badge was worn.

After Antietam there was not much activity in the Army of the Potomac, in which the greatest proportion of Harvard's sons were serving, until the attack on Fredericksburg in December. At Cambridge, life was about the same; the war was a serious matter, and those who intended to join the army whenever they could had fairly made up their minds. The camp at Readville continued for the recruiting and drilling of regiments. The 44th and 45th Massachusetts Volunteers had left in the autumn or winter for North Carolina, and in both of them were many sons of Harvard. In the latter, enlisted as a private but later, commissioned 2d lieutenant, was my friend, the clever poet of the Bell and Everett procession, A. K. Post.

The year 1863, our graduating year, was ushered in with the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln. We, who were soon to leave college, were so fully occupied during our second term with all those details incident to the important event, as well as our last frolics and society sprees, that perhaps we did not then think much of the war. I remember, however, that during the winter vacation some of us, who had



Col. T. W. Higginson.
FROM A PHOTO TAKEN ABOUT 1863.

aspirations for joing a mounted branch of the service, used to take lessons in riding and leaping in a building down somewhere by Brimmer or River and Chestnut Streets. There was also a funny old Frenchman, Professor Sommelier, on Washington Street, Boston, who gave lessons in sabre exercise, which I faithfully attended.

The early spring brought the battle and defeat of Chancellorsville. Then came the retrograde movement through Maryland, until the two armies were face to face on the field of Gettysburg. Our Class Day had been June 19, and commencement came on July 15. Between these dates had been the momentous events of the surrender of Vicksburg to Grant, and the defeat of Lee at Gettysburg by Meade and the army of the Potomac. The scare in the North had been great, as Lee's army gradually advanced, and many of Harvard's alumni, or those who were soon to be, had joined the army for a short time to repel the invasion. Just before commencement

there occurred that remarkable copperhead anti-draft riot in New York, which looked as if it might extend to other cities. Here in Boston the attempt was made, but thanks to the grit of Captain Jones of the battery, now known as Battery A, then quartered in the old armory in Cooper Street, this attempt was nipped in the bud by one good dose of canister. In connection with this I quote from one of the Boston papers of the day an item which speaks of Harvard:

"The classes of 1852 and 1857, who were enjoying their annual dinner at the Parker House, left their festivities and volunteered their services and were accepted. They with others were unanimously elected to membership in the corps of Cadets, and their names added to the roster of this ancient and honorable corps. They were drilled in the manual of arms and the practice of the new Spencer repeating rifle, but happily were not called upon to use them in firing upon a crowd."



Gen. Charles Devens.

This was certainly an exciting time for Commencement and Alumni Day; but they passed off well, and there was an added patriotic fire in the speeches. I well recall that of Edward Everett who, while advocating a monument for Harvard's fallen sons, suggested that opposite their names in the triennial catalogue there should be a red star instead of the black one. President Thomas Hill mentioned the names of those of our class who had joined the army before graduating, that is, between Class Day and Commencement. They were Robert Newlin Verplanck, of Fishkill, N.Y., Albert Chevalier Haseltine, Charles Eliot Furness, and William Furness Jenks, all of Philadelphia, which place had been especially threatened by the northern invasion of Lee and the Army of Virginia.

And now I must ask you for two years to leave the classic shades of Harvard. You can well pass that time in following in imagination her sons, whom you will find all through the Union Army, and in every branch of service, as well as in the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. Yes, and in the Navy, too, — as Miles O'Reilly said:

. . . "On the sea's blue breast,
And down the rivers of the land,
With clouds of thunder as a crest,
Where still your conquering forms were pressed,
War's lightnings wielded in your hand."

You will find them in the West, at Chattanooga and Chicamauga, and fighting with Joe Hooker "above the clouds" at Lookout Mountain. You will meet them in Sherman's victorious columns as they march "from Atlanta to the Sea." You will find them on the deck, with bursting shells and crashing bulwarks, aiding Farragut and Porter at Mobile, up the Mississippi, and at Charleston and Fort Fisher, guarding the coast line of the Atlantic and the Gulf, engaging Confederate cruisers, or stopping British blockade runners. You will see them leading the colored troops to a heroic death at Fort Wagner, at Olustee, and at Honey Hill. You will meet them pushing their way up the Red River, in the army and transports of General Banks. You will see their sabres flashing in the air as they dash with Sheridan through the Shenandoah Valley. You will find them languishing at Libby, Andersonville, and other rebel prisons. You will come across them with General Butler in the army of the James, as they had been with him before at New Orleans.

But the army of the Potomac was always their favorite; and there let us fol-

low them after the battle of Gettyshurg, where so many of the best gave up their lives. You will meet them at Beverly Ford, at Culpeper, at Kelly's Ford, at Bristoe, at Rappahannock, and at Mine Run. Then, after the five long months of winter quarters, under the leadership of the nation's greatest commander-in-chief, General Ulysses S. Grant, whose very name had become a synonym of victory, they march across the Rapidan, — and not to retreat over it again. You will find them at the Wilderness, at Todd's Tavern, at Spottsylvania, at Trevilian Station, at the North Anna, at Bethesda Church, at Cold Harbor, at Ream's Station, at the Weldon Railroad, at the explosion of the Mine, at Forts Hell and Steadman, and so on in all that series of engagements which resulted in the tightening grip around Richmond and Petersburg.

Another year, 1865, opens, and the great armies are still in grim defiance, but not for long. You will then find Harvard's sons ready for action at Hatcher's Run, at Five Forks, at the occupation of Richmond and Petersburg, and finally at the great day of Appomattox Court House, April 9th, 1865. Among those present at this memorable surrender was the writer.

At length the agony was over, and peace again dawned upon the land. Soon came the quiet march back to Washington, with no pickets out to sound the alarm of an expected attack. But during the march were brought the sad tidings of the assassination of our President, and rejoicings were for the time turned into mourning. The next event was the grand review at Washington of the armies of the East and of the West; and, that over, the mighty host was disbanded, and the soldiers returned to their peaceful avocations of work and business.

Now, the states and cities and colleges of the redeemed country vied in honoring their returned defenders, and naturally in this Harvard was not wanting. Great were the preparations made for Commemoration Day, July 21st, 1865, which the card I have states was "in honor of the students of Harvard College who have served in the army and navy during the rebellion."

Again we meet around the ancient buildings of the college yard, and under the shade of the graceful elms; and we have to marshal us Colonel Henry Lee, always youthful, always full of enthusiasm, — who, I have often thought, might appropriately be called the "Light Horse Harry" of the epoch and of Massachusetts. The occasion was graced by the presence of General Meade, who received the highest honorary gift of the university; but its distinguishing feature was the Commemoration Ode recited by James Russell Lowell.

It was about this time tnat the plan was originated, or at least put into practical shape, of erecting a memorial in honor of the sons of Harvard who had fallen during the war in defence of the Union. It was finally decided to have it a hall for the annual meetings of alumni, to be used during the college terms as a dining, or commons hall. In addition to this, there was to be a theatre for the exercises of Class Day, Commencement, and other occasions of a similar character, while between the two was to be the memorial or monumental vestibule. For this, committees were formed, and an appeal for subscriptions was issued, not only among the alumni and students by classes, but also to the friends of the university and the public. The result was so gratifying that in a short time the work was begun. The year 1874 saw the completion of that beautiful and impressive structure, which now nearly fills the old delta, with the statue of John Harvard since added, the gift of a citizen of Cambridge, as an appropriate guardian of the place.

So on June 23d, 1874, we can go to another grand gathering, the day when the building is to be dedicated. All was in order, the reports of the committees were made by their respective chairmen, Henry B. Rogers and John G. Palfrey, after a prayer had been offered by Henry W. Bellows. Then came the oration by Charles Francis Adams, and the poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, while the benediction was pronounced by the venerable James Walker, so beloved by all. Truly this was a galaxy of great men not to be surpassed anywhere in the land. The

Handel and Haydn Society had volunteered music for the occasion.

More than twenty-five years have elapsed since the terrible war came to an end; and let us enter with uncovered head the memorial vestibule and look at the record as it confronts us on the tablets. Over them float the flags of the nation, and on every Decoration Day they are garlanded by the Grand Army of the Republic. A few will suffice to tell the story of the war. Let us stop at the first, and then go to the last; and strange it is that, while naturally I never knew most of those whose names are recorded on the memorial tablets, with these two I have a vivid personal association.

The first one is of the class of 1828, James Samuel Wadsworth. His family and mine had been intimate for years, and so I feel impelled to relate what passed before my eyes at the battle of the Wilderness. He commanded a division of the Fifth Corps, after the First, to which he belonged, had been consolidated with it. I can see him on the first day of that strange fight as plainly as I see those now about me. The battery of which I was a lieutenant was in position just in front of the Lacy house, to the left of the turnpike, and not far from the headquarters of General Grant and General Meade. We were covering an open piece of land, while the fighting was taking place in the tangled woods, a half-mile or so in advance. General Wadsworth led his division through this field, with ranks full and banners waving, to the woods, where we could distinctly hear the dread rattle of musketry. At length I noticed the men coming back, singly or in squads, limping and on stretchers, and evidently in disorder. Something had gone wrong, and the old General — I can well say that, for he was then ten years older than I am to-day, — was rushing about with drawn sword, rallying his men around a flag which he had placed in position. He seemed to do all the work himself, and I could not resist the temptation of mounting my horse, riding up to him, saluting, giving my name, and asking if I could be of any use. I thought that at least I might try to stop his men from passing to the rear, through the two guns of my section of the battery. He thanked me, and in a short time he had reorganized his broken division, and was ready for more fighting; and this came the next day, May 6th, when he received a wound in the head, from which he died two days later. Ah, brave old hero, well, well indeed can Harvard honor your memory!



James Russell Lowell

FROM A PHOTO TAKEN IN 1863.

The last one is Cabot Jackson Russell, of the class of 1865. We were playmates in boyhood, and often have we climbed over the walls and roofs of many of the buildings in what is now Hamilton Place, Boston. Here it was I had my first fall, which nearly broke an arm, in the yard of the house now next to Music Hall, which was just then being built. And what was his fate in the war? The tablet says, "July 18, 1863, Fort Wagner." He was a captain in the 54th Mass. Regt., colored, and gave up his life before he was nineteen years old. One can scarcely appreciate to-day the meaning of what it was to die in the assault on Fort Wagner.

This takes us naturally to the hero of that heroic event, Colonel Robert Gould

Shaw, whose name you will see in the tablets of the class of 1860, — "the man of the golden locks who led the men of a darker hue." He led them valiantly to a repulse in the trenches of Fort Wagner, which was crowned and glorified by the greater victory of showing that the men of color could fight, and, if need be, die for their freedom and their country. Of him, while it is hardly necessary to go out of our own country to find words commensurate with his services, I can quote what an Englishman and a good friend of America, Thomas Hughes, said: "It was the grandest sepulchre earned by any soldier of this century."

Of the many names on the other tablets, one hundred and thirty-eight in all, and taken from all the departments of the University, Undergraduates, Law, Scientific, Medical, Divinity and Astronomical Observatory, for a paper like this only a few can be selected: Fletcher Webster, William Logan Rodman, Arthur Buckminster Fuller, Peter Augustus Porter, three Stevenses, the Reveres, Dwights, Lowells, Abbots, Perkinses, of whom there are two names for each; and then alone, Sargent, Peabody, Sedgwick, Shurtleff, Barstow, Mason, Haven, Ropes, Crowninshield, Mudge, Mills, Weston, Storrow, Paine, Coolidge, Heath, Peirce, Curtis, Washburn, Bowditch, Robbins, Parkman, Stevenson, Dearing, Ripley, Ritchie, Hooper, Ware, Goodwin, Vincent, Roe, Richardson, Dehone, Robeson, Grafton, Temple, Hall, and others.

In the banqueting hall for the students and the meetings of the alumni, you will find on the walls the portraits of many of Harvards' soldiers, while at the end are two busts, with suitable inscriptions, of General Charles Russell Lowell and General William Francis Bartlett, whose military careers were exceptionally distinguished and worthy of example. As you walk up and down that beautiful hall, the light of day, softened by the tints of the memorial windows that have been placed there by the various classes, falls down upon the floor and walls, and seems singularly to harmonize with the scene. It throws a halo of peace and serenity upon those represented in the building who at different times and in various ways have contributed to the honor and advancement of the oldest and most venerated temple of learning in our land.

Before passing out of the memorial vestibule, I must ask you to stop again in front of the tablets of my class, that of 1863. I surely may be pardoned for thus singling these tablets. In addition to the three of whom I have already spoken, you will find Augustus Barker, who died on September 18, 1863, of wounds received the preceding day, from guerrillas, near Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock. He was then a captain in the 5th New York Cavalry.

Winthrop Perkins Boynton and William Dwight Crane. They had been intimate chums at college, and were officers of the 55th Mass. Regt., colored. By a curious coincidence of fortune they were killed the same day, in the same engagement, that of Honey Hill, South Carolina, November 30, 1864: Boynton in command of his company, and Crane acting on the staff of Colonel Hartwell, who was in command of the brigade. Their bodies were never recovered, but their classmates in Boston later paid a proper tribute to their memory, at a meeting in the Parker House.

The next one is Henry French Brown, of whom little is known except that he enlisted as a private soldier in the 2d New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry, September 5, 1862, and died of disease contracted in the service, in Boston, March 3, 1863.

The last is another Stevens, Edward Lewis Stevens. After serving as a private in the 44th Mass., a nine months regiment, and returning in time for Class Day, he was early in 1864 commissioned second lieutenant in the 54th Mass. Regt., colored. He joined the regiment in Florida, and was promoted to first lieutenant, and killed while bravely fighting at Boykin's Mills, near Camden, South Carolina, April 18, 1865, which was in reality after the war was over, i e., after the surrender at Appomattox. He fell so near the enemy's works that it was not considered safe to try to recover his body, though several of his men volunteered to do so.

In a paper like this I can understand

that figures are not very interesting, but a few will tell the history of the service rendered by the sons of Harvard. Of those who were killed or died during the war, the class of 1860 stands at the head. Of one hundred and ten in the present quinquennial catalogue, sixty men were in the Army or Navy, and of them twelve have the star of death against their names. Next comes 1862, with eleven dead out of thirty-eight in the service, and ninety-seven in the catalogue. Then follows 1861, with fifty-six in the service, out of eighty-one, and of those nine dead. The classes of 1859 and 1863 lost each eight, the former having ninety-two on the catalogue, and forty taking part in the war, while of the latter, my class, out of one hundred and twenty graduates, forty-eight were at times defending the integrity of the nation. The class of 1864 lost seven, from ninety-nine in the catalogue, and forty-one in the service. The classes of 1858 and 1852 each lost six. From these we drop to three lost in the classes of 1848, 1854, 1856, and 1857; and two in the classes of 1846 and 1849, 1853, and 1865, with one in 1851 and several of the earlier classes.

As these pages pass under final review, we have to record the death of another of Harvard's most distinguished sons, General Charles Devens. From the beginning to the end of the war he was always on duty, was several times wounded, and was a type of the perfect soldier. I can speak of him feelingly, as my first service was with him, as a Volunteer Aid on his staff, when he was in command of the Invalid's Camp at Long Island, Boston Harbor, while recuperating from a wound received at Chancellorsville. This was a short time before I left for Virginia, at the end of the summer of 1863.

No mention has been made of what those who were in the Confederate Army or Navy did during those four terrible years, except that those who were in college at the outbreak of the secession movement left. I do not think any complete record or history of their careers has been made, but probably it will be some of these days. We all know with what persistent bravery they fought to the bitter end, and we can well appreciate that, in going out of the Union with their respective states, and fighting for disunion and slavery, they were acting up to the light of their consciences, and following the traditions of the past and the education which came from the "peculiar institution." Of their bravery in the field, nothing can give a better idea than the following lines by Charles Graham Halpine, commonly known as Miles O'Reilly, from whom I have before quoted:

"'T was our own blood we had to meet;
'T was with full peers our swords were crossed,
Till in the march, assault, retreat,
And in the school of stern defeat,
We learned success at bloody cost."

But as regards the Rebellion itself, nothing can be said in its palliation. It was one of the most uncalled for and terrible attacks against right that can be found in history, largely fomented, I believe, by an unscrupulous or misguided few, who worked upon the passions of the white masses. When to this is added the consideration that it had for its corner stone the perpetuation of that enormity, the enslavement of a race, it seems almost incredible that it should have continued its mad career as long as it did. As Professor Draper has said in his history of the Civil War, "the posterity of those who fought for the perpetuation of human slavery will regard the issue of the war, not as the victory of the North, but as the fiat of God." Secretary Seward understood the meaning of the "impending crisis" when he spoke of the "higher law" of freedom against the slave statutes of the nation. No words can better describe such a tragedy in the world's history than those of Bulwer at the end of the *Caxtons*, where he wrote, "the frenzy of nations is the statesmanship of fate." So it was with us; a tragic fate worked out our higher destiny.

The sanctity of the ballot is the corner stone, the palladium of a "government of the people, for the people, and by the people," as Lincoln first called ours. It was in not accepting the decision of the American people, as expressed in the election of Abraham Lincoln, that the leaders of the slaveholding states were driven to arms. The minority defied the laws of the land, and the will of the people.

Such an act was sure to bring its own retribution, and in this case the whole country suffered.

To-day, without speaking of the advisability of having given the right of suffrage to many who were not prepared for it so soon, or of wise restrictions or qualifications, it can only be said that if we do not see that every legal vote is honestly cast and counted, we may expect worse troubles in the future than we have experienced in the past. This is no question of a section and must not for a moment be so treated; it is the underlying principle on which the structure of our nationality rests. If we are true to it, we may hope for ourselves greater prosperity in the future than we have thus far enjoyed, and hope to be a worthy example and encouragement to other nations, who, in our poet's words, are "hanging breathless on our fate."

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF SLAVERY: BY A FORMER SLAVEHOLDER.

By M. V. Moore.

I. "The Block."

THESE recollections do not embrace reminiscences of any distinguished individuals who have figured in the nation's history in the matter of emancipation. I shall deal only with the negro slavery of the South as it came directly under my own observation as owner of slaves, or as the son of a slaveholder. I desire to let some — especially readers born since the death of slavery — know something of the actual realities of the subject. No one living knows the true facts connected with slavery excepting those who lived in the South with the negro slave element, at a period anterior to 1861.

I may be permitted to say that I was born in the South; was reared here; have always lived here, save in the intervals of travel in other lands. Hence I have been familiar with slavery from my birth. My father and my grandfather before him were slaveholders; and as I grew up into childhood and youth I was accustomed to look upon negro servants as something but "a little better than a dog, a little dearer than the horse," until I saw, for the first time in my life, the slave placed upon "the Block" — offered for sale to the highest bidder in public, in the outcry of a jocose auctioneer. This was the pebble — or the very mountain — that turned the stream of my thoughts.

Graphic pictures of slavery — pictures true and pictures false, pictures of beauty and pictures of horror — have been given to the world by friend and foe of the institution. The subject has been treated under many lights; yet the youth and many of the aged of the land to-day know but little of the home life or personal existence of the slave as he toiled or was sold and died in the long years gone by. The pictures of slavery which will last longest are those drawn by persons who never saw the slave in bondage — by those who never beheld the real slavery of the Southern States as it existed in the "ante-bellum" days.

One usually believes a thing when one wishes to believe it. The wish is often father to the conviction, as well as father to the thought. We are usually ready to receive and retain impressions which appeal to our sympathetic emotion. One is easily convinced when the will is in harmony with the argument addressed to one.

Slavery! The very word itself is, and always has been, in many minds, sugges-

tive of that which is abhorrent to the human soul. Human slavery suggests to the great heart of civilization the horrors of a cruel bondage — the hard task, the bloody lash, chains, the perpetuity of toil and burden, the pitiless torture of flesh and spirit. The mind recoils from the contemplation of such pictures.

I shall never forget my first impressions of the real horrors of slavery — my first knowledge of the existence of those horrors. It was a great event not only in my history, but in the history of the neighborhood also — that

"BIG SALE OF LIKELY NEGRO MEN AND WOMEN,"

so conspicuously announced in the language of the advertisement calling public attention to the coming event which revealed to many the existence of the horror. Then and there was enacted a scene which neither time nor events, which neither the memories of war and famine and "reconstruction," and countless other chapters of suffering and humiliation and wrong have ever effaced or made dimmer in my memory. The first damning shadow or track of the curse of slavery then fell across my pathway, and I have never forgotten the picture or the terrible fact itself; they are burned into the undying soul forever.

My grandfather had died, and all his slaves were to be sold. Sundry other indivisible properties not devised in his will were, with the slaves, all to be put up to the highest bidder in public outcry. It had been ascertained that it would be impossible to divide the family servants and some other valuables, so that this child or that child should receive exactly such pieces of property as were desired by the respective sons and daughters of the testator — the good man who desired to do right without evincing undue favor in behalf of any one.

In the days of slavery, fixed values were not usually known as applying to servants alike, except perhaps as the figures related to the ordinary "field hands." These had values running from eight hundred to a thousand dollars for grown men and women in the prime or vigor of life. House servants, extra good cooks, and mechanics of all classes ran up sometimes as high as two thousand dollars each for "likely" and accomplished skilled servants. Fancy, desire, and ability to pay often regulated prices, just as they do to-day in the matter of art treasures. A skilled speculator in human flesh always knew how and where and with whom to drive good trade in his own interest. The auctioneer's "Block" at a country sale rarely developed extreme or "fancy" prices. But then that provided the only method known of obtaining a fair distribution of the estate of a large slaveholder whose properties could not be satisfactorily devised among heirs, as it was in the case of my grandfather. Half of the daughters, we will say, wanted Judy, she was such a good cook; the children all loved Judy, and Judy was therefore much coveted. More than two of the sons wanted Dan, the blacksmith. But nobody wanted old Sam in his decrepitude; nor could any be found who were willing to have, under any consideration, foolish Cinda.

So there was the one alternative — "the Block." That would give an equal division in gold dollars, in silver coin, if the black ink of the will could not place the black individuals where they would do the most good and the least harm in the affections and desires of the children of the kind-hearted old father. The negroes, and the horses, and the family carriages, — each and all, with slight exception, coveted and anxiously sought by various members of the family — the negro, the horse, the carriage, these all must go to the highest bidder, at the public sale. If John, or Joseph, or Susan, or Mary wanted Judy, or Ned, or Big Jim, or the Salem carriage, — why, all that was in it, John, or Jo, or Susan, or Mary could outbid Isaac or Elizabeth, or the dozen other children; for there were seventeen in all, eight sons and nine daughters, and the father had lived to see them all grown, and all fortunately married, excepting the youngest three, who were yet single, though past the majority.

The Block would determine the cash value each child placed upon desire; it would test the estimate each child placed upon the dear heirlooms of the ancestral

home. As far as the negroes themselves were concerned, they would have willingly gone anywhere among "Ol' master's chillun." But between them and the going, there stood that dread instrument of cruelty — "the Block" — the awe and the terror to the unfortunate slave in the days now happily gone forever.

The blacks were to go — that was settled; whither, oh, whither, they knew not, and so the agony of suspense hung upon them more than a goading burden — it was a double torture upon the poor souls. There were large and likely families. There were among them expert men, mechanics with families, and valuable breeding women, — women who had born to them at briefest natural intervals, the strong, healthy child, — women that in themselves were considered good fortunes, for they represented capital, the income of which was equivalent to three or four hundred dollars biennially, or in less periods. Then there was one man among the others who had the Indian's art of dressing buckskin,— my grandfather kept his negro men well clad, in proper season, in the best of buckskin. He kept regularly on hand a royal supply of the dressed material. He had migrated to his home when the country was almost a wilderness, and when, as I have heard my mother say, it was no trouble to go out and kill as many as three or four deer in a morning before breakfast. The tanner in the quarters was therefore a valuable man, even though, at the time of sale, the game was growing scarce.

But on the whole, as I have said, the occasion was to be a great event in the history of that country — the offering of so many valuable slaves at public outcry. Bidders came in from three or four states, for the coming event had been given all possible publicity.

Among those coming and anxious to invest in the human flesh were several professional speculators, men well known as "nigger traders." In those days the colored people looked upon this class of mankind as something worse than fiends — men more dreaded than the very devil himself. For the devil could not separate families, true and loyal to the Master above. But the speculator, he could separate man and wife, and mother and child — here, on earth; he could drag, with cuff and chain, the idolized son away from the doting old father.

And the separations in those days were worse than death; for in death you might possibly know where to find the grave of the loved one — you knew what earthly fate had befallen the absent. But in slavery, when the fond mother saw her child or her husband go away, with perchance the iron band at wrist or ankle, the *clank, clank* of the chain keeping time to the departing step, she knew that, for her, there was to be, never, never, any revelation of the existence elsewhere. The slave maelstroms to the far South, — on the coast of Georgia, in Alabama, and Mississippi, — that swallowed up the spare or surplus products of the less profitable field to the North, where the slave was sold more frequently from necessity than otherwise, those maelstroms were, to the slave parent and the slave wife, more terrible than the grave, more bitter to the contemplation than the death agony itself. The uttermost hell of the Virginia or Tennessee slave was in the far-away torments of Mississippi or Alabama. And the *clank, clank* of the chain that led the husband away from the old native homestead — the woman heard it forever, till the grave closed over her. Perhaps its echoes are ringing yet in the other world. The pitying God only knows all the horrors and sorrows of that awful curse — slavery. I sometimes think it is best that only one Eye can witness all the crimes committed on earth — only one Ear hear all the wails of woe that go up from agonized souls. But slavery did not — does not — hold the sum and substance of all our wrongs, North or South.

And so it was that when the morning of the fateful day came round, and the slaves of my grandfather's estate were to be put on "the Block," the poor negroes were all in a state of utmost despair and goaded anxiety — all on account of the presence of the negro speculators among the colored people. The strangers from the distant maelstroms were there, and they had been going through and through the quarters, all the early morning, in the

inquisitorial examinations — holding brief and pointed conversations with all the blacks, especially wherever fancy had been prepossessed.

The traders had their regular routine of questions and observations — just as the army surgeons and physicians had during the war; for who of the old survivors has not heard the same questions asked a score of times, in a dozen different words — the same *sequitur* always to follow: "How are the bowels?" "How is the tongue?" "Let me feel the pulse." Then, "Here, take this pill!" No matter what the ailment, the remedy was embraced in that one kind of pill! Please remember, my dear northern friend, this was in the Confederate hospitals, the "Blockade" not permitting diversity in the Confederate medicine chest.

The speculator would ask, invariably, these questions: "How old are you, Buck?" (Generally, every young black man whose name was as yet unknown would be saluted with the title "Buck." Older ones were addressed as "Uncle.") Then would come: "What do you know?" "What can you do?" "Are you a mechanic or a field hand?" "Open your mouth, and let me see your teeth!" Young darkies in the South nowadays need not be asked to perform this last operation, for the mouth usually flies open involuntarily at sight of the stranger; but in the old days of slavery, the blacks instinctively wore the compressed lip and severe countenance, when in the presence of the arch fiend, the "nigger trader."

In addressing females, the colloquy would usually begin: "How old are you, Puss?" ("Puss" went for the female old or young; but women of matronly appearance were usually addressed as "Aunty.") Then would come: "Are you a cook, a washwoman, a nurse, or a field hand?" The bitter pill was in the sure-to-come question:

"How would you like to go to Alabama, or Mississippi, or Georgia, to pick cotton?"

Going away from the old Tennessee home, to pick cotton in an unknown world! This was marching away to torment, the land of despair, never to behold the face of the old home or loved one again, forever! It is no wonder that the first cry of many of the happy freed people, in April, 1865, when the old owners went home from the war and told their late slaves that they were now free, sure enough, — no wonder the first cry was: "I's a gwyne to hunt my kinfolks now!"

Not all the books that were ever written could contain all the sorrowful stories of the separation of kinfolks in black during the years of slavery; nor could the books picture, in actual fidelity to truth, the pitiful woe felt for ages in the negro's soul. The old slavery in the South had many, many features of good and virtue and happiness, revealing a blessed humanity; but the one canvas portraying separations, — that horrid spectacle outlasts and outcounts everything that was ever taught by the humanitarian defender of the institution. "The Block," the slave-trader, — these have made the blackest page in the history of human woe and suffering. But let us return to the coming sale. There are the heavily dressed and bejewelled spectators going their round among the trembling, fear-stricken slaves, as they gather in groups about the corners of their cabins. No suggestions as to lovers or future wives and husbands in the far South could atone for the idea of leaving the old plantation. The fact is, nobody, except the white young men, wanted to go to Georgia, or Alabama, or Mississippi, from that country — no odds how pleasing were the tales told by these strange men, about the fat 'possums and the luscious sweet potatoes, about the watermelons, big as the washing-tubs in Tennessee or Virginia, about the future lovers and all that in the far-off land of cotton and of "happy niggers." Yes, it was "happy niggers" that lived there in the great cotton fields — so said!

But no! the molten lead had already gone down into the hearts of the perturbed slaves, and any one with half a soul or half an eye could discover the fact that the negroes were human beings, beings moved by the same impulses and longings which actuated and held the people of a whiter race. The poor negroes displayed the soulful conditions in their

pathetic and persistent pleadings with the "heirs" to "buy them in," and not allow the old family slaves to be taken away by the speculators. Plainly, there was anguish with consternation in every black face in that great yard, now filled with hundreds of people, come to buy or to see the buying by others. But there were considerations, not all mixed up with stubbornness or indifference, that necessitated the public sales, where strangers and men with long purses came in competition with home people with abounding love for the family slave.

The first man to mount "the Block," in obedience to the command of the cold-hearted, yet witty auctioneer, was Miles — Miles, a good-faced fellow of some forty summers. Miles came up with a strong step, but with a heavy heart, with a soul fainting under the gnawing agony imposed upon it. The man was in a terrible state of torture betwixt anxiety and dread. He had had a taste of a vision of the impending fate. The ghoulish speculators had all the morning eyed him and plied him with many questions, which foreboded no good; for Miles, being truthful, had given them a revelation of his true value, a value which in commercial parlance, referring to other commodities, is now written A 1.

Miles's heart was in his throat, as he climbed up in full view of the gaping crowds around; and the slave's eyes were swimming in a great flood of tears, which he tried to wipe away with the back of his hand and the sleeve of his stout shirt, made of homespun flax. The vision before the slave was appalling, and he came very near sinking in the contemplation of an unutterable woe. I think he was the first grown man I ever saw weeping; he was certainly the first grown man I had ever seen whose very soul seemed pierced and broken by the prospect of a terrible agony.

I was but a boy of some ten summers then, a child standing by my father, who, as one of the executors of the will of my grandfather, was well in front on the stage of action in front of the noisy auctioneer. Miles ascended "the Block" with a most pathetic petition, pleading through the tears and the fire of soul, his heart jumping violently in his throat, and before he could be fully seen by the multitudes around. Here is the language of the cry which he stammered out, which he endeavored to shout into the ears of every one present:

"Now, gentlemens — gentlemens! — I do wants de man — de man what buys me — to — to — to buy — to buy my wife — my wife, my wife and my chillun! — buy my wife and my chillun!"

My God! Had it come to this? To the separation of man and wife and children!

That was a shaft hurled into my own heart and brain; and realizing instantly something of the touch of misery which must have been in the man's soul, I instinctively caught my father's hand, and clinging to him as I stood under the shadow of the dread and awful possibility, I looked up into his face as my refuge. I saw something bright trickling down *his* cheek! The fountain in the pure heart of that noble man, — it was touched too!

Poor Miles! He was not the only one shedding tears over that sale. The event brought weeping and sorrow to many — alas many! For more than thirty years afterwards, the memory and recital of that story awakened fresh floods in the eyes of others, — others who had never known the fate of Miles after the good-bys of that evening. And in the eyes of still others there would come tears — others, children, children who had never beheld the slave, but who listened to his story told at the knee of a grandmother who had never ceased to hold in tearful memory the slave Miles, who had rocked her to sleep in her infancy.

Poor Miles! He could not turn on his heels fast enough to see all who were putting in bids for him. Scarcely had he caught the face of the man who had first spoken when there rang out a fifty dollars better from some one in an opposite direction. Then he turned, but to hear a ten or a twenty dollar higher call elsewhere. Anxiety to catch the face of the prospective master kept him in a very whirl, and every turn of his face brought the same fervid and pathetic appeal, — appeal thrown with all the vigor of his nature into the ears of his auditors:

"Who buys me, pray God, buy my wife and chillun!"

That appeal is still ringing in my brain!

Poor fellow! His good looks, his attainments, his "handiness" and cleverness, his fine physique, his strong character — these added to his wife's known ungainliness, and the uncanny, umpromising children, so dear alone to him and their mother — these were all against him in the sale. There was nothing whatever attractive to the strange buyer, or to the heirs especially, in either wife or children, and so the poor stricken man soon saw his fate. He was "knocked down" — the bid far above a thousand dollars — to a man from a distant state, a man who told Miles plainly, sternly, and yet with some pity in his nature, that he must go away *alone;* that he must leave his wife and children forever; that he, the new master, had no use for women and children on his place! And so the separations soon began.

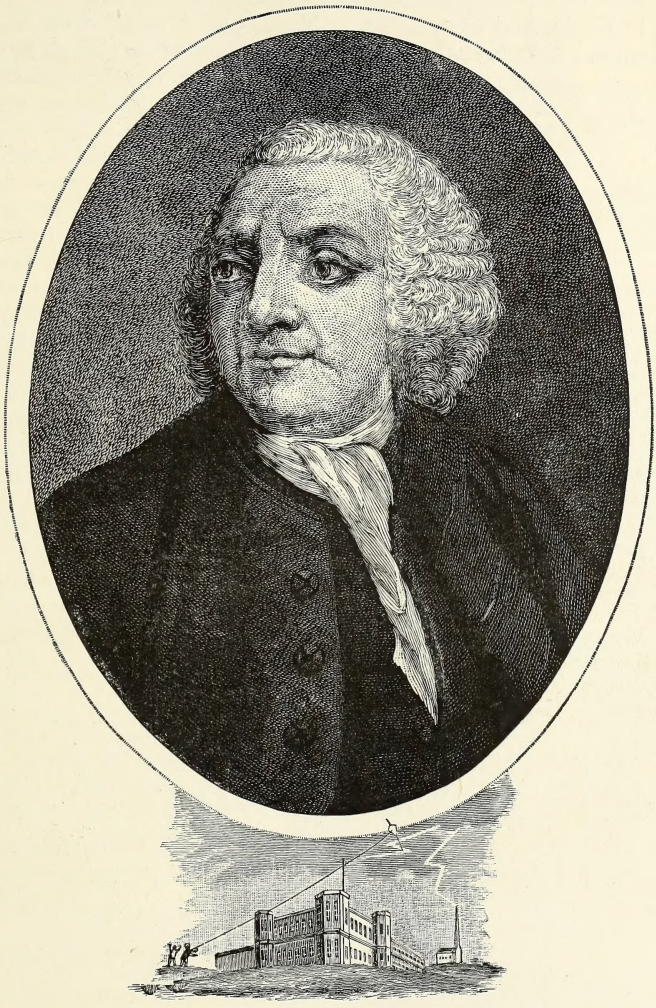
I trust the pitying Father above will reunite, if He has not already gathered them together, that man and his little family in a better world; for they separated that evening, never to know a reunion on this earth.

Some forty years have now rolled around, and the picture of that terrible drama is yet upon my memory; it is a scar upon the soul, a scar that cannot be afterwards obliterated. In the process of time I became myself a slaveholder, — a slaveholder by purchase and otherwise. But in all my dealings with slavery, I invariably drew the line of admiration or approval of slave service, of the institution of slavery, at this one point, — at the separation of man and wife. I would not have hesitated at any time at the separation of parent and child of proper age, for separation of parents and children comes in the law of nature, among all peoples. The child some day must leave the parental hive and go into the battle of life, away from the ancestral home, no matter what be the color of the skin. Be the child scion of a king or son of a peasant, be he white or black, the day comes when in obedience to the ordinary demands or laws of humanity there must come a separation even for life. But there is a higher law, one in which I believe in all firmness, the Divine injunction which carries the fulness of justice, and which says: "Whom God hath joined together," as man and wife, "let not man put asunder."

THE EARLY HISTORY OF ELECTRICITY IN AMERICA.

By George Herbert Stockbridge.

IT happens that the first great name in electrical science in America is one of the first and greatest in electrical science everywhere. Benjamin Franklin began to devote himself to electrical studies at a time when scarcely more than half a dozen investigators had contributed anything of permanent value to the science; while his hypothesis of a single electrical fluid subsisting in positive and negative states marks a turning-point toward the modern science, and his demonstration of the identity of lightning and electricity outranks in popular and scientific interest every experiment before or after, prior to the discovery of current electricity by Volta and Galvani, fifty years later. Priestley says of his theoretical work: "Dr. Franklin's principles bid fair to be handed down to posterity as equally expressive of the true principles of electricity, with the *Newtonian Philosophy* of the true system of nature in general." Beyond such praise as this it is impossible to go; but Dubourg justifies it when he says that the doctrine of Franklin taught us to "discriminate" and to "foresee." The course of scientific progress from the

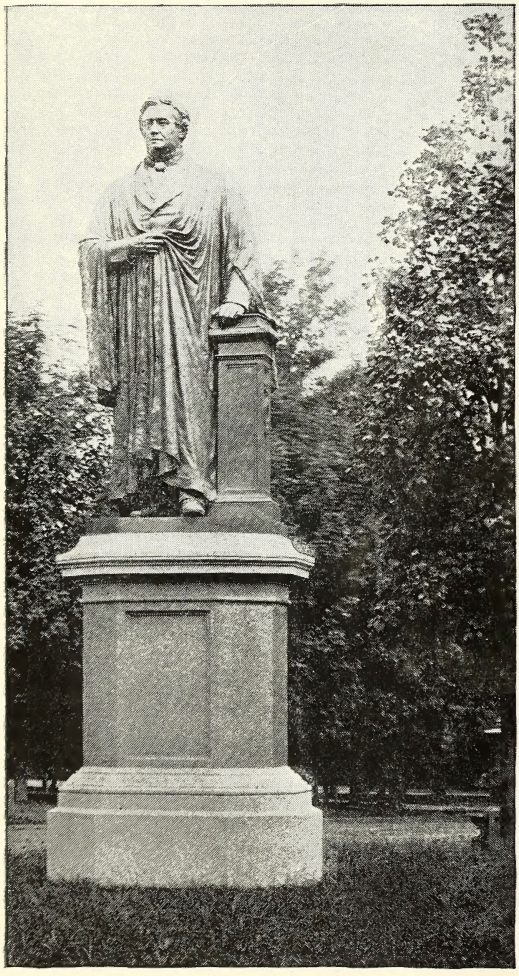


BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, LL.D.

(From a Print by CHAPMAN.)

beginning until now has been lighted from point to point by a few golden lamps answering to that simple touchstone of Dubourg's. No wonder Priestley thought of comparing Franklin to Newton, as an Italian might have likened him to Galileo, or a German to Kepler and Copernicus.

The circumstance that Franklin's work



Statue of Joseph Henry at Washington.

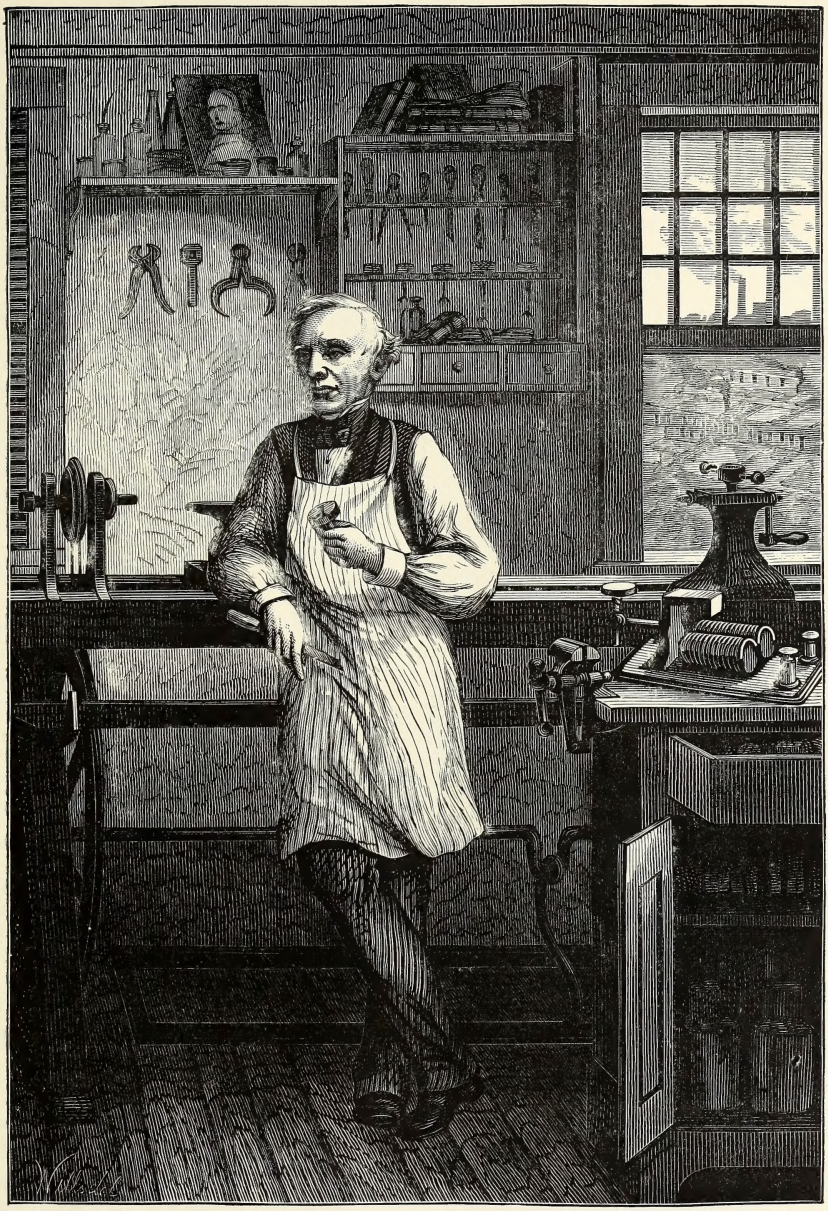
was done in the early and elementary days of electrical knowledge adds to the audacity of his famous experiment with the kite; which quality was, indeed, from the first, one of the chief reasons for the great popularity of that particular piece of history. Franklin was fortunate in having demonstrated an important scientific truth in a manner which appealed to the imagination, and for this reason the unscientific mind was more impressed by it than by any other discovery in natural philosophy during the last century. "The Philadelphian experiments," says the Abbé Mazéas, in a letter which was read to the Royal Society in May, 1752, "having been universally admired in France, the King desired to see them performed."

It has been characteristic of electrical discoveries from the beginning that they have lent themselves to startling effects; but this experiment of drawing lightning from the clouds involved the human interest quite as strongly as the scientific. It was not alone a scientific achievement; it was an act of personal daring which, in the public mind, at least, approached very near to the moral sublime. Hence it is the one portion of electrical history with which everybody is familiar.

The earliest reference in Franklin's writings to the notion which afterwards led to his experiment appears in his note book, under date of November 7, 1749, as follows:

> Electrical fluid agrees with lightning in these particulars:
> 1. Giving light. 2. Color of the light. 3. Crooked direction. 4. Swift motion. 5. Being conducted by metals. 6. Crack or noise in exploding. 7. Subsisting in water and ice. 8. Rending bodies it passes through. 9. Destroying animals. 10. Melting metals. 11. Firing inflammable substances. 12. Sulphureous smell. The electrical fluid is attracted by points, — we do not know whether this property is in lightning. But since they agree in all the particulars wherein we can already compare them, is it not probable that they agree likewise in this? *Let the experiment be made.*

At this time, Franklin had been engaged for nearly three years in the most absorbed pursuit of electrical experimentation, which commenced when his friend Peter Collinson, a Fellow of the Royal Society, sent from London to the Library Company in Philadelphia an "electrical tube," about the beginning of the year 1747. In a letter to Collinson, dated March 28, of that year, Franklin declares that he has already become



Morse in his Workshop.

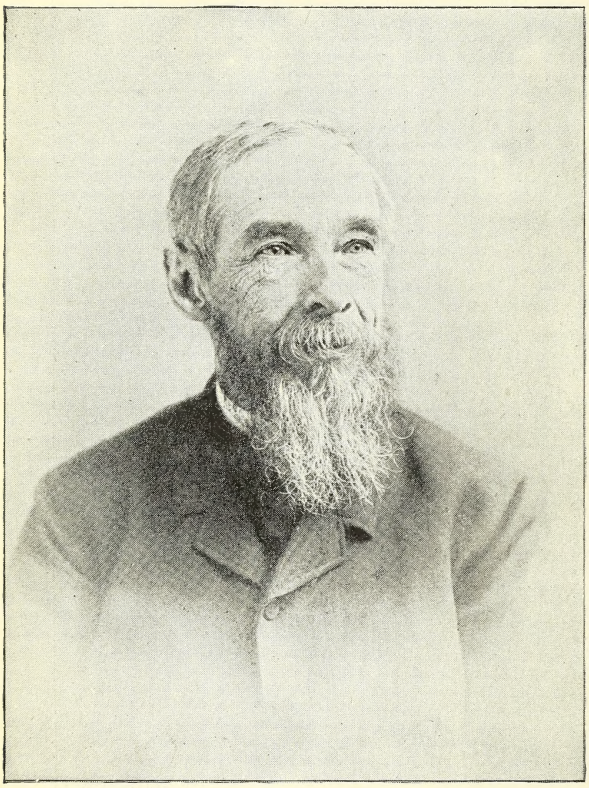
wholly given up to the study of electrical phenomena. He says:

"For my own part, I never was before engaged in any studies that so totally engrossed my attention and time, for what with making experiments when I can be alone, and repeating them to my friends and acquaintances, who, from the novelty of the thing, come continually in crowds to see them, I have, during some months past, had little leisure for anything else."

From this time on for several years, his letters to Collinson are filled with wonderfully clear details of numberless experiments coupled with brilliant deductions and speculations of a scientific nature.

Here, in this offhand, private correspondence, Franklin sets forth the doctrine which was to change permanently the course of electrical science, and describes the most remarkable electrical experiment that was ever tried.

Through Collinson, accounts of Franklin's work were laid from time to time before the Royal Society, where, however, they excited little favorable attention, and in some instances derision. Franklin's suggestion of the possibility of rendering lightning discharges harmless by conducting them through an easy medium to the earth was the subject of special hilarity on the part of Collinson's learned associates. Collinson himself seems to have held his friend's labors in high esteem. At all events, through him Franklin's letters were published in London, though without the authoritative inscript of the Royal Society. In this form, or, rather, in the form of a bad French translation, they came under the eye of the celebrated French naturalist and philosopher, Buffon, who at once saw their value, and advised that an accurate translation be made. And the reputation which Franklin thus, and by his later scientific work, acquired in France contributed not a little to his influence in after years when he appeared at the Court of Louis the Sixteenth in the rôle of a diplomat.



Moses G. Farmer.

It was in this roundabout way that the French savants learned of Franklin's determination to test the identity of electricity and lightning by actual trial; for, closely following the note-book entry in November, 1749, were letters to Collinson, enlarging upon the idea and suggesting ways of carrying it out. The correspondence shows that the notion was gradually approaching the moment of fructification. Notably in a letter of July 29, 1850, Franklin gave the complete details of a plan for making the test. He says:

"To determine the question whether the clouds that contain lightning are electrified or not, I would propose an experiment to be tried where it can be done conveniently. On the top of some high tower or steeple, place a kind of sentry box, big enough to contain a man and an electrical stand. From the middle of the stand let an iron rod rise and pass bending out of the door, and then upright twenty or thirty feet, pointed very sharp at the end. If the electrical stand be kept clean and dry, a man standing on it, when such clouds are passing low, might be electrified and afford sparks, the rod drawing fire to him from a cloud. If any danger to the man should be apprehended (though I think there would be none), let him stand on the floor of his box and now and then bring near to the rod the loop of a wire that has one end fastened to the leads, he holding it by a wax handle; so the sparks, if the rod is electrified, will strike from the rod to the wire and not affect him."

The French publication of Franklin's letters led to the curious result that his suggested plan was first tried in France, and not in America. Both Monsieur d'Alibard, at Marly, and Monsieur de Lor,

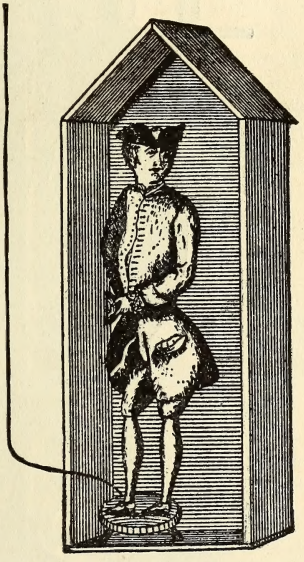
at Paris, preceded Franklin in carrying out the experiment which owed its suggestion to him. But with a generosity not always shown in similar circumstances, Monsieur d'Alibard admitted that he only carried out Franklin's proposition, and French writers generally have not attempted to obscure Franklin's part in the results. The mode of procedure of both the French experimenters was, indeed, so similar to that suggested by Franklin, that it would have been hard to make a denial of their indebtedness to him appear credible. The report of the Abbé Mazéas to the Royal Society, already quoted, related to the Paris and Marly trials, yet he mentions them as the "Philadelphian experiments."

The real "Philadelphian experiments" were made about a month later, and were modestly announced to Peter Collinson by Franklin, under date of October 19th, 1752.

Franklin gives a characteristic account of the foreign publication of his letters, the close of which reminds us, though in much better temper, of certain recent complaints in literary quarters on both sides of the Atlantic. After saying that the papers were first shown to Dr. Fothergill and that he "advised the printing of them," he adds

"Mr. Collinson gave them to Mr. Cave for publication in his *Gentleman's Magazine;* but he chose to print them separately in a pamphlet, and Dr. Fothergill wrote the preface. Cave, it seems, judged rightly for his profession; for, by the additions that arrived afterwards, they swelled to a quarto volume, which has had five editions, and cost him nothing for copy-money."

In his new discovery, Franklin immediately saw the means for producing something "of use to mankind," which, as he had written to Collinson in April, 1749, he was "chagrined a little" that he had hitherto been unable to do. His speedy invention of the lightning-rod gave to the world the only apparatus directly applicable to the service of man that has ever yet been devised for utilizing or controlling any of the forms of electricity known to Franklin and his contemporaries. In this haste of the philosopher to make his discovery serve a practical end, we recognize the man, Franklin, — the man who exhibited in so many ways the characteristics of a later time, — the nineteenth century American. Scientist and engineer, literary man and journalist, philosopher and man of affairs, Franklin was by nature what society and the growth of the great newspapers, and the stimulating rewards of the patent system make so many of his successors. Franklin's discussions of the single fluid theory of electricity and his whole writing upon the subject of his electrical labors show that he possessed in a large degree the scientific mind. But he also had the inventive faculty and the will to exercise it. The natural union of these attributes is not so common as might seem to one of our generation. The modern way of life tempts every scientific searcher to turn his laboratory into a workshop, just as the allurements of journalism tempt the majority of the poets and historians away from their natural callings. A sure sign of the tendency here pointed out is that, whereas the main and almost the only sources of information about scientific progress used to be the transactions of royal or sim-

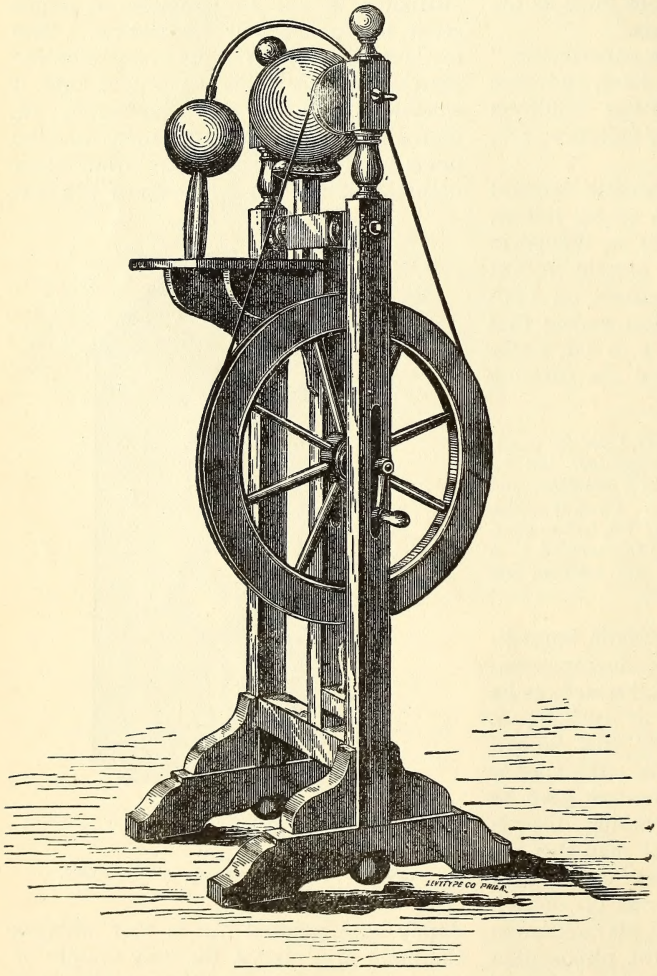


Method of Drawing Electricity from the Clouds suggested by Franklin.

FROM CUT PUBLISHED WITH HIS ORIGINAL PAPER.

ilar societies, or the technical press, these enlighteners of the public mind now lag behind the patents, which might otherwise be endangered. But the genius of Franklin was many sided, and as in philosophy and statesmanship one is compelled to admire both the keenness of his insight, and the readiness with which he is able to reduce his philosophy to maxims of state-craft or of personal conduct, so in science one can but marvel at his large comprehension, and at the ease with which he deduces underlying principles or applies them in a perfected apparatus.

William Sturgeon's electro-magnet, invented in 1825, consisted of a core of soft iron coated with an insulation of varnish, and wound with a single spiral of bare wire. With his first magnet the inventor sustained a weight of nine pounds. One of the earliest and most important services rendered by Joseph Henry to the progress of electrical knowledge consisted in increasing the capacity of the Sturgeon magnet by winding the core with many coils of wire previously insulated with silk, the spiral being wound as nearly as possible at right angles to the core. Henry began his investigations of the Sturgeon magnet soon after the year 1826, when he became a teacher in the Albany Academy; and he pursued them with such success that within five years he had constructed a magnet capable of sustaining three thousand six hundred pounds.

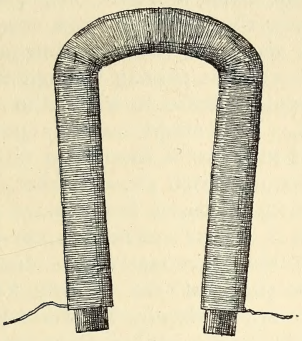


The original Franklin Electrical Machine, — now in the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia.

The activity of Henry during these and the years immediately following was marvellous. Side by side with his labors in improving the magnet went countless experiments, to determine the best relations between the length and arrangement of the coils, and the number and mode of coupling of the battery plates. That this was not an obvious course of investigation appears from the fact that, in the early days, Henry was the only philosopher who gave adequate attention to it. The battery as a source of energy was another subject of exhaustive research; the maximum efficiency of a galvanic couple, and the cost of a system of motive power depending upon the consumption of zinc, also received from his hands that sufficient treatment which leaves nothing to be desired. The last named investigations were insti-

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gated by his success, in 1831, in constructing an electro-magnetic motor, — the first of its kind that the world had ever seen. Though of great historic importance, the apparatus, which is still to



Henry's Magnet.

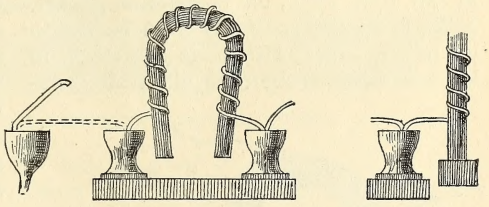
be seen at Princeton College, possesses now merely an antiquarian interest.

In the same year Henry set up in "one of the upper rooms in the Albany Academy," the first electro-magnetic telegraph. The circuit was more than a mile long, and the sounder was a bell. For striking the bell he employed a pivoted steel bar, permanently magnetized, and "placed with its north end between the two arms of a horseshoe magnet." "When the magnet was excited by the current," continues Henry, in his own account of the experiment, "the end of the bar thus placed was attracted by one arm of the horseshoe, and repelled by the other, and was thus caused to move in a horizontal plane, and its farther extremity to strike a bell suitably adjusted."

In view of this experiment at Albany, it is often asserted that the credit of originating the electro-magnetic telegraph, by which is meant the telegraph in all essential features as we know it to-day, is due to Joseph Henry. But in making such a claim, the fact is overlooked that this apparatus of Henry's resembled the needle telegraph which Ampere invented a dozen years before, nearly as much as it did the telegraph of Morse and Vail. Henry's steel bar was in effect nothing more or less than Ampère's magnetic needle. It is not difficult to see that the introduction of the electro-magnet as an intermediary between the coil and the needle gave the apparatus greater power and begot other mechanical advantages, adapting it, for example, to be used more readily for a striker; but Henry's invention remained, in part, a needle telegraph, having in some measure the comparative insufficiencies which have resulted in the gradual displacement of the needle by the electro-magnet for signalling purposes. There was still lacking, as we shall see, the one feature which makes the electro-magnet, as Vail left it, one of the happiest of modern inventions, fitting it to be the hand of the far writer, the tongue of the far speaker, the member which translates volition into mechanical movement a hundred miles away, betrays the guilty step of the burglar without his knowledge, and utters the note of warning when a switch is misplaced or a dam threatens to give way.

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Fortunately, Professor Henry's services to the telegraph rest on a surer basis than the Albany trial system alone. Morse, who knew nothing of any other electro-magnet but that of Sturgeon, was brought to a desperate standstill in his search for the electric telegraph, by learning that he could produce electro-magnetic effects only through a short length of wire. It was through Professor Gale's making him acquainted with the



Sturgeon's First Electro-Magnet.

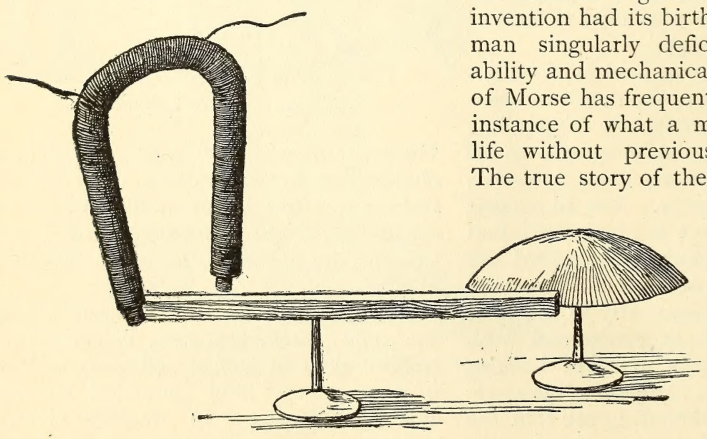
Henry improvement that his despair was changed to hope, and that the work was resumed. An indispensable link in the telegraphic chain was wrought by Henry in his development of the Sturgeon magnet.

The other labors of Professor Henry are only less noteworthy, because they happened to be concerned with matters of less popular and industrial interest. His investigations in magneto-electric induction along the line of Faraday's work are so important that an effort is

now being made to secure recognition for them by the general adoption of the term "Henry" as the designation of the unit of electrical inductance. In fact, Henry was within a few weeks of the great Faraday in the discovery of the means for converting magnetism into electricity, — "the greatest experimental result," says Tyndall, "ever obtained by an investigator."

He also went far towards anticipating Dr. Hertz and later investigators, when he proposed the hypothesis of an "*electrical plenum*", to account for an inductive effect similar to that which is utilized in telegraphing to and from railway trains, where the results are brought about by the induction of a current in a parallel circuit through wide spaces of air. In a word, the contributions of Professor Henry to pure science and to the electrical arts were many in number, and they are ranked, both at home and abroad, with the most original and valuable of his day and generation.

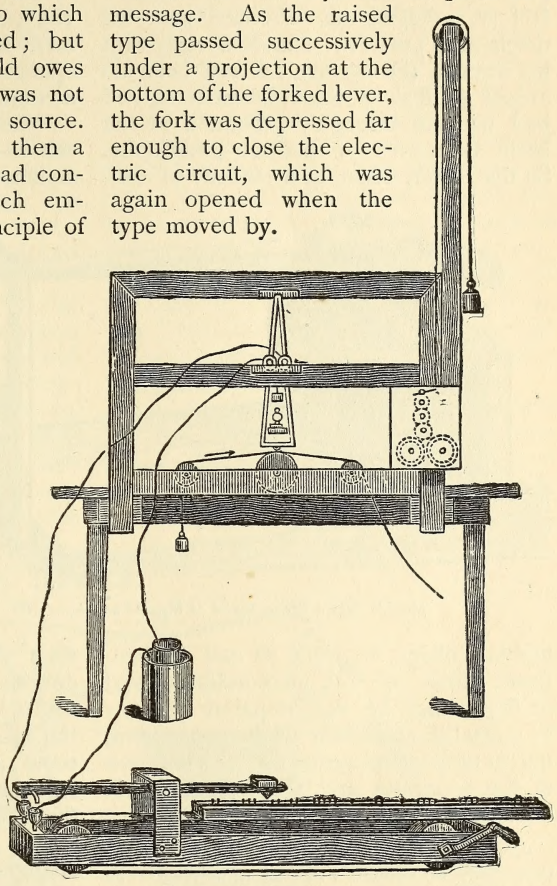
In taking up for brief review the story of the modern telegraph, we leave behind us, for a time, the purely scientific phase of electrical advancement. Samuel F. B. Morse, as is well known, conceived the idea of an electro-magnetic telegraph in the year 1832, on board the packet, *Sully*, as he was returning from Havre to his native land He made a sketch in his note book at the time, illustrating devices which he thought might serve for recording signals at a distance. The central organ of the telegraph, as Morse conceived it, was the Sturgeon electro-magnet, which he had seen exhibited by Professor Dana, at Yale College, in 1827. He knew that the soft iron core would attract magnetic material while an electric current was passing through the coil, and would release it when the current ceased. Why could not this power be utilized to cause a to-and-fro motion of an armature which should make a record on a strip of paper fed forward by machinery? Morse did not purpose making a scientific investigation to discover a new property of the electric "virtue," but to apply already known laws and principles to the end of conveying intelligence quickly over long distances. The electric telegraph, so called, was an invention, and not a discovery; the result of an exercise of inventive genius, not of the passion for research. The distinction is important, because it will help us presently to understand the part which Morse played in the actual development of his conception. No comparison is here instituted to the disparagement of Morse or any one else between the relative value or dignity of invention and purely scientific achievement. The introduction of movable types for printing did not increase the world's stock of scientific knowledge, but it marks an epoch, nevertheless. The point is that the idea of a great and revolutionizing invention had its birth in the mind of a man singularly deficient in inventive ability and mechanical skill. The career of Morse has frequently been cited as an instance of what a man can do late in life without previous special training. The true story of the telegraph enforces once more the wholesome lesson that genius works no miracles. The strength of purpose with which Morse pursued his object, his unfaltering faith and his absolute engrossment for



Henry's arrangement for Receiving Signals, as exhibited in Albany in 1832.

many years in the notion which took possession of him on that return voyage, were evidences and elements of Morse's personal greatness and power, to which the world will always be indebted; but to Morse the inventor the world owes little by comparison, because he was not able to give abundantly from that source.

Nevertheless, in 1837, Morse, then a Professor in Columbia College, had constructed a crude apparatus which embodied in operative form the principle of the electro-magnetic recording telegraph. He first showed it to his associate, Professor Gale, and later in the same year to Professor Daubery of Oxford University, and others in Professor Gale's laboratory of the college. The Western Union Telegraph Company has fortunately succeeded in getting possession of the identical apparatus used on this occasion, and it may still be seen by the curious at their office in New York. In our reproduction of it, the rectangular frame of the apparatus appears attached to a table, as in the original experiment. The central cross-piece supports an electro-magnet, in front of which hangs a triangular-shaped pendulum carrying a soft-iron armature. The pendulum has at its lower end a pencil, the point of which just touches a strip of paper moved along by the clock-work shown at the lower right-hand corner of the frame. The to-and-fro motion which Morse sought was obtained by the movement of the pendulum toward the magnet when the current was on, and its return by gravity when the current was removed. By means of the pencil these movements were recorded on the moving strip. In connection with the described mechanism, which constituted the receiving apparatus, Morse supplied a transmitter shown at the bottom of the illustration. This consisted of a forked lever suspended over a pair of mercury cups, and a "type rule" laid on an endless band which passed around two rollers, and was moved by a crank. The "type rule" was provided with raised type, the order of which was understood to represent one or more symbols or parts of a message. As the raised type passed successively under a projection at the bottom of the forked lever, the fork was depressed far enough to close the electric circuit, which was again opened when the type moved by.

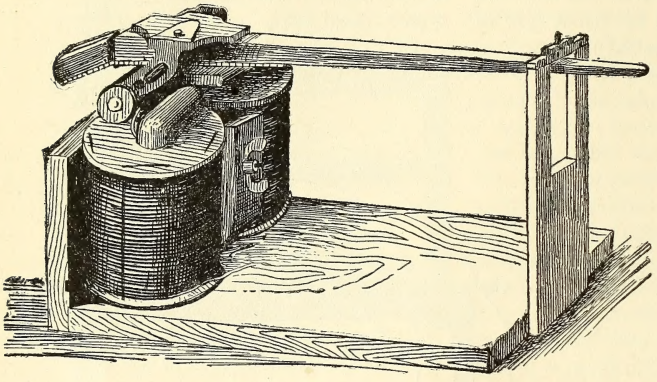


Morse's First Telegraphic Apparatus.

Such was the Morse telegraph as it existed when Alfred Vail happened in at the exhibition in Professor Gale's lecture-room, September 2, 1837. The first important improvement was made when Gale suggested the employment of Henry's magnet in place of that of Sturgeon, and the use of many cells of battery coupled together in place of the single pair of plates which Morse had experimented with. From that point the telegraph was developed, largely through Vail's labors, to a practical and commercial success.

Alfred Vail was by training and endowment an inventor. His father, Judge Stephen Vail, was the proprietor of the

Speedwell Iron Works at Speedwell, New Jersey, and young Alfred had spent a great deal of time as a boy in his father's factory, indulging his inherited taste for mechanical pursuits. Simultaneously with his work in the factory, he had been an ardent student of scientific matters, and had become throughly grounded in the basic principles of natural philosophy. So that, later, when, as a student of Columbia College, he went to call on Professor Morse on that memorable second of September, he was prepared not only to grasp the magnitude of the conception, but to understand perfectly the operation of the apparatus and the problems still awaiting solution. He says:



Morse's Patent Office Model of Magnet and Armature.

"I saw this instrument work, and became thoroughly acquainted with the principles of its operation, and, I may say, struck with the rude machine, containing, as I believed, the germ of what was destined to produce great changes in the condition and relations of mankind."

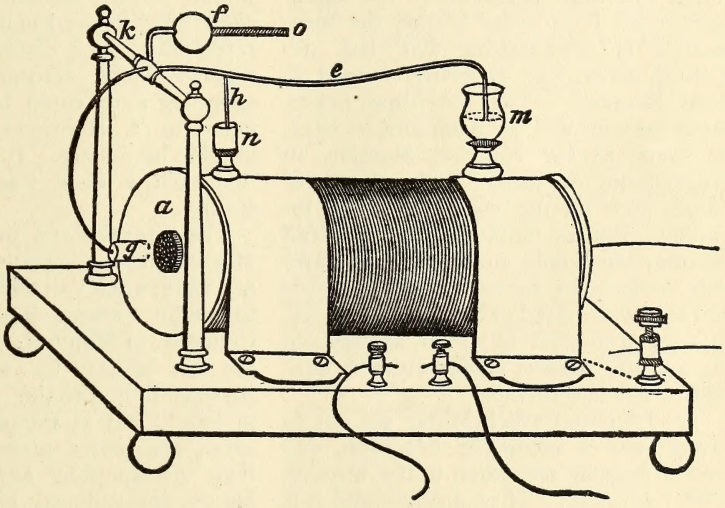
There were still doubts to be resolved; but in the end he decided to "embark in the enterprise," and "sink or swim with it." The enthusiasm of his son soon won over Judge Vail, and on September 23, 1837, an agreement was entered into between Professor Morse and Alfred Vail, by the terms of which Vail was to receive a one-fourth interest in the invention in the United States in return for his time and services for constructing at his own expense, and exhibiting before a Congressional Committee, one of the new telegraphs, and for procuring the necessary domestic patents. To explain the proviso regarding the exhibition of an apparatus, it should be stated that the House of Representatives in February, 1837, had taken steps to the establishment in the United States of a suitable system of telegraphy, and had appointed a committee to investigate the subject.

When Vail had once committed himself to the new work, his devotion to it assumed the character of a passion. The shoot planted by Professor Morse had sprung up in the young man's mind as an independent growth equal in strength and vigor to the original tree. If the conception had had its birth with Vail, he could not have taken more interest in its development. The elation and depression which alternated in his mind from time to time were intensely personal. It is doubtful if the history of these months, whilst Vail and young Baxter, a confidential assistant, were at work in their locked room at Speedwell, can be adequately explained except upon the hypothesis that the successes and failures were really Vail's, and not Morse's. The gradually changing relations of the two men, Vail's undefined feeling, which finally grew into expression, that Morse had not given him due public credit for his services, tell a story of natural jealousy on Morse's part, and of an outraged sense of justice on Vail's part, which, not having received its proper comedy *denouement* in a generous acknowledgment from Morse, has lately risen to do poetic justice of the retributive sort by exposing Morse's misdemeanor.

There remains barely space to catalogue the inventions by which Vail revolutionized the telegraph and made it practically what it is to-day. The first alteration which Vail made in the Morse machine was accomplished by substituting a fountain-pen for the recording pencil. This proving unsatisfactory, he hit upon

the key to the whole trouble by dispensing with the pendulum, and using instead an armature lever having a vertical motion, so that it could be brought down upon the record strip instead of being carried across it. It was this invention more than any other which not only made the telegraph possible, but gave birth to nearly all the modern arts of signalling. The typical form of this magnet has a retractile spring normally pulling the pivoted armature away from the core, and adjustable front and back stops for limiting the to-and-fro movement. In some form or other, it constitutes the translating medium in the most used systems of annunciators, alarms, and signals, and in every portion of the telegraph; and it is practically identical with the receiver of the telephone. This simple electro-mechanical movement enters as an element into the electrical arts with the same frequency as does the lever into the arts purely mechanical. It is, in fact, the first of the electro-mechanical powers. Vail perceived in it at the time mainly a means for making dots and dashes, and spaces on the record-strip. Elaborating this idea, he invented the telegraphic alphabet which, equally with the Vail magnet, was indispensable to the success of the telegraph, and which, being originated to serve the needs of the electric telegraph, has proved to be the means of givng inconceivably wider scope and capacity to systems that had been in existence thousands of years. When Vail made the alphabet, which is still known as the Morse Code,[1] he expected to employ in transmitting it a "mechanical correspondent" constructed much like the Morse type-rule. But in actual practice, Vail learned to mark the necessary intervals by his inward sense of time, finding that he could operate perfectly by using his hand alone to control the dipping of the wires into the mercury cup. Still later he contructed a springs finger-key, which is the same in all essential particulars as that now in use.

Mr. Franklin Leonard Pope, who was the first to set forth at length the true nature of Alfred Vail's services, pays appropriate tribute to the telegraphic alphabet in the following language:



Page's Electrostatic Coil.

[1] **The Morse Alphabet.** — Combinations of dots and dashes give the different letters, numbers, and signs, and thus form the Morse alphabet:

a . —	l . — . .	v . . . —	6 — . . . .
b — . . .	m — —	w . — —	7 — — . . .
c — . — .	n — .	x — . . —	8 — — — .
d — . .	o — — —	y — . — —	9 — — — — .
e .	p . — — .	z — — . .	0 — — — — —
f . . — .	q — — . —	1 . — — — —	. . . . .
g — — .	r . — .	2 . . — — —	? . . — — . .
h	s . . .	3 . . . — —	, . — . — . —
i . .	t —	4 . . . . —	: — — — . . .
k — . —	u . . —	5	! — — . . — —

The letters thus formed of dots and dashes are separated by variable spaces as they are called. There are three kinds of spaces: the space separating the elements of a letter, that separating the letters of a word, and that separating the words themselves. These durations of break or silence are as necessary as the durations of contact or sound.

"The grandeur of Vail's conception of an alphabetical code, based on the elements of time and space, has never met with the appreciation which it deserves. Its utility is not confined to electric telegraphy. It is used to signal, by intermittent flashes of light, between far distant signal stations of the Coast Survey, and between the different vessels of a fleet; it is sounded upon whistles and bells to convey intelligence to and from steamers cautiously feeling their way through the obscurity of fogs; and in fact, nearly every day brings to notice some new field of usefulness for this universal symbolic language. It appeals to almost every one of our senses, for it may be interpreted with almost equal facility by the sight, the touch, the taste, and the hearing. Indeed, with a charged electrical conductor and a knowledge of Vail's alphabetical code, then the transmitting and receiving instruments of the electric telegraph may be dispensed with in emergencies."

We have seen that the pencil and the fountain-pen were alike objectionable as recording devices, and they were both ultimately superseded by a steel embossing point, beneath which was the strip of paper running over the grooved roller. In most cases where the alphabetic code is *recorded* to-day, the mechanism is substantially that last described, which Vail expressly claimed to have invented. The recording instrument used by Vail at Baltimore in 1844, and now at the National Museum in Washington, includes Vail's improvements both on the magnet and the recorder. But, as neither Morse nor Vail foresaw, the whole mechanism so carefully devised for recording the messages was soon discovered to be useless. Operators began to read by sound, as they still do, and the register under ordinary conditions fell into disuse.

The telegraph which Morse set out to invent was a recording telegraph, and this he actually embodied in the working model of 1837. Thus much — and it is much — measures his claim as an inventor. The recording principle, first utilized by Harrison Gray Dyar, of New York, in 1827, is of importance in itself, and because it led to better things, but it is not an essential element of the modern telegraph. The key, the telegraphic alphabet, the electro-magnet with the spring-retracted armature, are due to Alfred Vail; the improved winding of the magnet is the result of Henry's labors; and many needed improvements in the batteries employed, are Professor Gale's; in a word, all the indispensable portions of the so-called Morse telegraph were suggested or invented by others.

The most important of Vail's contributions, the alphabet and the improved electro-magnet, were completed and ready for service in an incredibly short period. He showed them working to his father, Jan. 6, 1838, and a few weeks later he erected a complete working apparatus, including them, at Columbia College. The performance of the improved telegraph there, and afterwards at the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, was highly satisfactory to all concerned. The results of those preceding four months of labor are a tribute, which cannot well be overestimated, to the inventive genius of Alfred Vail.

It will be a surprise to many to learn that the alphabetic code was not the production of Professor Morse. The code which Morse devised was numerical, every word in the English language being represented by a distinct number. The number being transmitted, the corresponding word could be found by reference to a laboriously prepared telegraphic dictionary. It is needless to say that such a code was a practical absurdity.

The struggles and disappointments of Morse and his associates between February, 1838, when Vail fulfilled his agreement to exhibit a telegraph to a Committee of Congress, to March 3, 1843, when, during the last hour of the session, a bill was passed appropriating thirty thousand dollars to aid in establishing the enterprise, are better known to the public than the scientific facts and incidents. Morse was reduced to his last dollar, and the Vails were nearly discouraged. Even after the good fortune came, and the work on the experimental line from Washington to Baltimore was nearly completed, they were once more thrown into despair by finding that the insulation was worthless, and that twenty-three thousand dollars had been spent for naught. The wires were finally strung on poles and the historic message, "What hath God wrought!" was successfully transmitted on the 23d of May, 1844.

Even here the fertility of Vail's invention was constantly exhibited. He discovered the axial magnet, and made working drawings of an ampère meter, in which its principle was to be utilized. He became an original, though not the first inventor of the automatic, vibrating circuit breaker. Other important improvements were devised by him to meet the exigencies of the work as it went along, marking him as an inventor of a very high order.

There is danger that a comparison of the sort which has been instituted may have resulted in an unjust reflection on Professor Morse. If this has been the case, the injustice must be set right. It may not be forgotten that the original conception of the electro-magnetic telegraph was Morse's, and that he actually constructed a working recording apparatus. It is true that the recording feature is now disused, but it is a question whether it did not play an important part in securing the interest of Congress, without which the whole scheme would have been a failure. Mistrustful as they still were, the members of the Congressional Committee would have been far more ready to suspect collusion, if an operator had professed to read by the mere sound of a metallic hammer a message sent by a distant "confederate." Regarded as a concrete embodiment of a natural principle, the modern telegraph is mainly Vail's and Henry's; regarded as a commercial enterprise to be "floated" or, better, regarded as a great idea permeated through and through with the imagination that "rules the world," the telegraph is distinctly Morse's and rightly bears his name. No better statement of the true position of Morse can be given in a few words than has been made by Mr. Charles L. Buckingham, in a recent article on "The Telegraph of To-day:"

> "The world has lost nothing, nor is it less to his credit, if parts of the invention which he esteemed most, have, like the false works of an arch, been removed. When they became an incumbrance their absence was as important as had been their presence, to give the structure its original shape and strength."

Charles Grafton Page might have fitly paraphrased Hawthorne, by claiming that for many years at the outset of his career he had enjoyed the distinction of being the obscurest man of science in America. The statement would be made more accurate by adding the Hibernianism that his obscurity was entirely transoceanic, and that Henry suffered in much the same way. The whole truth is that the Old World paid little attention in the thirties to what was going on in America. For, while many (American) writers agree in saying, that the researches of Henry in electro-magnetism gave him at once a world-wide fame, yet it remains to be explained why, so late as 1837, men like Wheatstone and Cooke were entirely ignorant of them, or quite unimpressed by them. Page was even more unfortunate. While a medical student in Salem, Mass., in 1836, he took up the induction apparatus of Faraday and subjected it during several years following to the most careful and exhaustive study. At the beginning, his object was to adapt the Faradic coil to the production of enhanced therapeutical effects. He soon learned, however, to take a scientific as well as a professional interest in his experiments. The discoveries and improvements which he made gave the induction coil its permanent form and well-nigh its present efficiency; yet nearly fifteen years later the results of his labors were appropriated by M. Ruhmkorff, a Paris instrument-maker, whose name is still attached descriptively to the invention of Page. Mr. Edward S. Ritchie, a Boston inventor, should be named in connection with Page for his improvements in the induction coil. Among other things it may be mentioned that Page first wound a secondary coil outside the primary, that he first produced all the phenomena of static electricity from the induced current, and that he first discovered the increased electro-static effects arising from giving the secondary a greater length than the primary. These are only a few of many alterations and discoveries, more or less radical, which Page embodied in working apparatus. Incidentally, the necessity arose for an automatic circuit-breaker, and Page was actually the first to invent this device, which has since

been so widely applied in the electrical arts. We re-produce from a book which Page published in 1867, a cut of a form of coil he devised in April, 1838. The breaking of the circuit " is effected," says Page, " by the attraction of a small piece of iron, *g*, by one end of the magnet, the iron being attached to a wire, *e*, suspended over a glass mercury cup, *m*, in such manner that the motion of the iron lifts the wire from the mercury and breaks the circuit." The circuit being thus broken, the magnetic attraction ceases, whereupon the displaced parts are restored and the same operation is repeated. A vibrating motion of the armature is produced in this way which is utilized in ordinary house-bells, and is popularly supposed to be the universal characteristic of the electric bell. The same principle underlies the action of the hammering devices now much used for attracting attention in shop windows. The part *f* in the cut is an adjustable weight for regulating the resistance of the attraction of the core. There appears also at *n* a device for adjusting the distance between the armature and the core, a feature of great structural value, which was afterwards developed into the adjustable stops between which an electro-magnet armature vibrates. This illustrates the principle of the Page circuit breaker, a different form of which he had originated some two years before.

By placing above the mercury a spark-arresting layer of oil or water, Page came very near anticipating Fizeau's invention of a dozen years later, when by connecting up a condenser in the circuit, he put the final touch upon improvements in the induction coil.

Page afterwards distinguished himself by constructing an electric locomotor with which he drew a train of cars on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad between Washington and Bladensburg at a maximum rate of nineteen miles an hour. This was in 1851, after Congress had appropriated $30,000 to further the project. At this time Page was an examiner in the United States Patent Office, having entered it in 1841 as one of the two principal examiners then employed in the office. Page was so deeply interested in the scheme of electric locomotion, and had so much faith in its future, that he withdrew from the Patent Office in 1852 in order that he might devote his whole time and attention to it. For reasons which are now well understood, his hopes were destined to disappointment. Still he accomplished much, and succeeded in convincing a Senate Committee, of which Mr. Benton was Chairman, that electricity as a motive power had great possibilities which the Government ought to assist in developing. Before this Committee he exhibited a reciprocating electric engine which operated a planing machine. On another occasion he showed them an electric motor running a Napier printing-press at the rate of twelve hundred impressions an hour. But the appropriation which these experiments succeeded in calling forth from Congress was insufficient, necessarily, to accomplish the impossible. A friend of Professor Page's, who also witnessed many of the experiments referred to, as well as the trial on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, states the situation with tolerable exactness as it appeared to an intelligent observer writing before the perfection of the dynamo :

"Although Professor Page failed to realize his first cherished hope of seeing electricity take the place of steam for a motive power on a large scale, for which he underwent so much labor, and for the pursuit of which he relinquished his hold upon a lucrative office, yet his labors had this result: the concentration within a moderate space, and by simple means, of a large amount of electro-mechanical power; and so soon as a galvanic battery shall be discovered which is easy to manage at the same time that it gives its current by the consumption of cheap materials, or as incidental to some extensive chemical manufacture, his engine is ready, we think, to perform a large part of the work done by the steam-engine.

The central feature of Page's motor was the axial magnet which, as we have seen, was invented by Alfred Vail.

While a principal examiner in the Patent Office, Page became Professor of Chemistry in the Medical Department of Columbian College at Washington. In 1861, having found that his anticipations regarding the success of the electric motor were premature, he returned to the Patent Office and remained there till his death in 1868. As an examiner in the

Patent Office, Page was debarred by law from protecting his inventions, so that they went into wide public use without his realizing any substantial returns in money. The public use itself constituted a further bar even in case he should have decided to resign his official position for the purpose of securing a patent. By a special enabling act Congress permitted the granting of a patent to Page for his circuit-breaker and induction-coil inventions, at the discretion of the Commissioner. It appearing that no other statutory bar would be infringed by the grant, he received his patent, and immediately sold it to the Western Union Telegraph Company for a considerable sum of money. A large amount of valuable experimental apparatus which Page had stored on his premises in the suburbs of Washington was unfortunately destroyed in 1863 by a party of Union soldiers who supposed it to belong to a Confederate sympathizer.

Page's services to science were ultimately acknowledged in Europe as well as in America. Sturgeon who, even in this instantaneous photograph, is seen, as usual, on his stilts, wrote of him in 1850:

"I know of no philosopher more capable of close reasoning on electro-magnetics and magnetic-electrical physics than Professor Page, M. D."

But so far as the electro-static coil is concerned, the proper credit has never been given to him abroad. The memory of Page's services to acoustics is still preserved in the name "Page effect" given to the musical sound resulting from the rapid magnetization and demagnetization of a piece of soft iron.

Mr. Franklin Leonard Pope has recently made some important researches which render it probable that the electric motor was first brought to perfection by Thomas Davenport and Orange A. Smalley of Brandon, Vt. It has long been known that Davenport constructed the first model electric railway, as far back as 1835, but, if Mr. Pope's conclusions are correct, we must add still another important apparatus to the already long list of electrical inventions having their origin in America. Mr. Pope also credits Davenport with priority over Vail in the invention of the axial magnet.

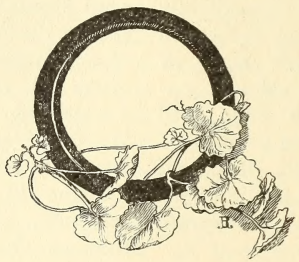
By an awkward use of terms, the designation "magneto-electric machine" has been made to apply to an electric generator in which the primary exciting agent is a permanent magnet, while the name "dynamo-electric machine" is given to a generator wherein an electro-magnet, self-excited, furnishes the initial magnetic force. The fault is with the distinction; the difference is there, and is highly important. But it was not known to exist until Moses G. Farmer, another Salem inventor, discovered the self-exciting power of the magnet, in the year 1866. It was afterward discovered independently by Varley and Wheatstone in England, and Werner Siemens in Germany, the last named of whom first suggested the term dynamo in distinction from the older magneto. As nearly all of the powerful modern electric machinery, which has revolutionized the electrical industries within the past few years, belongs to the class "dynamo," it will be seen that Farmer assisted very materially at the birth of a new and important art. The electric light, and the electrical transmission of power, were made commercially possible by the invention of the dynamo-electric machine. Farmer's own labors in electric locomotion, made in 1847, when he succeeded in carrying four passengers on a track one and one-half feet wide, were practically nullified, because Farmer's discovery of twenty years later had not pointed the way to the perfected dynamo.

Farmer was also a pioneer in the art of electric incandescent lighting. Not least worthy of mention is the fact that, in 1862, himself and W. F. Channing set up in Boston the first system of fire-alarm telegraphs in which distinctive signals for different fire precincts could be transmitted. This was the starting point of a system which has since spread to more than three hundred towns and cities in the United States alone. The question has been raised as to which of the two joint workers really first invented the modern fire alarm system. The evidence points strongly toward Farmer as the man

who both conceived and worked out into practical shape the entire system in all its essential features independently of any other inventor and in point of time before any other.

In the same year Farmer gained fresh distinction by inventing the first multiple telegraph for transmitting simultaneously two or more messages over the same wire. It belonged to the synchronous multiple type, lately developed to marvellous capacity for short lines by Mr. P. B. Delany. Mr. Farmer, though past seventy, is still actively engaged in the work to which he has given his life.

But with Mr. Farmer we come into our own time. The work of Edison and Thomson and Bell and Brush and Weston has no place in a paper upon the early history of electrical science in America. The great inventions of these men and their contemporaries in the electric field will have attention in a subsequent article.



RACHEL MALOON.[1]

1760.

By Marian Douglas.

LONG time Goodman Maloon had prayed,
His wife had mourned and wept; —
"Our little Rachel, where is she,
In savage bondage kept?"
How often, in her troubled sleep,
The sorrowing mother stirred,
And started up, as if, afar,
A childish sob she heard.
"Our little Rachel, where is she?
My darling, in captivity!"

At last, the blessed prize of peace, —
The prisoners home were brought;
Though many a face was missing there,
And many a home was sought,
To find, alone, amid the grass,
Some timbers charred and black;
And yet it was with songs of praise
The exiled ones came back.
"God had remembered them; 'twas He
Who had turned their captivity!"

[1] This poem is based on a real historical incident. See Farmer's History of New Hampshire, p. 310.

With a grave man's few, silent tears,
The father met his child;
The mother clasped her in her arms,
With sobbing loud and wild.
'T was life from death; so great a joy,
Like grief, was hard to bear.
The tall, young girl returned her gaze
With long and sullen stare;
More like a new-bought slave was she
Than one loosed from captivity.

The other children pressed around;
The neighbors gathered in;
They placed the baby on her knee,
In hopes a smile to win.
She laid him down and left the hearth,
And sat from all apart.
"Has she forgotten," whispered one,
"The language of the heart,
Like our dear English speech, that she
Has lost in her captivity?"

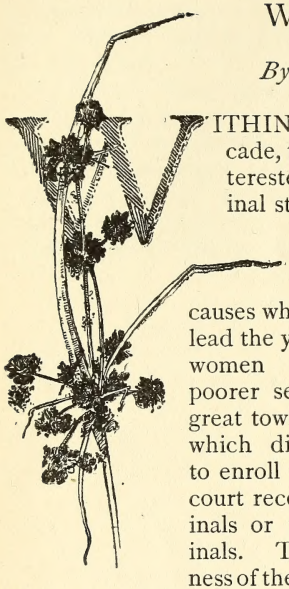
Day after day, she would unbind,
About her neck, her hair,
Steal out alone, and in the fields
Go wandering here and there,
With shawl thrown round her, blanketwise,
And bare head, like a squaw;
Or stand and gaze, where, far away,
The northern hills she saw;
And sing hoarse Indian songs that she
Had learned in her captivity.

But when, O, sweeter than the song
Of April's welcome birds!
They heard upon her lips once more
The sound of English words,
Hope whispered, "Soon our common speech
Will make us one in thought."
Yet the first sentence that she joined,
What cruel pain it brought!
"I wish that I were back," said she;
"'Twas pleasant in captivity!"

Ah! sadly, when the preacher called
One day, the mother said,
"I thought that I had tasted grief
When I have mourned my dead;
But O, my greatest sorrow lies
Within my answered prayer;
This life, that is so close to mine,
And yet I cannot share:
My child has not returned to me;
Her heart is in captivity!"

WINDOW GARDENING.

By Mrs. Henrietta L. T. Wolcott.



WITHIN the last decade, the student interested in the criminal statistics of our country commenced to consider the causes which seemed to lead the young men and women also, in the poorer sections of our great towns, into habits which directly tended to enroll them, later, on court records—as criminals or possible criminals. The cheerlessness of the average home of the day laborer appears to be a prominent factor in this deplorable state of affairs. The crowding of large families in small, dingy tenements precluded all plans to make home attractive, and save in rare instances, when a cheap chromo on the walls, or a cheaper print of some sacred subject was obtained, no other attempt to beautify the home could be made. Well was it for the children if food, shelter and clothing were supplied. With a desire to ameliorate this hard lot of so many, a small body of philanthropists petitioned the Massachusetts Horticultural Society to assume the responsibility of organizing a committee, who should be instructed to commence work at once, to introduce the English custom of raising flowers in windows, by children. All the money needed for the work was to be furnished by the petitioners. With a modicum of enthusiasm among the practical horticulturists and floriculturists, the motion to accept the offer was passed, and a committee was appointed, with liberty to use the seal of the society on its circulars. The petitioners resigned all public position in the matter, and the work has since been carried on as rightly belonging to that of a State Horticultural Society.

Conscious that the movement is yet in its infancy — that while much has been done, the difficulties in the way, (and yearly ones come,) prove that much more can be done — we venture to offer to the readers of this magazine a brief statement of the experience of the committee in attempting to follow the wishes of the petitioners.

It has been said that if one desires to reform a child, one should begin by reforming the grandparents. Appreciating the truth that is in this, the committee began with the young children, hoping that by the third generation the pleasant window gardens will have come to be a fixed fact in homes that at present lack luxuries and lack comforts. To reach the children, communication was opened with city missions, teachers of mission and other schools, and the officers of the associated charities. In many churches the plan of giving cut flowers at Eastertide obtained quite generally. To induce Sunday-school superintendents to let pot plants, which could be purchased at a nominal price, serve this purpose, which they did better, as more lasting in beauty, required but little discussion. The co-operation was gratifying, and in 1879 three exhibitions were held in Horticultural Hall, Boston. The line of children bearing their precious plants, in bloom or out of bloom as it might happen, formed a pleasant incident in the halls devoted to the display of the best plants offered for competition by the members of the society. The prizes awarded were small sums of money, trellises, and sticks for the support of straggling stems. Lessons in the proper care of plants were given to the interested throng of children. For two years the committee labored faithfully, but realized that, while the idea was recognized as admirable and thorough, indorsed by those having the charge of children whose homes were unattractive, the time was not ripe for great progress.

Need of funds, and want of interest among the members, influenced them to delay further work.

But the seed had fallen upon good ground, and although the germination and growth, like growths in the world of nature, must be slow, the faithful friends waited and watched for better prospects. During the year 1887 the seed burst its bonds and demanded recognition. It received it from the Horticultural Society; money was granted, new members were added to the committee, and work was begun systematically. By special permission of the Boston School Board, teachers in the public schools were enabled to interest the pupils; and at the exhibitions in Roxbury the number of exhibitors, largely boys, was over two hundred, testifying to the influence of the teachers. Prizes for cut-flowers raised by children, and for collections of native flowers arranged in vases and correctly named, were granted. Endeavoring to educate the little ones to understand and follow printed directions, circulars were issued containing schedules of prizes and items of detail.

The locality of the hall made it difficult to arrange the hours in a manner that did not interfere with the needs of the mothers, who hoped for relief from toil when the Saturday holiday came. To keep children from home seven hours, dinnerless, that their plants could be received, examined, and displayed, and prizes granted, savored of cruelty, and that plan needed modification. Halls in different sections of the city were generously granted, and the displays in the Church of the Good Shepherd and North Bennet Street Industrial School were most excellent. These plants were, in the main, very successfully grown, erect, if the plant *should be* erect, turning regularly, if they were vines, free from dead leaves or faded flowers, and the pots clear of mould or dirt. The competitors were happy. In behalf of those who brought untidy or half-starved plants, showing discouraging stoppage of growth, the committee devoted a half hour to a lesson in the care of plants, often, through the sobs of the disappointed child, learning of the patience with which the plant had been watched. The trained eye of the inspector perceived that the whole difficulty lay in the fact that the Easter gift had been forced to show its bloom, and was utterly worthless a week later, instead of being nursed in a pot with proper instructions. The gift of another, better started plant was awarded.

During the autumn months the committee decided to offer prizes for windows of plants, which were to be ready for examination during the month of March. Of the thirteen which were offered in the city and vicinity, prizes for five were given, and certificates of merit were given to the others. The prizes were a Frost's microscope, and books on the culture of plants.

The evidence that plants can be raised even when the conditions are unfavorable, was given in several cases. The dryness of the average room is a difficulty not easily overcome, except by careful choice of plants.

With the later years' experience, the committee decided to break the monotony which prevails among the customary plants for Easter offerings, and prizes of plants were given. The fact that the change was in the main warmly welcomed, convinced them that the love of plants was stronger than the love of the sweetmeats that the small money prize secured. With this plan in view, the next problem to be met was how and when to secure suitable plants ready for winter blooming.

By the kindness of a member of the society, a lover of children, and skilled in the cultivation of plants, room in his greenhouses was placed at the disposal of the committee. He also insured such care as florists can give — air, sun, and water. Seeds and cuttings were obtained, and in the month of March, work was commenced. The list of plants included Cuphea, Saxifraga sarmentose — true London Pride, and grown extensively in pots for winter decoration in England and Ireland — Ageratum, Heliotrope, Sweet-scented Geranium, Mesembryanthemum, *Sansolina*, Begonia, in all the easily grown varieties. The distribution was mostly at Franklin Park, the use of which the Park commissioners granted for the

fall meeting, when nearly five hundred plants were distributed.

In the early spring, a paper on the need and value of the horticultural education of children was read before the Society by a member of the committee, Mr. H. L. Clapp. As a teacher in the publics schools, he saw the opportunities presented to follow the example set by the German schools, and he desired some action by the Society. After discussion, a resolution was passed by the Society referring the whole subject to the Window Garden Committee. Following the spirit of the resolution, circulars were at once issued to principals of high schools and to superintendants throughout the state, asking their co-operation in interesting pupils. Prizes of money were offered for collections of ferns, flowers, and grasses, dried, pressed, and mounted on sheets of paper, of the size adopted by botanists, each specimen to be a whole plant, or such portions as would show root, stem and blossom; and they should be correctly named. It was suggested by the committee that such collections as were offered should later be deposited in the library of the town, or some other safe place, as a nucleus for a herbarium, and the pages be open to students. Young people are inclined to be interested in anything which seems to have public value; and records of plants and grasses, with their appearance and disappearance in special localities noted, are interesting. Many of our beautiful wild flowers have been brought by accident. Tracing the origin of any one of them adds a zest to the work.

In response to this circular, although it was issued late in the season, an excellent collection of ferns, twenty-five in number, and one of fifty plants in flower, were offered for examination. These were presented by lads under twelve years of age, — each specimen correctly named. Occasionally, the committee have awarded special prizes for plants raised from seed, in windows, — such as are usually found only in the hands of experienced cultivators. Tiny children bring tiny pots, containing an equally tiny plant, which they, and they only, have cared for. In one family of six children, each child exhibited a geranium or fuschia. To give six other plants, as easily grown as were theirs, gave the family great joy.

The interest is by no means confined to the neighborhood of Boston. In Greenfield, for two years, the plans have been adopted and with good results. In other places in Massachusetts, in New York City, and in Philadelphia, correspondents report favorable results. It is pleasant to chronicle the fact that while in 1887 but one school distributed growing plants at Whitsuntide, on Easter Sunday, of 1890, about thirteen thousand plants were distributed in the city and immediate vicinity. That many of these fail to flourish for want of care must be admitted; that many more live through the fair days of summer only to suffer and die when the cold of winter makes it impossible to watch the plant carefully must also be granted. The open window or door, which the busy mother or careless sister forgets, will cause sorrow and grief only to be cured by time and another chance. Often a sensitive child, like the sensitive plant, is the victim of a neat housewife. To such a child, holding in her hand a spray of white apple blossoms, as she returned from a visit to her teacher, was given a spray of exquisite pink ones. The differences of size and color were explained, and the little maid went away glad in her treasures, to put them in a tumbler as the giver suggested. A day or two later she was questioned about their condition. Sadly she replied, "Mother said we *hadn't got no tumbler* and she fired them out of the window."

In several of the churches the pastor helps on this sweet education, by calling the children with their plants into a special service later in the season, on Sunday afternoon, and making effort to have some member of the committee address the children.

The horticultural education of children will in the future open paths of usefulness in many directions. The ignorance which is met in the community as to the uses of plants should give place to intelligence and knowledge. To begin with, the education of children in the growth of plants will in the future tend to the elevation of life.

A MASTER FROM THE STATES.

By Lewellyn Grosvenor Humphreys.

HE came and settled in Black Gulch in the late summer, and early in the fall he received the appointment to the district school. The school committee had got tired of local pedagogues. Cal Woodford, the last incumbent, had split Bill Jones's boy's head with a stick of firewood, in a fit of passion; and the winter before that, John Whittaker — "Long John" — had tied up three wretched little culprits by the wrists to the birch trees in the school yard, in which position they had hung for the best part of an hour, when taken down being found more dead than alive. These heroic methods of justice, however, had not disturbed the serenity of the citizens of Black Gulch. They had come down to them from their fathers as an unquestioned inheritance, along with their few acres of neglected farm land. Indeed, they were believed by many to be indispensable to the proper development of that race of stalwart men and wiry women, for which the little town had been noted among its fellows. But with the annual change in the school committee, there had come into it, nobody could tell exactly how, some new factors: men with startling ideas in their heads, men so far progressive as to hold that crippling for life was an extremer punishment than the offence of putting pins in the next boy's seat called for. And so it had happened, one night in the early fall, that Black Gulch was thrown into consternation by the rumor that the school committee had departed from all precedent, and elected a master "from the States."

That night the inhabitants of the little village gathered in groups on the principal street, to discuss the question. At first they would not believe it. Such a thing had never been known before in the annals of Black Gulch!

A master "from the States!" They had seen him, all of them, — and they did not like him. His had been a familiar figure upon the village streets for the last month. He had come there on the engineering corps, in the employ of a certain new road, to locate a terminus and track facilities; but the company having suddenly collapsed, he was left stranded in Black Gulch, with nothing to rely on save his own energy. Since that time he had been employed, at odd times, upon the *Black Gulch Meridian*, the only local sheet; but the work was uncertain, and the remuneration barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Yes, they all knew him by sight — a tall, keen-eyed, quiet New Englander, raw-boned and muscular, awkward and ungainly in his ill-fitting store clothes.

The appointment had come like a godsend to Harold Blake. It was that daylight just after the "darkest night," and it had filled his heart with hopes of a brighter future. It was not much, it was true; but it was something. He had put in his application, not with much hope of its being accepted, — for Blake was not ignorant of the ill favor in which he was held by the majority of Black Gulchites, — but with a desire to keep all his irons in the fire, and take every chance.

One of the most animated groups to be seen that evening was that which assembled in the bar-room of the Black Gulch Tavern. Heavy, bearded men, all of them, with weatherbeaten skins and hoarse voices, they stood in a close circle about Cal Woodford, who, leaning against the bar with a glass of whiskey in one hand, was delivering his opinion upon the event of the day. With one consent, they recognized in him their spokesman. He was not only a foremost man among them, by virtue of his prowess and the strength of his horny arm and heavy hand, — and more than one in that little crowd could testify of these from personal experience, — but, upon this particular occasion, he was admitted to be an interested party. For Cal, too, had sent in his application with the rest — for a second term — and had been rejected. Rejected! and for whom? A miserable, city-bred Yankee, from the States! It was not strange that

Cal's opinions should have a personal bias, — he was sensitive about his reputation as an "educated man," and the more so just in proportion as that reputation was growing shaky in Black Gulch — and that he should be in no wise backward about giving them utterance.

"It ain't no use tryin' ter hide it, or kiver it up, boys; this yere city feller has got it, an' done us up — me an' yer, boys: fur I takes it fur granted as how ye're with me, all o' ye."

There was a general growl of approval from the assembled company.

"Now ther question is this yere, boys, air we a goin' ter stand this yere nonsense, or ain't we: that's ther question, — air we, or ain't we?"

There was a still louder growl from his constituents, which Cal again interpreted as an indication that the boys wouldn't stand it.

"Jist so — we ain't!" he continued, with a resounding whack of his huge hand upon the bar, that made the glasses and bottles shake; "we ain't if we kin help ourselves, — an' we reckon we kin."

This last was evidently intended as a joke; and there was a general laugh from the company.

"I ain't speakin' fur myself now — though p'r'aps I'm as much interested as any, boys." Another growl from the "boys" told him their appreciation of how deeply he was concerned in it, and how thoroughly he had their sympathies. "I ain't speakin' fur myself, mind ye, boys; but I'm a voicin' ther hull town o' Black Gulch. Shall we send our boys an' gals ter this yere feller from the States, ter be brought up in ways agin ther ways o' their fathers an' mothers?"

There were hoarse responses of, "No, no, Cal," from the crowd.

"Shall we send 'em ter this yere new school ter be edicated above us?"

A second growl of negation.

"Ter be filled ter the bung with hifalutin' idees, so that nothin' in Black Gulch ain't good 'nough fur em?"

At this terrible picture there was an angry storm of *noes*, enforced this time by curses.

"Shall we, I axes ye, send 'em ter this yere gentleman ter be teached city larnin' an' city ways? or, ter be tyr'nized over, if they don't take what he gives 'em?"

At this maddening suggestion, the wrath of the company leaped into white heat.

"If that there feller ever lays a hand on my boy, I'll lick him till he can't walk, — now yer hear me!" exclaimed Bill Jones with a terrible oath.

"An' me!" "An' me!" echoed one after another. Whatever might be the general opinion in Black Gulch as to corporal punishment when applied by a Black Gulchite, the vote of the majority was very clearly against it in the possible event of its being resorted to by an outsider.

"Easy, boys, easy!" here put in Cal's restraining voice. "We don't want no lickin', if we kin git along without it. We must remember that we air all on us law-abidin' citizens, livin' in a law-abidin' town — we don't want ter go agin ther law."

At this unexpected advice there were sundry remarks very derogatory to the law, and equally derogatory to themselves as law-abiding citizens, which the speaker, however, disdained to notice.

"What we want ter do, is ter git this yere Blake, as he calls hisself, ter resign. We don't want ter use no force about it — force ain't good, least o' all in edication." In the swing of his eloquence he had evidently forgotten the little affair of Jones's boy. To do him justice, Cal did not look at that episode in the light of what he called "force"; in his vocabulary, "energetic persuasion" would cover that case.

Having led his hearers to the desired point, that of declaring that they would not send their children to the new master under any conditions, Cal immediately "swopped 'round," as Little Tim explained to his wife next morning, and again astonished his audience by advising them that this was the very thing, of all others, he wished them to do.

"We want ter git him ter send in his resignashin o' his own free will an' accord. It won't take him very long, boys, ter find out he ain't ther right feller ter run that 'ere schoolhouse; it won't take him many days, — yer mark what I'm sayin'."

These last words were accompanied by a leer that conveyed their drift to the crowd.

"He'll have ter hustle ter git the drop on my Ted," put in Hank Peters. "It's more'n I've been able ter do since I knowed him, an' I ain't no chicken at bringin' up boys, nuther."

"My Phin'll give him ther nightmare," said Long John, with a grin.

"Yes, boys, there ain't no fear 'bout our children bein' with us in this yere event," went on Cal. "We want ter have 'em all go — each an ev'ry one on 'em. Let ther schoolmaster have a full showin' ther fust mornin'. Send 'em all, boys; and I'll set ther ball a rollin' by sendin' my gal. Yes, boys," — he added this after an impressive pause, as if to give his words their full weight and significance, — "I'm agoin' ter send Samanth' ter school ter ther new schoolmaster!"

At this last piece of information there was a silence, followed by a general smile and chuckling observations.

Samanth' Woodford had a reputation all her own in Black Gulch. The acknowledged beauty and belle of the town, she was of a nature so wild and untamable that she was rightly called "a chip of the old block." It was an open speculation in most Black Gulch minds as to which of the two, Cal or Samanth', ran the Woodford household. It was, however, no question in Cal Woodford's mind. He knew, though he would have been loath to admit it to an outsider. The only person on earth of whom he stood in the least in awe was his tall, regal daughter. Whenever a question arose between the two, it was the father, not the daughter, who went to the wall. The personal charms of the girl had been the means of attracting many suitors to Cal's door — suitors came early in Black Gulch; but each had gone away with a flea in his ear, some of them with something worse. Samanth' Woodford had come to be looked upon in Black Gulch as a girl who would "put up with no foolin'." She had a reputation, too, of saying sharp and biting things that cut deep.

Such was Samanth' Woodford, Cal's only child, and the sole surviving member of his family, since her poor, browbeaten mother had died years before, when she was little more than a baby. Reared by a man like Woodford, what wonder that the young girl's character had little in it that might be termed feminine, and much that was masculine! Indeed, it was the general opinion of Black Gulch that the only trouble about Samanth' Woodford was, that she was not elected by nature to carry a rifle. She ought to have been a man, they said, — but she wasn't.

When therefore Cal Woodford announced his intention of sending Samanth' to the new schoolmaster, the excitement of the little community was something considerable. But would she go? that was the question. The young woman's views were well-known to be bitterly opposed to "book larnin'." Even when Cal had himself held sway at the little red schoolhouse at the Forks, Samanth' had been conspicuously absent.

Yet Woodford had not reckoned without his host. That very evening, upon the first rumor of the unwelcome appointment, Cal had broached the subject to his daughter, and to his surprise he had found her, for once in her life, in accord with his views. She, too, had seen and observed the "new master." She had marked his quiet ways, so unlike the boisterous manner of the men about him. She had seen that he held himself aloof from them; and this discovery of "city pride," as she called it, had stung her perhaps deeper, being a woman, than it had the men. Were not these people that he held himself above, *her* people? Was she not one of them? Were not the same things that he shunned in them, *her* characteristics? Moreover, was it not her own father who had been set aside for this stranger? No, there was no question this time between Cal and his daughter. She would go to this new master; she would put aside her prejudice, and attend the hated school, simply for the purpose of humbling this proud man before her associates — humbling him, and, if possible, deposing him.

Before nine o'clock that night, it was known throughout the length and breadth of Black Gulch that Samanth' Woodford had consented to go to school to the new

master. Harold Blake knew it. The information had been conveyed to him by the ten-year-old son of the house where he boarded, together with sundry comments, on the part of the youngster, that left no doubt whatever in Blake's mind as to the purport of this move. He had seen the girl upon more than one occasion. She was, indeed, too beautiful an object, in such an arid spot as Black Gulch, to have escaped his notice and his admiration. He was sensitive, keenly alive to ridicule, and the thought that they should have taken the one creature in the town towards whom he felt in the least attracted, to humble him, made him tremble with indignation. Towards the girl herself he felt no resentment. He knew that she was only the poor, misguided tool of others; and he felt for her only pity. He thought of what that same girl's life might have been among happier conditions; and a feeling of bitterness, mingled with almost personal sorrow, came over him as he thought of her. But then came that other thought: of the trial to be gone through with, the ordeal to be encountered and somehow surmounted. At this thought, a determined expression came over Blake's face, and he felt himself grow strong and antagonistic. He had never been one of the yielders in life's battles, and he had no intention of submitting here without a struggle. He would meet these men upon their own ground; but upon one thing his mind was fully resolved — toward her, this blind tool, this untaught child of the wilderness, he would allow himself to feel nothing but kindness. With the men, he would stop at nothing to sustain his dignity and honor, even at the last resort to force, if need be. But his anger should not be turned in her direction. She might refuse to obey him, might even humiliate him before the school; this, he told himself, he could bear. But, as a brave man, the one thing he knew he could not bear, would be the knowledge that he had, in turn, brought shame to her. But as he fell asleep late that night, after hours of feverish wakefulness, the thoughts of the morrow were far from complacent.

The next morning, long before the usual time for opening, the neighborhood of the little schoolhouse at the Forks presented a strange appearance. Groups of red-shirted, bare-armed men hung about: some lounging upon the grass, others seated astride the fence, while others, still, had appropriated the very steps of the schoolhouse. Bareheaded women perambulated up and down the dusty road, by twos and threes, discussing in low tones the probable outcome of the morning. There were some among them who were inclined to pity the master, but they were in the minority. Children of all ages and descriptions — boys, girls, young men, young women; all the varieties of the Black Gulch population were represented. They were orderly enough — these stragglers. They talked among themselves, but in subdued voices. There was not one of them, who, if questioned, would not have been at a loss to put his feelings into words. Something was about to happen, yet the ringleaders themselves were in the dark as to what. Two things, however, had been decided upon — nothing should be done "agin the law," and, as far as possible, nothing contrary to the rules of the Board of Trustees. This had been a point strenuously insisted upon by Woodford, in his final conversation with Samanth'.

"But remember, Samanth'," he had said, "don't yer diserbey him, out'n out. Don't do nothin' as 'ud give him a handle ter expel ye. That's what he'll be arter — ter expel ye; but don't yer give him ther chance!"

There were some offences, such as an open disregard of the master's commands, which were deemed flagrant enough by the committee to warrant expulsion from school. A scholar once expelled for a sufficient cause was as good as debarred for the term, as the committee would hold themselves bound to maintain the master's authority.

Half an hour before the appointed time for opening, the shock-headed youth who was employed about the building in the capacity of janitor, and whose duty it was to open the schoolhouse and get it in readiness for the business of the day, made his appearance. As he made his

way through the loiterers, he was made the butt of some jokes, all of which, however, were taken in good part, with feeble attempts at rejoinder. He unlocked the door and threw it open, and in ten minutes the building was filled with as heterogeneous a crowd of pupils as were ever gathered upon a similar occasion. The best and the worst of Black Gulch's rising generation — they were all there. Faces that had never before been seen beyond the threshold beamed out from behind some pine desk, in malicious expectation. Broad-shouldered, strapping fellows, men in body if not in mind, who were wont to spend the fall and winter in trapping, up the mountain, seemed to have suddenly imbibed a thirst for knowledge. Every seat was taken, and a few were standing in the aisle, at the back of the room. It is safe to say, that never before in the annals of Black Gulch had there been such a showing at the opening of the term in the little red schoolhouse. To outward appearances, it was an orderly crowd; but beneath that quiet exterior lay a spirit of lawless mischief, of which none were more aware than the young scholars. All that was needed to ignite the combustible pile, was the match; and the match was — the new master.

Samanth' Woodford was there. She sat at a desk on the right, midway from the master's seat, — sat leaning her head on one hand, her elbow resting upon the desk, looking out through the open door, into the sunlight of the autumn day. She was conscious of a deep longing to be out of it all, and in the fields. Already she felt something like the constraint of a prisoner — of a caged bird, beating its wings in a struggle for freedom.

Suddenly a hush fell upon the group of men and women gathered about the door. Up the road had appeared the well-known figure in the shabby gray suit. The master was coming. He came erect and rapidly. There was no hesitation in that step; no air of submission in that high head and compressed mouth; no cowardice in that cold glance, as he stepped quickly through the straggling groups, nodding here and there a good-morning to the few whom he chanced to know. Somehow there was not a voice raised against him as he passed; not a sneer, not a laugh.

He entered the schoolroom, went quietly to the desk, and laid down upon it — three books. The scholars looked and looked again; craning their necks forward, lest there might have been some mistake in that first discovery. But there was no mistake about it, — three books; not even a cane or a switch! The wonder of it! Books had been a secondary consideration with the previous masters of that little red schoolhouse; but the things which had never, in the memory of the oldest scholar present, been omitted upon the opening morning of the term, were the ominous cane and the bundle of young birches.

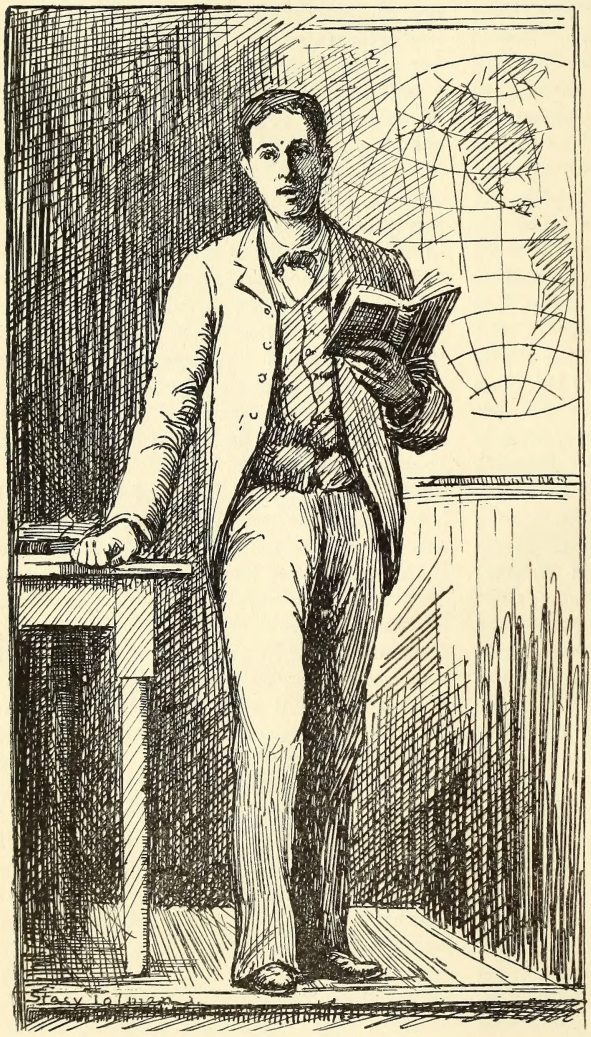
In a silence so oppressive that one might have heard a pin drop, Blake stepped upon the little platform, and having hung his hat upon a projecting nail, quietly opened one of the mysterious books, and said:

"I shall open the school by reading a passage from the Bible."

He read the parable of the Good Samaritan. When in his deep tones he uttered the opening words: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves," and as he went on through the graphic story, more than one in that little company had a vague feeling, though he had not meant it in a personal way, that the narrative had an application. Among them was Samanth' Woodford. She had never heard a man read from the Bible before, except the minister, — certainly never such a man and such a reader as Harold Blake. She was really touched by the simple story, and she was keen enough to catch its lesson. Yet she put the feeling by as a weak feeling, and certainly not suited to the purpose she was there to accomplish.

Then Blake announced a hymn, — one of those old hymns that everybody is supposed to be familiar with. He sang it through, however, to the end, virtually alone, in spite of some feeble efforts of some of the younger scholars to join in, — sang it through, in that rich baritone voice that had been the envy of his college friends.

If the reading had produced an effect upon Samanth', the hymn more than confirmed it. She sat listening with all her ears to the splendid voice, as it rose and fell, till it seemed to fill the very room with its melody. The words, the sweet notes, and the strong manner of the singer



"He read the parables of the Good Samaritan."

moved her strangely. She was conscious of a desire to get away by herself into the woods; she even had to suppress an impulse to cry. She didn't know how it was; she had never felt that way before, not even when Nance Jones, the only girl friend she ever had, had died. Yet when Blake's voice suddenly ceased, and she realized that the hymn was done, she felt disappointed; in spite of the melancholy, she would have liked to sit there and listen all the morning.

During the reading and the hymn, the crowd on the outside had remained silent, most of them listening to Blake's voice as it came direct through the open doorway, some few talking apart among themselves in low voices. The hymn finished, there was a general movement in the direction of the door. There was an evident belief that the fun was about to begin. Blake stepped immediately to the door, and standing bareheaded upon the threshold, said:

"Are there are any ladies or gentlemen here who would care to come in and stay through the session?"

No one answered.

"If not, I shall be obliged to close the door, as the dust blows into the schoolroom. Good morning." And the door was slowly closed.

For a moment they stood there, looking into each other's faces. Some women in the background tittered audibly. One man proposed to break in the door. This proposition, however, was so obviously absurd, — the door being only closed, not locked, and the master having already invited them to enter, — that it went by the board. One after another gradually sauntered up the road, after the exchange of a few commonplaces. Some said they had not come there to stay in the first place, and that everything had happened exactly as they expected it would happen. Within half an hour the outside of the schoolhouse was virtually deserted; only a few of the younger women hung

about a little while longer. The master had won the outside battle by one simple manly stroke.

Inside, Blake was preparing the roll-call. Beginning with the first benches, he passed from one pupil to another, inquiring the names, which he entered on a slip of paper.

Presently he came to a broad-shouldered, low-browed fellow, who sat leaning his unshaven chin in both palms, looking up at him with a reckless, braggadocio air. Instinctively, Blake felt that the beginning of the struggle was at hand.

"What is your name, young man?" he asked pleasantly.

"Don't know."

An audible titter went round the room, which was quickly suppressed, however, as the master raised his hand.

"You don't know your name?"

"No!" This last was given with a sneer and drawl intended to be exasperating, but which made Blake feel most like laughing.

"How far away do you live from the schoolhouse?"

"Don't know."

At this another titter arose, which was again suppressed. Blake then asked a little boy sitting near how far the young man lived from the schoolhouse, and received the timid reply that it was about a mile down the road.

"Very well, young man," he said, "I want you to go home, and find out from your mother what your name is. Be back in half an hour; that will give you ample time."

The young bully looked up surprised; but there was something in the eye that met his that caused his assumed nonchalance to vanish; and as he rose and moved awkwardly to the door, he felt that every scholar in the room was laughing at him. As Blake went on, no other scholar was found to plead ignorance of his name. At last, with a strange uneasiness, he approached the girl who, since the previous night, had been uppermost in his thoughts.

"Samanth' Woodford," came the answer to his repeated question, and the deep black eyes met his with an unflinching gaze.

"Miss Samantha Woodford," he repeated after her, as he entered the name upon his list.

"I said Samanth'!"

As he looked up, he again met the girl's eyes fastened upon his, with a strange look of defiance in them.

"Very well, then — Samanth' Woodford," he replied, with a quiet smile, and passed on to the next, leaving Samanth' feeling that it would have been as well if she had not spoken.

To form the school into classes was a more difficult task than the roll-call. He found, then, the real magnitude of the task he had undertaken. Few had come there with any very definite intention of learning anything; and the majority seemed to have been actuated chiefly by idle curiosity. But Blake, working with dogged resolution, by the end of the morning session had the school pretty well weeded out and classified. Noon came. Before dismissing the school for the recess, the master said:

"I should like to have Samanth' Woodford keep her seat for a few moments. I wish to speak with her."

This sent a visible thrill of excitement through the school. Evidently, the fun was not over, then, after all! There was a reckoning, of some sort, in store for Samanth'! Every scholar, as the lines filed slowly past her, stole a furtive glance at the dark beauty, as much as to say, "You'll catch it now, Samanth' Woodford!"

The room emptied, Blake closed the door, and returning, seated himself in a desk opposite that occupied by Samanth'. She had not moved since he had requested her to remain; but now, as he seated himself, she raised her head, and looking him squarely in the eyes, asked:

"What did you keep me after school for? I ain't done nothin' agin' the rules, have I?"

"No, you have done nothing against the rules. I did not wish to scold you, Samanth': I wanted to talk to you."

She looked steadily at him for a moment, and then said: "Talk to me, 'bout what?"

"First of all, about yourself, Samanth'."

She had settled back in her seat, her

hands clasped before her on the desk, and the old defiant look was in her eyes as she spoke:

"Does it happen ter strike ye, that ye're meddlin' with what don't concern ye?"

"I have thought that you might say that," returned Blake, turning a shade paler under the insult, but with the same kind smile on his face; "I have thought that you might think me presuming, but I am willing to risk that for the sake of the deep interest that I take in your welfare, Samanth'."

A contemptuous sneer about the mouth and a shrug of the shoulders was the only answer to this. He seemed, however, to notice neither, and went on:

"You do not know how it has hurt me, Samanth', to know why you have come to my school this morning."

"Why?"

"You know why, Samanth, and I know why."

"It don't take a great heap to hurt ye," she sneered.

"Some things hurt more than others," he replied. "This thing, however, has hurt me very little for myself, but a great deal for you."

"Me?"

"Yes, for you. Whatever you might have done this morning could have had no effect upon me. I know you came here with the intention of breaking up the school, if you could. I should have had no redress against you. You are a woman, and I could have done nothing to defend myself against you. Was this brave in you, Samanth'?"

She sat still, her eyes fixed upon the rude desk before her. She was an honest girl, — "squar," her companions called her, — and the thought that her action might be construed into what was to her most detestable, into cowardice, made her feel ill at ease. True, she had not been in the habit of associating with men whose reverence for women had been an obstacle to their returning like with like. But instinctively she felt that what the man before her said of himself was true.

"Ye think I'm a coward, do ye?" she said at length.

"No, Samanth', I do not blame you for this thing; I know that you are only acting for others, — you are only the tool of these men, who —"

"*It's a lie!*"

At the humiliating charge that she, Samanth' Woodford, had been used as a cat's-paw to further the ends of others, all her smouldering defiance leaped at once into white heat. Samanth' had not meant that Blake intentionally misstated the facts, but that he misunderstood her will in the matter. But the flush of anger that swept over the young man's face left no doubt in her mind as to how her words had been taken. He seemed about to speak, but checked himself, rose slowly from his seat, and went to the platform. He took down his hat from the nail, and without even glancing in Samanth's direction, went slowly out of the schoolhouse.

For a few moments the girl sat where he had left her, staring at the closed door, in a daze. She knew, — and it was with a sickening feeling, — that she had been all that he had hinted — a coward. She felt that had she been a man, he would have struck her at her words — that was the kind of thing to be expected in Black Gulch. For the first time in her life, the girl hated herself. She went quickly to the door, opened it and looked after him. Far up the road, moving on with that quick stride of his, past a group of boys who had lingered for a time, wondering if there would be any "fun," she saw the tall figure in the shabby suit of gray. She felt a desire to run after him, — to overtake him, and explain her words, and ask his forgiveness. But pride held her rooted where she was, until a bend in the road hid him from her view. And then Samanth' Woodford did what she had never known herself to do before in the whole course of her life. She went back to the desk where she had talked with him, laid her head on her arms, and cried as if her heart would break.

From that time Samanth' never entered the schoolhouse again. At the afternoon session, Blake looked in vain for the pretty pink calico with the knot of ribbons at the throat, — it was not to be seen. Perhaps, under the circumstances,

he should have felt a certain relief at this discovery; but the feeling that he really did experience was a different one. He was conscious of a strange sense of disappointment and loneliness, which it might have been hard to analyze. He did not seek to analyze it; he only felt that the presence of the beautiful girl had added a certain pleasure to his work in the school, and that her absence now made his duties seem dull. He furtively watched the door, in the hope that she might come in some time during the afternoon; but she did not come in, and Blake was obliged to dismiss the school at the usual hour of four, with an absence mark against the name of Samanth' Woodford.

As he was returning to the village later in the afternoon, however, having remained at the schoolhouse for some work in his books, a woman suddenly appeared before him from among the bushes beside of the road. It was Samanth'. She stood, her eyes upon the ground, the toe of one coarse shoe nervously pushing the dust of the road to right and left.

"I'm sorry fur what I said to ye this mornin', Mister Blake," she said to him, only once raising her eyes, "an' I didn't mean nothin' by it — that's all." And, in spite of his efforts to detain her, she rushed among the bushes again, and was gone as quickly as she had appeared.

"Heaven bless the girl!" said Blake to himself, recovering from his amazement, as he took his homeward way: "I knew the gold was there, if one could only get at it."

Things went quietly along at the schoolhouse at the Forks, with little friction and less force. Upon one occasion, a fellow who had been ordered to leave the room, and had thought to take his own time in doing it, had suddenly found himself outside of the building, without quite knowing how he got there; but such occurrences were few. After the first few days, Blake had no reason to complain of his treatment at the hands of his scholars. This had been largely owing to his methods of teaching. Realizing the raw material with which he had to deal, he had exerted all his efforts to interest his pupils, seeking to present knowledge to their untutored minds in as pleasing a form as possible. As week succeeded week, the attendance at the school, instead of falling off, as had usually been the case with the approach of winter, not only held its own, but even increased. The scholars, instead of seeking pretexts for staying away, now considered themselves aggrieved if home duties obliged them to be absent. There was always the graphic history lesson in the morning, with realistic accounts by the master of some interesting incident of history, together with descriptions of foreign lands and customs; all of which presented a treat to these starved minds, something to be looked forward to with eager anticipation. In the last afternoon hour he read to them some story, of a kind to hold their interest and make them think. Then the character of the man himself, his quiet dignity and kindness, his simplicity and force, all exerted an effect upon these young people, and drew them to him.

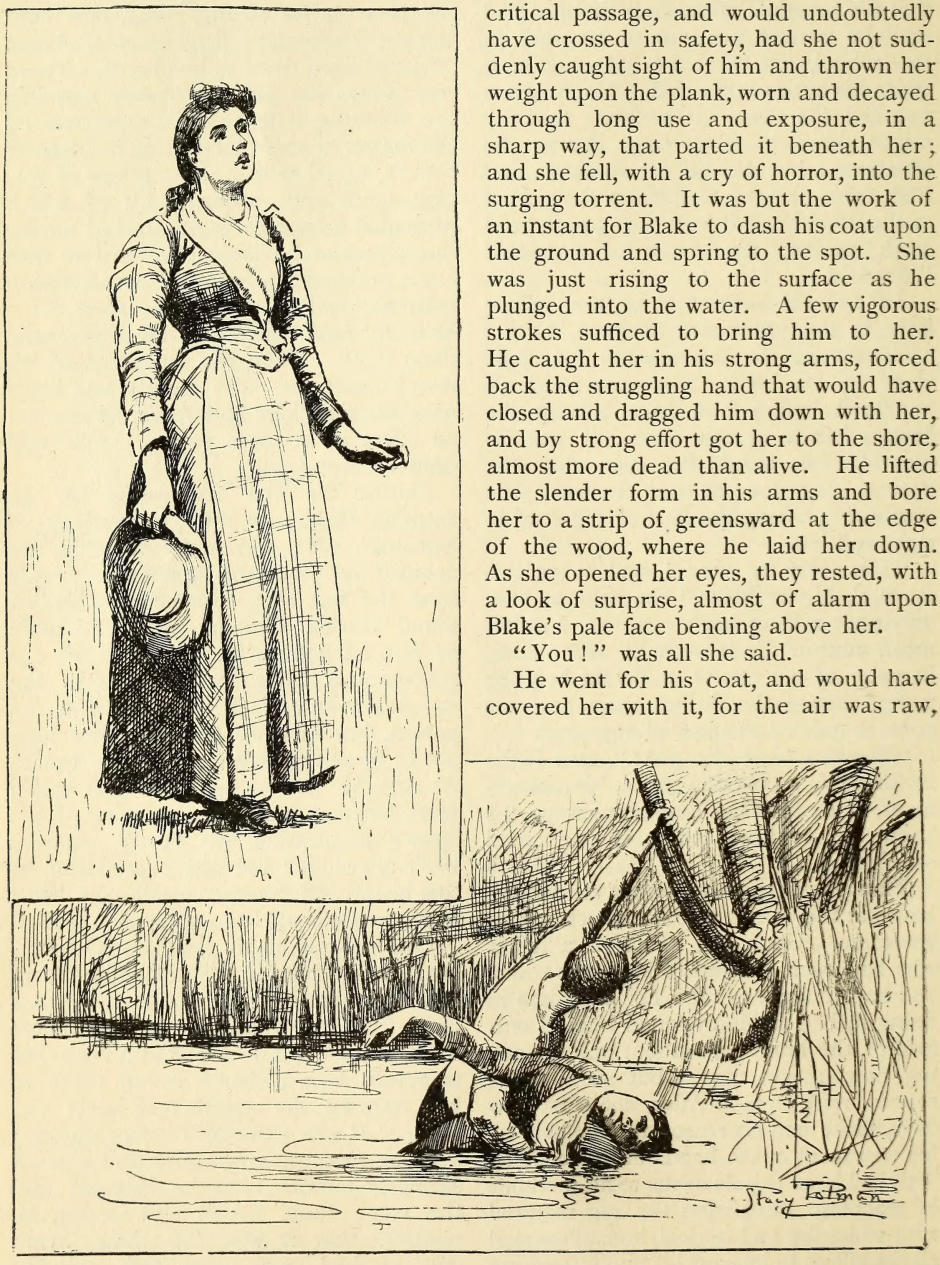
During the first few weeks of the autumn, Blake saw little or nothing of Samanth'. He was conscious that she avoided him; and this he felt more keenly from the fact that, as time went on, he found himself thinking more and more of her. Often as he sat alone in the schoolhouse, after the business of the day was over and the scholars had departed, her face would rise before him, not to be put from him, try as he would. At first he told himself that this was a mere fancy on his part, something of the artist's admiration for beauty showing itself anywhere; but with every vision of this beauty, he knew in his inmost heart that it was less and less a fancy such as that.

One afternoon in the late October, Blake was fishing in the mountain stream that ran through the woods two miles away from the village. It was almost dusk, and he had just made up his mind to return home, when a sound came to him from up the stream that made him pause. It was a woman's voice, singing; a young voice, singing a song that seemed strangely familiar. As he listened, and the voice came nearer and nearer, he realized that it was the same hymn that he had sung upon that opening

morning of the term. The singer came in sight. It was Samanth', — Samanth', moving along with that free step, like a young Indian, swinging her tattered sombrero at her side. He stood spellbound, gazing at the girl, and listening to the sweet glad voice. She had not seen him, and there was no thought of his nearness to her in her mind as, still singing, she stepped upon the narrow plank that spanned the deep creek just above where he stood. Without a moment's hesitation, or a thought of danger, she began the critical passage, and would undoubtedly have crossed in safety, had she not suddenly caught sight of him and thrown her weight upon the plank, worn and decayed through long use and exposure, in a sharp way, that parted it beneath her; and she fell, with a cry of horror, into the surging torrent. It was but the work of an instant for Blake to dash his coat upon the ground and spring to the spot. She was just rising to the surface as he plunged into the water. A few vigorous strokes sufficed to bring him to her. He caught her in his strong arms, forced back the struggling hand that would have closed and dragged him down with her, and by strong effort got her to the shore, almost more dead than alive. He lifted the slender form in his arms and bore her to a strip of greensward at the edge of the wood, where he laid her down. As she opened her eyes, they rested, with a look of surprise, almost of alarm upon Blake's pale face bending above her.

"You!" was all she said.

He went for his coat, and would have covered her with it, for the air was raw,



"The singer came in sight. It was Samanth'." — "By strong effort he got her to the shore, more dead than alive."

and he could see that she shivered as she lay there. But she shook it off, and with a visible effort rose to her feet.

"Ye've saved my life, Mister Blake," she said: "fur I can't swim, no more'n lead. I ain't much at thankin', but I thank ye. Maybe some time or other I kin do ye a like turn; and if I kin I will, — that's all."

Blake offered to assist her home, but she declined with an emphatic gesture.

"I'd best git home alone," she said. "It won't do me no hurt if I keep on the jog." And she shook the drenched skirt again and started through the woods on a run and jump, which Blake knew she would keep up until she reached her home.

He stood speechless, and watched her till she disappeared in the gathering shadows of the forest. No, it was no fancy. He knew that he loved this beautiful, rude girl: loved her with all the strength of his young manhood. He felt again the wild delight that had been his as he held her in his arms, felt again that wonderful joy in knowing himself as her protector. He looked out over the rushing stream and on into the dark forest, and wondered how it would all end. He realized that he was wet and shivering, he threw the coat over his shoulders, and plunged into the forest after her and toward his own home.

It may be readily imagined that the knowledge of the harmony and goodwill that existed in the little schoolhouse at the Forks was far from agreeable to Cal Woodford. He had questioned Samanth' narrowly on the evening of that first day, but had been able to learn nothing definite, further than her own determination to go no more; and, although he had sought by every means in his power to dissuade her, he had remained firm and unyielding. She was strangely noncommittal about the event of that morning, and especially about the master himself. Knowing the nature of the girl, and that the more one tried to drive her, the more stubborn she became, Cal desisted from his questions, and contented himself with injuring the new master by such insidious means as lay in his power. But as time went on and the people of the town had a chance to test the influence of Blake's teaching upon their children, less and less were they inclined to listen to Cal's sneers and innuendoes. He still had his following; but the sympathies of the best portion of the community were with the new master. Especially had the mothers of the town reason to feel thankful to the master. Lawless and headstrong boys, who had seemed to live wholly for their own reckless pleasure, now often turned their steps homeward after school, with the dawning consciousness that there might be something for them to do there; wayward girls, who had never been known to work, now turned to lend a helping hand. One quiet man was bending all his faculties to teach Black Gulch's rising generation the nobility of honest labor, and his lessons were beginning to bear fruit.

All this was galling to Cal Woodford. He saw the tide of public feeling setting against him and in favor of his hated rival; and all the brute nature in the man rebelled and chafed. He had been a demigod in Black Gulch too long to relinquish the position without a struggle. Worst of all, his own daughter seemed to be turning against him. Since the first day of the term, a marked change had come over Samanth's bearing toward her father. She had never been a demonstrative girl. Indeed, there was something in Cal that would effectually have checked any such impulses had she felt them. Yet she had always been kind, and always affectionate. But a change had come over her. Often, when Cal had indulged in some of his bitterness in regard to the new master, he would catch her black eyes fastened upon him with an expression of contempt, and sometimes positive hatred, in them. Did she, too, then, side with the master?

One afternoon, in the early part of the winter, Blake had remained later than usual at the schoolhouse. It had set in to snow lightly about four o'clock, and now the ground was covered, to the depth of half an inch. The wind had been steadily rising all the afternoon, and now was blowing almost a gale, down the valley. The black snow-clouds had settled in, leaving the schoolroom, at five

o'clock, barely light enough to distinguish anything in it.

Blake had been thinking of Samanth'. More than ever, on that particular afternoon, had her face and presence been in his thoughts. More than ever did he feel himself under the power of the strong spirit which he had come to know in this untaught and untrained girl. Suddenly he was aroused by the sound of a hand, groping on the outside of the door for the handle. He rose and took a step in that direction, when the door opened, and Samanth' herself stood before him. She was breathless, as if from running, but she lost no time in making the meaning of her visit known. Closing the door behind her, she stepped to where he stood, and placing her hand upon his arm, said in tones that trembled, in spite of her visible efforts at self-control:

"Mister Blake, I've come ter warn ye!"

"To warn me, Samanth'?" he said, taking her cold hands in his. "To warn me — against what?"

He drew her to the stove, and made her sit down before it.

"To warn me against what!" he repeated.

"Agin father," she replied.

"Against your father, Samanth'!"

"Yes, agin father. He's layin' fur ye at the bridge, in the holler down the road — him an' the rest. Don't go home that way, — don't!"

"You are excited and unwell, Samanth'," he said, with that kind smile she remembered so well. "Your father can surely have no reason to harm me."

"Yer don't know father!" she said, rising in her excitement, and again unconsciously placing her hand upon his arm. "I tell ye he's layin' fur ye, in the holler — him an' the rest. He's a goin' ter lick ye, if he kin git hold of ye! I heard 'em talkin' it last night, an' I come to warn ye. Don't go home that way, Mister Blake — don't!" There was an anxious appeal in the girl's voice, that made his heart beat fast.

"You say that your father is going to whip me, Samanth'?" he inquired slowly; and an odd expression came over his face as the word passed his lips.

"Yes, Mister Blake, he swore as how he'd do it. Ye don't know father. He'd kill ye outright, if he darst — he hates ye! Don't go home that way!"

"I'm sorry, Samanth', that I can't do as you wish," he said, as he went to the platform, and put on his hat and coat. "I thank you with all my heart for coming all this way to tell me this; but I am going home by the usual way."

She did not reply; she stood looking at him in a dazed, stunned way. Having buttoned his coat up to the chin, he came to where she was, and taking one of the trembling hands in his, he said, —

"Samanth', if I am to live on in Black Gulch, I must show these men, once for all, that I am not to be trifled with. If I should do as you wish me to, and go home another way, it would only put off the trouble a little longer. They would wait for me again when I did not have you to tell me of it. You know well, too, that to sneak away to the village through the fields would be the part of a coward, and I know you would not have me that, Samanth'."

"No." She shook her head; but there was a far-away expression in her eyes, almost as if she had not heard him.

"When you come to think of it, you will feel that my way is the best way, Samanth'. And now I want you to go home, and think no more about it. You had better go through the fields, across lots; for I should not want them to know that you had been here to-night."

He had led her to the door, and now, taking her hand once more in both of his, he said, in a voice that he strove to keep steady, but which was husky with emotion:

"God bless you for what you would have done for me to-night, Samanth'!"

Daring to trust himself no further, he dropped her hand, and hurried up the road. The girl stood where he had left her, with the snow falling about her, peering after him, still with that far-off expression in her eyes, till his figure was lost to view in the shadows of the night. Then, with a shiver and a muttered exclamation, she darted into the deep underbrush that skirted the road, and followed after him.

As Blake came over the brow of the

little hollow in which the bridge lay, he saw a little knot of men huddled together, at one side of the road. As he came in sight, there was a sudden movement among them, and their conversation ceased abruptly, — which told Blake that they had been talking of him. Without altering his pace, he advanced directly down the hill; but when upon the point of passing them, one tall, dusky figure separated itself suddenly from the others and stepped in front of him, barring the way. It was Cal Woodford. Following the action of their leader, the other six men immediately closed in, and Blake found himself the centre of a ring of vicious and malicious faces. He looked from one to another. He knew them all; they were the head and front of the party that had, throughout the fall, been foremost in their attempts to injure him and break up his school, perhaps the seven most lawless of all Black Gulch's lawless citizens. To a man in Blake's position the spectacle was not a tranquillizing one. But after a moment's survey of his captors, — for the circle was a close one, and so obviously meant to imprison him that it would have been an affectation to appear not to see this, — he said calmly:

"Gentlemen, what is the meaning of this?"

"It means, young feller," said Woodford, who immediately made himself spokesman for the party, "it means, young feller, that ye ain't goin' on ter ther village till ye've had a leetle reckonin' with me — that's what it means!"

"I am not aware that I owe you anything, Mr. Woodford," replied Blake.

"Wal, mebbe yer don't," answered Cal; "but I owe yer somethin', an' I'm agoin' ter pay it."

"Do you wish me to understand that you mean to pick a quarrel with me?" Blake advanced a step nearer the man, and looked him squarely in the eyes.

"Ye've hit it ter a T," replied Cal, a look of diabolic hatred sweeping over his face. "Black Gulch ain't a big 'nough town fur you an' me ter once, mister. One or t'other has got ter git out; an' when I git done with yer ter-night, ye'll know which one 'tis."

"Men," said Blake, turning to the little circle, "I call you to witness, all of you, that I have not sought this quarrel. It has been forced on me by a man whom I have never, to my knowledge, injured, — never spoken with before to-night. But I am willing to give him the satisfaction he wants. The one thing I ask of you is, that it shall be a fair fight. You are seven to one. Shall I have fair play?"

This appeal to the latent manhood slumbering in their breasts evidently had its effect, for after muttering among themselves for a moment, one of them said:

"We'll give ye a square show, mister. This yere is Cal's biz'ness, an' we reckon he's able ter take keer on it hisself."

"Very well; Mr. Woodford, I am at your service."

Without a word, Cal led the way across the brook, through the underbrush beside the road, into a little opening in the woods beyond, and threw his coat upon the ground. Blake did the same; and the little crowd of men formed a scattered circle about the two.

It was a strange picture, — these two strong men standing there opposite each other, in the dusky shadows of the winter night, and the circle of eager, excited faces about them. For a moment they paused, as if by mutual consent, each seeking to measure the power of the other. In that brief moment, Blake noted the deep chest and massive arms of his antagonist and the hatred in his eyes, and knew that the struggle of his life was before him. Cal, on his side, had marked with a feeling of unpleasant surprise the strange coolness of his adversary, and the additional fact, that the position of defence which Blake had assumed had in it something strangely suggestive of the professional prize ring. The truth of the matter was, that Blake was far from a novice in the "manly art". While at college he had been known as one of the cleverest boxers in the whole body of students; and now, as he looked his burly antagonist over, and noted the awkward way in which he stood, he felt certain that, could he outlast the first few minutes of the fight, the victory was his. But could he do that?

The terrible struggle began. Blake had reason indeed to feel thankful for those three years of training on the college eight; and the muscles that had then been like iron, had lost nothing of their old form in his subsequent hard service as an engineer upon the plains. Woodford was the more powerful man of the two; but, in his scientific training, Blake had an immeasurable advantage. Again and again the huge backwoodsman rushed upon him with the fury of a tiger, determined to put an end to the fight by one of those sledge-hammer blows for which he was so famous; but it was only to be met by some clever parry or stinging counter, that left him stunned and dazed. It soon began to be apparent to the onlookers that Woodford was winding himself. Every onslaught made him weaker and less steady on his legs, while his determined antagonist still seemed calm and fresh. At last, bracing himself for a final onslaught, Cal hurled himself forward, and with all his tremendous strength aimed a crushing blow at Blake's head. Had it had its effect, it would have ended the battle. But as the mad ruffian rushed upon him, Blake ducked adroitly, and the iron fist passed over his head. The force of his rush carried Cal beyond his opponent, and as he turned to renew the attack, he was met by a frightful blow. He reeled, staggered, and would have fallen, had not an unforseen interruption occurred at the very moment. A young girl darted from the bushes where she had been a trembling spectator of the scene, and caught him by the waist. It was Samanth'.

"Stand back, all o' ye!" she exclaimed, — for there was a general movement in the direction of the half-stunned man. "Stand back, I say! I'll take care of him."

She supported him to a log by the bushes, ran to the brook to wet her handkerchief, and began to wash the blood-stains from the swollen face.

The men stood by, silent spectators of the scene, — among them Blake, who had again put on his coat. There was among them all a feeling of chagrin; and for the moment no one felt this more than Blake himself. He thought, as he looked at the agitated and unhappy girl busy in her ministrations to her father, that all this might have been averted had he heeded her advice, and gone home the other way. He cursed his pride and self-assertive courage. It would have been better — even that he thought in his agitation — that he himself should be sitting there, bleeding and disfigured, in Woodford's place! Then he could at least have been sure of her sympathy. How must she feel toward him now!

"Samanth'!" — he said, in a low tone, stepping to her side. She had slid to the ground, and was holding her father's head in her lap, still bathing his face with her wet handkerchief.

"Don't say nothin'," she said, in hard, cold tones, without looking up; "don't say nothin'." Then she raised her head, and her eyes rested, with an expression of hatred and contempt in them, upon the little group of men.

"Go home, all o' ye, an' leave him ter me," she said, again; "I'll take keer of him. Go home, I tell ye!"

One after another slunk off through the underbrush, with a look behind at the sad picture by the log, till no one remained but Blake.

"Samanth'," he said once more, "can I do nothing to help you?"

"No," she answered, in that same mechanical voice, which cut him like a knife; "no, yer can't do nothin' Only go home, and leave him ter me — it's best so."

She did not look up at him. She had felt, instinctively, that he would remain behind the others. He felt that it would be useless for him to try to stay with her, and useless now to say another word. Realizing that instant that a great barrier had arisen between himself and her, in that silent figure at his feet, he turned and made his way to the edge of the clearing. But turning there to look once more upon the scene of his terrific encounter, he saw her proud head bowed upon her father's breast, and knew that she was sobbing.

The winter had gone and the spring had come. Black Gulch and the surrounding country had emerged once



"One after another slunk off through the underbrush, till no one remained but Blake."

more into their beauty of luxuriant foliage and new life.

Since the night of his terrible encounter, Blake's position had been an assured one in the little settlement. The one thing necessary to firmly establish the already rising star of the master's popularity, in such a community as Black Gulch, was the fact that he had openly met and conquered, in fair fight, the bully of the town. The man who could do that was accepted as a man who was not to be trifled with; and the fame and respect which the exploit had gained him were not confined to the little town. Rough trappers who came in from the mountain districts to buy provender eyed him as he passed down the street; and it was not an uncommon occurrence for hats to be touched, in an awkward manner, by way of respectful salutation. All this would have been, to a certain degree, pleasant, had it not been that another consequence of this fight in the woods had driven all such things from his thoughts. Since that winter night when he had left her sobbing upon her father's breast, he had not been able to get a word with Samanth'. She shunned him, not as heretofore, in a covert way, but openly. Again and again, when he had seen her in the distance, and had hurried on to overtake her, she had quickened her pace, with the clear determination to avoid him. At other times, when he had unexpectedly met her face to face, and had requested a moment's conversation with her, she had turned abruptly from him with the words, "I ain't got nothin' ter say."

And now the spring was here, and he was going away. He had been in correspondence for some time with the officials of the Santa Fé road. He had written early in the winter for employment upon the engineering corps of the road, and had finally been offered a situation as mining engineer over their large coal interests in an important section. He was going away from Black Gulch, perhaps never to return, and going away without a word from the woman he loved.

For he did love her. Argue with himself as he would, think as he would of what Aunt Abigail and the people at Wolfert would say to such a thing, this wild girl and visions of the woman of which he felt there was the making in

her, were what chiefly haunted him by day and by night.

It was the morning before his departure. He was to leave early in the morning, with Jim, the mail-driver. It was known throughout the village that he was going, and there was a universal feeling of sorrow at the fact. It would be many a long day before they would find another to fill his place at the schoolhouse. During the whole long afternoon, there had been a stream of callers at his boarding-place. He had received them under the maple in the door yard — bearded men and shy women; young girls and shock-headed boys, who had been his pupils, children, even the Board of Trustees, in a body; they had all come, to have a last hand-shake with the master. But the one person, in all Black Gulch, for whom his heart was yearning had not come. And now, when the twilight was closing in, and they had all gone, and he was left alone, the thoughts of the dreariness of his life came over him with overpowering force, and he buried his face in his hands and sobbed like a child. Then he felt ashamed of himself, and putting the weakness from him by strong will, he rose, and started out vigorously for a walk — one last walk through the little town, so endeared to his thoughts in spite of all its ugliness and the poorness of his own life there, by memories of her!

He went down through the principal street in the village, now thronged with idlers, who nodded respectful salutations as he passed. On through the town, into the meadows beyond, across the meadows into the woodland — walking aimlessly, knowing not and not much caring whither his steps led; till at last he found himself but a few steps distant from the little mountain torrent, at the very spot where, upon that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon, he had heard that sweet voice singing the familiar hymn. He felt now an overmastering desire to look upon the place once more; and obeying the impulse, he presently emerged upon the bank of the little creek. Yes, it was the very spot! There was the birch, from which he had cut his rod; there was the rock on which he had stood, while fishing; there, up the stream, were the piles of stones, which had supported the plank from which Samanth' had fallen; and there — what was that upon the log at the edge of the woods, at the very spot where on that evening he had laid his sweet unconscious burden? He started back. No, there was no mistake! It was a woman sitting on the log, her head buried in her hands. It was Samanth'!

Had Blake known that half of the contents of the poor little scrap-book sticking in her pocket, which he would have found her reading had he surprised her half an hour before, were clippings from the column of the Black Gulch *Meridian*, which he had still been filling once a week with poetry clipped from the "exchanges," he might have gone to her in greater confidence of sympathy than he did go. This column — only the *Meridian's* editor knew that Blake was responsible for it — had somehow grown, all without his calculation and with little enough thought of a new interest in literature which it might kindle anywhere, into a sort of autobiography and polyglot appeal for love. Go to the girl he did, and laid his hand upon her arm.

"Samanth'!"

She had heard his step, and looked up with a frightened look, that was strange in that face. Her first impulse was to run away; but she simply bent her head, and did not raise it when he touched her arm. He felt her tremble at the pressure of his hand.

"Samanth', I am going away to-morrow morning."

"I know it," was all she said; and still she did not raise her face. She knew that there were tears in her eyes; and with her woman's instinct, she sought to keep this knowledge from him.

"I am going away, Samanth' — to-morrow — from Black Gulch — forever." He spoke the words slowly.

"I know it," she said again.

"Samanth,' have you no word for me before I go?"

"What should I say to ye?" she asked.

"Say good-by to me, and tell me that you're sorry I'm going, Samanth', — and — and — "

"Well, I'm sorry ye're goin', Mister Blake, an' I bid ye good-by."



"Tenderly he took her head in his own hands, and turned her face to his."

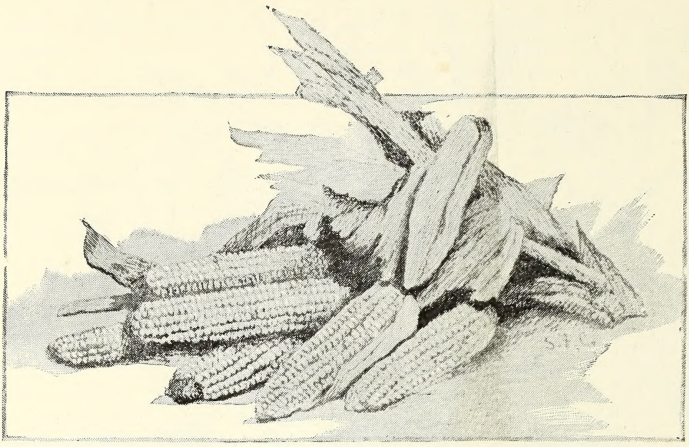
"And is that all, Samanth' — all?"

"What else?" she asked.

"Well, perhaps, nothing," he replied. "But look up, Samanth'; look at me once more before I go! We may never see each other again. I must see your face once more."

But she refused to turn it to him, for the hot tears were falling fast. Tenderly he took her head in his own hands, and turned her face to his; and there he read the story of her heart.

"My own dear Samanth!" was all he said.



THE INDIAN CORN AS OUR NATIONAL PLANT.

By Sarah Freeman Clarke.

"THE poet is born, not made," said a wise man long ago; and how many good things are in that respect like that best of good things, the poet. There have been laudable efforts lately to elect a national flower by voting; but however dear, and rightfully dear, to the American heart is universal suffrage, it cannot decide this question, the answer to which should be by acclamation. And how could a fair vote be obtained without an organization almost such as is found necessary for choosing a president for the great Republic, — which in this case is clearly impossible.

Of all the plants selected by this republican caucus, the one that is already national has been strangely neglected. The stately sunflower, the fragrant arbutus, the gay golden-rod, the beautiful mountain laurel, the grand magnolia, the gorgeous cardinal flower, have each and all had their adherents, and been voted for; but when a few out of what should have been many millions of votes have been recorded, the thing comes to a dead stop. Why? Because the voting has been fitful, by cliques, not universal. And what more can be done? Mr. Prang may announce a flower to have been chosen; the *American Garden* may speak of "our national flower, the golden-rod"; but when nothing has been the choice of the whole people or a representative part of the people, nothing can come of it. But the maize, the Indian corn, has a strong though unacknowledged position as our national plant. Let us examine its claims.

First, its history. It was made known to the civilized world by Columbus, who introduced it to Spain. There is no evidence that it was known in Europe before that event. No previous writer mentions it. It is not represented in any antique inscription, sculpture or painting. No author who travelled in Asia before the discovery of America, no Hebrew, no Greek, no Roman writer makes mention of a grain that could be maize. The *zea* of the Greeks, which is now adopted as the generic name of our plant, was not maize, but the spelt, *Triticum Spelta*, — Linn.[1]

In 1608, the colonists at James River raised a large crop of the, to them, new cereal. In 1621, the pilgrims at Plymouth received it from the Indians and planted

[1] The facts used in this paper have been gathered from the American Encyclopædia, Chambers' Encyclopædia, a paper in the Historical Transaction of the Illinois State Agricultural Society, Vol. 2, 1856–7, entitled "Historical Researches upon the Cultivated Grains and Fruits in the State of Illinois," by Frederic Brundel, M. D., and a book called "Children of the Sun," by Wm. E. Curtis.



it at once, and but for this friendly grain they might have perished in their first year on that northern coast. It is, with game, the grand subsistence of the North American Indians wherever they are. It grows in every part of the United States, and in Canada, adapting itself to all varieties of soil and climate, thus making itself fit for the food of all. In Canada the stalk is short and the grain matures early, availing itself of all the hot sunshine it can have. There is testimony of its original source in South America, where it has been found growing wild in the moist forests of Paraguay; and it there appears with an additional sheath or glume enclosing each kernel. A. de St. Hilaire supposes this to be the primitive type. It is said that after two or three years of cultivation these chaffy glumes disappear. Kernels of maize have been found in the mounds of Peru. "No one contests the American origin of maize," says De Candolle. There is a tradition that Crusaders brought from Asia Minor to Italy, in 1204, a purse full of grain of a golden color and partially white, which they called meliza or melya, "*bursam unam plenum de semine sen granis de colore aureo et partius albo.* This grain was probably sorghum or millet, which was no doubt of oriental origin, but was not maize. After Columbus introduced maize into Spain, it rapidly spread over that kingdom and into Italy and Turkey and other southern countries of Europe; also into Egypt, Asia and China. Such is its history, proving it, by negative evidence, to be distinctly American.



And if we attempt to appreciate its services to mankind we must nearly encircle the globe. The Aborigines lived on it when game was not to be procured. The discoverers, the explorers, the settlers, the colonists, all availed themselves of its friendly nourishment. The pioneers in our outlying Western tracts could hardly have done without it. The settlers in the new states, with cattle and corn, subsisted till they could procure pork for their hominy. Mush and milk is found to be very good food for a family, and the bread made by mixing corn meal with water and baked on a hoe, is light, sweet and nourishing, requiring no oven, no saleratus, baking powder, salt rising, or yeast, and bringing no bad dreams to the sleeper. For the cattle, prairie grass in summer, and hay and corn in winter, are

sufficient. The husks also make excellent beds, clean, elastic, and easily renewed. Thus to this friendly plant is mainly due our success in opening the great Western States and settling them. The kinds of corn that grow best in the Northern States are rich in oil, making a strong winter food for cattle. The kinds that grow best in the South have the most starch in their composition. Pop corn, the delight of our boys and girls, is so combined in its albuminous and oily structure as to make the kernel very compact and hard, and on bursting with heat to invert the contents of the grain; and this cannot be effected with other kinds. And the joy of the children in popping corn. Who is too old to remember it? To see the little grains throw themselves out of the hot pan, leaping high in the air and turning themselves with an explosion into bonny white flowers, — this memory is so mixed up with happy childhood visits to grandfathers' houses, nutting and all autumnal joys, that however old or stupid we may have become, its memory is still gay in our hearts. But we must return to our statistics, by which we hope to obtain more praise for our favorite.

The amount of nutritive matter afforded by maize is inferior only to that of wheat and rice. In the quantity raised and used for food, it is inferior to rice alone. A reference to statistics of the amount and value of cereals grown in the United States in one year will show the value of maize to the nation.

Corn grown in United States in 1887 (Bushels)	1,456,161,000
Value of ditto	$646,106,770
Value of all other cereals, wheat, rye, oats, barley, buckwheat, and potatoes in 1887 . . .	$649,689,340
Value of cotton and tobacco same year	$332,022,605

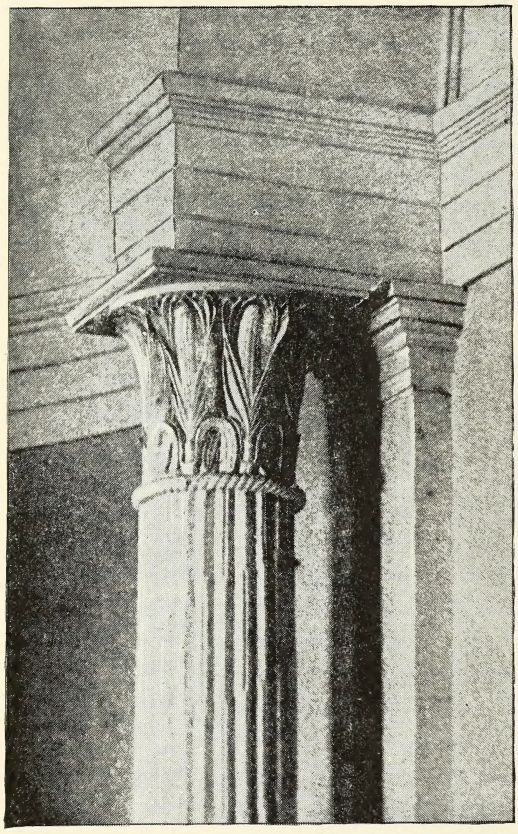
So that the value of the corn crop is nearly as much as that of all the cereals and is nearly twice that of cotton and tobacco.

There is no grain that gives such generous return from the seeds. The rapid growth, the strong stalk, the large ear with its abundant grains, and the grains of such a strong nourishing quality, and



the power this singular plant possesses of adapting itself to its circumstances, render it encouraging to the sower, and a certain joy to the harvester. This was, no doubt, the friend of man in that shadowy period of American pre-history of which we are so ignorant, in those eras of possible civilization of which some faint, almost invisible traces have been discovered by the

inquisitive nineteenth century man. A hint of the use of corn in remote ages in America may be found in the methods of making bread among the Zuni Indians, a small tribe or family living in New Mexico, which seems to be a fragment broken



Column from Capitol at Washington.

off from a people of great antiquity. These Indians, few in number, live in adobe houses of strange construction, their methods of living and customs being quite unlike those of the North American Indians, whose manners we know so well. As these Zunis continue to live isolated and preserved from mixture with other Indian tribes, their customs have become a most interesting study to archæologists. Mr. Cushing's articles in the *Century Magazine* are among our present sources of information about this singular people. At present it is with their bread making that we are concerned. In a book by William E. Curtis is a description of two kinds of corn bread made at Zuni, both by methods quite unlike any of our methods of cooking that grain. Of the second kind he says:

"The other kind of bread 'he-we' is quite as curious in its appearance and manner of manufacture and resembles the 'manna' of the Hebrew. A fine meal is mixed with water until it forms a thin paste, when it is smeared over a very hot stone slab with a quick motion of the hand. It is baked almost instantly, the stone being so hot and the dough so thin. As soon as done, the sheets are laid one above the other till they form a considerable pile. They are in various tints, blue, pink, green and yellow, according to the color of the corn, which is sorted when shelled, with a view to securing this effect. This bread is eaten dry and has a pleasant wafery taste. It is also eaten by dipping rolls of it into mutton broth."

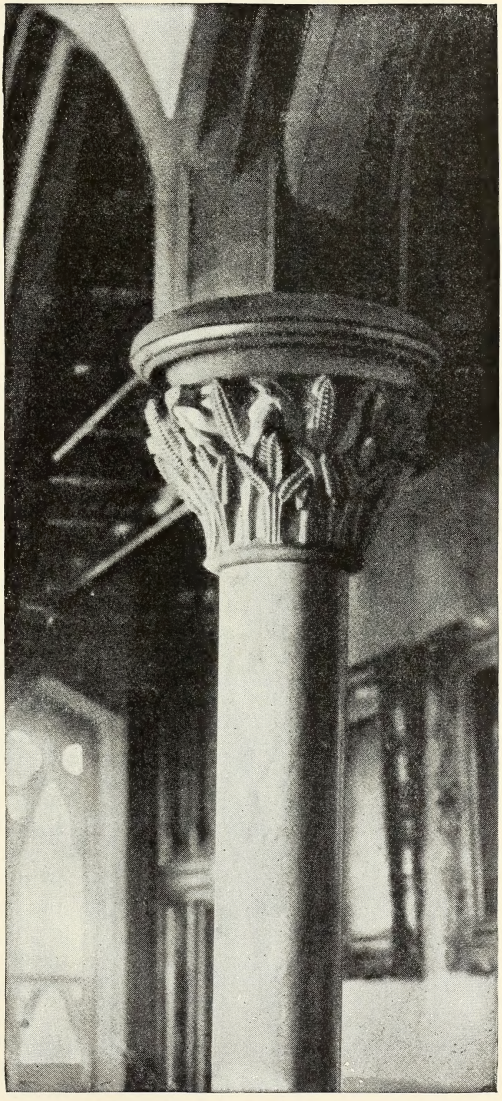
In the account of his visit to Moqui in 1857, Lieutenant Ives describes this bread. He says:

"Our host courteously asked us to be seated upon some skins spread along the floor against the wall, and presently his wife brought in a vase of water and a tray filled with a singular substance that looked more like sheets of thin blue wrapping paper rolled into bundles, than anything else. I afterward learned that it was made from corn meal, ground very fine, made into a gruel, and poured over a heated stone to be baked. When dry, it has a highly polished surface like paper. The sheets are folded and rolled together, and form the staple article of food with the Zuni Indians. As the dish was intended for our entertainment and looked clean, we all partook of it. It had a delicate, fresh bread flavor, and was not at all unpalatable, particularly when eaten with salt."

In the abundant and homely usefulness of the corn we must not forget its great beauty. Its stem is strong and stately, growing five or six feet in a few weeks. The curves and recurves of its long leaves give an immense number of beautiful lines. The great variety and beauty of these lines is best seen in drawing the plant, — the twisted leaves springing in such long and vigorous curves from the stem, not drooping, but elastic, and full of strength and purpose to their very tips, which end in spearlike points, fine as a needle.

Is there anything in vegetable nature so delicately graduated as this long leaf dominated and guided throughout by the vital midrib? The uprightness of the

stem is secured by certain rootlets which spring from it just above the ground, which presently enter the soil and hold the stalk tightly on every side, acting as guy ropes, and securing its position against the wind which tries to overthrow it, and the rain which washes the soil and weakens its support. And why do the stems stand erect like files of soldiers in the field, as if the plants had been drilled to that attitude? It is like an army. A reason for this determination may be found in the arrangement of the parts of the plant necessary for its fertilization. The pollen-bearing flowers are on the culm, where they are set on spikelets standing like a reversed brooms. The flowers to receive the pollen are now inside the husk of the cob, occupying the place where grain will come later. How will the pollen so far off reach the ovule, so confined? This is accomplished by means of the silk or styles, two of which pass between each row of the flowers within the husk. The tops of the silk are stigmas, and the pollen being received on them, as a botanical friend explains to me, each grain of pollen dust sends out a slender tube, which growing through the tissues of the style conveys the fertilizing influence to the ovule, which soon becomes the seed or grain of corn. On a still day when the pollen is ready to be distributed, the brush of spikelets at the culm spreads a little, and the angle at which the cob projects from the stalk brings it directly under the pollen, which falls on the silky stigma, and so is conveyed to its destination. And here it is necessary to say that the botanical authority consulted, considers the theory of the pollen-bearing flowers poising themselves so as accurately to throw the pollen on the stigma as fallacious, because, as he says, the pollen is borne to its destination by air currents and often from some other plant, some neighbor in the field. But this falling of the pollen on the exact spot where it is needed, though it is but a single observation, seems to be one of those curious examples of intelligent action in plants, described by Professor Asa Gray in his book, "How Plants Behave." As he points out, a seed, whether planted with its germ up or down, invariably sends its stem up to air and light, and its root deeper into the ground. How like an act of choice! And how climbing plants stretch and grow towards the nearest support, which, when they reach they twine around as if to stay themselves before going further! And may there not be many ways for the pollen to be



Column from Parliament Buildings, Ottawa.

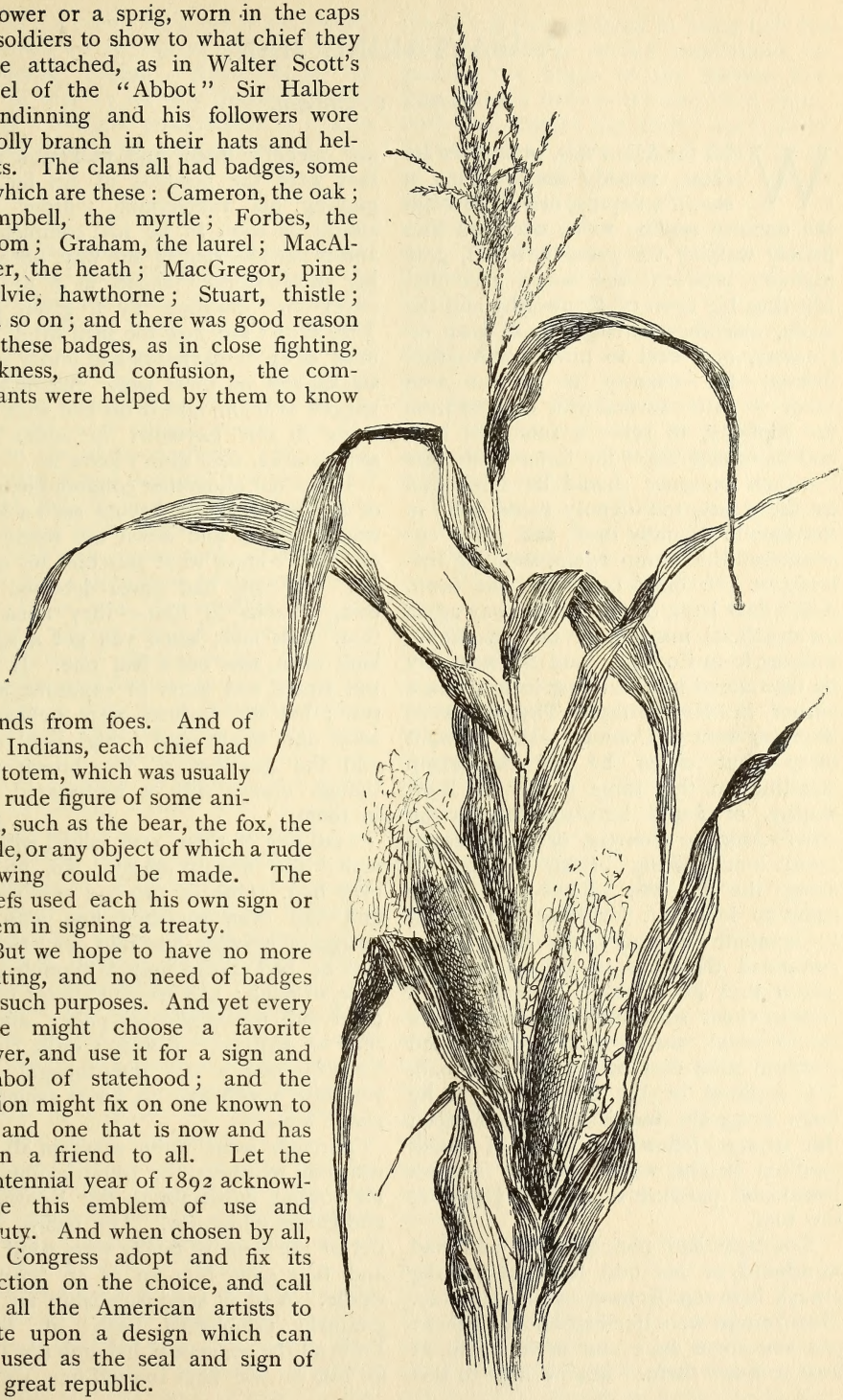


conveyed to the germ, so that as far as possible every cob shall be fertilized and bear its appointed burden of grain, which means so much to the farmer?

The fitness for the use of art in painting and sculpture of this beautiful plant has been little tried. For decorative purposes in architecture it has been almost unnoticed. In two instances it has been successfully used. When our national capitol was built, six pillars, still to be seen in the earliest parts of that structure, had Indian corn capitals given them. It is said that this American feature was suggested by Thomas Jefferson, and it is also accredited to Mr. Latrobe of Baltimore. In the Parliament Houses at Ottawa there is something of the same use of the plant, and we have procured a photograph of each example for illustration. In both of these, the ear of corn is seen, most clearly in the Washington capitol; in neither has the leaf been made much use of. Its beautiful lines, so long, so flowing, so clearly determined from its shouldered base at the stalk to its spear-like point, curving, twisting, breaking its out line, scalloping its edges, graceful as a sea wave on a level beach, — how much might be done with the leaves in architectural decoration! And in painting, the harmonic chord of color from the fresh green of the young leaves to the golden glory of the ripe grain, and the deeper tint of the silky tuft, like auburn hair, would have a delightful effect in wall ornamentation. And we must not forget the legend of Mondamin, so happily used by Longfellow in Hiawatha. What a picture might be made of Minnehaha, veiled in summer darkness, trailing her robes around the newly planted corn fields to charm the corn from the wicked wiles of Kawkagee, the raven, and secure its growth and a prosperous harvest!

And why should Indian corn be chosen as a national emblem? The selection of some flower as a distinguishing mark of a clan or tribe must have been the beginning of this custom. It may have originated in the use of

a flower or a sprig, worn in the caps of soldiers to show to what chief they were attached, as in Walter Scott's novel of the "Abbot" Sir Halbert Glendinning and his followers wore a holly branch in their hats and helmets. The clans all had badges, some of which are these: Cameron, the oak; Campbell, the myrtle; Forbes, the broom; Graham, the laurel; MacAllister, the heath; MacGregor, pine; Ogilvie, hawthorne; Stuart, thistle; and so on; and there was good reason for these badges, as in close fighting, darkness, and confusion, the combatants were helped by them to know friends from foes. And of our Indians, each chief had his totem, which was usually the rude figure of some animal, such as the bear, the fox, the eagle, or any object of which a rude drawing could be made. The chiefs used each his own sign or totem in signing a treaty.



But we hope to have no more fighting, and no need of badges for such purposes. And yet every state might choose a favorite flower, and use it for a sign and symbol of statehood; and the nation might fix on one known to all, and one that is now and has been a friend to all. Let the Centennial year of 1892 acknowledge this emblem of use and beauty. And when chosen by all, let Congress adopt and fix its sanction on the choice, and call on all the American artists to unite upon a design which can be used as the seal and sign of the great republic.

A WAYFARING MAN.

By Edwin C. Martin.

WHO the fellow was, or whence he came, nobody knew. First a sheriff's deputy, driving through the country serving writs, overtook him briskly walking the grass-bordered, gray highway between the sooty, machine-whirring, big town of Kenworthy and the sooty, machine-whirring, small town of Conway, and said to himself, "Another tramp; the country is overrun with them!" After several wide detours from the highway, to serve a summons here and there and throw the farmers into fear lest their presence should be demanded by the court, the deputy came, late in the day, to Conway itself, and there encountered the tramp again, standing listlessly at the chief corner in the town. A few days later, driving to Conway again on an official mission, he met the tramp walking from Conway; and the next day he discovered him standing listlessly on a corner in Kenworthy. Thenceforward he never went to Conway — and he went often — but either he left the tramp standing on that same corner in Kenworthy, or found him standing at the chief corner in Conway, or else encountered him walking briskly to and fro along the highway. Thus the deputy came to look out for him, and almost to compute distances by him, as he computed distances by a certain great willow that stood beside a creek, and a certain violet schoolhouse that sat in a bit of wood, and a certain abandoned platform-scale that rotted at a crossroad. He inquired of the farmers whom he knew along the way if they had noticed the strange fellow — a man of about medium height, with brown or reddish beard and patched shoes that gaped at the toes.

Yes, they had noticed him, and had wondered at his odd habit of walking always between Kenworthy and Conway. Most tramps were like half-hooked fishes: you saw them once and never again, at least to know them. But he kept to this one piece of road, and walked it as if that were the business of his life, beginning his twelve-mile journey anew almost as soon as he had completed it, and never loitering by the way, but walking swiftly straight ahead, as if he must cover the distance by a given time. They didn't see how the man lived. He must sleep in haymows and under straw-stacks, and he must beg. But he never begged of them, and if his bed were ever made in the haymows or under their straw-stacks, they didn't know it.

It was not altogether comfortable, some of the farmers said, having such a fellow wandering up and down the road; and one didn't know what mischief he might do. But they had never detected anything vicious in him — they must say that. His face, when you got a square look at it, was not a bad one. It wore the stains and scars of exposure, to be sure; but the features were delicate — what one might call a high-bred nose, and the gentlest of blue-brown eyes, though always with a half-scared look in them.

Had any of them ever talked with the man? the deputy asked. No, no one ever had. One or two had resolved to, and had even accosted him with the design of drawing him into conversation. But he had made only a mumbled answer, or none; had seemed almost frightened and quickened his pace; and so they let him go. It wasn't quite fair to force the man to talk, they thought; and yet they would like to know something about him.

Through some three years, in all seasons and weathers, the tramp maintained his strange constancy to the Kenworthy and Conway highway. The baffled wonder of the farmers finally wore itself out, and they gave him up as an insoluble riddle. A silent semi-friendship for him gradually established itself in them. From all the conversational ambushes laid for him he had kept himself free, and he

had still not even a look, much less a word, of greeting for any one as he hurried over his wonted course. Nevertheless, the sight of him by its very frequency came to have a touch of pleasantness in it, akin to that in the sight of an old friend.

II.

In the number of his rich acres, Royal Stevens was easily the foremost of the farmers dwelling along the Kenworthy and Conway highway. On Royal's farm, in a wide barnyard that in the spring and early summer was a perfect cushion of greenness, stood a great white barn which, in its size and completeness, was the pride of the whole country. One night, soon after Royal and his household had gone to bed, this barn suddenly burst into flames, and in an hour was swept utterly away, with the horses and cattle stalled within and a large store of hay and grain.

No cause was discoverable for the disaster; a cause rarely is discoverable in the burning of country barns. It came as wingless and footless as a very miracle; and, like a miracle, it inspired endless speculation. The sheriff's deputy, however, into the rusty-iron basins of whose nature a fountain of professional pride was ever playing, started all of his conjectures and rested all of his conclusions on the principle that every malefaction has its malefactor. The burning of Stevens' barn, since there had been no lightning seen lurking about in the vicinity that night, was clearly a malefaction. Who, then, was the malefactor? One must not in these cases, the sheriff's deputy said, say too swiftly what one suspects, else there will be flights and a covering-up of clues, and finally a complete defeat of the ends of justice. He had, however, he didn't mind confessing, some very well-settled notions as to how the burning of Steven's barn came about. On one or two occasions, indeed, he so far forgot professional reserve and caution as to even drop the word, "Tramp."

Little less keen than a deputy sheriff's is the scent of other men for the trail of evil deeds different from their own. The one word "tramp," therefore, dropped cautiously, and but once or twice by the sheriff's deputy, sufficed to bring half the neighborhood to settled conclusions regarding the origin of the Stevens fire. The tattered wretch who had been ceaselessly treading the Kenworthy and Conway highway these three years back — so far as any one could detect, in the utmost harmlessness — fell under an all but unanimous suspicion. Many persons just knew that it was he who had set fire to Stevens's barn, and they knew, too, that he had done it designedly. Others did not profess to positively know — they didn't wish to do any man an injustice; but if it were not the tramp who started the fire, they didn't know who it could have been, though they were willing to concede that even the tramp might have done it by accident.

The tramp pursued his own way after, as before, the fire, with his old inexplicable infatuation. But suspicions strengthened here and there into expressions of anger, and some murmur of them coming to the deputy's ears, that enterprising officer concluded that an arrest ought to be made, and urged Stevens to swear out a warrant. Possessed of the litigious spirit of his class, which had several times led him to expend, for the price of a hog, the price of three or four acres of good land in court costs and lawyer's fees, Stevens easily yielded to the deputy's solicitations; and the deputy set forth to take the tramp into the outraged law's embraces. But though he drove the whole length of the Kenworthy and Conway highway, carefully scanning every turn and corner, and though he searched the two sooty towns through and through, the man who theretofore was always to be seen without looking was now nowhere to be seen at all. And never was he seen again either at the wonted corner in Kenworthy, or at the wonted corner in Conway, or in the intervening way so long and diligently traversed.

For a time the man's disappearance was as mysterious as his coming and his subsequent busy journeyings had been. But the rivalries of the neighborhood over the distinction of having seen him last, brought to light the fact that the very day before the deputy set forth to make the

arrest, a neighbor of Stevens had met the tramp in the highway and cried out: "Do you still hang round here, you d——d barn-burner?" He got in return the one direct, eye-to-eye look that any man was ever known to have had from the tramp in all the time that he had been in that region — a look so startled, so pleading, that, as he afterwards confessed, he was filled with contrition and could hardly restrain himself from getting down from his wagon and taking the tramp by the hand and saying, "Stay here as long as you will; I will take care of you."

To the neighborhood at large the tramp's disappearance was a confirmation of all suspicions, but the man to whom it had fallen to have the last sight of him ever stoutly maintained his innocence. In time Stevens himself gave adherence to this neighbor's view of the case. But it was a strenuously silent adherence; for he had learned by a late confession that on the eve of the destruction of his barn his own boy had been playing about it with fire, — and that matter, at this late day, he thought the less said about the better.

III.

THE pursuers of offenders are a far-reaching class. A humble sheriff's deputy often finds himself far from home in pursuit of fugitives from justice; and, on a certain occasion, the particular sheriff's deputy of this narrative found himself far from home. He was travelling with all possible speed through a distant state, driven doubly — by the call of justice and the promise of a handsome reward on the safe delivery of the fleeing criminal. As became a minister of the august penalties, he travelled plainly and unostentatiously: he had made his journey thus far in the smoking-car. But as he had now been out two days and two nights, he resolved, for the third night, to treat himself to the luxury of a berth in the sleeping-car. And thus it chanced that a certain rude jerking and abrupt stop that, far on in the night, produced a good deal of consternation in the forward part of the train, left him undisturbed in the resounding slumber that betokened the untroubled conscience and fat figure of a faithful public servant. Day had fully dawned ere the deputy realized that the train was at a standstill in a place where there seemed to be no station; and even yet he had received no intimation that it had come to this standstill by violence. In mild curiosity, however, he sauntered out upon the platform to look about him. To his surprise he found most of the passengers standing in a crowd beside the baggage-car, and showing signs of much excitement. He descended and hastened forward as rapidly as his scantness of breath would admit. He found the baggage-car half dismounted from one of its trucks, and the locomotive-tender lying across the track.

An axle on the tender, the deputy soon learned, had broken. It was a tedious delay they were having, the passengers agreed; but they were thankful that they had come off so well. The train couldn't have been running at its usual speed, else the result must have been worse. Was nobody hurt? Nobody. Not a passenger had received even so much as a scratch. Oh, yes, there was the tramp! They had forgotten the tramp — the tramp was killed! He had stolen a ride on the forward platform of the baggage-car, and the violence of the stop had thrown him underneath. He would never steal another ride! It was rather pitiful, when one thought about it!

Tramps were but tramps, however, in the estimation of the deputy, as in that of most of his fellow-passengers; and the killing of one was, with him as with them, not a momentous matter. Nevertheless, the deputy made it a principle never to miss seeing all that there was to be seen; and the body of a man killed in a railway accident, however humble a man, was too rare a spectacle to be passed by. Where was the tramp? A little mound of tarpaulin on the grass, not far away, was pointed out to him.

Stooping over the little mound, the deputy turned back the corner of the tarpaulin. A horror so strong as to almost overthrow him, well toughened though he was by nature and vocation, twisted his features and shook his legs.

The weatherstained, red-bearded face which confronted him was the familiar one of the industrious wayfarer of the Conway and Kenworthy road. The touch of blue that the nicer observers had detected had left the brown eyes, and an awful anguish transfixed them. The delicate nose had sharpened in its outlines. The sensitive mouth, drawn far awry, was, as it were, caught and clamped in a fierce distortion of pain.

IV.

At first his death seemed but to have thrown the tramp's identity into deeper mystery. A search of his pockets revealed slender possessions of any sort, and no scrap of paper. But a second search brought forth, from a small inner pocket, a yellow letter worn into holes along the folds. From this the deputy, who, by a kind of professional prescription, as being of a detective nature, took possession of the business, had a hope to make at least a start toward finding out who the dead man was. Of direct disclosures on this point the letter furnished none; and of indirect, none at first view of bright promise. The envelope in which the letter had been sent had perished, and with it the name of the person to whom the letter was written. Within, it addressed itself only to "My dearest Minor." The full name of the writer, Jeannette Pierson, was signed to it, however, and the place whence it was written, a little New England city, was named in it. A letter of true and tender affection it discovered itself to be, written full five years back by some loyal-hearted-woman, with manifest intent to soothe and spur a sadly drooping spirit.

"You must not be so out of heart," it said; "indeed, you must not. My own small experience has shown me that our affairs are never past mending so long as we have a little hope left to hold us up to the work of setting them to rights. Yours, I am sure, are less desperate than you think them. Show them a firm, resolute face, and they will drop into order, I do believe. If you could but be less sensitive and less shy! You know very well, dear Minor, that deep down in your heart you do not count the mass of men your superiors, nor even your equals. Why then must you defer so much to them? I know you have a horror — I respect you for it, I have it myself — for the swaggering into which successful people are so apt to fall. But this is not the necessary alternative to the humility that puts a deadly drag on all action." Here the letter turned aside to give a brief account of the writer's own affairs. Then, breaking back abruptly into its first course, it continued: "Is it not pitiful that our very virtues should prove weights in our running? What to us who know you and love you is so sweet and so winning as the modesty, sincerity, and tenderness of your spirit? But, alas, these seem often to be as millstones about your neck. To my view, that feeling, so bemoaned by yourself, which roots your heart to any locality that pleases you, until it is almost death to you to leave it for another place, is really a grace; yet this feeling, too, in your new western home, with its bald landscapes and its raw young towns, is a manacle to you." Stopping short in its sombre speculations the letter here, as it were, cried aloud: "Oh, why did you go away?" It then continued: "I prize the independence which made you resolve that, deeply as we loved each other, you would not let me become your wife until you had secured a sure provision for me. But was there, after all, the wisdom in this resolution that there seemed to be? Might I not, as your wife, have so cheered and strengthened you as to fix in your grasp some of the prizes at least that now seem destined only to elude it? Even yet, is it too late? Whensoever, wheresoever you will, I am ready, so far as in me lies, to fight your hard fight with you. But in any event, be of bolder heart, dear Minor; be of bolder heart. The qualities that I so love in you, I would not have you destroy: you could not destroy them if you would. Yet be not overmastered by them. Sweeter days are somewhere, I am sure, in store for you — for us; perhaps these bitter ones will but sharpen our relish when they come."

The deputy snuffed an excess of the sentimental in this epistle. Of that sort

of thing, he thought, a little went a long way. But it was not in his professional nature to refuse a clue, even though transmitted through the medium of a love-sick letter; and he addressed a series of inquiries to an official personage in the city mentioned in the letter, and got in return some intelligence. The sum of it was this: There had lived in the place a woman named Jeannette Pierson. She had earned a livelihood for herself in conditions hard and unpromising, and had shown a cheerful energy that moved the admiration of all who knew her. She had formerly had a correspondent somewhere in the West, of the name of Minor, — Minor Goddard, a man of medium stature and brown eyes, and wearing a brown or reddish mustache, but otherwise beardless. He, too, had dwelt in S—— once — was, in fact, native there; but he had departed some years ago — eight or nine, perhaps — to the far West, where, with a partner, he embarked a small inheritance in some banking adventure. "Rather an odd genius," was the description that the few people who could at all recall him gave. The only child of parents who had lived much by themselves, he had grown up in seclusion, without young companions. He was disliked by no one: no one knew him well enough to like or dislike him. He had been a great fellow for books; perhaps that was the trouble with him, — for he had never succeeded in anything. On coming from college — for he had been to college and had made a good record, though they said he didn't do himself full justice there — he tried teaching school. But he "wanted authority;" his scholars played him pranks and raised a scandal, though they seemed fond of him too. Then he tried the law, but with no better success. Meanwhile his father and mother had died and left him a few thousand dollars — the inheritance that he carried out West with him. Not much had been known of him since he went West. For a while Jeannette Pierson had letters from him. It was understood they were engaged to be married, though how he mustered courage to propose to her was a mystery, and no less a mystery was it what she could find in him to interest her. Suddenly the letters stopped; and rumors came that his partner in the West had proved a rascal and robbed him of all he possessed. Subsequent inquiries confirmed the rumor, and disclosed that he had departed silently from the scene of his disaster, no one knew whither.

The correspondent did not suggest that, with his fragile spirit crushed, he cared not whither he wandered, so it were far from the knowledge and scrutiny of mankind, and, coming by chance upon the Kenworthy and Conway highway, found, in the fair fields and groves through which it ran, a certain solace for his soul, even in the sackcloth and ashes of open vagrancy. But it was not the correspondent's business to suggest this. And what did he know about the Kenworthy and Conway road?

As an account of a God-created man, with all his complexities of nature and experience, here was only a rude draughtsman's outline. But it satisfied the deputy's curiosity, and that of most of his friends, the farmers along the Kenworthy and Conway highway, for whom he gave himself the pleasure of threshing out his gleanings. The little discrepancy in the matter of the beard the deputy said, quite correctly, counted for nothing; for it were no hard matter, in the years of his absence, for a man to grow a beard.

SUCCESS.

By Katherine Lee Bates.

HE who would rear a palace for his pride
Oft feasted in its halls, though none remain.
Who dreamed to lift to God a perfect fane,
Sculptured one deathless pillar ere he died.

LOVE'S GUERDON.

By Nellie Talbot Kinkead.

WHAT were the triumph! — if the longed-for goal
Of bold ambition's flight through weary years
Should sudden break upon the waiting soul,
And bring reward for all its doubts and tears —
What were the triumph then of fame or gain,
If I should look into your eyes in vain?

What were the praises then of men, the pride
Of gracious speech that sets the cheek aflame, —
If thou should'st walk in silence by my side,
Or I should hear thee coldly speak my name?
O Love, for one deep gaze in those dear eyes,
I would surrender all beneath the skies!

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

By Dorothy Prescott.

I.

MISS ETHEL MOORE lived with her father in an apartment house in a "family hotel" on Columbus Avenue, in Boston; that is, if they could be said to live anywhere. They called it "reside" themselves, which seems the more correct expression. They had often changed their residences, but these were all much alike at bottom, though some had finer and some cheaper "fixings." They were now in the most luxurious abode that they had ever known since Ethel was three years old, when they resided on Madison Avenue, New York, and kept a French maid and a carriage, — soon after which time Mrs. Moore had died, and Mr. Moore had failed. He had married once or twice, and failed once or twice, since. His marriages had cost him some cash, but they were of short duration; and his failures had more than covered his expenses. He was now losing money annually in his ostensible business as a jeweller, but making much more in his real one of "negotiator;" and though a sharp hand at a trade, was liberal enough where his only child was concerned.

Ethel was as free from any domestic or philanthropic or hospitable duties as Mr. Bellamy's young woman of the future. Her clothes, which she spent a great deal of time in choosing, were all made out, and when any needed repairing they were sent out for it, and when past that they were sold. She had not even an allowance to manage, though experience had taught her about how large a bill her papa would pay at once without grumbling. Her evenings had their little excitements, for Mr. Moore would now and then bring a man or two to dine with them at the *table d'hôte*, and from among these had developed a sufficient number of evening callers and attendants to the theatres; but her days might have been supposed to drag more heavily, for she did not know many women, and those with whom she was on visiting terms were chiefly middle-aged. She had been educated at a "female college" somewhere

in the state of New York, where Boston girls were few. The course of instruction she had received there did not appear to adapt itself in any way to the actual wants of her daily life; and it was, perhaps, not her fault that her mind only found one direction in which to expend its activity, for active it was.

Every morning when the weather was at all favorable, she entered a horse-car bound for "down town." Here, after doing more or less shopping — there were always, at least, some patterns to select, or something to exchange — she went into Loring's, Walker's, or Mudie's, and took out a novel, or novels, which she returned on her next trip. To be strictly truthful, she rarely took out more than two; but even at this rate, the libraries could not keep pace with her, and she was often forced to fall back upon some old one, read long ago, and perhaps nearly forgotten. She would then buy a box of confectionery, if she were not already supplied by one of her "gentlemen friends," and return, the business of her day accomplished.

One of these books went with her everywhere: up and down in the elevator; to the public lunch table; to the Symphony rehearsals, where, though engaged in conversation during the intermissions, she found time to read a good deal during the longer movements; and even to bed. They seemed to have a great deal more going on in them than took place in real life; but she could imagine that real life had possibilities, and might by and by be improved upon. She was pretty enough for a heroine, and had no mother, all as it should be. Then there were several young men who, without any great stretching of facts, might be termed her admirers, and one in particular, who might fairly do duty as a lover. Here were the component elements of a romance, but somehow no romance would evolve itself therefrom; and Ethel was beginning impatiently to feel that the defect lay in the lover, and that Sam Colman had the insuperable fault of being always in too good spirits for the hero of even the most realistic of modern novels.

It was late in the spring when Mr. Moore suddenly announced his intention of "running across" on business, and informed Ethel that it would not be worth while for her to go too; she might stay with Cousin Mary Cutler — an arrangement such as men are in the habit of making for women, very ostensibly proper, but agreeable to none of the parties concerned. Cousin Mary was a widow who owned a picturesque old-fashioned farmhouse in a pretty situation in the town of Jaffrey, New Hampshire, and added to her modest income by taking boarders in the summer. Her house was well kept, her terms high, and her rooms always in demand. She was accustomed to pick and choose among her applicants, and to be treated by them with consideration. She looked down upon Mr. Moore, of whom none of her boarders had ever heard, and disliked as much to have his daughter appear in the light of a relation as the young girl disliked to do so. But neither could refuse, and Ethel journeyed up to Jaffrey late in June, not so unwilling to go when it came to the point. Sam Colman's attentions had been rather slackening of late, and according to precedent, absence might revive his affections; indeed, the way she dilated upon the miseries of her exile roused the good-natured fellow's compassion, and promised to call forth a steady supply of novels and bon-bons.

But one week of Jaffrey was more than enough for her. She did not find the society of Mrs. Wells, the Harvard professor's widow, who reigned in the house, and that of her two friends, Miss Pinckney and Miss Train, at all enlivening. They neither snubbed and tormented her, nor showed any desire to adopt her, as old ladies in novels must have done, but were politely preoccupied with their own affairs. As Miss Pinckney, a distant poor relation, who acted as Mrs. Wells's companion, was fine-looking, well-dressed, and self-asserting, as she made good-natured fun of the old lady, and criticised her friends and acquaintances freely, and as Miss Train, an elderly heiress, was plain, painfully shy, and more of a dowdy in her attire than any one Ethel had ever seen before, that young woman reversed their respective positions, and though not

a bad-hearted or ill-mannered girl, her behavior to both was so ludicrously inappropriate, that it roused their secret amusement. There was a young Mrs. Walter Brattle, too, with a family of children, and a German nursery governess; a nobody in particular from the interior of Pennsylvania, married to a scion of the first Boston families, and so painfully anxious to find herself at home in her new position, that she rendered its novelty more evident than it need have been. She played the part of Coryphæus to the older ladies, drawing out all manner of social and genealogical information by well-directed questions.

"The Ellerys are coming to-morrow," said Mrs. Wells at the breakfast table.

"Ah, the Ellerys!" murmured the chorus in attendance.

"That is, if the weather is good; of course, they will not set out in a storm."

"Oh, of course not!"

"I must look at their rooms, and see if everything is right; will you come, Priscilla, and say what you think?"

"I will come," replied Miss Pinckney decidedly; "but I can tell you without coming that everything is wrong."

Mrs. Wells, who enjoyed her companion's satirical turn, exercised on her friends, yet considered it her duty mildly to repress it, said with a sigh, "Poor Anne, she is such a victim to neuralgia!"

"Who are — which of the family are coming with her, Mrs. Wells?" timidly asked Mrs. Brattle.

"Oh, there's only Anna to come. Yes, of course there's Evan. I don't doubt that he will run down while they are here; he's always so attentive to his mother and sister; but he won't come just yet; he's in California somewhere, laying out a new park."

"He's doing very well — Evan Ellery — I believe?" said Mrs. Brattle, whose husband was a cousin of the Ellerys in the tenth degree, and who would have liked to show more assurance about their affairs.

"Oh, of course! he couldn't help it," said Mrs. Wells; "so thoroughly educated, and with such opportunities as he has had."

"Oh, of course!" echoed around her.

"Mrs. Ellery is fortunate in her children," said Miss Pinckney. "What a dear, good girl Anna is!"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" responded the chorus, with somewhat more enthusiasm.

"She plays so beautifully," said Mrs. Wells. "I look forward to hearing her, and I have had the piano put in perfect tune on purpose. It's a good one, though old."

"So accomplished — so well read — so amiable —" buzzed the chorus, all at once.

"She has such a good German accent," said Miss Train kindly, to Mrs. Brattle's little governess. "Fraulein Mathilde, you will enjoy talking with her."

"I have never seen Anna Ellery — that I know of," said Mrs. Brattle apologetically. "Is she — is she as handsome — as beautiful, I mean, as Mrs. Meredith?"

"Oh, no!" said Miss Pinckney decidedly; "*that* would not be at all advisable."

"No, I don't think Anna would like it," said Mrs. Wells. "She nearly wore herself out with Josephine's coming out, and wedding and everything."

"It is not to be expected," said Miss Pinckney, "that there should be any one else as beautiful as Josephine Ellery in the world for another ten years at least."

"Oh, no! such a beauty!" responded the chorus.

"I always liked Anna's face the best," said Miss Train, with a gulp of affright at her own daring.

"Oh, very likely!" said Mrs. Wells; "Anna is a handsome girl, and would be very much admired if she went out more. But in her mother's state of health that isn't possible, and she is too good and too sensible to care about it."

Of course by this time Ethel had conceived a violent aversion to the vaunted perfections of Miss Anna Ellery; evidently the "good" heroine, always so tiresome, and whom the naughty one is destined so palpably to outshine. But it was a relief to have something happen, and she was glad when the next day turned out fair, and the Ellerys arrived, with a quantity of luggage that amazed her, though she had been proud of the size and number of her own boxes.

Mrs. Ellery was a large, handsome and, in spite of her gray hairs, a very young-looking woman. Perhaps she looked even younger for them, so well did they set off her bright brown eyes, and the rich tints of her autumn-leaf complexion. Anna Ellery was a slender, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl, with a clear pale skin. Except that she was a few inches the taller, the same words might have been used to describe her and Ethel; but never did two girls look more unlike. No one could have seen Ethel for the first time without thinking her pretty, very pretty. Of those who saw Anna first, half, perhaps, would have called her handsome, and the other half, plain. Ethel thought her so, and very uninteresting into the bargain. She had looked forward to the presence of any girl of her own age as being something of an amusement; but Miss Ellery did not appear to see that they must inevitably pair off, and spent much more of her time with the older ladies, whom she knew well before, taking up all their pet hobbies in turn. Ethel was not neglected. She was politely asked to go out botanizing in the woods under Miss Pinckney's lead; but though she had gone through a botany at college, she did not know an orchis from a willow herb. She was invited to join the evening group round Miss Train's telescope, the only spot where that lady forgot her shyness, and talked of the stars as if they were friends come to make an evening call; but Ethel, though she had attended a course of astronomical lectures from a lady professor, did not recognize Sirius when he flashed full in her eyes. She was requested to "read" some four-handed pieces with Anna for Mrs. Wells's amusement; but though she had gone through years of lessons, she could not read a bar of music at sight, nor had her "art course" fitted her to find "pretty studies," much less to sketch them as Anna did. She had "passed" in modern languages; but she did not venture to chat with Fraulein Mathilde, her mind being always and painfully dwelling on the cases of her nouns and the rules thereto applying; while Anna talked on without a thought of these barriers, and laughed with Fraulein over her own mistakes. Ethel half envied, half despised her interest in all these pursuits, when no diploma was to be got by it. She had an idea that the Ellerys were in a very fashionable "set," and would have enjoyed some conversation on more frivolous topics, but somehow found herself unable to ask many questions.

"I suppose you go to a great many parties in the winter," she began tentatively, as she was strolling with Miss Ellery along one of the deeply shaded, fern-fringed lanes near her cousin's house.

"No, mamma is not able to go out much, and there is no one she would quite like to have me go out with, even if I could leave her; so I only go to family parties."

"Don't you go to the Harvard Assemblies?" asked Ethel, more boldly.

"No, mamma does not let me go to hall dances," said Anna apologetically. "Of course, a great many nice girls do go — but mamma has some objections — I mean, she did not altogether like them when she went out with my sister." She paused, fearing to hurt her companion's "feelings," that precious part of human nature always present in a high degree to Anna Ellery's consciousness in every one she had to do with, and then went on; "I hear they were even more pleasant than usual last winter, were they not?"

"Oh, most delightful!" said Ethel, who had never been to one, with a superior air.

Anne, who in virtue of her "connections" was always invited to every large affair of the season, used sometimes to wish, as with a little silent regret she toiled through her long list of refusals, that some other nice girl who could have gone, but wasn't asked, could have had her chance. But somehow she did not feel pleased that her present companion had the opportunity, and wondered how she got "on the lists"; for a doubt of the fact never occurred to her. She did not feel drawn to Ethel, and blamed herself for it, when Mrs. Ellery appeared to like the girl's society. Anna would not have thought Ethel likely to attract her mother, but if mamma was pleased, that was the great point, and it was an unwonted luxury to have some time at her own dis-

posal, and to wander happily through wood and field, with only two burdens on her conscience: first, fear lest she might be dawdling," — a sin of the blackest dye — and secondly, regret that she did not enjoy feeling grateful to Miss Moore.

Meanwhile Ethel sat and listened to Mrs. Ellery, to their mutual benefit. The elder lady had no hobby which required any trouble to follow. Her delight lay in talking, and she was often in want of auditors. There are, according to a common distinction, two classes of people: those who think their own things better than any one else's, and those who think any one else's better than theirs. The first are apt to be feared, but respected; the second, liked, but despised. Mrs. Ellery was one of a small select few in whom both extremes met: her things were always worse than any one else's, except yours; but her standard was so lofty that she made no effort to attain to it, while you were absurdly trying, and hopelessly failing. Superior as Anna doubtless was to any other girl who might be present, she was an imperfect being compared to some absent paragon; and Josephine's children, though they had so many more advantages than the little Brattles could possibly have, were not as well brought up as some cousins whose nursery arrangements were a model for royalty. Ethel took no offence. She felt that she was learning about fashionable society, such as she had read of, but had not dreamed to exist as a possibility for her, and listened with an interest which flattery could not simulate, and which Mrs. Ellery graciously recognized. She even asked Ethel into her own rooms, to which so many additions had been made in the way of chairs, and cushions, and bookcases, and draperies, and screens, as to show how utterly destitute they had been in their previous apparently well-furnished condition. From every table, and bookcase, and shelf, and from easels brought for the purpose, gazed portraits of Mrs. Meredith, *neé* Josephine Ellery, in every imaginable size, and attitude, and costume, with the serene, satisfied look of a beauty who knows that her classical features cannot "take" badly. Here were her children, too, large and small, single or grouped, till it seemed as if there must be twenty at least; and a fair sprinkling of Professor Meredith, whose name Ethel dimly recalled having heard or seen somewhere; and of Evan, Mrs. Ellery's only son, a faultless being who was never made to suffer by any invidious comparison of his mother's, and in whom Ethel felt a premonitory interest.

That the Ellerys had brought all these possessions diminished her wonder at the very few and simple costumes which had come in those big boxes. She had rather despised them for having so few clothes, until she found that they had none at all, and were, if anything, proud of it.

"We *never* have any clothes," said Mrs. Ellery plaintively. "I don't try to, and that's the beauty of this place; you needn't wear any."

"A perfect earthly paradise in every respect," said Miss Pinckney, with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Yes, indeed!" responded Mrs. Ellery, not at all seeing the application. "I am sure it is a comfort not to have to worry about it; it is so hard to get anything fit to wear in Boston." Poor Ethel involuntarily gave an uneasy twitch to her Boston-made gown.

"I like Macalister's gowns very well," said Miss Pinckney dryly.

"Yes — her things *seem* to fit you very well," said Mrs. Ellery slowly, as if there were some dark deception in the well-filled curves of Miss Pinckney's dress; "but she has spoiled so many for me, that I shall not try her again, and where else can I go? I have told Clara Bosworth she must bring me one evening gown for Anna from Georgette, and that's all I can compass. She goes out so little that it will last for a long time."

"Is she not going out this winter?" asked Mrs. Wells.

"Dear Frances, how can she? Who is there to take her about? I am sure I cannot."

"Oh, I should think there were plenty of people she could go with!"

"*I* don't know them," said Mrs. Ellery. "Helen dropped going out when Alice was married, and Gertrude and Clara have their own families to look

after. They might take her now and then; but what is that? what is that? Not one of them would be dependable. If any one took her, I should want them to make a business of it, and not keep me always sending and making arrangements: it would be worse than going myself, and I had enough of that with Josephine to last me the rest of my life."

"Why don't you let Anna go to Washington, and go out with Josephine for awhile?" asked the persevering Mrs. Wells, as one determined to use her opportunity.

"Good heavens, my dear! as if I could afford a winter in Washington for her! I know Josephine would never have her unless she were dressed to suit her, and that would break me; and I won't have Richard paying for her things."

"Such a lovely girl as Anna ought to have some chance of being seen."

"Oh, there is no need of that!" said Mrs. Ellery, fanning herself tranquilly. "I am in no hurry to have Anna married young, if at all. If she is to be, she must be, I suppose; but if she is not, it's no matter. I suppose Evan will marry when he's ready, and two out of three are quite enough."

Miss Pinckney, whom notions of delicacy had restrained from arguing the particular question, now took up the general one with warmth, vigorously maintaining that all young girls ought to marry, — which Mrs. Ellery more coolly combated, until Anna's appearance round the corner of the house put a sudden stop to the discussion.

"Ah, Anna, dear! you are just at the right time, if you would like to read a little," said Mrs. Wells easily. "Anna is reading the 'Inheritance' to me. Won't you all stay and hear it? She reads it so charmingly."

"Oh, yes, thank you." — "It doesn't matter where you are," — "The sort of book you can always take up anywhere!" said the different hearers.

"Shall we disturb you, Miss Moore?" asked Anna.

"Oh, no, I'd like to hear it; is it a new novel?"

"Not very," murmured Anna; "it is one of Miss Ferrier's."

"Ferrier? who is she, and what else has she written?"

"Oh!" sighed Mrs. Wells, not hearing the young girl's aside; "how it always makes me think of dear old Dr. Mascarene — he had the 'Inheritance' almost by heart."

"Oh, yes! Miss Ferrier — charming writer — delightful book!" sighed all the chorus in echo.

"Well!" said Ethel, "she wasn't in my book of English literature at college."

Miss Pinckney said something under her breath about "Suxberry House," to Mrs. Wells, who smiled, but turned it off with a cough; and Anna, who had colored deeply, opened her book hastily, and began to read. Ethel listened, paying but little heed to the book, which sounded dull to her, but entranced, in spite of herself, by the sweetness of the reader's tones — every word as rounded, clear, and pure as a drop from an icicle. She felt uneasily conscious of a nasal sharpness in her own by contrast, although they had had an elocution teacher at college, who fitted girls for the stage. She looked with a little envy also at the hand which held the book, and wondered if a course of "manicuring" would make her own look anything like it. She could not but own that Anna had her attractions — perhaps the high-bred heroines in English novels were something after this pattern; and then her being secluded from all chances of matrimony lent some piquancy to the situation. If Ethel only had a brother now, there would be the elements of a very nice plot; but if she had not, Anna had — and her mind wandered off into conjectures as to whether Evan Ellery were like his sister, and if so, what kind of a young man he would be likely to turn out. His mother had volunteered the information that he was coming the day after next; Ethel was the only girl there; and really there seemed a sort of destiny in it — quite enough to set her imagination to work; and it was fed for the next day or two by Mrs. Ellery's constant recurrence to the subject, then by the arrival of a very considerable amount of luggage, then by Mrs. Ellery's and Anna's sedulous preparations

for his reception. Anna herself carefully inspected every article in his room, and unpacked his valises, and as the eventful hour drew near, both mother and daughter appeared on the veranda in gowns of which until then Jaffrey had not been thought worthy. But as Evan Ellery descended from the rattling old wagon which brought Mrs. Cutler's guests from the station, Ethel's first glance convinced her that nothing could be too good for him. There never was a young man with whom a girl could be more easily excused for falling in love at first sight. His tall, slender, supple figure was most perfectly arrayed. He had melting dark eyes, a Greek profile, and the sweetest little black moustache; he was a hero all over, and of the "type" that chanced to be Ethel's present favorite. And then his name — could anything look lovelier on a card than Mrs. Evan Ellery? or at the end of a note than Ethel Ellery? As she tried the effect of both, she felt that no divinity ever shaped an end more neatly.

This paragon, it must be confessed, had nothing especially heroic to say, though his tones were low, deliberate, and melodious, as befitted him. At the tea-table, his only departure from monosyllabic answers was to complain that the tea, of his sister's making, was too weak; he also pointedly refused the butter, on whose excellence his landlady was wont to pique herself. But he made a very good meal, after all, while Anna quietly made fresh tea, and Ethel looked on much impressed. The impression continued in full force, though it had little but looks to nourish it for the next few days. Mr. Ellery was scrupulously polite to every lady in the house, but had very little to say to anybody, and less to Ethel than to any of the older ones. He spent his time in driving about with his mother and sister, sometimes accompanied by one of Mrs. Ellery's friends, or in walking with Anna, or even alone. Ethel's wonder at his proceedings was so great as almost to preclude any pique; she felt that so great a difference from any other young man must spring from superiority.

One day the carry-all could not be procured, and the young Ellerys set off by themselves in a buggy, in search of the picturesque, which Evan turned to professional uses. Anna was as happy as a schoolgirl on a holiday, but her scrupulous conscience gave her some twinges, till she ventured to ask her brother, "Evan, if we walk to Jaffrey Centre tomorrow to see that hill view, ought we not to ask Miss Moore to go with us?"

"Oh, don't!" he returned, in tones less measured than he was wont to use in society.

"It would be kind."

"It would be such a bore!"

"Yes — but she has no friends here, and she is very kind and attentive to mamma — she is sitting with her now while I am away. We really ought to show her some little attention."

"Well, ask her if you are so set upon it. She seems a harmless girl enough; but I hate a crowd. I wish mother wouldn't come here. Why did she not take a house? I'll pay for one for her, next summer."

"Oh! next summer, Charles and Alice have offered to lend us theirs at Marion. Will not that be delightful? it was very good in them, was it not?"

"Yes — but then, Charles would rather be hung than spend a summer there himself; and I don't wonder — a flat, dull, uninteresting place; I can't tell why he built there — he never asked my advice."

Mrs. Ellery, meanwhile, from her reclining chair on the veranda, was explaining to Ethel and the rest of the circle that her son thought Jaffrey a lovely place; he was making some sketches, and studying effects; but he could not spend much time there, because he hated boarding-houses, "even the very nicest ones," she added hastily. Mrs. Ellery would not allow herself to say a positively rude thing if she knew it; only her perception of what might hurt other peoples' feelings usually came after she had spoken, while her daughter's quicker tact gave warning before. "We are going next year," she went on, "to Marion, where my cousin, Mr. Leffington, will lend us his house. His wife has taken a dislike to the place, because she has been ill there so much." A long account followed of Alice Leffington's "nervous

prostration," of which the chief symptom seemed to be dislike to everybody and everything, especially to the company of her husband and children, and for which there seemed to be a forlorn hope that expatriation might work a cure. "She will go abroad this fall for a year at least, and he will probably spend most of next summer on his yacht, and look in on us at Marion now and then."

"And the children," sighed Mrs. Wells, — "poor little dears; where are they to be?"

"Oh, they will stay at Lenox of course, and Mary Bosworth will look after them there. They will be much better off there than at Marion. You never saw such perfect arrangements as are made for the children in that house — a separate wing and private staircase! One need never see or hear them unless one wishes. Don't you want to see the plans, Mrs. Brattle, before you begin your Chestnut Hill house? I am sure Charles would be delighted to have you, and you could not do better."

"I am afraid our house will not be large enough to allow of anything like that," said Mrs. Brattle deprecatingly.

"Take my advice, my dear, and give up something else in preference. Anything but having children always under foot, and nurses and governesses always in and out. I expect to have no end of trouble at Marion next summer, if Josephine comes there with her family; and it is all the fault of the house not being better planned. I wish Charles had lent us the Lenox house instead — it would have been all the same to him; but of course I could not ask him."

"Oh, but every one says Marion is such a perfectly lovely place!" said Ethel gushingly. "I am sure you will have the most delightful time there!"

"I wish we might have the pleasure of seeing you there, Miss Moore, some time next summer; that is" — she hastily corrected herself, fearful lest even so general an invitation might in some way be followed up — "I don't know just what our arrangements will be; I leave all that to Anna; she writes the notes, and keeps the lists, and I don't know yet how she has laid out her plans, but I'll ask her about it."

Accordingly, as her daughter was carefully attending upon her in her own room that night, she said, "I am afraid, Anna, that I let fall something to that Miss Moore about visiting us next summer. I am sure I don't want her. You must try and say something that will let her see the thing is impossible. I told her afterwards that you expected to fill the house with large parties of your friends."

Poor Anna, aghast at the task imposed upon her of repelling Ethel's hints as to the delights of Marion and her passion for the seashore, could only endeavor to atone by the most sedulous attentions to that young person. She allowed their conversation to take on a more familiar tone than she would otherwise have enjoyed, and even strove to spur on the not wholly unreluctant Evan to show a little more attention than mere courtesy demanded. Evan never had much to say to anybody, and Ethel, who usually had plenty, was still too awestruck to be at her ease in his presence; but she appeared to more advantage in consequence, and he amazed his sister by telling her that he thought Miss Moore seemed a nice sensible girl, an agreeable companion for her in the country. Anna, thinking how little even the most fastidious men knew about girls, amiably smiled acquiescence. She got no credit either for her attentions or her forbearance, as Mrs. Ellery, having once thrown off her responsibilities on her usual scapegoat, considered herself entirely at liberty to continue her ephemeral intimacy with Miss Moore, who in her turn was not slow in conjecturing that it might be more lasting were it not for the lady's daughter, and all Anna's little pleading, apologetic ways to her were only valued as evidence that there must be some deeply-seated reason for Miss Ellery's being so "set against her." Could it be that she was supposed to be dangerous to Evan? The idea was so flattering that she could not be angry with Anna, and she felt herself very amiable in being actuated by simple regard for her own interests, with no revengeful *arrière pensée*. Indeed, she felt quite willing to do Anna a good turn, and the idea which darted into her head promised to secure all her objects — as

she phrased it, "to do good all around"— and afford her an interest in life meanwhile. She seemed to see the whole scheme from beginning to end; it was like the inspiration of genius, which she was almost ready to believe she possessed.

One bright morning in mid October, Miss Moore ascended the doorsteps of Mrs. Ellery's house in Chestnut Street. "It's rather a mean-looking little house," she thought; but still, there was something imposing in the brilliant neatness of the green door and brass knocker, the little oval window at one side in its white frame, and the spotless white curtain within. Nothing about the house looked new, but all so exquisitely cared for that her own smart gown looked dingy by contrast. The inside she could hardly take in, for as she was shown into the little drawing-room, where Mrs. Ellery sat knitting by a sparkling bit of a wood fire, Anna rose from her desk at the window and came forward to meet her. She had not expected them to be sitting downstairs in the morning, and in her confusion began by apologizing for so early a call. Mrs. Ellery graciously waved her excuses aside; but Ethel felt that her manner was much colder than at Jaffrey, while to her own surprise, Anna's was warmer, — and these respective traits seemed to increase by continued contrast with each other.

The room was not what she had expected, though indeed she had not known quite what to expect. She had supposed that the Ellerys' house might be in the æsthetic style, which she believed was the very latest thing; but she knew Mrs. Amasa J. Butts, who lived on Commonwealth Avenue, and had just had a room done most beautifully in that way by a first-class art decorator, and this did not look a bit like that. Still it was a pleasant room enough, though perhaps a little empty space would have been a relief to the eye. Bookcases were everywhere that places could be found for them, and pictures were crowded on the low walls, more with a view to getting them all in, than with regard to showing them off. Piles of photographs and magazines covered all the tables, and the windows were banked up with blooming flowers.

Ethel had something she particularly wanted to say, but she was afraid of coming to it too soon, and it was not till she had taken up and dropped half-a-dozen subjects that she began:

"You are so fond of wild flowers and botanizing, and all that, Miss Ellery, can't you come out to Auburndale with me some day this week, and get some fringed gentians? A friend has sent me word that there are splendid ones out now, quite near the station."

"I should like to very much — only, I don't know," said Anna, looking at her mother, who was silent, "I'm afraid mamma may want me — we are so busy this week — " again she paused for confirmation.

"Couldn't you come Thursday afternoon?"

"I'm afraid not. I have — we have an engagement for that day, have we not mamma?"

"I don't know what *you* mean to do," said Mrs. Ellery severely; "but I am going to drive out with your Aunt Helen to make some Brookline calls; we are going in her *coupé*, and of course there will be no room for you."

Oh, then," said Anna cordially "I shall be delighted to go, Miss Moore! It was very kind in you to think of asking me. What hour would suit you best?"

A little discussion of ways and means followed, which, as such generally do, lent an air of sociability to the plan, and then, as a maid silently drew aside a portiere, Mrs. Ellery, rising, said with more freedom of manner: "Will you not stay and lunch with us, Miss Moore?" and as Ethel hesitated, she exclaimed:

"Pray do. You know we never entertain, but we are always glad to see our friends in this quiet way."

Ethel was amazed at the elegance of the table and its appointments, the number of dishes, and the perfection of the service. What could the Ellerys do if they ever did entertain, if their daily life was like this? A place was set for her as if by magic, and any idea that her sudden appearance was anything out of the com-

mon vanished when, just as lunch was fairly begun, a stout, fair-haired, handsome young woman walked in and threw herself into the chair placed for her, exclaiming, "Will you give me some lunch, Aunt Anne? Ah, Anna dear, how are you?"

"Why, Gertrude, this is pleasant! Mrs. Philip Kirby, Miss Moore."

"I am delighted to meet you, Miss Moore," bowing to Ethel. "Indeed, I may say I am relieved, for I thought you might be Mrs. Tom Richardson. She's been in town for a month, on her way south, and I haven't called, so I am trying not to meet her. Fortunately, I never saw her yet, that I know of."

"We met Miss Moore at Jaffrey," said Anna.

"Oh, yes! a lovely place, isn't it, Miss Moore?"

"But how did you get into town at this hour?" asked Mrs. Ellery.

(To be continued.)

PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION OF POETRY.

By William Howe Downes.

THE interesting question has been asked often: Is photography an art? The inquiry cannot be dismissed summarily by a yes or a no. It depends upon the individual photographer. Art is not so much a matter of methods and processes as it is an affair of temperament, of taste, and of sentiment. Although the majority of photographs are hardly to be classed as works of art, it seems to me that this is less due to the nature of the method employed in their production, than to the want of sensibility and æsthetic feeling in the makers; and although knowledge of chemistry and mechanical skill have so much to do with successful photography as to make us sometimes overlook the fact that other and rarer qualifications are needed also, it must not be supposed that the superior lens, the well-lighted room, the excellent plate, the perfect developer, the model toning bath, and all the thousand and one details of ways and means are anything more than ways and means, to be used as the intelligence, experience, and taste of the artist dictate. By the hands of a clever mechanic, good photographs may be made, but not pictures. In the hands of the artist, the photograph becomes a work of art. The process is mechanical, it may be said; but is not this, in a measure, true of all the arts? A painter is not necessarily an artist, nor is a photographer debarred by the character of his calling from being one. In a word, photography is what the photographer makes it — an art, or a trade.

But photography is of especial interest to the artistic world of to-day, for the reason that it has allied itself intimately with one of the most ancient and honorable forms of the graphic arts, that of engraving. Its use in this connection is chiefly for illustration, and the marked recent development of artistic illustration in this country has been chiefly accomplished in the magazine. Photography has got mixed up with engraving, and consequently with illustration in all sorts of ways. At the outset it was simply employed to transfer and reduce the original drawings on to the block for the wood-engraver, thus obviating the necessity of making the drawings on the wood, and giving the artist an opportunity to make a much larger drawing, as well as to use oil colors, water colors, pen and ink, pencil, crayon, or any medium desired, provided it were black and white. Old prints, paintings, etc., could be beautifully reproduced in this way. The draughtsmen promptly gave their approval to the process, because it took no liberties with their originals. They had always found it difficult to make the small pencil drawings on the wood, and photography permitted them to make their de-



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EVANGELINE.

"Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her."



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EVANGELINE.

"And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, 'O Gabriel! O my belovèd!'"

signs as huge as they pleased. When mechanical engraving was invented, and photography began to usurp the functions of the engraver, the artists who drew the originals were still better pleased. The faithful camera not only "followed copy" with servile and literal accuracy, but it also reproduced the very brush-marks, mannerisms, "handling" of the delighted but misguided artist. This was interesting, but it is an error to suppose that a style of engraving which brings to light the "handling" of the picture is an improvement. We do not wish to see the means by which a work of art is produced, any more than we wish to know the name of the manufacturer of the brushes with which Millet painted his "Angelus." The heliotype and the many other results of the gelatine process now followed each other in rapid succession. Presently the artists began to photograph their figures, animals, buildings, landscapes, etc., to save the trouble of drawing them. The excuse for this lazy proceeding was the sophistical plea provided by Mr. Muybridge's experiments in instantaneous photography; that is, in plain Engiish, we should represent objects in motion, not as they appear to us, but as they actually are, at a given instant. The results of this nonsense have been distortion, burlesque, and ugliness, as might have been expected. Of late photography has begun to dispense with the services of the draughtsman altogether in the making of illustrations, the electrotype plates being made directly from photographs taken from nature. In landscape work, the readers of this magazine have seen some excellent specimens of this class of pictures. So, gradually, the camera has taken upon itself a more and more important function, now encroaching in one direction, now in another; until, at last, the ambitious photographers said to themselves, Why should not we undertake to produce photographic illustrations of some of the literary classics of the day?

The idea was voted good. It was taken up by the Photographers' Association of America, and the song of "Hiawatha" by Longfellow was selected for the first subject. The prize which was offered for the best illustrations was taken in 1888, by James Landy of Cincinnati. The following year the poem of "Evangeline," also by Longfellow, was announced as the subject, and the prize was awarded to J. E. and A. J. Rösch of St. Louis, whose series of three illustrations is reproduced to accompany this paper. In 1890, when Tennyson's familiar and touching "Enoch Arden" formed the theme for illustration, the prize was carried off by George H. Hastings of Boston, whose trio of compositions is also presented herewith. The three competitions naturally elicited a great deal of interest among photographers, and many interesting pictures were entered. The judges in 1890 were expressly instructed to consider, in determining the relative merits of the photographs submitted to them, their historic accuracy, their originality, their composition, their lighting, and their "technique," — that lovely word! — but nothing was said about taste or imagination, that sort of thing being taken for granted. The conditions imposed upon competitors were few and simple. Membership in the association was one of them, and the pictures must be not less nor more than a given number of inches in dimensions.

But few amateur photographers competed, for the difficulties of lighting for portrait and figure work are said to be such as to exclude this class almost entirely. Not many even of the professional photographers' rooms are properly lighted. When a group of figures is in question, the ordinary difficulties of lighting are multiplied. A lady who was one of the unsuccessful competitors for the "Enoch Arden" prize last year has related in *The American Amateur Photographer* her experience in preparing plates for the contest, and this account is calculated to give a vivid idea of the labor and trials incident to such an undertaking.

It is easy to guess what is the feeling of professional photographers towards amateur photographers. Nothing is more natural than the contempt and aversion entertained by professionals in any special line of work for the presumption of amateurs. Nevertheless, as an outsider,



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EVANGELINE.

"Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows."

and with all the impartiality of ignorance, I may venture the suggestion that something may be learned from the amateurs. Their photographs are not always perfect, and they make many blunders; but in their plates (however deplorably over-exposed or under-exposed) we often perceive a certain quality, not easily defined, — a distinction, a style, an unconventional suggestion of beauty, — which, as candid professionals are bound to admit, is not always to be had at six dollars the dozen. But this is a rather delicate topic, and the conclusion to which we are coming, — that the unacknowledged rivalry of the amateur may be quietly operating as an incentive to intelligent effort for improvement all along the line, — may as well, in deference to professional susceptibility, be put in the form of a question, — Is it not so?

An attempt to create works of art of a really high order, involving some invention, some literary and imaginative character, some poetical and historical appositeness, raises the question whether photography by its very nature be not hostile to the best pictorial expression of ideal motives?

Undoubtedly the greatest obstacle in the way of those who would elevate photography to the rank of a fine art is its realism.

"Realism," says Marcus Waterman, "fortunately does not exist, the realists to the contrary notwithstanding." What he means is that art cannot match nature, nor does he consider it desirable that it should do so. In this sense, realism does not exist, yet there is a quality in many works for which we have no better name. This quality, call it realism or what you will, is one of the most conspicuous characteristics of the photograph.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. Realism is not synonymous with truth. It is the letter that killeth. A literal imitation of nature may be of scientific value, but it has nothing to do with art.

It may be said that a work of art ought simply to tell the truth. Yes, but why not look at the thing represented then, and do away with pictures? There are different ways of telling the truth. Many honest fellows are dreadfully tiresome. But when Rembrandt speaks, do we not bow our heads in silence? Ah, that is the note of eloquence!

The trouble, then, with photography is that the photographer cannot freely infuse in his work, his own identity and feelings. In every form of pictorial art, the artist is more or less hampered by the mechanical part of his work. He wishes to express what he feels, but his materials, his implements are rebellious, and impair his utterance. At every stage in the complicated process of making a photograph, skill, experience, and judgment are required; there is not much time to think of anything but the workmanship; the subject is thoroughly master of the situation; iron conventionalities limit the range and crush the experimental spirit of the operator.

How shall the photographer emancipate himself so as to be able to give free expression to his taste, his fancy, and his sentiment?

Certainly not by continuing to take the portraits of the people who come to sit with their best clothes on, and to vacantly smile into his machine.

From every point of view, therefore, the substantial encouragement held forth by the Photographers' Association of America to its members, by annual offers of valuable awards for the best work in illustration, must be regarded, not only as an interesting novelty, but as a significant indication of a commendable desire for artistic progress, and an earnest endeavor to lift the photographers out of the ruts of commonplace and mechanical work. That the need of such progress is realized is a hopeful sign. It shows that the association recognizes the necessity of stimulating those æsthetic and intellectual phases of its members' calling which must be brought out and developed by all possible means in order to lift photography to a higher level.

The pathetic tale of Acadie offered a veritable embarrassment of riches to the illustrators of 1889. The poem itself is a constant succession of pictures, from that low-toned twilight landscape of the tranquil hamlet of Grand-Pré in the midst of its farms, with the thatched roofs, dormer



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ENOCH ARDEN.

"When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made
Was master."

windows, and projecting gables of its Norman cottages, and the "columns of pale blue smoke" which Longfellow was fond of bringing into his compositions as a sort of ornamental emblem of domestic comfort and felicity, — a tableau quite in the manner of Jules Breton, — down to the umbrageous lagoons and bayous of Louisiana, where the exiles rowed their boat under branches of cypress and cedar through the "dark colonnades and corridors leafy" of the tropical forests; from that snug Acadian interior of Farmer Bellefontaine, where he sits singing in his arm-chair before the fire, while his daughter spins flax by his side, down to the melancholy scene in the Philadelphia almshouse, where the heroine, as a sister of mercy, moving among the dead and dying, at last, after so many weary years of search, finds her long-lost lover on his death-bed. In fact, the poem is too obviously pictorial to leave much room for the invention of the illustrator. In studying the picturesque capabilities of the subject, therefore, the brothers Rösch had but to select the most interesting and complete descriptive passages, and they had plain sailing before them.

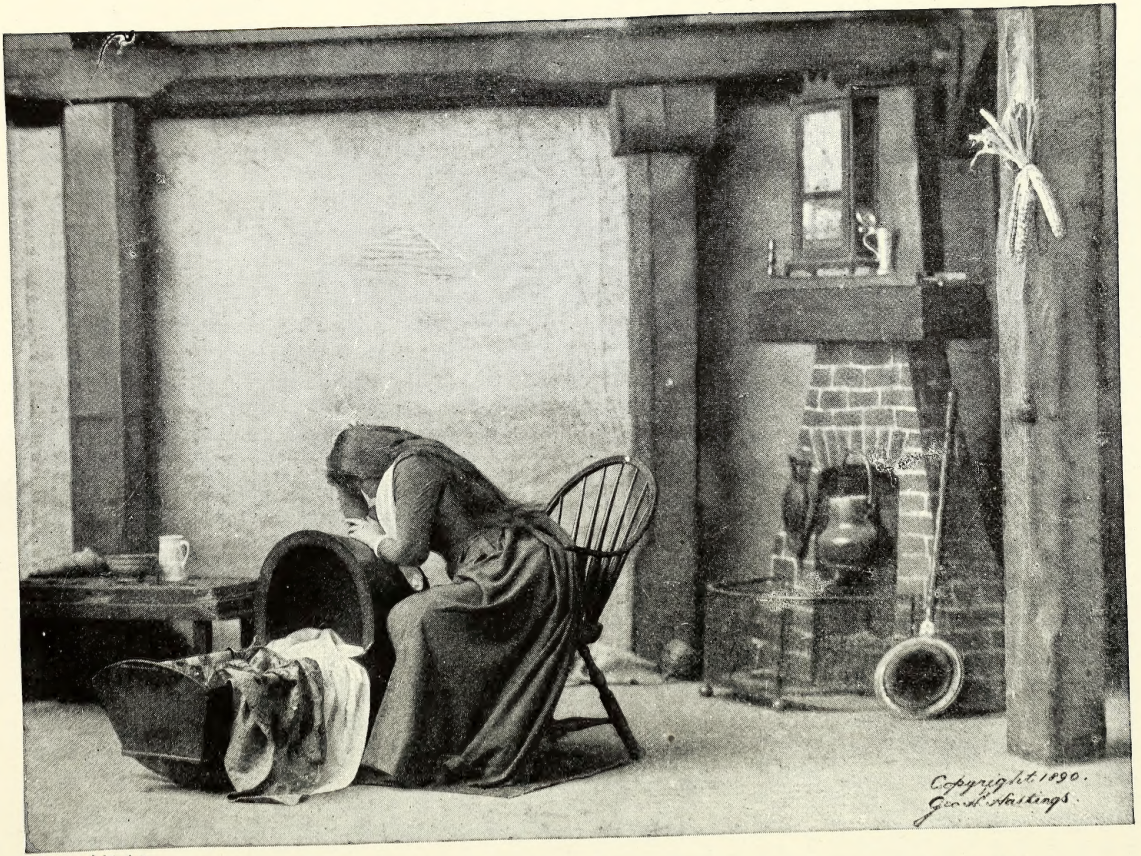
They began by depicting Evangeline as she came from church on Sunday morning. They prepared a painted background representing the street of Grand-Pré. All the outlines are so well filled in, that it might be said of this village street of Longfellow's as it was of Méryon's etching of a bridge, that it could be constructed according to his plans and specifications almost as well as if he had been an architect. The model was then costumed à la Evangeline, — another detail of the *mise-en-scène* respecting which the poet left no room for doubt as to his intentions, for does he not expressly stipulate the whole scheme of dress: item, one Norman cap; item, one blue kirtle; item, one chaplet of beads; item, one missal; item, one pair of antique earrings. What more practical "wardrobe list" — to borrow a phrase from the theatre — could be desired? But the heroine herself was not so easily represented. There are, heaven be praised, plenty of fair maidens aged seventeen, and a reasonable proportion of them possess eyes as black as wild blackberries, and breaths, too, doubtless, as sweet "as the breath of kine that feed in the meadow." But a mere pretty girl of the everyday sort would hardly do to figure as Evangeline. Now, the model who posed for the Rösch brothers was a tall and well-formed young woman, of the brunette type, with a face of singular expressiveness and mobility, — denoting intelligence and sensibility; and when it is considered how rare these characteristics are, it will be seen how fortunate and wise were these artists in their model. The first illustration depicts her as the poet describes her in the line:

> "Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her."

The lines of expression in the countenance bear out this idea of serenity and religious exaltation, and the conception is thus realized with a degree of success which is worthy of great praise. The size of the original photograph is 17½ x 21½ inches. The painted background has an artificial look suggestive of stage scenery, which is at variance with the naturalism of the figure. This incongruity might have been somewhat mitigated by a more vigorous contrast of lights and darks in the background, or by making the light on the figure of Evangeline more subdued, to harmonize more closely with the quiet gray values of the landscape.

The second illustration refers to that part of the poem in which Evangeline, after her arrival at the home of Basil, the blacksmith, in Louisiana, steals out into the garden, in the evening, and passionately apostrophizes her absent lover. This is perhaps as beautiful as any passage in the poem. The description of the moonlight night and its influence upon the maiden's mood is in Longfellow's loftiest and most inspired vein:

> Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
> Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
> Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
> Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
> Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden



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ENOCH ARDEN.

* * "But Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turned her own towards the wall and wept."

Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
* * * * * * *
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, 'O Gabriel! O my belovèd!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?'"

Most sympathetically is this touching outcry of yearning and tenderness embodied in the illustration. There is something fine and noble in the expression of the upturned eyes, of the sensitive mouth, of the clasped hands. The whole figure is alive with emotion and meaning. It is like a statue of patient and humble appeal. The dark and vaguely made out forms of trees, flowers, cottage and nocturnal sky supply a suggestive and dramatic contrast to the cool moonlight which envelops the pallid figure of the maid. The gracefulness, the reserve, and good taste manifested in this simple composition are highly commendable. As an interpretation of the lines quoted, — their spirit and purport — it is a decided success.

In the third illustration to Evangeline, the Messrs. Rösch essay a still higher flight. The climax of the narrative, which occurs towards its close, when Evangeline finds Gabriel dying in the almshouse, is an episode of unrelieved tragedy. The picture represents the heroine at the moment of her heartrending discovery; she has just entered the chamber of sickness, clothed in the sombre garb of a Sister of Charity, and bringing in her hand a nosegay of garden flowers for her patients:

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.

A glance shows that the picture is strongly dramatic in the best sense of the term. In pose, gesture, movement, and expression, the figure of Evangeline is very near to being what we would imagine it at such a supreme moment of sorrow. The effect of light and shade supplements and intensifies the impression caused by the figure. The composition is quite original and striking. The artists — for such they may be called — who made the Evangeline illustrations were, I repeat, uncommonly fortunate in their choice of a model. To her they are largely indebted for their success.

The poem to be illustrated, last year, Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," is a story well beloved of the people, understood and appreciated by all. It has been illustrated by many artists, among others Edmund H. Garrett. The prize-winner, Mr. Hastings, selected as the subject of his first photograph one of the boyish quarrels of Enoch and Philip Ray described in the opening of the narrative:

"A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:
In this the children play'd at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week:
'This is my house and this my little wife.'
'Mine too,' said Philip, 'turn and turn about.'
When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made
Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out, 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both."

In the picture, Enoch, having thrown his rival, is holding him down on the beach, and Annie, standing by, is shown in the act of interceding with her innocently bigamous proposal of a *modus vivendi*. The ocean is visible at the right, and the cliff at the left, with the accessories of fishing nets, cordage, and



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ENOCH ARDEN.

* * * * "So the thought
Haunted and harrass'd him, and drove him forth
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below."

fragments of wreckage strewed about the shore. The types of childhood, particularly the two boys, might have been somewhat more robust, not to say rough, in appearance, for they would in that case represent more plausibly the youngsters of an humble fishing village. The best point in the arrangement of the group is that its lines repeat the lines of the landscape. But the characters, besides being too pretty and gentle, are only too palpably posing. There is no real fight in the boys; no real mediation in the girl.

The second illustration in Mr. Hasting's series is much better than the first. It represents Annie, after the loss of her third child, mourning over the empty cradle:

* * "But Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turned her own toward the wall and wept."

This is a genuine picture. The interior is rude and lowly. The heavy hewn timbers, dark with age; the bare plastered wall, broken in places; the scanty, but solid and antique furniture; the quaint chimney-piece — everything is appropriate, in keeping. In this room the bereaved mother sits, and bowing her head over the cradle, she gives herself up to her sorrow in solitude. The composition looks like a reproduction of a good painting.

After Enoch's return, it will be remembered that he learns of his wife's unintentional fulfilment of her early promise to be a wife to both, from the "good and garrulous" innkeeper, Miriam Lane; thereupon, he goes forth, yearning to see her face again, and to know that she is happy:

* * * "So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below:
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness."

The mood thus described is well realized in the photograph. Reclining there on the ground, staring dismally at the fading landscape without seeing it, plunged in a sort of stupor of despair, trying vainly to grasp the whole purport of his hopeless fate, the miserable old man is a truly pathetic spectacle. The light is subdued; night is falling. The world has no more brightness in it for Enoch Arden; this thought overwhelms him. Yet the brave spirit will accept his doom as a man should; whatever befalls, he will play well his part to the end. This is the Enoch Arden who is a grand type of generosity, of self-sacrifice, and it seems to me that he is worthily illustrated in the person of this virile and melancholy old mariner.

An amusingly trivial criticism of this picture was printed in one of the photographers' periodicals. The accusation was brought against Mr. Hastings, that his Enoch Arden, after all those long years of exile on an island, appeared here with his face shaven! The point was not well taken, since Enoch Arden, during his homeward voyage must have had ample time to dispose of his beard. But even if it were well taken, it would remain a curious example of that commonplace criticism, which, Hazlitt says, thinks by proxy, talks by rote, and "tells you what is not worth knowing."

There are faults enough, certainly in the photographic illustrations which have been reviewed,— it would be a wonder if there were none,— but if they are, as I have attempted to show, more often faults of judgment than of taste, we are justified in concluding that the competitions of the last two years were worth while and have yielded welcome and encouraging results. Future trials of the same nature will be looked for with interest. It is natural to suppose that experience will do much towards enabling the photographers to steer clear of the shoals on which it was to be expected they might come to grief in their first voyages over strange waters. Illustrating poems is, after all, no boys' play. In the attempt many useful things may be learned which in the ordinary routine of a photographer's work might never be brought to his attention; and that the general standard of excellence in photographic work is likely to be elevated by such special tests is an additional argument in favor of continuing them.

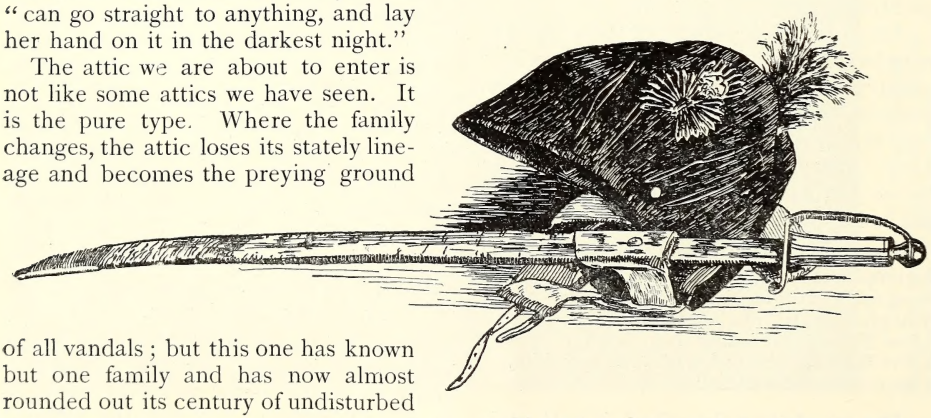
IN AN OLD ATTIC.

By John Stuart Barrows.



The good old Puritan fathers believed in a "heaven above" whither all good souls go after the wear and tear of this world's life; and it is not a matter of wonder, perhaps, that the attics of the old mansions became the heaven of those articles which had done their work in the house below. Here were gathered, like the souls of the blest, those articles whose material strength and intrinsic worth had enabled them to outlive their less carefully made or less valuable companions; and here, too, in this attic heaven, are gathered into close proximity articles whose circles of use in the household world never have come into conjunction; things that, like the contents of the Irish bachelor's cupboard, "never were neighbors before" stand here side by side. Stove jostles book, and book supports trunk, and trunk contains a motley gathering of uniform coats, antique laces, old slippers, and the rest. Confusion worse confounded seems to reign; but still the careful housewife tells you she "can go straight to anything, and lay her hand on it in the darkest night."

The attic we are about to enter is not like some attics we have seen. It is the pure type. Where the family changes, the attic loses its stately lineage and becomes the preying ground of all vandals; but this one has known but one family and has now almost rounded out its century of undisturbed quiet.



The way to this heaven is through the dark valley and shadows of a steep flight of narrow stairs; the words of the old negro song, — "Jordan am a hard road to trabbel," — seem veritably to apply. At the top a sharp welcome awaits the careless person, in the form of a sudden thump on the head through unexpected contact with the low roof above.

But our eyes become slowly accustomed to the gloom. The small windows directly opposite the huge chimney give but a dim religious light, such as pervades the cloistered aisles of great cathedrals where rest the remains of the departed great. The floor and roof of wide, rough boards, stained by age and leaks, have assumed a rich brown color, the whole tone of the place being warm. The peculiar odor from the sunburned roof and the heated contents of the attic itself give a soporific feeling, and the bed near by — though shorn of its trappings — invites slumber.

There is but little more than room enough for a tall person to stand erect under the ridge-pole, and the fact that the roof meets the floor at the eaves of the house shows that one must stoop to conquer, if the explorations are to be thorough.

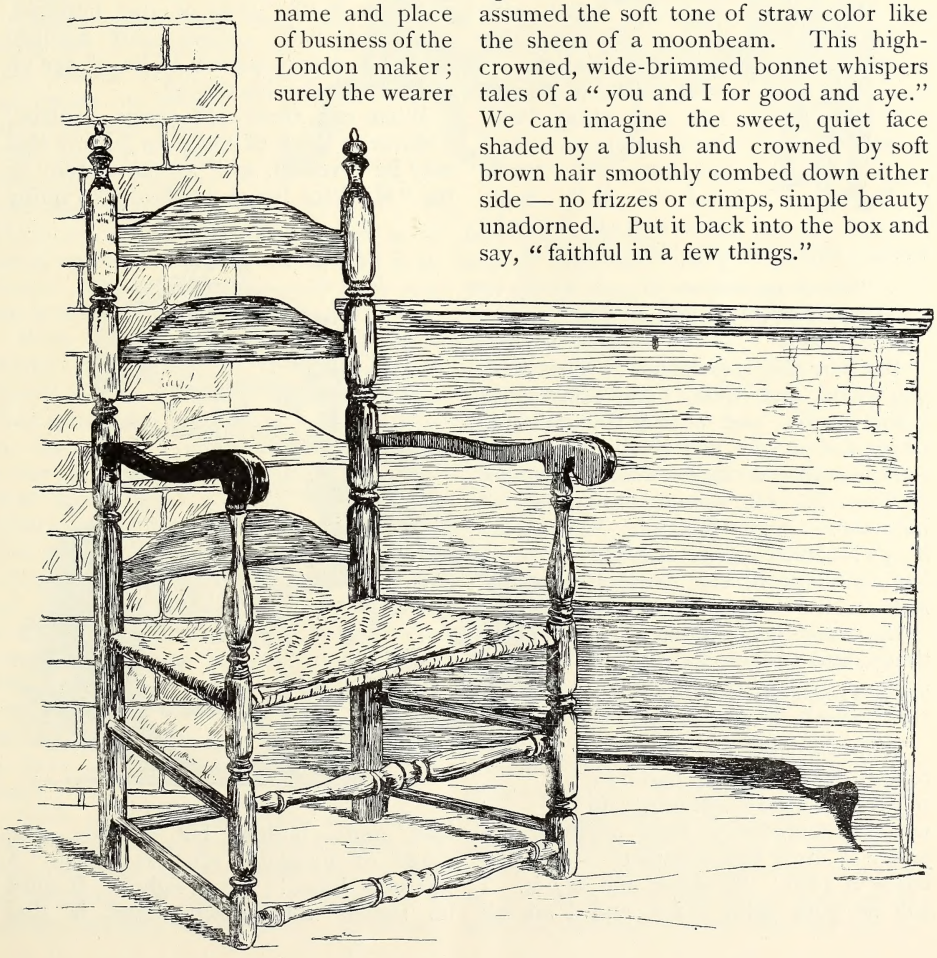
On either side rise the pillars of Hercules — the two great chimneys, — their tops beyond sight, "threatening toward heaven." The bricks are laid in clay instead of a mortar of lime and sand,

and where the rain has beaten and followed down the sides, little rivulets of clay have been left, marking the course of the water. Inside the chimney can be heard the low twitter of the chimney-swallows, who find ample room for their little homes in the long black shaft.

The few large rafters are noticeable, as the roof is chiefly supported by cross timbers instead, and the boards are laid "up and down," — a deceptive practice, for when a leak is discovered it may perhaps be many feet above the place where it shows itself.

But draw near and examine the contents of this end of the old attic. Speak reverently, for who knows what great thoughts may have been in the heads yon tall black hats once covered. Here is one with the name and place of business of the London maker; surely the wearer was one who recognized the uses of style. This one has the initials J. S. B., and we are told of the courtly "Old Squire" who once wore it. In that elder day, a "squire" was the autocrat of the village — and this was his regal crown.

Beside this honored coronet hangs one of more fashionable cast; its dove color shows that it was meant to create for the wearer a favorable impression on the gentler sex, — the magic word "Paris" on the inside confirms the belief. And here is an old "sou'wester," a veritable tarpaulin, a pent-roof, warm, but light. Cousin german to these hats are the contents of the gay band-boxes piled four deep on the chest below the window. In the first one is a most beautiful piece of headgear. Yes, beautiful still, for the figured silk with which it is covered has assumed the soft tone of straw color like the sheen of a moonbeam. This high-crowned, wide-brimmed bonnet whispers tales of a "you and I for good and aye." We can imagine the sweet, quiet face shaded by a blush and crowned by soft brown hair smoothly combed down either side — no frizzes or crimps, simple beauty unadorned. Put it back into the box and say, "faithful in a few things."





What is in this dark corner? Like Putnam after the wolf, we crawl in, and as a result of our search produce a noble chapeau with a fierce red and black plume; one of those high half-moon shaped military hats, the corners of which reached almost to the wearer's shoulders. We can almost imagine the presence of Bob Acres, the hat looks so fierce. The leather cockade on the front has a spirited design of a piece of artillery with flags, etc. And this sword, with its red belt and black leather scabbard, — what visions of Bunker Hill and Stony Point came before us! And see, there is the crown and "G. R." Some homespun knight wielded this trenchant blade, but now

> "His bones are dust,
> His good sword, rust,
> His soul is with the saints, we trust."

But why this merriment? What have you found that, while I am thinking in heroic verses and talking in patriotic reverence, moves you to indulgence in such unseemly levity? Well, you cannot be blamed. Oh, woman, — nothing left but those wire skeletons — hoops! Indeed, if every house has its skeleton, this house is *haunted*.

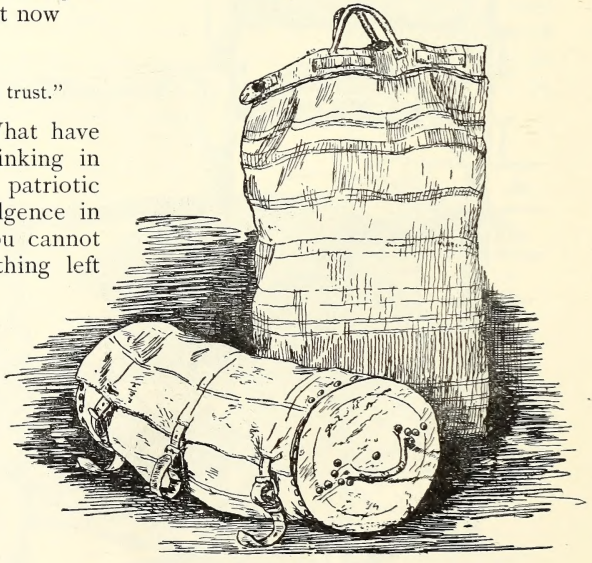
But come away from these things, and imagine Priscilla

> "Seated beside her wheel * * *
> * * * feeding the ravenous spindle."

Whirr — could you pitch the tune of the Hundredth Psalm by that? This little wheel brings up more reminiscences than anything yet joined — every part complete — and how easily it runs! Sit down and try it. I will be your John Alden, and I am all ready for your question. Oh, you have spoiled it all; Priscilla didn't say that!

I have half a mind with my sword to make you like one of those headless ghosts hanging yonder — those bodies of Bluebeard's wives. This one is a real milkmaid's cloak. How brilliant the plaid, once, but how soft the colors now! And here is the other sex, a long, stern, black cloak! Old Barebones, how came you here? Another relic of Plymouth Rock fathers, perhaps! And next the representative of another century, a long-tailed coat, with brass buttons! Those narrow sleeves must have made the wearer's hand and arm appear like a leg of mutton. See how the inside is quilted in six-pointed stars. Old Dartmouth, this, you say? — a graduating coat, then! Well, he was a precocious young man, youngest in the class of one hundred, graduated from college and medical school, and then waited to be of age in order to receive his degree.

What can those old chests contain? I shiver to think of the grim horrors that may be revealed, such as the tragedy of the "Mistletoe Bough" tells of. No spring

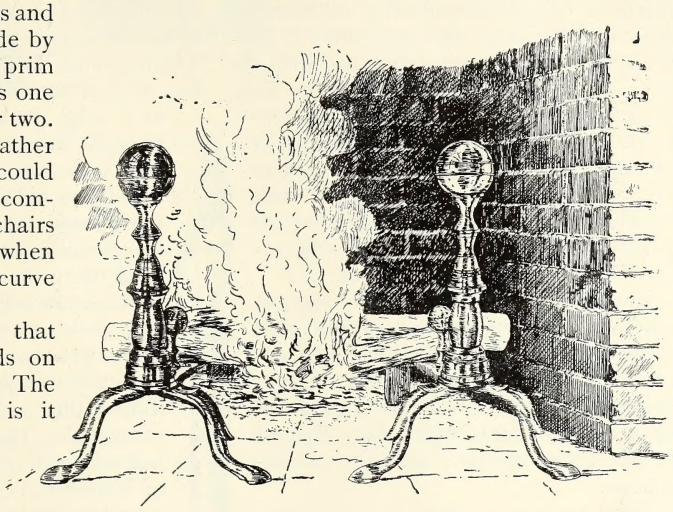


lock, and — nothing but bundles. But shade of Franklin, what is that? A pumpkin hood! How light! It must be stuffed with down. And is that

another? Oh, a "calash," to protect without crushing the puffs and ruffles of the hair and cap!

Here are pointed-toed slippers of brown silk with a rosette; and a damask dress, — a whole wardrobe for any stately dame!

Wander with me in this wilderness of chairs. Here are two armchairs with slanting backs, long legs and slender rounds. Set side by side, they look like two prim ancient maidens. This one is almost big enough for two. You say you call it "Father Abraham?" Well, one could rest in his bosom very comfortably. The other chairs belong to a later day, when people's backs had a curve in them.



Those quilts over that beam tell of snug beds on cold winter nights. The patchwork is pretty, is it not? "Hit and miss," "log cabin," and plain block squares; here one the blues of which are of just the same shade as is found on old china, and the pattern is in white; the designs they used then are much prettier than those of to-day.

Here are two little chairs, which evidently belonged to "the small-sized bears," — one blue, a rocker, the other a little substantial black chair. One is safe in saying the original occupants will never sit in these chairs again. The patient mother has told us of the little golden-haired girl who used to sit in the blue rocker, but who is now "on the other side," and the lines now in her face tell, more than words can, of the little one who is waiting for her beyond. No money could ever buy this little chair. The little black one represents a generation before the blue chair, though as they stand there side by side they would seem to have been the property of brother and sister.

Well might Sancho Panza say, "God bless the man who first invented sleep," if he could have laid his weary body on this X bedstead, the mattress of which is a canvas, fastened to each side. Evidently this bed is the prototype of the cots of to-day, for this could easily be shut up and stood against the wall out of the way. Just across the passage formed by the two stands its more pretentious brother, a canopied bedstead, and its elaborate posts and brass trimmings tell of a more regal mansion than the one for which this X bed was destined. The canopy, doubtless of what was called "copper plate," was spread over these arches, and draped and gathered at the posts, with perhaps here and there a rosette; doesn't it remind you of the pictures in the "Rollo" books, with which Jacob Abbott delighted the children of other years! These beds — to moralize — are very like some people: one, of good sense and no pretensions, can accommodate himself to any circumstances; the other — *aut Cæsar, aut nullus*, only one place to occupy.

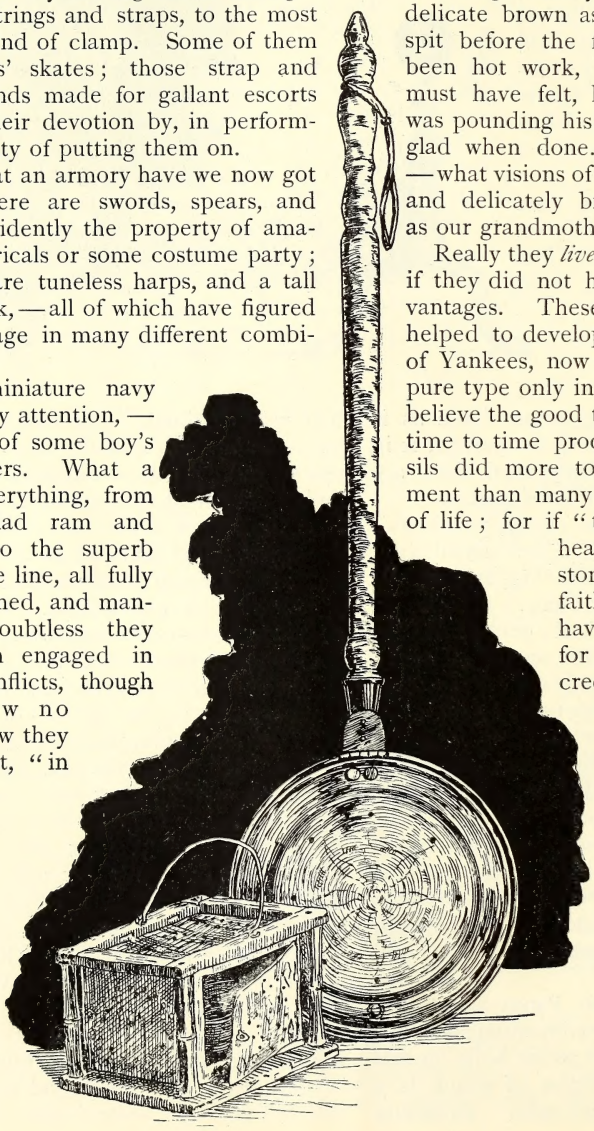
These valises on the old table are interesting. The leather one — round as a log, with wooden ends, where the handles are, and opening along the side, — it must have been a queer one to pack! And here is a long one with elaborately striped sides, opening at one end like a United States mail pouch, and locking too with a padlock. Evidently, it was necessary, in filling this, to put nothing of immediate use at the bottom, as everything would have had to be taken out, in order to get at it. In quite good company is this tall hat-box, shaped like the hat to

be contained in it, even to the rim, but that manner we have now.

Away back, half hidden under the low roof, is some crockery, a motley collection of all sorts of dishes, waiting to be mended, relics of collisions between the floor and the various articles of lesser strength. On a beam above are reminders of almost similar collisions — skates; all classes are represented, from those with turned-up points and with the heel end under the hollow of the foot, fastened on by an ingenious arrangement of strings and straps, to the most modern kind of clamp. Some of them are ladies' skates; those strap and buckle kinds made for gallant escorts to show their devotion by, in performing the duty of putting them on.

But what an armory have we now got into! Here are swords, spears, and shields, evidently the property of amateur theatricals or some costume party; and here are tuneless harps, and a tall sham clock, — all of which have figured on the stage in many different combinations.

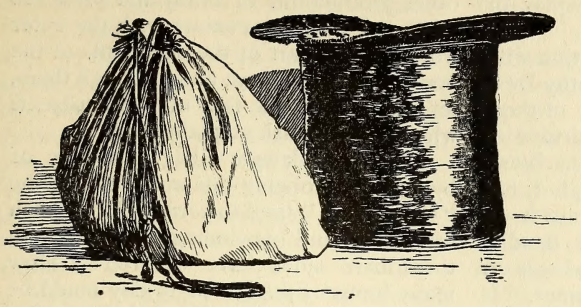
This miniature navy attracts my attention, — the work of some boy's busy fingers. What a fleet — everything, from the ironclad ram and monitor, to the superb ship of the line, all fully rigged, armed, and manned! Doubtless they have been engaged in severe conflicts, though they show no marks; now they are at rest, "in ordinary."



Do you not smell something good? No? But I do; else is it a ghostly smell of dainties of the misty past. There is reason to recognize such ghostly odors, — for see this tin kitchen. Its hollow cave seems ample to contain a large fowl or joint of meat. There is the spit with its crank handle, — what a weapon in the hands of an angry woman! I am far away in good "old colony times," — Thanksgiving to-day, a roaring fire with lots of glowing coals; in the tin kitchen is a large turkey slowly receiving a delicate brown as it is turned on the spit before the fire. It must have been hot work, and the spit turner must have felt, like the Indian who was pounding his own thumb: "Heap glad when done." This baker, too — what visions of golden Johnny cake, and delicately browned biscuit such as our grandmothers made!

Really they *lived* in those days, even if they did not have the modern advantages. These primitive utensils helped to develop that splendid race of Yankees, now to be found in the pure type only in a few old towns. I believe the good things that were from time to time produced by these utensils did more toward their development than many of the other things of life; for if "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach" the grand old faith was the result of having a healthy body for the soul, and the credit belongs to the good living with which our great grandmothers knew how to cover their tables.

More relics dear to the heart of the old-time housewife, and equally precious to the modern bric-a-brac collector, in the pair of old andirons; real brass ones, carefully encased in old woollen socks,



which we will take off, and then admire our distorted countenances in the round tops of the andirons. What has our stove to give us as an offset to these beauties? How they must have shone when the "best-room" fireplace was in full blast! They were lesser lights there, however; the summer was the time for them to attract attention, when the fireplace was filled with the fine boughs of asparagus — then they were bright lights. But now they are retired and relegated to the shades of the attic. Peace to their ashes!

Close at hand are their more plebeian brothers, two black fire dogs, with round circle heads and short chunky legs; their broad backs were doubtless made to bear heavier loads of coarser wood than their more brilliant neighbors.

Well, well! There are band-box stoves, though they look like spiders with their round bodies on those spindling legs, a four-inch funnel stove just big enough to take in wood half a yard long through a door six inches square. It was well named band-box, for it is but little bigger, and being sheet iron is not much heavier.

But what kind of a lantern is this? Lantern? That is no lantern, that is a foot-warmer, and did good service in church long before the sacreligious stove was introduced. Do you not see the little door? In here is an iron dish that would hold live coals, and the good wife would fill it before getting into the sleigh to go to church, and this would keep her feet warm while she rode; when she got to the church she would step into neighbor Somebody's and replenish the supply; and this practice became so constant that the family living next door to the meeting-house used always to have a good supply of coals for the foot-stoves which they knew would be brought to be filled. It is also told that the large number of these foot-warmers in the meeting-house made an appreciable difference in the temperature of this place.

This one looks as if the owner's toes grew cold as fast as the coals did, and she either drummed her feet or rubbed them on the warmer to continue the heat.

These foot-warmers were considered enough for ordinary persons' comfort, and it was almost a sin to bring a stove into a meeting-house. The story is told of how some good sisters fainted from the excessive heat of the meeting-house the Sunday after the introduction of the stoves, and were obliged to be carried out and



revived; the fact that there was no fire in the stoves, on account of the lack of some joints of funnel, was discovered later, but these good sisters had shown

their reliable sanctity by the display of these fine sensibilities.

This object has a close connection with that eccentric genius, Lord Timothy Dexter, who by means of a shipload of them made a fortune. Look at this article of comfort — a warming-pan. It is brass, and the cover is brass too, though it has assumed a soft brown shade much in harmony with the time-stained handle. Evidently, the warming-pan belongs to the same class as the foot-warmer. It was to be filled with live coals, and passed briskly up and down between the sheets of a cold bed, thereby making it habitable.

The Lord Timothy Dexter referred to, was told if he could send a large cargo of warming-pans to the West Indies he would realize largely for them; and taking the advice for good, he collected enough warming-pans to load a vessel, and despatched his valueless cargo to some port. But here was a surprise for his waggish advisers, which turned the laugh on them; for instead of proving valueless, they were quickly bought at high prices by the sugar planters, who used them as ladles to dip the molasses, and the perforated covers as skimmers of the boiling syrup. Lord Timothy netted a handsome sum from his venture.

Another good story, that the sight of the warming-pan calls to mind was in the history of an old sea captain, who one cold night was about to retire early, and his wife was to prepare the bed with the warming-pan. She had been told by some one who had tried it, that sugar sprinkled in the pan on the coals would increase the heat, and she was about to follow the advice. Unfortunately, she either misunderstood the advice or was not endowed with what Yankees call "gumption," for instead of sprinkling the sugar in the pan, she put it in the bed. Then, after briskly warming the sheets, she threw the clothes back, saying, "Piping hot, Captain Clipp, jump right in," — which cheery advice the poor man followed. The sequel can be better imagined than told.

Now we are in a different world — the intellectual part of the attic, so to speak, for these piles of papers, magazines, and other productions of brain and press are witnesses of close contact with the outer world on the part of the occupants of the house. But, before we wade through them, let us examine a few of these objects which seem to ask acquaintance.

This green lawyer's bag is a relic of bygones. Probably this was the one the "Old Squire" used to carry. How much interesting and convincing evidence these threadbare sides have covered! How many limbs of the law of to-day could be persuaded to carry one of those quaint bags?

This bunch of old walking-sticks must have historic memories connected with them. They look lamer now than their former owners could ever have been. Some are cracked and broken, and tied up with strings; this one has been robbed of its silver head; some are sturdy old crabtrees, and some dainty rattan; one poor old fellow looks as if he had fallen into the fire, for half his length is blackened. Put them back; they have travelled much, and their rest is due them and should not be disturbed.

How came those champagne hampers here? Even if their contents have changed into old garments, they look suspicious. Perhaps it's best not to inquire into their history.

These old seal-covered trunks with their enclosed papers, yellow and worn, are enough to keep us busy, — but we must pass on; yet see the queer handles and the brass nails; those straps we saw awhile ago were to hang the trunk by under the carryall when the good man and wife were on a journey to Concord or Hebron. This little calf-leather-covered trunk and the "bellows top" one are also quaint; what would a professional baggage smasher say were one of these to appear to him?

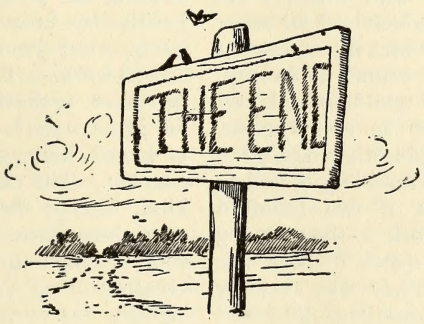
Here's a row of "Quakers," judging from their sober colors outside; and their names are very old-fashioned and suggestive; too bad such good "Quakers" should be hung and their necks so tightly choked, but we remember the severe treatment once in vogue. See, their names are on their breasts: "Elderberry," he's the leader, of course; "Penny-Royal," "Spearmint," "Peppermint,"

"Clover Blossom" — what a pretty name! "Thoroughwort," "Pipsissaway," "Catnip" — dear old friend, how well I remember the well curb on the old farm, and the fragrant bunches of the catnip growing close beside among the rocks, just as if it knew that it needed to be in the water to do the most good; and do you not recall the happy kitten that enjoyed so much a roll in the catnip?

Here's "Tansy," sacred to cheese, "Hops," "Sumac," with bunches of the red berries, "Horsemint," and "Horehound," which complete the list. As well play Hamlet with Hamlet left out, as to have a country house without its row of herb bags.

This little old desk is very interesting in its appearance, and it is packed full of papers. Papers! — see them stretching away in stacks under the eaves, piled on the floor, and filling boxes. Surely, friend, we must leave these for another day. There are whole nations' history given in most detailed form. Every year adds as much value to them as it does dust.

We pass the papers and are back where we started. We have lived backward a hundred years, and we must return to the present. Ghosts of other days, we vex thee no more; *requiescat in pace!*



EXPRESSION.

By Marion P. Guild.

ALAS for the lover! He sat and pondered
A song of delight for his lady's ear;
But the shy, sweet words took wing and wandered
Far from his mind's dim atmosphere.

Then he rose in strength from the vain endeavor
And passed to the clamorous city street;
Joy flashed in his smile and his act, wherever
The world's need summoned his willing feet.

And he cried in the spirit's exaltation,
"Verse may be fettered, but hands are free!
Each deed is a word in life's translation
Of the song my heart sings, love, to thee!"

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

By William M. Salter.

THE social problem of to-day has many perplexing phases, but there is one that almost fills us with consternation. What can we say when men want work, and yet there is no work for them to do? If a man is not able to work, the instincts of humanity in us lead us to help him; if he *will* not, he should either be made to, or else allowed to starve. But if we open our eyes and look beyond the surface of things, we are led to suspect that there are not a few unemployed persons who belong to neither of these categories. A few winters ago a society with which I am connected in Chicago advertised for some one to watch by a case of malignant diphtheria, and in the course of twenty-four hours there were one hundred and thirty who applied for the employment. I heard of a plasterer the other day, who, having secured a considerable job, had to refuse the applications of two hundred and thirty men for work — they having applied after his full quota of men was engaged. A careful study was recently made of some twenty-eight thousand cases of various charity organization societies, and it was found that from forty to fifty per cent of the applicants needed "work rather than relief." The Massachusetts Labor Bureau reported in 1887 that about a third of those engaged in remunerative labor in that state were unemployed at their principal occupation, for about one-third of the working time. In the same year the results of an important investigation into the condition of the East London poor by Charles Booth were made known. Out of one thousand six hundred families of the lowest grade, four per cent were loafers, fourteen per cent were in the condition they were in because of drinking habits, twenty-seven per cent because of illness or large family, and fifty-five per cent because of irregular work and small pay.[1]

Another Englishman, Herbert V. Mills (whose book "Poverty and the State," every one who is interested in the question I am discussing should read), even asserts that there is "only honest work in England to occupy, at the utmost, two-thirds of the population." A few years ago, a great crowd gathered before the residence of Mr. Chamberlain, in Birmingham, and explained to him that they wanted no more charity, but work, of any kind. A Liverpool paper gave an account of the meeting of half-starved men in a cellar, at which a speaker said, "What we want is work, not work'us bounty, though the parish has been busy enough among us lately, God knows! What we want is honest work." Could any cry of children be more pathetic than this demand of full-grown men? And yet the same thing is heard here and there in our own country. The conditions are the same in kind, though they have not fully developed themselves. The numbers of those who have little or no employment are increasing from year to year; and over against the several millions in Great Britain we are said to have already a million here, taking the country all together.

But how can it be? we ask. Is not every pair of hands able to add a certain amount to the wealth of the world, to produce at least enough to get in exchange what is necessary to keep one alive? It would seem rational to suppose so, but how is it, then, that an able-bodied person of good habits can go about seeking for work and not finding it? The immediate answer is, of course, that no one wants to employ him. But why the refusal to employ? The answer often comes from the employer or business house, "We already have more labor than we can profitably use." Notice for a moment what is implied in such an answer. "Profitably use!" The condi-

[1] Moreover, above this class called "the very poor," were the "poor" who earned eighteen shillings to twenty-one shillings a week regularly; and Mr. Booth strongly insisted that "the poverty of the poor is mainly the result of the competition of the very poor." In other words, it is the unemployed (or the irregularly employed) who prevent those whose work is steady from attaining anything like a worthy human existence.

tion, then, of employing a man is that his labor shall turn to the employer's profit, this being assumed as the general motive underlying business. In other words, if a man is hired it is assumed that his labor is sufficient, not only to support himself, but to help in the support (i. e. to add something to the purse) of the one who hires him. It is even deemed irrational to employ labor unless something can be made out of it over and above the wages that are paid to it — and it is irrational if gain or profit is the only motive of business. Sometimes kind-hearted employers may keep men in service, who are barely worth their wages or salaries, but this is regarded as kind-heartedness or charity, not as business proper. In short, the labor that is employed in the ordinary channels of industry has a surplus value; it creates more than is necessary to sustain itself — and the "more" helps to make the profits of those who employ it; it is to get this "more" that employers (so far as they act from business motives) hire labor; and when it ceases to have this surplus value, they do not hire it.

But if this is so, the question of the unemployed presents a new face. Many, of course, of the actually unemployed, are lazy or vicious; but even if a man is honest and industrious and able to earn his bread, it by no means follows that he will find employment. He may find it only if his labor will produce a profit for some one else; if his labor is sufficient simply to put clothes on his back and food in his stomach, and provide shelter for himself against wind and weather (and by himself I mean his family too), he may not find employment. The only alternatives are in case he can employ himself, or can go back to the original reservoir of all force and earn his living directly from the land.

But self-employment in competition with the large organized industries of the present time is almost impossible. Now and then a little tailor or a little shoemaker may make his way; but how can one without capital or credit go into the manufacture of lard, or pork, or cloth, or lumber, or furniture, or tin, or steel rails? To say to most working-men (whether employed or unemployed) "Employ yourselves" is, in the condition of to-day, *naivête* itself.

Nor is getting one's living from the land so easy a matter. First, there is the difficulty for the poor man of getting to the land. Secondly, the land of the country is fast passing into private hands, so that save in rare instances one must pay rent for the privilege of getting one's living from it. What does rent mean? It means that the worker shall be able to produce a surplus over and above what is necessary for the subsistence of his family, this surplus going into the owner's pocket. Doubtless, even when the land of the country has become entirely private property, it can be had on these terms. Owners who do not wish to work themselves will probably always be glad to let some one else apply labor to this land, provided they receive a part of the product. But suppose those anxious to get their living from the land are able only to get their living, that after housing, clothing and feeding their families, there is no surplus left to hand over as rent, how is it to be expected that even this means of providing for themselves will be left? Will they be allowed to remain, simply because they need the land to get their living from? The land of England is not let on these principles; it is not likely that the land of America will be. If landowners, who do not wish to labor themselves, cannot make money off their land in one way, they are likely to try another; if not by renting it, then by turning it into pasturage and letting sheep and cattle grow on it, — for sheep and cattle will bring a price in the market, they are good for food, and farmers' families are not just suited to this purpose. And in saying this, I have not taken account of the fact, that as in manufacturing industry, so in agriculture, large accumulations of capital are tending to drive single workers out of the field, that machinery is more and more taking the place of hand labor — so that the individual farmer, unless he is an exceptional man and is in exceptional circumstances, stands less and less chance of holding his own; at least he can only do so by contenting himself with providing for his own wants, and if he does not own his

farm he will not long have the chance to do even this.

Thus, the alternatives of employing one's self or of getting one's sustenance directly from the soil furnish slight comfort in turning over the problem of the unemployed. I doubt not that many persons out of work are averse to labor, and have only themselves to blame; but it is possible that there should be just as many for whom, under present conditions, there is no work to do; who, since they can only make a living for themselves, cannot get the chance to do even that. If men are to be employed only when some one can hope to make a profit by employing them, if they are to have a chance to get their living from the soil only if they can produce a surplus for the landlord, too, — it seems to me perfectly possible that there should be a considerable body in the community ready and able to support themselves, who have either to secure charity, or steal, or starve.

Can we consent to this? Is it not absurd that a man should not have a chance to earn his living, because in doing so he cannot forsooth be the means of putting money into somebody else's pocket? Yet this, and nothing else, is what dismissing men from employment may often mean. It is as if the business firm said, "We can no longer make anything out of you; you cost as much as you are worth; we will use you so long as it pays, but when it ceases to pay, you must excuse us." I do not mean that men are to be kept in employment at a loss (though if the loss no more than counterbalanced the gains previously made, there would seem to be no wrong in doing so) and I am well enough aware that dismissals often have other grounds than those I have described; all I say is that the business world being what it is, and being governed by certain rules, as it is, such dismissals as I have described are inevitable; yet none the less are they, from any ethical standpoint, disgraceful. Every man who can provide a living for himself and family ought to have a chance to, entirely irrespective of whether he can do more than that or not. And if the present system does not give such an one a chance, then there should be a new system.

Think of such a state of things as Mr. Mills gives an instance of, in recounting his experience among the destitute poor of Liverpool. One cold December morning, he found in a certain house a baker out of work, and next door to him a tailor out of work, and next door again a shoemaker in the same plight. "I could not forget for many days," he says, "that none of them had what could be called a pair of shoes, and none of them a proper suit of clothes, and they were all exceedingly anxious to get bread; and yet, although one was a baker, and one, a tailor, and one, a shoemaker, they could not stir a hand or foot to help each other." The trouble was, of course, so far as each individual was concerned, that their services could not be employed at a profit by any one, the markets, perhaps, being already stocked with bread, and clothes, and shoes, and there being no money in making any more. For it must always be remembered that the aim of industry, as at present organized, is not to meet the needs of the people, but to produce such things as people can buy, so that bursting bakeries and starving bakers are perfectly compatible with each other. But granting that there was no money for any one in employing these men, the question forces itself upon us, could they not have been employed on another basis, that, namely, of providing directly for each other's needs, for the needs of others in like circumstances with themselves, irrespective of whether there was a profit for any one in so doing, or not? Why should not unemployed bakers, and tailors, and shoemakers, and masons, and carpenters, and tillers of the soil be taken out of the profit-making system, into which they do not fit, and, making themselves into a colony, the bakers bake bread for all, the tailors make clothes for all, the carpenters make houses for all, the tillers of the soil raise corn and wheat for all — each class producing not to sell to the outside world but for each others' use, and each class in turn receiving of the benefits of all the others' labor? Once give up the idea that the present system is anything like a part of the order of nature, or otherwise necessary and unchangeable (save as selfishness is necessary and un-

changed), and the thought becomes easy of breaking away from the system, and founding an industrial order on other principles.

Those who wish to stay in the present order, those who profit by it and those who think they will profit by it, can stay, — even the unemployed can stay, if they prefer to live on charity or to steal. But for the unemployed who wish to live honestly and honorably, there would thus be provided a refuge — an order of industry would exist in which, notwithstanding their failure to hire themselves out for others' profit, they could yet work to meet their own needs.

Such co-operative colonies are the only permanent hope that I can see for the unemployed. Emigration has been the panacea held out to the poor of the old world, and migration from one city to another, from the East to the West, or from the North to the South, may still help much in our own country; but these are at most temporary expedients, and sooner or later the problem will have to be directly faced, here and everywhere. With the wonderful and increasing development of mechanical inventions, I do not see why a half or a third of the population should not be able to produce all that the whole of the population can buy, or even need; and yet, if the remainder can only meet their needs, by buying what will satisfy them, and if they can only buy as they earn the wherewithal to do so by work, what will be left for them, there being no work for them to do, but to die or beg or steal? The fact is, all three of these things are going on in no small proportions already in England; and these proportions are likely to become tremendous, or else a new social order will come to birth, either in the bosom of the old and living peacefully with it, or perchance overthrowing and destroying it. If there is anything in natural tendency, in cause and effect, the same alternatives await us. Sooner or later we shall come to see that there are more people than can be made use of in a profit-making system, and that if the surplus population is to have any honor or manliness left in it, it has got to be removed from such a system.

We are doubtless slow, and shall be slow to learn this lesson. We think we can give relief to those in want, either in their own homes or else by sending them to the poorhouse. But however necessary it may be to do this in default of anything better, there are few cases in which to receive relief does not demoralize able-bodied persons. Or we think we can *make* work for those who need employment; we can open public works, or extend public improvements. But if these are necessary and good for the community, they ought to be done in any case; and if they are not, it is but a waste to put the unemployed to work upon them. At the best, this would be but a temporary expedient. It is the same with all private manufacturing of work; there is no satisfaction in either giving or doing work that is but a makeshift, and has no real relations with anybody's needs. Yet if we put unemployed persons to work on things that are really needed and people will buy, we run two dangers — either of finding that what is produced will not sell, there being perhaps so much of it already in the market, or else that we have started fresh competition for workingmen already employed in the same line of industry and so making their lot harder. A London clergyman, whose life is among the poor, recently said, "The one thing which I and those associated with me always peremptorily refuse to do, is to try and get men and women and children work to do. I say at once: 'That is impossible. To get you work would be to deprive some other one of work, and that I cannot do.'" This is perhaps extreme; but there is surely a danger indicated here, of which we in our hasty sympathies may not think. The true course to follow for those out of work is to cease to compete with those who are already employed, to cease to produce for the market, to aim simply at creating what is necessary for their own use; and this, with guidance and direction and an opportunity opened, it would certainly seem as if they might do.

Why should there not be in time (or whenever the numbers of the unemployed become considerable) certain parts of the country marked off as reserves, whereon

any one able to earn his living, and yet unable to find employment, should have a chance to earn his bread? There might be one in every state, when the country becomes full and occupations are crowded. Why could they not be recognized as public necessities, and the land for them either be purchased by philanthropic companies or be condemned, as land for railroads has been, by the state? In such colonies the aim of production would be not to sell to the outside world (save as there might be things which nature prevented the colonists from getting themselves — coal, for instance — and for which they would have to return an equivalent), but to produce for the actual needs of the colonists. As little would there be money-making by any individual colonist out of the labor of another. All should be employed by the colony; and all by serving the colony would serve themselves. The more of labor-saving device there could be, the better; for it would shorten the hours of labor and lessen the toil of all alike. The tracts of land would have to be large enough to allow for all the necessities of the people being met upon them; the colonies should be complete communities in themselves.

Everything would ultimately depend upon wise direction and management. And I see not how there could be good management save as there was appreciation of the coöperative idea underlying the colony, and hearty, I might say religious, loyalty to it. If the managers of such an enterprise did not combine unselfish enthusiasm with sagacity and prudence, if they went into it for what it would bring them (as men ordinarily go into business enterprises now), the colony would simply become a feeble repetition of the social system we already have. On this account I think the State should have as little to do with it as possible — at least until the State becomes totally transformed in its spirit and methods. Two things must be said of the State as it exists now with us: First, there is no heart in it; and second, there is hardly anything it undertakes that it does not do wastefully, inefficiently. We do not look for devotion to ideas among our public servants; nor do we expect any work to be well, thoroughly, economically done, that we commit to their hands. New instruments are needed for new ideas; it is only an enthusiasm for humanity that can solve the problem of the unemployed on the radical lines I have suggested. Hence I should look with more hope to some voluntary organization like the Salvation Army than to the State as at present organized.

"In Darkest England" seems to me one of the humanest and one of the wisest and most practical books that has been produced in this century. We have not been accustomed to look with much seriousness upon the Salvation Army; but if it has the spirit and aim that pervade this book, no organization has arisen in modern times which has the promise or potency of more good. Here is a plan that is fully aware of "the demoralizing effect of charitable relief," that does not believe in "soup-kitchens" or "the gratuitous distribution of victuals," that makes men pay for what they get — and yet sells soup at half a cent per basin, and soup with bread at a cent, because it is not in the business for profit (making prices barely over cost). It is a plan in accordance with which not only are there food-depots being established in London, but factories also where men may earn the money to buy their food (if they cannot otherwise earn it); a plan that contemplates taking the unemployed out of the city and placing them on the land, where they may form a working co-operative colony, and finally taking such of them as are fit across the sea and making them a coöperative colony in some new land. The coöperative factory and colony idea, it is said, General Booth first got by reading the book to which I have already referred, Mills' "Poverty and the State"; but Mills, who wrote in 1886, knew of nothing more practical to propose than the reorganization of the English workhouses, making them centres of coöperative colonies, and building on a basis which the State had already laid. Ill, however, would it fare with any reorganized workhouses, I fear, unless the services of a body of unselfish and devoted men

and women could be obtained, who should conduct and manage them. If the only hope for the unemployed lies in transcending and leaving the profit-making system, then only those who are animated by other motives themselves can make the substitute go; it must be a new humanity, a new ethics, a new religion, that will make the vital soul of the reform.

THE HISTORY OF HISTORICAL WRITING IN AMERICA.

From the Revolution to the Civil War.

By J. F. Jameson, Ph. D.

III.

IT is difficult to make any general statement concerning the relation which great national crises bear to the development of literature as a whole, or of historical literature in particular. Sometimes after a nation has passed through a period of struggle, the same mental energy which has carried it through the conflict bursts forth into great literary activity. Sometimes such a period is followed by a time of silence, as if the national forces had been exhausted in military and political effort. In the case of wars for freedom, liberty, and independence, however, it is generally the former which happens; for, whatever the losses of war, the gain of liberty and of opportunity for free expansion is felt to be far more than a compensation, and the sense of freedom gives a freshness and spontaneity that urge toward literary expression. Thus the French Revolution, unfettering all the forces of the national life, brought on a period of activity in historical production more remarkable than any since the sixteenth century, and one noteworthy in general literary activity. The same is in a very high degree true of the heroic and successful struggle of the Netherlanders for freedom. No period in the history of Dutch literature is more brilliant than that which followed the virtual securing of freedom by the Twelve Years' Truce, — a period made brilliant not only by the work of the best poets of the nation, but also by that of some of its best scholars and historians.

In the United States, no movement so noteworthy resulted from the successful accomplishment of the war for independence. Not much literature of considerable value, historical or other, appeared during or immediately after the Revolution. One reason, no doubt, was that crudity of life and thought which is inevitable to the colonial state; the country was too young and too immature to make it reasonable to expect a great literature. And yet it is to be remembered that, in the period just preceding, so very creditable a piece of work as Hutchinson's "History of Massachusetts Bay" had appeared, giving promise of good things in literature and history. Nor is it an adequate explanation, to adduce the undoubtedly great losses which Tory emigration had brought to the classes most likely to be interested in literary development and to further it.

The truth seems to be that, by great and perhaps premature efforts to secure independence, the states had become exhausted to such a degree that the eventual acquisition of freedom, though hailed with loud rejoicings, could not have — upon a people wearied, discordant, and drained of their resources — the vivifying effect which such achievements are wont to have. If one keeps in mind only the year 1776, he will think of the revolutionary era as a period of national glory; but if he takes into consideration the year 1786 and such incidents as Shays's Rebellion, he will see that at its close the condition of the thirteen bodies politic was far from sound, even though

independence had at length been secured. Even the union of 1789 did not at once bring on a healthier state. It was entered into with reluctance, and it was followed by discord. Alexander Hamilton, the young Federalist Rehoboam, laid upon the necks of an unwilling people the yoke of a national consolidation which their fathers had never borne. Availing himself of the general uneasiness, like the wily Jeroboam the son of Nebat, his astute opponent, Jefferson, summoning discontented Israel to its tents, erected at ancient Beersheba and newly-settled Dan, the golden calves of the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions, and through their worship prolonged the congenial separatism which had descended to this generation from its predecessors. The Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars in Europe delayed still longer the advent of internal tranquillity.

Nevertheless, the years that intervened between the first and the second wars with Great Britain were not wholly barren. Something of literature began to grow up, though the flowers that blossomed in the firm and formal enclosures of the "Monthly Anthology" and the "Portfolio" seem to our eyes but a pale and sickly product. Even for history, something was being done. The events of the Revolution, still fresh in remembrance, were commemorated in several histories, of which one at least, that written by the Reverend William Gordon, was of great excellence. Biographies of those who had taken a leading part in its events, such as Chief Justice Marshall's celebrated "Life of Washington," were in several instances written with so much care and information that they are among the most important historical authorities for the story of the war for independence. Often, indeed, those earlier lives have for the student of to-day much more of the attraction of freshness and originality than the biographies written in our own time; the writers of these latter have frequently so full a sense of the American political history of which their subject forms a part, that the individuality of the portrait is impaired by the attention paid to the background.

There was also a third class of historical works to which, in the first years of the Republic, important contributions were made. To our minds, the great glory of that period seems manifestly to be the attainment of national independence and national union. To the man of that day, inhabitant of a particular state, and little accustomed to "think continentally," as the phrase was, the thought that his colony had become an independent and sovereign state was often quite as prominent, and was a source of pride and inspiration to a degree difficult for us to conceive. So it was that, all at once, in several of the newly-fledged states, zealous and sometimes able hands undertook the task of writing their histories. Several such works, of various degrees of merit, appeared during the interval between the two wars. Within two or three years after the conclusion of peace, David Ramsay, a doctor in Charleston, and member of the Continental Congress, published a history of South Carolina during the revolutionary war, followed later by a history of the colony and state from the beginning, which has enjoyed and deserved a good reputation. Another member of Congress, Hugh Williamson, published in 1812 a good history of North Carolina. In 1804 came a history of Virginia by an Irish journalist in that state, John Daly Burk. It cannot be highly praised. But the success of a book so extensive (four volumes) shows that in that commonwealth, and elsewhere, interest in history had advanced greatly since the time when poor Stith cut short the superabundant product of his pen because of inadequate support from "Persons of high Fortune and Distinction." A few years earlier came Robert Proud's valued "History of Pennsylvania," and Benjamin Trumbull's "History of Connecticut"; while in Massachusetts, George Minot wrote a continuation of Hutchinson's history; and in Georgia, Edward Langworthy prepared a history of that state, since lost. But the best of them all was the Reverend Jeremy Belknap's "History of New Hampshire," which, though published more than a hundred years ago, has never yet been superseded. Beside his industry and fidelity as an investigator, Belknap had a singularly good

style. He also edited and published two volumes of American biography, by various hands, which were of real service to American history.

Belknap's writings, however, are not his only, perhaps not his chief title to recognition by one generation. One principal debt to him is for his influence, which seems without doubt to have been the dominant influence, in founding the first of the local historical associations of America, the Massachusetts Historical Society, in January, 1791. This was, in some degree, the beginning of a new phase in the development of American history, though by means of the same local channels through which, as has been said, the current of American historical work mostly ran during the generation succeeding the Revolution. It was the beginning of organized effort. The local historical societies of the present time in the United States are in many cases far from being what we could wish them to be. Some are lifeless, or, like Pope and Pagan in Bunyan's allegory, are toothlessly mumbling over and over again the same innutritious materials; some that seem full of activity direct that activity toward any but the most scientific ends. But in their day they have certainly been of great use, and that in two ways: First, they have heightened and fostered by association the growing interest in American history, so long as that interest was mostly for colonial and local history, and until a wider interest should prevail. The local historical society has been, in Paul's phrase, one schoolmaster to lead us to the general study of American history, the study of that national life which in Belknap's time had hardly begun, and which long remained latent or unattractive to the eye of local patriotism.

In the second place, the historical societies have done good service as collectors and publishers of historical materials. The sets of publications of the Massachusetts Historical Society, dating from 1792, and those of the New York Historical Society, dating from 1811, are invaluable and indispensable. We smile a little over some of the contents of their early volumes, the remarkable articles and bits of information which our naïf great-grandfathers thought worth preserving, but which are to us as the poke bonnets and spinning-wheels of old garrets. But side by side with the topographical descriptions of towns, the copies of epitaphs, the accounts of the northern lights, and the letters from a gentleman recently returned from Niagara, there is a part — and really much the larger part — of the early work of these societies which is still valuable. Not only was it of a more scientific character than most of what had preceded it, but it was of peculiar value as establishing a certain tendency in our historical work; a tendency, namely, to make the publication of materials as much an object of the historical scholar's care, as the publication of results. The idea has, to be sure, been slow in taking root. Even at the present day it is but a very small part of the population of the United States that can be induced to believe the publication of dry records and documents, well edited, to be not only as useful as the publication of interesting books of history, but, as a general rule, considerably more useful. But in so far as the salutary notion has permeated the public mind, that happy result has been largely due to the wise efforts of those who, eighty or a hundred years ago, were establishing the first local historical societies. A zeal for the collection and preservation of such materials at once arose, one of the last fruits of which was the "Annals of America," which Dr. Abiel Holmes, father of Dr. Oliver Holmes, published in 1805.

It creates some surprise to observe how little was done in the domain of American historical literature in the period between the end of the first administration of Jefferson, that golden age of the young republic and of the Democratic-Republican party, and the times of the rule of Jackson and the new democracy. Especially singular, at first sight, is the absence of activity during the period immediately succeeding the war of 1812; for, as has already been observed, such activity commonly ensues upon wars which have had an inspiring effect upon the national consciousness. The war of 1812 was anything but

glorious, so far as military events were concerned. But, for all that, the popular consciousness was not mistaken in obtaining from it a powerful stimulus to national feeling. Its great result, unmentioned though it was in the treaty of Ghent, was the immediate emancipation of the United States from colonial dependence on Europe and from the colonial ideas which still lingered in their politics, and the securing to them of opportunity for unlimited development on their own lines, of freedom to live their own life.

How profoundly the national consciousness was affected by the opportunity and the responsibility of working out its own salvation, may be seen even in the boastful confidence, the crude elation, the vociferous patriotism, and the national arrogance, which were so painfully dominant in the America of fifty or sixty years ago, and to which we are wont to give colloquially the name of "Fourth of July." Undoubtedly, America was inspired by the rapidly opening prospect of a boundless career. If the characteristic historical fruits of such inspiration were absent, or at any rate not present in any abundance, we must look for the explanation in that rapid expansion of the nation's material life which went on between 1815 and 1830, and of which the immense westward emigration of those years is but a single, though a most conspicuous, sign.

When historical literature did start into new life in the United States, such of it as was concerned with American history showed the influence of this popular impulse; but for a while the time of flowering seemed to have been delayed. Usually, periods in which party politics have become quiescent are favorable to the growth of historical literature; and the age of Monroe, an era of good feeling among the people, though one of extremely bad feeling among the politicians, was such a period. But it should be remembered that the impulse of the new era was more likely to be felt by those who were boys at the time of the war of 1812 than by their elders, and therefore would show its effects in literature at a somewhat later date.

As we approach the consideration of the classical period of American historical literature, we find ourselves confronted with a striking fact of geographical distribution. If we tried to name the ten principal historical writers of that period, we should find that seven or eight of them were Massachusetts men, of old New England families, born in or near Boston, and graduated at Harvard College. How are we to account for this extraordinary localization of our science? Of course there are those general causes which produced the remarkable fertility of New England in good literature at that time, and made Boston for so long a period our literary centre — the greater prevalence of urban life in New England, the indelible intensities of Puritan blood, the inherited traditions of a capital city continuously literary from its origin, and of our oldest college, the stimulating influence of the recent Unitarian revolt and the resulting controversies, that leaven of buoyant energy in political and literary thought which infused the world in or about the revolutionary year 1830, and other such general causes. But more special explanations are required, for in the case of other sciences and branches of learning we do not find such a proportion obtaining. The other muses were not thus partial to that one city and region; for instance, if political economy has a muse, she was not. Doubtless something was due to the presence of libraries. History is perhaps more dependent upon these than any other of the departments of literature or science then studied. Large libraries could be found only in those parts of the country where there were cities, and Boston and Cambridge, side by side, with the libraries of the Boston Athenæum and of Harvard College, and later the Boston Public Library, were of all our cities the best provided in this respect. Here, therefore, it might have been expected that historians would congregate, and it has been so. There is one spot of a few acres in Cambridge upon which three of the most eminent historical scholars of the last generation dwelt, and on which have dwelt three of the most prominent historical writers of our own time.

But there was still another reason why history should spring up and flourish in New England, and that is a political one. Throughout our political history we have had two parties which, under various names, have preserved an essential identity. They are usually described as the party of loose construction and the party of strict construction. This is describing them with reference to their attitude towards the Constitution only. A more penetrating analysis will discover in them the party of political measures and the party of political principles, — a party with a programme, and a party with a creed. The Democratic party, during its long history, has been mainly marked by its adherence to a certain definite set of political principles. The average American citizen, in quiet times, has had no other political platform than those principles, and has therefore remained a member of the Democratic party. But from time to time there has arisen out of this mass of Americans unanimous in adhesion to American political principles, a body of men eventually constituting a great party, united in devotion to some great political measure or set of measures, in effort, that is, to alter or add to our political fabric. The Federalist party arose, with a strong sense of work to be done, made its contribution by cementing the union more firmly, and subsided into the mass of Democracy. With other purposes, but still with purposes of contribution and of alteration, the Whig party arose, did its work, and dissolved. Still a third time, the desire for measures restricting slavery and consolidating still more firmly the national union drew together a great party which has left its impress indelibly upon our national institutions. Parties marked by this devotion to given political measures will infallibly be loose-constructionist in their view of the fundamental document, as will any body of men acting under a given instrument, whose main desire is to get certain specific things done; the party of political principles meanwhile adheres to a strict construction.

Now there must of necessity be a radical difference between these two, and between any two bodies of population in which they are respectively dominant, in regard to their attitude toward history. The abstract principles of political philosophy may be supposed to remain ever the same. To the purely legal view of the strict constructionist, based on these principles, the fundamental relations of politics remain unchanged. That which was the Constitution in 1789 is the Constitution in 1861, and what it is, is to be found by logical reasoning from political principles. The advocate of a programme of measures, of political change, on the other hand, will be constantly recurring to notions of development. To the practical aims which are foremost in his mind, the study of human experience will be of the most direct service, and he and his will incline to historical ways of thinking, and to historical studies. It is not an accident that the founder of the Democratic party, with all his interest in science, in philosophy, and in the theory of politics, was but little addicted to the study of history; while his rival, the first Federalist president was, of all the statesmen of his time and country, the most learned in that department.

To come, then, to the application. One explanation of the concentration of historical science in the northeastern corner of our country is, in addition to the general reasons for its literary fertility, that the political predilections of the region were such as made the study of human history natural and congenial there. As New England was the chief seat of the Federalist, the Whig and the Republican parties, the chosen abode of loose construction, it was natural that it should also be the chosen abode of historical science; for no man can escape sharing the interests which political or economical conditions have made most vivid in those around him. We may be confirmed in our view by observing that in respect to writings of a purely political or economical character the superiority of the South in both quantity and quality was no less incontestable. As for Massachusetts in especial, it may be observed that in a state where public spirit has always been so strong, — in other words, in a state where the interests and life of the community have been so highly regarded by in-

dividuals, — a deep interest in the life and the progressive development of communities is likely to follow.

But before passing to the consideration of our principal schools of classical historians, it may be well to say a word concerning one who belongs to neither North or South, — Washington Irving. We need not speak of him at great length, for his strictly historical works were few, and his fame was mainly achieved in other walks of literature. Nor did he have a great influence upon the development of historical writing among us, unless in the way of general influence upon American style. In fact, it is quite possible that no one of his mature and sober pieces of writing had as much real effect on the progress of American historiography as the admirable humorous composition with which he began, as far back as 1809, — the "History of New York" by Dietrich Knickerbocker. Aside from its striking success as a literary production, the book had a great effect in awakening interest in the early or Dutch period of New York history. Descendants rushed with sober indignation to the defence of ancestors at whom the genial humorist poked his fun, and very likely the great amount of work which the state government in the next generation did for the historical illustration of the Dutch period, through the researches of Mr. Brodhead in foreign archives, had the unhistorical little book for one of its principal causes. But, on the other hand, he made it permanently difficult for the American public to take a serious view of those early Dutch days. Oloffe the Dreamer and Walter the Doubter, Abraham with the ten breeches, and Stuyvesant with the wooden leg, have become too thoroughly domesticated among us to admit of that.

In 1828, appeared the "Life and Voyages of Columbus." The short time in which it was prepared, not more at any rate than two years, shows that it cannot have been a work of original research carried out absolutely after the modern manner. It was in fact based on the documentary publications of Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, though with much use of the libraries of Obadiah Rich, then our consul at Madrid, of Navarrete himself, of the Duke of Veragua, and of the Council of the Indies, and of other libraries at Madrid and Seville. The result was an excellent piece of historical work, as well as a literary production which it would be superfluous to praise. At about the same time the author proposed a series of writings on the Arabs in Spain, beginning with some account of Mohammed himself. The fruit of this project, the book entitled "Mahomet and his Successors," made no pretensions to original research, and appeared, as did the "Life of Washington," many years after the period which we have been considering.

The very fact that we pass over books not based on original research shows of itself that the period which we are approaching was one marked by higher ideals of historical scholarship than had prevailed before. When this classical period of American historical writing does arrive, it is found to be marked from the first by two separate tendencies; there are, we may almost say, two schools, distinct throughout the period. On the one hand, we have the historians who have devoted themselves to picturesque themes lying outside the history of the United States, men whose traditions and associations have been mainly literary, of whom Prescott, Motley, and Parkman are the types. On the other hand, there are the historians who have interested themselves in American affairs, whose associations and impulses have in many cases been in a great degree political, but have been more especially the inheritors of those impulses already spoken of as marking the early years of the century. The chief example of this last division is George Bancroft, whose honored life was so exceptionally prolonged that he was enabled to give to one great work the labor of fifty years, an experience unexampled in the annals of historical literature. The first volume of his "History of the United States" was published in 1834; the author's last revision was put forth in 1883; and he died, a few weeks ago, at the age of ninety, having lived almost as many years as Ranke, and with as severe an industry.

If we speak of the product of this long period of labor in connection with the date of its commencement rather than of its close, it is because the work, from its very beginning, has not ceased to bear some marks of an origin in the year 1834. At that time Mr. Bancroft was thirty-four years old. Graduated early from Harvard, he had next had the privilege of university training in Germany. This was in those days a very unusual opportunity. It is amusing to read of the difficulties which, at the modern Athens itself, George Ticknor encountered in 1813 in preliminary movements toward a course of study at Göttingen. "I was sure," he relates, "that I should like to study at such a university, but it was in vain that I endeavored to get farther knowledge upon the subject. I would gladly have prepared for it by learning the language I should have to use there, but there was no one in Boston who could teach me. . . . Nor was it possible to get books. I borrowed a Meidinger's Grammar, French and German, from my friend Mr. Everett, and sent to New Hampshire where I knew there was a German Dictionary, and procured it. I also obtained a copy of Goethe's "Werther," in German, . . . from amongst Mr. J. Q. Adams's books, deposited by him, on going to Europe, in the Athenæum," etc.

This was in 1813, and it cannot have been much different in 1818, when Bancroft went to Göttingen. The two years spent there seem to have been given to quite general studies. In such studies as were historical, it is not to be thought that in the days before Ranke had appeared, and before any permanent work of Niebuhr had been published, it was possible to find in Germany such inspiration for historical studies as in times more recent, even had the young American yet resolved upon such studies. What could be obtained was a much better knowledge of methods and results than America afforded. Of those historians under whom Bancroft studied, Heeren, Savigny, Schlosser, one cannot in his History find trace of much influence, except that Heeren's interest in the history of colonies and of their reflex action upon the mother country probably bore fruit later. Of method he may have learned much from these teachers; his ideas were derived elsewhere, and mainly, in truth, from the soil from which they sprang. They are the ideas of America in the year 1834. The extraordinary popularity of the early volumes can be accounted for only in view of this fact. For the popularity of the later volumes, it is not necessary to resort to any other explanation than that of the enormous amount of labor and care expended on them, the very unusual facilities in respect to access to archives and masses of correspondence which the author's diplomatic positions afforded him, and the encyclopædic fulness and minuteness of his knowledge of his subject. But for the earlier volumes these explanations fail us. If they surpassed in research and scientific value the average of that time, they were still not highly remarkable in those respects. And yet the tenth edition of the first volume was published within ten years of the date of the original edition. The book at once took rank as the standard history of the United States. Thousands and thousands of copies have since been sold. At Washington, upon the doors of the Senate and House of Representatives, the writer's name has long appeared, almost the sole name of a private person, in the brief list of those to whom our legislative bodies have given the privilege of entrance upon their floors.

Whence did this immediate and unbounded popularity and acceptance arise? Mainly, I believe from the fact that the historian caught, and with sincere and enthusiastic conviction repeated to the American people, the things which they were saying and thinking concerning themselves. One need not imitate the professional scorn of the Pharisee and declare that the people that knoweth not the esoteric law is cursed, and yet may freely hold the opinion that the popularity of a work of national history does not depend on the profundity and skill of its research, nor on the correctness and completeness of its results, nor even on its qualities of arrangement and style, so much as on the acceptableness to the

national mind of the general idea which it exhibits in regard to the nation's development. Bancroft's first volume succeeded mainly because it was redolent of the ideas of the new Jacksonian democracy, — its exuberant confidence, its uncritical self-laudation, its optimistic hopes. The Demos heard, as an undercurrent to his narrative, the same music which charmed its ears in the Fourth-of-July oration; indeed, many of Bancroft's most characteristic ideas are to be found in his own oration pronounced at Northampton on July 4, 1826; and the style was one whose buoyancy of rhetoric was well suited to those sanguine times. It would be but a shallow criticism that should see in all this only the ebullition of national vanity. The uncritical patriotism of those times, as of other times in the course of history, was in some respects admirable, and in many respects useful. But we need not forget that it *was* uncritical. The opening words of the introduction to the book will serve as well as any to exhibit what is meant:

"The United States of America, [it begins,] constitute an essential portion of a great political system, embracing all the civilized nations of the earth. [This bears the stamp of Heeren's ideas.] At a period when the force of moral opinion is rapidly increasing, they have the precedence in the practice and the defence of the equal rights of man. The sovereignty of the people is here a conceded axiom, and the laws, established upon that basis, are cherished with faithful patriotism. While the nations of Europe aspire after change, our Constitution engages the fond admiration of the people by which it has been established. . . . Our government, by its organization, is necessarily identified with the interests of the people, and relies exclusively on their attachment for its durability and support. Even the enemies of the state, if there are any among us, have liberty to express their opinions undisturbed, and are safely tolerated where reason is left free to combat their errors. Nor is the Constitution a dead letter, unalterably fixed; it has the capacity for improvement, adopting whatever changes time and the public will may require, and safe from decay, so long as that will retains its energy. . . . Other governments are convulsed by the innovations and reforms of neighboring states; our Constitution, fixed in the affections of the people, from whose choice it has sprung, neutralizes the influence of foreign principles, and fearlessly opens an asylum to the virtuous, the unfortunate, and the oppressed of every nation."

The passage is typical, both as to style and as to doctrine. Its sincerity is so manifest that it is impossible not to admire and be touched by its ardent Americanism, its faith in popular government, in the American constitution, and in the boundless success of the United States through material progress and the simple arts of peace. But a generation which has grown accustomed to less use of literary as well as other stimulants, probably finds its eloquence somewhat turgid, and tempers its enthusiasm with the sadder consciousness of a success less perfect than was anticipated. The same qualities and the same defects are to be found in all the subsequent volumes of the work; up to its completion in 1885, it still continued, as our phrase is, to vote for Jackson. But if there had been, meantime, no change in the fundamental principles, there was a great improvement in the workmanship. It is sufficient evidence of this, to point to the rate of production of the individual volumes. The first three volumes appeared in 1834, 1837, and 1840; the next three, after a period of political and diplomatic life, in 1852, 1853, and 1854; the seventh and eighth, at intervals a little greater; the ninth, not until 1866; the tenth, in 1874; the two concluding volumes, as late as 1882.

From 1846 to 1849, the historian was our minister to England, and from 1866 to 1874 he was minister in Germany. The result was the collection of an enormous mass of material from the archives of foreign states, and from the stores of family correspondence. Because of the long duration and the great fame of his researches, similar opportunities, almost unlimited in extent, were at his service in this country. Sometimes his narrative seems too much dominated by the possession of the abundant materials of this class to which his prefaces refer with so conscious a pride. The last volumes are limited in scope, giving a history of little but military and diplomatic movements during the Revolution. Perhaps it is as well. Bancroft's talents for the narration of military and diplomatic history were of a very high order. He had great skill in marshalling large arrays of facts, good judgment, and a lucid and picturesque

style. On the other hand, a history of popular movements, of public opinion, and of the internal development of the United States would exhibit at the greatest disadvantage the author's faults,—not only his loud and uncritical Americanism and his rhetorical bias, but the superficiality of his insight into national psychology, his failure to perceive its complexities, his tendency to conventionalize, to compose his American populations of highly virtuous Noah's-ark men. The excursuses in which he attempts this are among the least happy and adequate portions of his work.

An interesting, though far from pleasing episode in the history of Bancroft's labors was the chapter of controversies with critics. A slighting remark respecting a predecessor, in the second volume of the history, had drawn upon the historian the wrath of the old president of Harvard College, who soon showed that his Federalist pen had not lost its incisiveness and vigor. For reasons partly personal, partly political, Bancroft was highly unpopular in the literary society of Boston, and not a few attacks followed. The ninth volume of the history, dealing with a great part of the military history of the Revolution, aroused an especially large number of assailants. Descendants of Greene, Reed, Schuyler, and Sullivan, in able pamphlets, attempted to show that the historian had dealt unjustly by their respective ancestors. The historian was so much superior to his critics in knowledge and skill, that in most cases he seemed to come off victorious from the encounter. But the careful reader of this mass of controversial literature will probably feel that a good number of the criticisms made were just, especially as concerned Bancroft's use of quotations, which he sometimes so excises and transposes as strangely to pervert their meaning. He will note, too, the haughtiness and acerbity of temper with which criticisms were received, the slender recognition of fellow-laborers, and, where criticisms had been supported by proof, the grudging and minimized acknowledgment of error. But, in spite of all these defects, the American people owe a great debt to the famous historian who has just departed, after a long lifetime spent in enthusiastic study and inspiring exposition of their history.

A few words should be said concerning some other writers of the period, who gave themselves to the sober field of American history. It would be pleasant to be able to say more than a word of Peter Force, of whose great collection of the "American Archives" Congress published nine volumes and then stopped. To the lasting disgrace of Congress, all subsequent efforts have failed to obtain appropriations for the completion of this monumental work. The work of collection and publication was carried on in more varied ways by President Sparks. In making his large collections in America and Europe, and in editing the "Library of American Biography," the writings of Washington and Franklin, and the "Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution," he performed services of inestimable value to American history. That he at the same time did it no small disservice by his mode of editing, as when he toned down the actual words of Washington into tame correctness, was vigorously charged by Lord Mahon and others. Sparks's letters in answer to Mahon were models of dignified reply to criticism. The view of the controversy which would now be taken is, probably, that President Sparks did not conform to all the best rules of editing as they were then known. It is quite true that he ought not to be judged by the more exacting standards of the present day; yet 1833, when Ranke was already teaching and writing, and the "Monumenta" had begun to be published, was by no means in the dark ages of historical method. But there was much exaggeration in the fault found with Sparks, and due recognition of his invaluable pioneer work will prevent extreme censoriousness as to defects of workmanship. Gentle Washington Irving thus alludes to the fault, when speaking of these letters in the preface of his "Life of Washington":

"A careful collation of many of them with the originals [Sparks had to work from the letter-books mostly] convinced me of the general correctness of the collection, . . . and I am happy

to bear this testimony to the essential accuracy of one whom I consider among the greatest benefactors to our national literature."

Downright Hildreth alluded to it in terms more direct.

Hildreth's own work came later, — late enough to feel the force of increasing sectional animosities, and to show the effects of them in an unfortunate degree. A man of very decided convictions, and ardently interested in politics, the Whig editor wrote the "History of the United States" with a strong partisan bias. In the first three volumes, bringing the story down to the close of the Revolution, this naturally finds less place, and the lucidity, directness, and accuracy of the writer made his book one of much value, though a little dry to the general reader. But in the last three volumes, treating the history of our national politics down to 1821, its partisanship of the Federalists is so manifest that all its lucidity, directness, and general accuracy cannot wholly redeem it. If for Federalists we substitute Democrats, we shall have to say much the same things of the otherwise excellent "History of the United States" to 1841, which George Tucker of Virginia published just before the outbreak of the Civil War. In 1859 and 1860 appeared the first two volumes of the "History of New England" by John Gorham Palfrey, as good a piece of work as had ever been done among us; but it belongs quite as much to the next period, in which the remaining volumes were published; and it is time to turn to the writers of what I have called another school.

It was something more than a difference of subject that separated the writers already characterized from Prescott and Motley. A difference of attitude underlay the difference in choice of subject. The impulses which actuated the former were founded, sometimes in political, but at any rate in national, feelings. Those of the latter were rather those of the literary man. It was only after long hesitation and with some regret that Prescott abandoned the plan of devoting himself entirely to the history of literature. He was averse to politics, though the historians of Europe have seldom been more engaged in them than they were in his time. His correspondence and his prefaces show us how much the literary aspect of his work occupied him; truthful and artistic narration was his main aim. Writers of such predilections as these would be likely to turn away from the sober history of their own country, and seek their themes in the more picturesque fields of European history. The choice of subjects which Prescott made gives the plainest evidence of such purposes. Even apart from the brilliant treatment which his genius gave them, and from which it is hard for our minds now to separate them, it is plain that the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the conquest of Mexico, the conquest of Peru, the history of Philip the Second, were subjects eminently capable of picturesque treatment.

The reader's interest in the volumes written upon these engaging themes is heightened by the knowledge of the difficulties surmounted in their preparation. Like three other eminent historians, his contemporaries, Augustin Thierry, Karl Szaynocha, and the Marquis Gino Capponi, he was blind, or nearly so. Everett, speaking at the memorial meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society just after his death, beautifully applied to him the words of the Greek poet, "Greatly the Muse loved him, and she gave him both good and evil; she deprived him of his eyes, but gave him the gift of sweet song." Only during the composition of the second of his books, "The Conquest of Mexico," was he able to make any considerable use of his eyes. During a part of the ten years given to the preparation of the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," and of the time spent on the "Conquest of Peru," he could use them for an hour or two each day. During the rest of the time, including the entire period given to the "History of Philip the Second," he was forced to rely entirely upon the eyes of others. In fact, his investigations for the first of his books began by going through seven quarto volumes in Spanish, with a reader who understood not a word of the language. Better assistance was eventually procured, and great amounts of reading were done. The writing machine

now preserved in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society was obtained, and released the patient scholar from the necessity of constant dictation. Fortunately, he possessed ample means for the purchase of books. The consultation of foreign archives in person was indeed impracticable. But through the kindness and exertions of devoted friends, of whom his amiable and winning character had attracted a large number, this obstacle was in a great degree removed, and the successive narratives rest on an increasing amplitude of original and unpublished documents, drawn not only from public and private repositories in Spain, but in the case of Philip the Second from most of the great collections of Western Europe. But, for all this, the writing of these eleven volumes under such disabilities remains a most remarkable achievement, and one which bears strong testimony to the high qualities of Prescott's character.

The books themselves need no factitious interest arising from the knowledge of the circumstances of their production. They are too admirable and too familiar to need praise in respect to interest of narrative, grace of style, or artistic skill in the management and marshalling of the various parts. The unity of design and beauty of detail, the romantic charm and picturesqueness which the author sought, he certainly obtained. Scarcely less praise must be given to the conscientiousness of his research, though it may be doubted whether his critical insight was of the most penetrating sort. Nor was he a profoundly philosophical historian, distinguished for searching analysis. In one of his early private memoranda, he confesses that he hates "hunting up latent, barren antiquities," and though he later, to some extent, conquered this repugnance, the studies which make the analytical and sociological historian were never thoroughly congenial to him. It is mainly the concrete aspects of life that engage his interest, and as a historical painter of these, he was, in the period of the publication of his works, the years from 1837 to 1858, without a rival, save Macaulay and Michelet.

In the preface to the first volume of his "Philip the Second," confessing the difficulty of imparting unity of interest to a narrative which must necessarily embrace topics so various, Prescott had alluded particularly to the subject of the revolt of the Netherlands. He had said that, though but an episode to his own subject, this alone might well form the theme of a separate and extensive work, and had announced that before long such a work might be "expected," to use his own words, "from the pen of our accomplished countryman, Mr. J. Lothrop Motley, who, during the last few years, for the better prosecution of his labors, has established his residence in the neighborhood of the scenes of his narrative." The work thus announced, the famous "Rise of the Dutch Republic," was published in 1856. Accordingly when, in 1859, Prescott died, leaving his "History of Philip the Second" no farther advanced than to the year 1580, the historian who should in a sense continue his work was already in the field. The first of Motley's works carried down to the year 1584 a narrative whose subject, though not the same as that of Prescott's last work, necessarily had much in common with it. For the history of the Dutch revolt against Philip could hardly be written without saying much concerning other aspects or portions of his reign. In the year 1860, appeared the first two, in 1868, the last two volumes of the "History of the United Netherlands," embracing the years 1584 to 1609. "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld," a work in form biographical, but really continuing the "History of the Netherlands" for a decade more, appeared in 1874.

Enormous labors in the investigation of archives were performed in the preparation of these books. Motley had the intense zeal of the born investigator, a rare and heroic quality of which the world takes little note in historians. He had likewise in full possession those qualities which engage the reader. No American has ever written a history more brilliant and dramatic. The subject was a noble one. It was full of picturesque incident, of opportunities for glowing description, of thrilling tales of heroism. But it was

not simply these that so engaged Motley's interest that, as he afterwards said, he felt as if he *must* write upon it. It was a great national conflict for freedom, and as such was profoundly congenial to one who, above all things, loved liberty. The warm heart and enthusiastic, ardent temper of the historian laid him open to dangers of partiality which, it must be confessed, he was far from wholly escaping. The American public little appreciate the extent to which he was influenced by such feelings. Guizot, in a review article, noted Motley's advocacy, but thought it too apparent to do harm, and excused it as being on the right side, that of political and religious liberty. Throughout the volumes on the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," Motley is a thorough partisan of William the Silent, — a sincere and conscientious partisan, to be sure, but a partisan none the less. Some may think that it is little harm to exaggerate the virtues of William the Silent, or to soften the defects of a character so heroic; but certainly it is a pity to add one more to the long chain of English writers who, out of ancestral prejudice, have dealt hard measure to all Spaniards. Similarly, in his narrative of the great internal contest between the adherents of Prince Maurice and the adherents of Oldenbarneveld, the Calvinists and the Armenians, it must be declared deliberately that Motley is a partisan of the latter, and is distinctly unfair to the former. It is easy to see the reasons in both cases. As a lover of liberty, the cause of William and the Netherlanders, fighting for freedom, engaged his warm affection. In the later period, his Unitarian sympathies made it natural for him to embrace the cause of the Armenians against the Calvinists. Dr. Holmes, to be sure, in his memoir of Motley, defends him from this latter charge. The Dutch historian, Groen van Prinsterer, in his "Maurice et Barneveld," though expressing a warm admiration for Motley, has criticised him as unfair to the Remonstrant cause. With his usual keen scent for Calvinism, the doctor endeavors to show that Mr. Groen van Prinsterer has taken up this position because he is himself a Calvinist. But Mr. Groen van Prinsterer does not stand alone. It should not be forgotten that, if none of the Dutch historical writers were as brilliant as Motley, the nation stood, in historical scholarship, hardly second to any in Europe; five historians could be named every one of whom was probably as learned in the facts as Motley himself. The dispute is, in the end, one for the Dutch to settle, and Dutch opinion is still divided. But so long as the leading opinions are in general more moderate than Motley's, and so long as the Dutch are not "vehemently suspected" of having more of the ardent temper of the advocate than Motley had, we may feel justified in mingling a certain sense of partiality with our strong admiration of his warmth, his brilliancy, and his dramatic force.



ETIQUETTE AND PRECEDENCE.

By Pamela McArthur Cole.



EARS ago, in a New England village, a girls' school gave a "Floral Concert." As the pretty, white-robed, flower-crowned procession came upon the stage, one little girl elbowed herself into a front line, angrily exclaiming to her nearest neighbor, "*You* mustn't stand before *me!*"

The words have often recurred to memory, as expressing with the frankness of childhood the feeling that stirs the hearts of adults and forms the essence of half the rules of etiquette. Heads have fallen, thrones have been shaken, for the pride of those who could not endure another to enter a room before them, or sit where they were compelled to stand.

An important change in the laws of ancient Rome is attributed to the ambition of a woman. In the days of Roman simplicity, Ambustus, a wealthy citizen, had two daughters, married, the elder to a man of patrician birth, the younger to a plebeian. The latter was one day visiting her sister, when the husband of the elder, then consul, came home, accompanied by the lictors, one of whom, according to custom, knocked loudly on the door with his rod. The wife of non-consular rank, startled at the sound, inquired the meaning. The elder explained, laughing at her ignorance. The pride of the younger was touched; she assailed her father with tears and entreaties. To gratify her, he used all his influence to obtain such a change in the laws that the office of consul should be open to men of all ranks, and her husband, Licinius Stolo, was the first consul chosen from among the plebeians, — which gave the envious matron the satisfaction of hearing the lictor's knock at her own door also.

This overmastering passion has even crushed out natural affection. In the year 1547, Katharine Parr, the widow of Henry VIII. of England, was married to her old lover, Sir Thomas Seymour, Lord High Admiral, and younger brother of the haughty Duke of Somerset. Jealousy and ill-will already existed between the brothers, but the difficulty was greatly increased by the Duchess of Somerset, a woman famous for her proud and overbearing temper. She endeavored to avoid paying the courtesies due Katharine, on the plea of being the wife of the elder brother and of higher rank, but found herself compelled to yield, as Parliament had decreed that the queen-dowager should take precedence of all other ladies. But she used all her influence to widen the breach between the brothers, and the result was the tragic death of Seymour upon the scaffold in 1549, — but two years after his ambitious marriage.

During the short reign of Edward VI., he knighted a favorite attendant, Nicholas Throgmorton, somewhat against the will of the recipient of the honor, who feared unpleasant consequences. His anxiety was justified, for his family was much displeased that Sir Nicholas, a younger son, should be entitled to take precedence over his elder brother. It was some time before he was forgiven this involuntary offence.

During Elizabeth's reign, she had promised, at the close of an entertainment given her by Lord Burleigh, to confer the rank of knighthood on seven gentlemen. They were standing in order, but some of those of highest birth were last in the line, arranged by Burleigh's directions, "to win antiquity of knighthood as my lord favored," says Bacon. The queen, knowing this, passed by the line of expectants, as though by accident; then pausing as if she had suddenly recollected a promise, turned back, and began the ceremonial with the person lowest in the line, saying afterwards to some person who mentioned the circumstance, that she had fulfilled the statement of Scripture, "The last shall be first, and the first, last."

In her reign of forty-five years, Elizabeth created but seven peers, of whom Burleigh was one. Her successor, James, was more lavish of titles and honors; he raised Burleigh's two sons to earldoms in one day, — but the younger being made an earl in the morning and the elder in the afternoon, the former had the precedence.

A matter that has proved itself of so much importance is not unnoticed in literature. Shakespeare gives us many instances. Simonides, at the feast given to the foreign lords, says to the princess, —

"Come, queen o' the feast,
(For, daughter, so you are), here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace."

Macbeth, at his own feast, says:

"You know your own degrees, sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome."

Long ago, when inns were few, not only were religious houses open to receive guests, but wayfarers were sure of hospitality in almost any dwelling where night or fatigue chanced to overtake them; the laws of precedence required to be most carefully observed at times and in companies where lord and vassal, friend and foe, rich and poor, might meet at one board.

The chief officer in the old baronial dwellings who had the charge of marshalling strangers to their proper place at table, often found it an ungracious task. He must know the rank of the individual, with the reasons for his occupying a high or a low position, and this involved some knowledge of genealogy and the various regulations (some of them seemingly absurd enough) of chivalry; still more, an understanding of human nature.

Scott, in that scene pronounced by Jeffrey to be "in the very spirit of the poet of chivalry," tells us when Bruce and his comrades claimed shelter at Artornish,

"The seneschal the presence scanned
Of those strange guests; * * * *

"Such a high commanding grace
Was in their mien and in their face,
As suited best the princely dais
And royal canopy:
And there he marshalled them their place,
First of that company."

The Vicar of Wakefield says, that when "the wedding party" (his children) sat down to dinner, there was much debate of the question whether Olivia, being a matron, should sit above Sophia, who, though of higher rank, was a bride. Indeed, at an earlier hour, the question which of two couples should be married first had caused so long delay that there seemed little chance of anybody being married at all, till the Vicar himself brought the punctilious party to terms, by shutting his book and proposing to go home.

The early settlers of New England brought all these preferences and prejudices hither with them. In the hardships which new colonists must needs endure, they stood manfully side by side; but as wealth was acquired and luxury increased, they asserted the distinctions of rank as far as they were able.

Titles were few, but those few were carefully discriminated. "Esquire" was not lightly bestowed in those days; "Mr." was applied with due deliberation; and the zealous Roger Williams even objected to the humble title of "Goodman" generally given to the lower ranks, deeming it unsuitably bestowed on one who had not given evidence of being regenerated.

The seneschal of feudal times exercised no greater care in ranging guests at a banquet than was required of the officers appointed in early New England to assign seats to the congregation in church. This was called "seating the meeting-house," and was a task needing much care and thought. Now and then we read of congregations deciding to "place pues in the meeting-house," but in early times long open benches were mostly used in

"The goodly house of worship, where, in order due and fit,
As by public vote directed, classed and ranked the people sit;
Mistress first and goodwife after, clerkly squire before the clown,
From the brave coat, lace-embroidered, to the gray frock, shading down."

This service was usually performed by a committee appointed for the purpose. The early New England town records are full of allusions to this important matter.

A few illustrations will suffice. In 1694, the town of Malden, Mass., finding it best that the order of precedence should be newly arranged, voted that "the meeting-house should be newly seated," by a committee "for dignifying the seats." The question naturally arises, who would seat the committee? This knotty question seems to have been settled differently in different places. Early in 1695, the Malden parish solved the problem by voting that "the two deakens shall seat those committis that is acointed [appointed] to seat ye meeting-house." It must be remembered that the "two deakens" themselves had their own official seat in front of the pulpit.

In 1699, in Haverhill Mass., the people, commencing the use of a new place of worship, of course appointed a committee "to seat the new meeting-house." Then they proceeded to choose a second committee to seat the first committee, "so that there may be no grumbling at them for picking for, and placing themselves."

In New England villages, the question of precedence at funerals is still to many persons a matter of importance, and often "angry passions rise," when, from personal preference or from carelessness, the proper order of kindred is forgotten or ignored in marshalling the procession.

A case in point occurred but a few years ago, when, at the funeral of an aged person, the last survivor of a numerous family, a large number of relatives had assembled, of many degrees of kindred. It was a cold, wintry day, and as the snow was deep, one married pair, living at a distance, had come, for greater convenience, in a "pung." (The word needs no explanation to a New England ear.) In the list of the procession their names had not been inserted at the proper place, and they were "called" next after a family less nearly related. The indignant matron walked out and stood beside her vehicle, complaining to her husband of the slight. "To call out the A's before *us*. *They* are not near relations!" The husband grew angry — partly at the slight, partly with her. Poetry is "the language of passion," and he unconsciously "dropped into poetry," saying sharply, "Hold your tongue, and get into the pung!" She obeyed, and the procession moved on.

In 1789, on the adoption of the Federal Constitution, many questions of etiquette naturally arose. What should be the title given to the Chief Magistrate of the new republic? This question was long and warmly argued; there was strong feeling in favor of giving some title to the President, and in spite of the decision of Congress, some of the New England editors mentioned him as "His Highness." Washington says in the diary wherein he recorded the incidents of his New England tour in 1789, that he failed to obtain admittance at a certain tavern in Uxbridge, "the owner being from home, and his wife sick." A contemporary newspaper says: the landlady receiving the message that "the President" was on the way and desired lodging, declined receiving him, supposing the person mentioned "to be the President of Rhode Island College, for it was in the vicinity of that state," and feeling herself unequal to the effort required. She was loud in regrets when she learned her mistake; the sight of Washington, she said, would have cured her illness.

This story the editor considered a powerful argument; for, had the illustrious guest been mentioned by some more high-sounding title, such a mistake would never have arisen, and many persons would not have lost the pleasure of seeing Washington.

A grave question of precedence arose on Washington's visit to Boston, in the autumn of 1789. Governor Hancock was tenacious of his own dignity, and considered that on the soil of Massachusetts none should take precedence of her governor. But it was argued, surely the first honor was due to the President of the Nation. An opportune attack of gout furnished an excuse for Hancock's remaining at home, to receive the President's visit. In his diary Washington thus mentions the subject; "Having engaged yesterday to take an informal dinner with the Governor to-day, but under a full persuasion that he would have waited upon me so soon as I should have arrived — I excused myself upon his

not doing it, and informing me through his secretary that he was too much indisposed to do it, being resolved to receive the visit." Having heard the remonstrances of his friends, who were desirous of soothing all unpleasant feeling, Hancock waited on the President in person, stating in the note in which he announced his intention of so doing, that he "hazards everything as regards his health, for the desirable purpose." Carefully wrapped up, and supported by a servant, he made such appearance as gave color to the statement. So the matter ended. Smaller affairs had disturbed the peace of nations.

Every new institution must form its own traditions, and in our young nation few experiences of the Old World establish suitable precedents for the regulation of etiquette. In the "Republican Court," as some writers choose to name official society in Washington, there have been of course some slight disturbances, — mere ripples "on the smooth surface of a summer sea." In the days of Jefferson, the wife of a British minister bitterly resented, on one occasion, following, not preceding Mrs. Madison, wife of the Secretary of State, and the matter might have been made a national grievance, had not Monroe, then our minister to England, held himself in readiness to make formal complaint, if needed, of a slight of somewhat similar character, offered to Mrs. Monroe. This "counter-irritant" had the desired effect of reducing the original irritation.

A notable incident occurred in later time, when President Jackson, unduly presuming on what is said to have been "not 'iron will,' but hickory will," insisted on the "Cabinet ladies" visiting Mrs. Eaton, and so rent asunder the Cabinet itself.

We all remember that, at an English royal dinner given in honor of General Grant, the titled residents took precedence of the untitled guest. Every nation follows its own fashions. The American government, as well as the American housewife, keeps in mind and in practice the old rule of "showing respect to company," and foreigners here receive a certain degree of courtesy not shown in similar cases abroad. Good sense, which Americans claim to be a national characteristic, is capable of regulating good manners, and as the world grows wiser, it must continue to grow "better behaved."

NEW ENGLAND IN NEW YORK.

SOMETHING was said in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE a year ago about the New England Societies which exist in almost all our great American cities —societies of men of New England birth or New England antecedents, who, while stanchly and enthusiastically loyal to their adopted cities, and, like the New Englander in New England, American first of all, still think lovingly of New England as "the old home." Forefathers' Day is the day when these New England Societies have their festivals and give free vent to their New Englandism. The speeches made at these New England dinners do very much to keep vital and influential everywhere the true New England spirit. How strong and excellent that spirit is appears in a measure from the fact that many of these Forefathers' Day speeches are among the brightest and most pregnant speeches which come to us from any quarter during the year. We said last year that we meant to spread our net each year and cull from the best of these speeches for the readers of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, among whom we desire especially to number all members of these various New England Societies. Last year we dropped the net into St. Louis, whose New England Society is nearly two hundred strong, and gave our readers Charles Dudley Warner's address upon the influence of the Pilgrim spirit

upon the great West. This year we drop the net into New York, and give William Everett's bright speech upon New England schools and schoolmasters. "New England — always in the van of education: her scholars and her teachers have always been included among her patriots, and her schools have been the institutes of her citizenship" — this was the toast to which Mr. Everett responded.

"The New England Society in the City of New York" is the largest New England Society in the country, numbering fifteen hundred members; and it is also the oldest, having been organized in 1805. Its history has been so interesting, and its present position is so important, that we purpose making it the subject of a special illustrated article in a not distant future. The present president of the Society is J. Pierpont Morgan; the secretary for nearly forty years has been Luther Prescott Hubbard.

Among the speakers at the last Forefathers' Day dinner were Joseph H. Choate, Chauncey M. Depew, General Howard, Rev. Francis L. Patton and Noah Davis. Mr. Depew made a strong plea for the monument at Delftshaven. Every speech was full of passages which deserve to be rescued from the newspaper and given more general publicity and more permanent place; but here, besides Mr. Everett's address, only the following brief passage from Dr. Patton can find place.

"We are all more or less provincial; and the most obvious lesson suggested by a company of New Englanders dining in this cosmopolitan city is, that we should not be provincial. Let us be New Englanders, and yet remember that America is the larger world; let us be Americans, and at the same time not forget the bond of common speech and common law that binds us to the land of Shakespeare and Blackstone. The outsider sometimes says that the New Englander is provincial. Perhaps he is. That is to say, New England has great men, great universities. She has originated great ideas, and contributed a great chapter to the history of opinions — and to the most casual observer it is apparent that the New Englander is fully aware of it. Now, sir, the best thing we can do is to universalize the New Englander. When the New England merchant goes West, when the New England capitalist goes South (as he will, for the railroads will make more money on the meridians by and by than on the parallels), when the New England farmer sells out to the French Canadian, he steps into a larger mission. By the New Englander, I mean the Puritan, and by the Puritan I mean the man who has the spirit of the Pilgrims, no matter where you find him; and Puritanism is the salt of the American earth.

What the world needs is not the Puritan and society, but the Puritan in society; not the separation of conscience and self-love, but a partnership with conscience as head of the firm. We are great enough; there is no question of that. We have fertile soil and boundless resources. We can feed ourselves with our own wheat and clothe ourselves with our own cotton; we can shelter ourselves with our own lumber, and build our railroads with our own iron. But the question is whether we can be loyal to righteousness and truth. It remains to be seen whether the spirit of the Pilgrims will abide with us; whether it will vote at elections and sit at directors' tables, and whether under its influence we shall speak plainly in the pulpit, act honestly in trade, and refuse to hold a brief for fraud. The Puritan spirit is the safeguard of morality. It is the Puritan in us that protests against corruption in the management of municipal affairs; it is the Puritan in us that speaks in righteous indignation when the man who has defiled a home essays to give direction to the moral sense of the English-speaking world in a crusade against political injustice."

Mr. Everett's address was as follows:

"I suppose at this dinner on Forefathers' Day, the first thing is for every one to substantiate his pedigree from the Pilgrims of the Mayflower; and I beg to claim descent from John Howland, the young man who during the voyage fell over the side, and with difficulty managed to swing himself up by the stern chains, but who lived to be the last survivor in the town of Plymouth of that sainted company. His daughter, Desire Howland, married Captain John Gorham, of Barnstable, who died of fever contracted in the Swamp Fight with King Philip; and from him descended Nathaniel Gorham, president of the Continental Congress, and signer of the Constitution of the United States, and whose great-grandson I have the honor to be. It is necessary to allude to this, Mr. President, because some people have had the presumption to make fun of the Mayflower. They actually doubt the existence of the miraculous furniture which she brought over, which may be multiplied at will to any extent. It is necessary to begin with the clear understanding that the one hundred Pilgrims of the Mayflower and their descendants beat any Four Hundred that ever lived. My father, for instance, who tried to do what he could in his day and generation to extend the fame and preserve the spirit of the Pilgrims, always admitted his inferiority to those who sprang from that sacred band, and treated his children with proper respect, as better born than himself.

The sentiment to which you have called me to respond, sir, is one which I believe tells a great truth. I believe that if New England has any claim to the respect and following of the world, it is because she has always held in honor the higher

education — education something beyond the three R's, beyond what it is supposed everybody ought to know, and what the State ought to teach; education in advanced subjects — in languages spoken in other lands than our own, or not spoken by living men at all, and preserved only in literature; in science which deals not only with objects that we can see and touch, but with conceptions depending on abstract thought, or with matter as wrenched from its surroundings by the resistless force of patient experiment; in history and philosophy which pursues man from the present hour back to his origin, and traces the causes and motives of his life. My revered and beloved friend, that true son at once of New York and of New England, the late George L. Schuyler, whose absence from your streets makes to me a blank in this city which nothing can ever fill, used to claim, in honor of his Dutch ancestors, that the Pilgrims learned the free-school system, which is the pride of New England, in Leyden. If that is true, sir, they brought something more from Leyden, something which is a nobler leaf in the crown of that ancient Batavian city than the world-renowned siege; they brought from Leyden the higher education, the university education, the education to which the common school is only the first stepping-stone. The institution of which I have the honor to be in charge was founded by President John Adams, to be one of those characteristic seminaries of New England, the foundation academy — in advance of the common school, preparatory to the university, but occupying its own place in that system of which the keynote is that whatever knowledge a man can acquire, that he should be encouraged to acquire, and should have the opportunity to acquire, without raising that narrow and invidious question, whether he may perhaps dispense with its acquirement.

Toward the end of his long and illustrious life, President John Adams, having acquired large landed property, determined to divest himself, not after death, but in his life-time, of a portion of it for the benefit of his fellow-citizens. Accordingly, by deed of gift, he conveyed to his native town of Quincy large tracts of land, from whose income should be built successively three edifices. Like a true son of the Pilgrims, his first thought was for a church; and the first fruit of his gift was the stately stone temple ever since used for public worship, beneath whose floor lie the ashes of himself and his equally illustrious son, John Quincy Adams, and of their scarcely less celebrated wives. His second thought, like a true New Englander, was the state; and the second fruit of his gift was the stone hall, in which, ever since, the town and the city of Quincy have held those meetings which are the bulwark of New England liberty. And then, sir, there has been built from that gift a stone school house bearing his name, and the income of the lands ever after is, by his deed of gift, to support a school or academy, of which the master shall be learned in the Latin and Greek languages. That place, sir, I have the honor to hold. It is a schoolmaster's place and nothing more; we have no presidents or professors, merely a master and teachers; and our pupils are not students, but only schoolboys. Nor did John Adams ask more of the head than an acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages. I believe, if I may speak of myself, that my friends and enemies alike have intimated that that requirement about covered my attainments, for that, like Shakespeare in Ben Jonson's famous characterization, I knew little Latin, less Greek and nothing else. But we have not remained by John Adams's limitation. We do not teach exclusively those venerable languages. We have added to them most of the requirements of our colleges, mathematics, history, some modern languages, and especially the correct study of English, and something of physical science. I should, of course, be untrue to my position as head of a school if I did not say that we are sadly in want of funds; that the income of John Adams's lands is still utterly inadequate to support his school, and that I shall be disappointed if I leave New York without a promise of some handsome pecuniary gift from some of the millionnaires whom you turn out every day, and who are utterly at a loss what to do with their money. Still, sir, the staple and basis of our instruction is still the Latin and Greek languages. And why not? What, when all has been said and done, has been found better for training young men to richness and accuracy of speech? What incalculable suffering is our country going through every day from the ignorant and slip-shod methods of speaking and writing which prevail among us! — methods which never can be corrected if we study only our own or other modern languages, shifting and changing from day to day, as they inevitably must do under the changes of modern thought and life. Accurate and sound language requires to be referred to the fixed models of an elder day as much as the sciences of construction and calculation need to be referred to the fixed abstraction of pure mathematics, which never will be seen by the eye, but are actually true to the thought. All the physical study and natural history in the world, boundless, fascinating, useful as it is, all the study of things, never can replace the study of man — man as he has lived, man as he has thought, man as he has spoken — and that in the two imperial races of the earth, which made the little Mediterranean peninsulas, in the course of a few centuries, more mighty to control the destinies of the world than whole dark continents through whole obscure cycles. When medicine and astronomy and philosophy cease to trace their unbroken history back to Greece and the laws of thought she made; when law and government and warfare cease to find their undying birthplace in the Seven Hills; when Socrates and Cæsar cease to be the ideal types of the highest moral sense and the highest practical energy, then we may cease to teach our future American citizens Greek and Latin, but not till then.

But, sir, we have other duties to perform. We were not founded, as some colleges and universities and academies have been, by men whose sole distinction was that they did found those universities, and whose names would else have died. Our foundation was one of the last public acts of a life already crowded with action and honor, as illustrious and beneficent as any in the history of our country. Many men are now

engaged in re-writing the history of our early days, much as Mommsen or Brugsch rewrites the history of Rome or Egypt, and are doing their best to show that our fathers were entirely different men from what their contemporaries and descendants have always supposed them to be. In these investigations John Adams has received comparatively little alteration, perhaps because the perfect simplicity and frankness of his whole life made it impossible to tell his story in more than one way. The calumnies that hunted him when he retired from office passed away before his death, and left him admired and loved by all his countrymen, from Jefferson down; and no one henceforth will dare to write the history of our first twenty-five years without recognizing him as equal to any of our founders in energy, in industry, in foresight, in eloquence, in integrity, in devoted patriotism. He began his public service as a schoolmaster. He closed it by founding the academy over which I have the honor to preside; and woe to the man who in such a position does not train his pupils to look to the likeness of John Adams as their great inspiration, and to imitate, as far as may be, those qualities that made him the blessing and glory of his country. Energy and industry perhaps American boys will be taught anywhere; the air of America is full of such lessons. Not, indeed, that most advisers of youth with us would think of using such very antiquated words as energy and industry; but they are very particular to impress on all young men the need of "hustling" in order to be sure that no spark of nobility shall linger in the flame of their ardor and make it visionary and unpractical. The fiery and persuasive eloquence of Adams, which forced the timid ones at Philadelphia into the adoption of the great Declaration, cannot perhaps be taught unless the germs are in the boy's nature; but we still keep up, sir, and we are not ashamed of it, the old-fashioned New-England practice of declamation — speaking pieces, storing our pupils' memories with the standard classic masterpieces of our language, and having them deliver them with very little reference to the rules of elocution, and every encouragement to speak as John Adams did, with the heart behind every word. By this means, sir, we trust that when our boys shall have to think and write for themselves, great thoughts in great words shall come instinctively to their tongues, and base thoughts in base words find that there is no room for them when they would insinuate an entrance. We cannot impart John Adams's almost prophetic foresight, which saw his country's duty and destiny long before many of his doubting contemporaries; but we can teach our boys that the right and noble course is always at hand, always waiting for the lips of the righteous and noble man to speak the word; and that that word which calls to right and noble actions may be spoken too soon for any selfish aims of the speaker, but never can be too soon for his country and for mankind. At least we can teach the spotless integrity and unbounded patriotism of John Adams; we can make them feel the spirit of him whose excitable frame was thrilled to the depths by every call of honorable ambition, who plunged into the fray of noble renown like the charger that carried Sheridan to Winchester, and yet who would not have concealed his true sentiments or stooped to a base act, if the Presidency of the United States had been the crown of the world; and we can teach them his patriotism.

Our school, founded by John Adams's fellow-citizens, has from its opening been attended by pupils from every part of the Union — side by side on our benches sit year after year, boys from every State of New England, from New York and Pennsylvania, from Kentucky and Tennessee, from Ohio and Texas, from Illinois and California. Out of every text-book from the first year to the last, from the History of England to the Orations of Cicero, we find a chance to draw the lesson that the name United States takes a verb in the singular, and that we are, as long as the Mississippi rnns to the sea, many and yet one. That was the patriotism of John Adams; and that was the patriotism of the New England scholars, her schoolmasters, and her university men. If ever it has seemed otherwise, if ever our sister states have fancied that Massachusetts was sectional and not national, that we were so in love with the Hub of the Universe, that we fancied our national wheel had no radiating spokes, and no binding felloe,— it has all been a momentary cloud, a passing error. Whenever the thought of New England can make itself felt, she will speak out. She has spoken out with the broadest, the most sympathetic nationality. Her scholars know what were the senseless local discussions that ruined Greece, they know what was the over-centralized imperialism that crushed Rome. They have followed the divisions and the consolidations of modern Europe. They see the truth which New England's great statesman taught, that devotion to the Union is a moral duty. They do not think Massachusetts is really Massachusetts without California; or Vermont, entirely Vermont without South Carolina; or Connecticut, all of Connecticut without Texas; and they would rather the Mayflower had never sailed, than that the children of her company, spread as they are all over the Union, should have a love of country less wide than its limits.

There still springs in the woods of Plymouth that lovely ground plant which so early received the name of the vessel that bore the Pilgrims to America. Every year those woods are visited by tasteless Philistines, who, not content with picking all the flowers they can carry, wrench up yards of the plant from the soil, and throw it away in their wantonness. Every lover of nature and beauty cries out at the outrage. But it is nothing to the outrage of him who, carrying away as his own possession what little portion his breast can contain of the Pilgrim spirit, would wrench up from their roots, planted in every state of the Union, the tender, fragrant, clinging plants of national brotherhood, which links us in one from the arm of Cape Cod to the Golden Gate, and from the ice gorge of the Niagara River to the ripples that sound among the orange groves of Florida. Our fathers left England because of its distractions and differences: let the land of their creation have no sentiment of patriotism unhallowed by union.

THE EDITORS' TABLE.

THE question, What shall be our national plant, is certainly an interesting one. It is a question which has more than once been submitted to vote in various constituencies, by newspapers and otherwise. A vote which attracted a good deal of attention was that arranged for not long since by Messrs. Prang & Co., the art publishers, in which we think the golden-rod was the successful candidate. Some of the artists object to this; the golden-rod will not conventionalize well, they tell us, does not lend itself well to the purposes of ornament. The Mayflower is objected to as not being really a national flower, but local — and then it is not at all the same as the old English flower which gave name to the historic ship that brought the Pilgrims to Plymouth. We think that it was Miss Clarke, whose article appears in this number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, who first strongly urged the claims of the Indian corn in this competition. This was in a letter to the Boston *Transcript*, a year or two ago, — which letter was as follows:

"The Mayflower, the golden-rod, and the laurel, the leading candidates for the position of national flower, are plants loved by poets, perhaps, but they are local in their habitat, and without any broad significance. For a national emblem, like the rose of Engand or the *fleur-de-lis* of France, something more is needed: and this may be found in the maize, or Indian corn. This plant is distinctly American, having been found here by the earliest explorers. It has the historic interest also of having saved from starvation the settlers of Jamestown and the Pilgrims at Plymouth. It is the foundation of American agriculture, and commercially the most important product of our soil, growing freely from the Canada line to Florida, and from New England to the Pacific Coast, interesting equally the farmer of Maine and the planter of Georgia. Most Americans say, with Daniel Webster, 'My bones are made of Indian corn.' Moreover, this stately and beautiful plant lends itself nobly to decorative art. Had it existed in the Old World, the sculptors of Greece and the architects of Gothic cathedrals would no doubt have used it in their designs; but familiarity breeds contempt, and American art has thus far hardly recognized its capabilities. If there is to be a vote on the subject, let the people of every state and territory have the opportunity to express their opinions, for all should be equally interested."

We think there is very much to commend Miss Clarke's suggestion. Its force has been instantly recognized, indeed, wherever considered. The Indian corn is beautiful, lending itself admirably to art, it is homely and useful, it is historic, and it is distinctly American. Can anything better be named?

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IN connection with Miss Clarke's suggestion that each state should also choose its own emblematic flower, it is interesting to note that this has been done in California in perhaps as formal and influential a manner as is possible aside from distinct legislative action. The California poppy (Eschscholtzia California) has been chosen by the State Floral Society as the State flower. Comments one of our New England papers:

"California, which has just chosen a state flower, had an abundance of riches from which to select. The wild flora of California is simply superb. Its extent and variety, to an eastern eye, make it one of the features longest remembered of that country. The profuseness of the garden plants is only equalled by their gorgeousness. The rose has its most hospitable home here, and other flowers, on a comparatively small scale with us, reach gigantic proportions. The state seems to have made an eccentric selection in fixing upon what is known as the eschscholtzia for its distinctive flower. The most distinguished one is the snow plant, but that grows in small quantities, and in limited localities."

Comments one of the California papers, on the other hand:

"A most appropriate choice, it would seem, the California poppy being of a deep golden or orange hue, and a flower that grows wild in great profusion in every part of the state. It typifies at once the orange groves of southern and the gold mines of central and northern California."

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A CONFERENCE has recently been held in Boston to promote the interests of art education in connection with the public schools. The meeting was a largely attended and spirited one, both the artists and the teachers being well represented and making themselves heard. The movement is a timely and much needed one. The interests of art in the public schools have not been entirely neglected in late years. In Massachusetts, the influence of the Normal Art School, now twenty years old, has been stimulating and extensive. In many states, drawing has taken regular place in the public school curriculum, although those who have been able to carry their studies far have not been many. It has been chiefly for its bearings upon the finer industries that this work has hitherto found popular support. The exposition at Philadelphia in 1876 taught us something about the value of art in industry. And this is important, and will be recognized as more and more important. The rude and crude and ugly in iron and wood and cloth, in house and shop and car, in the chair, the table, the carpet, and the shovel and tongs, will not satisfy any longer, and cannot any longer be sold, — are not marketable any more. Hence the technological schools and the trade schools, with their art studies, pushing out their roots into all preparatory departments. The artisan from now on must be more or less of the artist. This the masses of the people see, and it affects their conceptions of the scope of public education. This feeling needs to be broadened and well informed. We need as a people to realize more adequately the proper place and function of beauty in education and in life. Our Puritan antecedents, for one thing, have made us one-sided and angular and ugly in very much. Beauty has not had its proper place in our religion, or in our homes, or in our coats, on our farms or in our towns. We are seeing a promising reaction from this — half reaction, half advance out of national youth and the era of hard necessity. The improvement in our domestic architecture in the last fifteen years has been remarkable; the beautiful church is everywhere supplanting the plain old meeting-house; statues, good, bad, and indifferent multiply in the parks; the landscape-gardener is abroad; the picture store opens its doors in every pretentious town; and the Sistine Madonna and the Angelus are driving "Little Mary" from the humblest village

homes. This aroused sense for beauty and demand for beauty need direction. Art must have its place in our public education. Every boy and girl should be helped to know what is great and best in art, and to love it. In England they have an Art for Schools Association, to supply all schools that desire it, at a nominal cost, with good copies of the masterpieces of painting and sculpture. The boy and girl should grow up surrounded by beauty, by what is first-rate in art, and not what is second-rate. Then we shall have a generation that will put an end to the sentiment that makes the beautiful a luxury and exclusive, a generation that will demand everywhere the public gallery, and that will demand that the home and the street alike be noble and beautiful.

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While the question whether our railroads shall be left in the hands of private corporations or taken under state control, is a question which is everywhere being so earnestly discussed, the suggestion that they be placed substantially upon the same basis as our national banks is surely worthy of consideration. This suggestion is made in the following communication to the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE from Dr. Charles F. Dowd of Saratoga:

"THE unsettled and dangerous condition of the country in reference to all transportation interests certainly demands attention and a remedy. On the one hand, the people are trying to organize against overpowering corporations, and are clamoring for laws to restrict their operations and prevent monopolies; on the other, corporations are tending to consolidate more and more to prevent competition, and to become so powerful as to oppose successfully all restrictive legislation. Something has evidently been gained in the direction of harmonizing these conflicting interests by the Interstate Commerce law and Board of Commissioners, recently instituted by the General Government. But only a small part of the desired ends has been reached by these means. The question arises, What more may be done? A few principles are plain. One is that the Constitution imposes upon Congress the duty of passing laws to regulate commerce between the States. Another is that the people are more vitally concerned in the system of transportation than in almost any other interest which Congress is called upon to regulate. This has a place in the Constitution, even before the money or currency interest, for the regulation of which in part our national banking system has been constructed. We have nominally invested in the stock and bonds of our railroads over $8,200,000,000 of capital, and but a small per cent of this amount is represented in the currency of the country, including both specie and bank-note.

In regulating our currency we did not adopt a monstrous national bank, as is done in England, as well as in some other countries, and thereby require the Government to assume all the responsibility of its minute operations; and in regulating our railway system it would seem to many out of harmony with our republican institutions to adopt the system of Germany and other European countries, and require the Government to undertake the operation of all railroads; yet it seems plain that such enormous interests ought not to be left at loose ends, to be the prey of scheming capitalists.

Twenty years ago the confusion in time standards engaged our attention. This confusion was reduced to order by applying the principles of longitude, and constituting longitudinal standards. But the evils experienced by the conflict of time standards were much less vital in the workings of society than are the evils experienced and threatened by the conflicts under consideration. Some system to unify and harmonize these conflicting interests is the need of the hour. I hope it will not appear presumptuous for me to present a few principles for the foundation of such a system. These will at once be recognized as corresponding with the basal principles of our national banking system.

1. Let all transportation companies be chartered by the general government. It may be said in passing that this principle might be applied to steamship companies and to telegraph companies, but our attention here is definitely confined to railroad companies. The charters might correspond in a general way with the government charters of our national banks, and the present state railroad companies might be treated in the same general way as state banks are now treated.

2. Let it be the privilege of every national railroad company to deposit unquestionable securities in Washington for its bonds, up to a given amount, rated according to some percentage of its capital stock. For these securities let the Government issue a blank form of railroad bond (say for ninety per cent of the securities) for the companies to fill out and sell. These bonds, bearing even a low rate of interest, could no doubt be sold at a very considerable premium, backed as they would be by securities in Washington, while now, even at a high rate of interest, the $4,200,000,000 of bonds have brought to the companies many hundred millions less than their face calls for. The interest account of all the companies now amounts to about $200,000,000 a year, and the income from passengers and freight to about $800,000,000. That is, the interest consumes about twenty-five per cent of the current income. It is believed that by the scheme here proposed more than the full amount of the interest account could be saved to the companies, the people would have open to them a vast field of secure investments, and stockholders and bondholders would be safe from the Shylocks of Wall Street.

3. For the remaining, say ten per cent, of the securities in Washington, let the government issue a system of national tickets for passengers and freight, one form of which might correspond with the passenger mileage book now in common use with all companies. This would be good for a passenger on all national roads. For freight, there might be tickets, in the denomination of dollars and fractional parts of a dollar, corresponding with the denomination of bank bills and the old fractional currency. A system of coupon tickets, with stubs and all needful conveniencies, could easily be constructed. These government tickets must be with blanks for each company to stamp its own name, etc., upon, both as the issu-

ing and receiving company, after the general form of a post-office money order. After these national tickets have been used and stamped, they would be redeemable in money or new tickets at any National Railroad Government ticket office, which would need to be located conveniently for every company. This system would require all freight as well as passenger money to be prepaid. A single case of freight will illustrate the workings of the system. Suppose a quantity of merchandise is to be sent from New York to Chicago over the New York Central and Lake Shore roads, and that the freight amounts to an even one hundred dollars, forty-five of which belong to the New York Central, and fifty-five to the Lake Shore. The shipper would pay the New York Central one hundred dollars, and receive a receipted bill, with the stubs or coupons of National tickets to the amount of one hundred dollars attached. Upon $45 worth of these National tickets, the New York Central would stamp its own name, etc., both as the issuing and as the receiving company. By stepping into the government office the holder might receive for these, thus used and duly stamped, $45. The remaining $55 worth of tickets, with the New York Central stamped on them as the responsible issuing company, would be sent with the freight bill to the Lake Shore Company. After duly stamping these, this company might receive from the government office $55 for its part of the tickets. All of this would be done with the simplest accounts possible, the government becoming the effectual common clearing house of all roads.

4. In connection with harmonizing these vast interests, it would seem that much might be done by way of settling the conflict between labor and capital. A well-devised plan which should harmonize the interests of labor and capital throughout so extended a department as our railroad system embraces could hardly fail of being of service in other departments. I therefore venture to suggest the following as a possible plan:

Let the pay roll be made out for the year's wages of all the permanent employees of the company. Then, after all wages and current expenses are met and six per cent paid on the paid-in capital stock of the company, what is left of the earnings for the given time might be counted as surplus. For the distributing of this surplus, the pay roll might be added to the paid-in capital stock, and the pay roll receive the same per cent of the surplus as it would if it were so much added capital stock. For example, if a company's capital stock were one hundred thousand dollars and the pay roll amounted to ten thousand dollars, the surplus would be distributed pro rata upon the sum of the two; that is, upon one hundred and ten thousand dollars. In case the dividend should rise above some given per cent, it might be counted as good ground for a rise in wages, and on the other hand, in case the dividend on the stock should fall below some given per cent, it might be counted as good ground for a reduction in wages."

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It cannot be said that our American educational journals have, in the main, been such as we could be proud of. They are to-day, for the most part, crude, shallow, uncritical, carelessly edited, full of poor flatteries, lacking in dignity, and lacking in definite aim. Perhaps no other field of our journalism has been cultivated in so unsatisfactory a manner; whereas, no field really demands more critical and scientific workers, — for the educational journal is the teacher of the teachers. We do not forget for a moment the excellent work which has been done in this field. We do not forget *Education*, nor the *Academy*, nor half a dozen of the educational newspapers, in which keen and well-trained men give us week by week so much that is bright and wholesome. But on the whole, educational journalism among us has been at a low ebb. It is a peculiar pleasure, therefore, to have suddenly laid upon the table at once, coming with the beginning of the year, two American educational magazines of a very high order: the *Educational Review*, edited by Nicholas Murray Butler, president of the New York College for the Training of Teachers, and the *Pedagogical Seminary*, edited by President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University. The former is a monthly, with a vacation during August and September; the latter is published trimestrially — a quarterly, skipping the summer number. The character of the *Educational Review* may be well inferred from the following list of the five solid articles in its first number: "The Shortening of the College Curriculum," by Daniel C. Gilman; "Fruitful Lines of Investigation in Psychology," by William T. Harris; "Is there a Science of Education?" by Josiah Royce; "The Limits of State Control in Education," by Andrew S. Draper; "The Herbartian School of Pedagogics," by Charles De Garmo. Much space is given to discussions, reviews, and editorial notes, these departments constituting by no means the least valuable and interesting portion of the magazine; and several pages are devoted to extracts from foreign educational periodicals.

The principal value of President Hall's *Pedagogical Seminary*, perhaps, is in its remarkably full surveys of European movements in education, especially the work that is being done in France and Germany. Concerning educational work in Germany we have been learning much in late years. The German universities have been full of American students, making themselves more thorough in their various special departments, and German university methods have greatly influenced our own universities. This we see especially in the case of Johns Hopkins and Clark. Concerning the notable advances in France since 1870 we have known less, what we have learned relating chiefly to the secondary schools. The most valuable paper in this first number of the *Pedagogical Seminary* is upon "The Reconstructed Primary School System of France." Both in the notices of French and German work, President Hall lays before us much to disturb complacency. Among the reviews of recent German books is one of Paul Gussfeldt's "Education of German Youth," which has made so great an impression in Germany, largely because the author is thought to be inspired by the young Emperor. The Emperor's recent speech on educational reform is given, in a complete translation, in the second number of Dr. Butler's *Educational Review*.

THE OMNIBUS.

When She was Ten.

When she was ten! — How I recall those days
  Of pure serenity and boyish bliss! —
With all her tender smiles and tender ways,
  And that first shy, caressing little kiss
She gave me when I, faltering, told her all
  My youthful, ardent love! I would I had the power
Her sweet girl-spirit from its world to call,
  If only for one short, fast-fleeting hour,
Tho' for its set appraisement I should miss
  The balance of my life's false happiness;
To see her in the snowy, ribboned dress,
  As pure as her young soul, and once more press
Her hand, and smile into those guileless eyes,
  That, starlike, in their silent spirit-skies,
Do strengthen me to be as pure as then —
  When I was just a boy, and she was ten!

— *C. Gordon Rogers.*

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A merchant had a clerical friend, between whom and himself there existed a warm intimacy. Every Saturday night, as the merchant was balancing his cash, there would come a note from the minister requesting the loan of a five-dollar bill. The money was always restored punctually on Monday morning. But what puzzled the lender was, that the identical bill was always returned. One Saturday night he sent a five-dollar gold piece instead of the usual bill, and marked it. Still the very same coin was returned on Monday. The merchant became nervous about this strange fact. He was becoming consumed with curiosity, when a note came from the reverend borrower on Christmas Eve, asking for the loan of ten dollars. He resolved to call and inquire into the mystery. When he was shown into his friend's study, he found him plunged in melancholy.

"Mr. B," said the merchant, "If you will answer me one question, I will let you have that ten dollars. How does it happen that you always pay me the money that you borrow on Saturday night in the very same coin or note on Monday?"

The parson raised his head, and after a struggle said, "My friend, you are a gentleman, a Christian, and a New Yorker — I know that I can rely on your inviolable secrecy. Listen to the secret of my eloquence. You know that I am poor, and when on Saturday night I have bought my Sunday dinner, I seldom have a red cent left in my pocket. Now I maintain that no man can preach the Gospel properly without having something in his pocket to inspire him with confidence. I have, therefore, borrowed five dollars of you every Saturday night, that I might feel it occasionally as I preached on Sunday. You know how independently I do preach — how I make the rich quake in their shoes! Well, it is owing to my knowing that I have a five-dollar bill in my pocket. Not having to use it for any other purpose, it is not changed, but returned to you the next Monday. But to-morrow I want to make a special impression on my congregation, and I thought I would see what the effect of a ten-dollar sermon on them would be."

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Dr. Santayana, instructor in psychology at Harvard University, recently proposed a curious experiment. He claims that the excitement in the different nerves is probably the same, but that different sensations are produced in different brain centres. If the optic nerve and the nerve of hearing were to be cut, and the optic nerve connected with the centre of hearing, and the nerve of hearing with the optic centre, one might expect to *see* a symphony and *hear* a landscape. The symphony, he added, would probably look like a display of fireworks, and the landscape would sound like a dull roar.

I've read your comedy, my friend,
And like the half you copied best;
But still its not too late to mend, —
If you can only steal the rest.

"What is meant by posthumous works?" asked the teacher.

"They are the works a man writes after he is dead," replied the student.

"Who was that foreign-looking man I just saw you talking with, Ethel?"

"Some one papa introduced; Baron of something, — I forget."

"Barren of intellect, I should say, judging by appearances."

An Irishman wanted a friend to discount a note: "If I advance this money," said the lender, "will you pay your note punctually?"

"I will, on my honor," replied the other — "*the expense of the protest and all!*"

"To church, to church," the parson cries;
To church each fair one goes;
The old they go to close their eyes,
The young to eye their clothes.

Cox: — How do you explain the passage in the Psalms, "He clothed himself with cursing as with a garment"?

Fox: — I think it is clear enough; the man had a *habit* of swearing.

Author (reading a newspaper): — Another great writer dead! If this keeps on, I shall soon be the greatest living author.

The profession of a dentist, our friend insists, is not an honorable one, as he earns his living by taking things out of other people's mouths.

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It is still the custom in country villages in Vermont, when a hog is killed, for the owner to send pieces of meat, sausages, black pudding, liver, and other portions of the animal to all his neigh-

bors. A farmer had received a great number of gifts in this way, but when it came time for him to kill his hog, he found that nothing would remain for himself if he followed the usual custom. He took one of his neighbors into confidence, and asked him what he had better do. The neighbor thought a moment, and then replied, "If I were in your case, I would hang up my hog at my open window for the greater part of the night, and the next day I would tell every one it was stolen. By this I should be excused from making presents." The farmer, much pleased with the advice, went home and put it into practice. The giver of this friendly advice, profiting by the darkness of the night, seized the hog, and carried it home. In the morning, much to the astonishment of the farmer, nothing was to be found of the hog. He raved at the invention of his neighbor, of which the night before he had so highly approved. He started out to give the alarm, and the first person he met was his friendly adviser. "What do you think," he cried in his despair, — "they have stolen my hog!" "That's right," replied the neighbor, "stick to it like that, and they'll all believe you. Tell the same story to every one you meet." The farmer protested that it was no joke, that his hog was really gone; but the stronger he was in his expression of grief and vexation, the more his neighbor exclaimed, "That's right, that's right, my friend; stand to it, and they'll all excuse your present."

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THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC.

Now, Hanner, 'tain't no use to tell what them newspapers say
About the storms and winds and floods that's comin' right away,
The cold waves that they harp about that's brewin' in the west,
An' movin' east 'bout just so fast. I hain't no confidence
In anything of that ere kind; it's the new-fangled way
Of runnin' things, as if the Lord He wouldn't hev' His say
About the weather any more. I ain't so tarnal green
As 't be tuk in by weather that's ground out of a machine!
An' I look where I'll find it straight, for snow, an' rain, an' hail,
In the good old Farmer's Almanac, that hangs there on the nail.

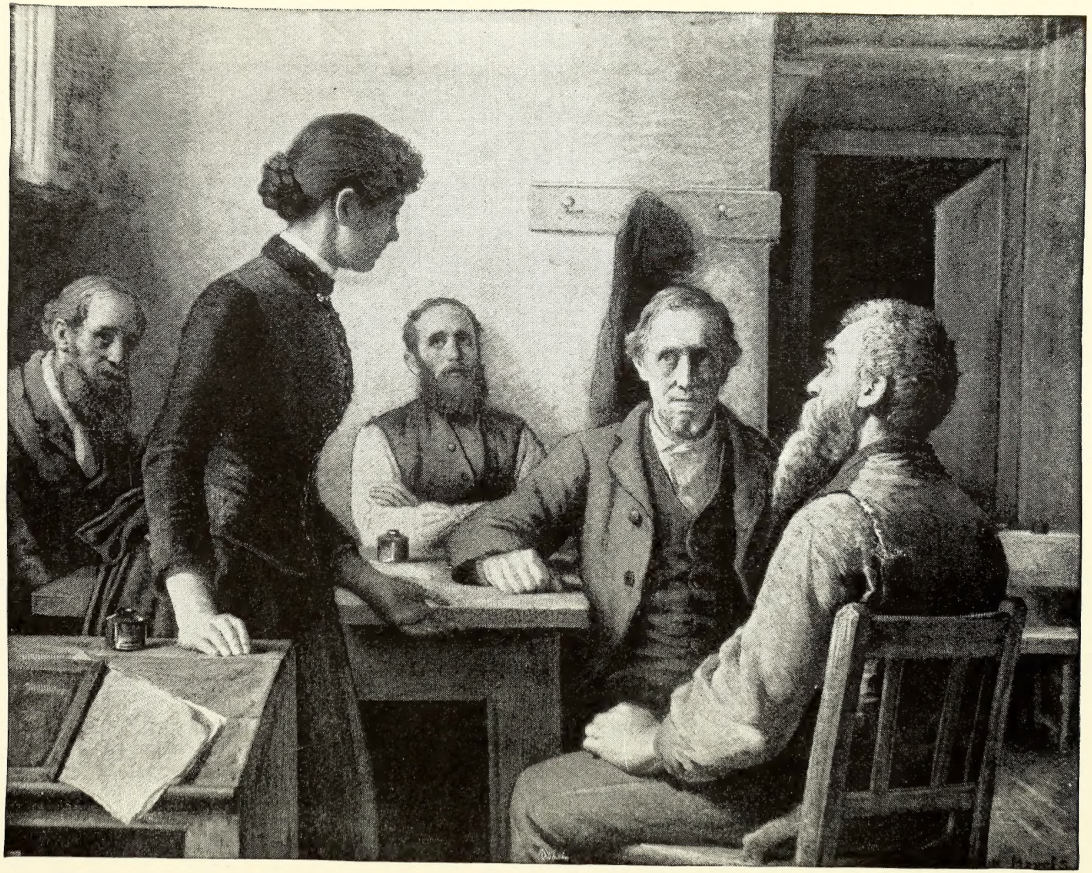
Them Proberbilities don't count; I want to know for sure
An' sartin, when the winter'll come, the real Simon pure!
The kind of weather that we had so plenty in my day,
When sleighin' in November come, an' sometimes held till May!
In them times, Hanner, blizzards wuz a thing we didn't know;
A snowstorm wuz a snowstorm, and a high wind wuz a blow;
An' when it cleared away we didn't harrer up our souls
A-worryin' about the storm that wuz hatchin' at the Poles;
An' when we wanted weather news, 'bout which there wuz no fail,
We looked in the old Almanac, that hung there on the nail.

We trusted some to signs you know, as how the wild geese flew
A-goin' south, an' how the husks upon the field corn grew,
An' how the beavers built their dams, whether they's high or low,
An' if the breast bone of the goose wuz white, look out for snow;
But when my mother wanted for to set a broody hen
She'd have to have the signs all right for a good hatch; an' when
My father wanted to find out if there'd be a rainy May,
So's he could raise his calves, an' know he'd have a crop of hay, —
Why then they looked where weather calculations did not fail,
In the old Farmer's Almanac, that hung there on the nail.

The calendars may be all right for them as thinks 'em so,
But they don't tell the farmer when his grass is fit to mow.
I like to know about the time the new moon will be here,
An' about the expected tantrums of the planets through the year,
An' what time the 'clipses visible will be along this way,
An' if there'll be some thunder-showers about camp-meetin' day.
I like to see the picters that I've seen for many a year;
They bring me back to youth again — an' though some may think 'tis queer,
Them jokes in the last part is never old or flat or stale,
In the old Farmer's Almanac, that hangs there on the nail.

So, Hanner, 'tain't no use to try to beat it into me,
That them "forecasts" in the newspapers that every day we see,
Is of any sort of consequence; why, there hain't no kind of doubt
But what a man that undertakes to plan the weather out
Must know the heavenly bodies, an' conjunctions, just as I
Know all my cows an' horses, an' pigs that's in the sty!
He can't trust to them thermometers with figgers sot by rule,
Like the sums upon the blackboard when I went to deestrict school.
An' when I want to know about the rain, an' snow, an' hail,
I'll look in the Farmer's Almanac, that hangs there on the nail.

— *Clara Augusta.*



From a Painting by Robert Harris.

A MEETING OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES — PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
THE TEACHER TALKING THEM OVER.

THE

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. APRIL, 1891. VOL. IV. NO. 2.

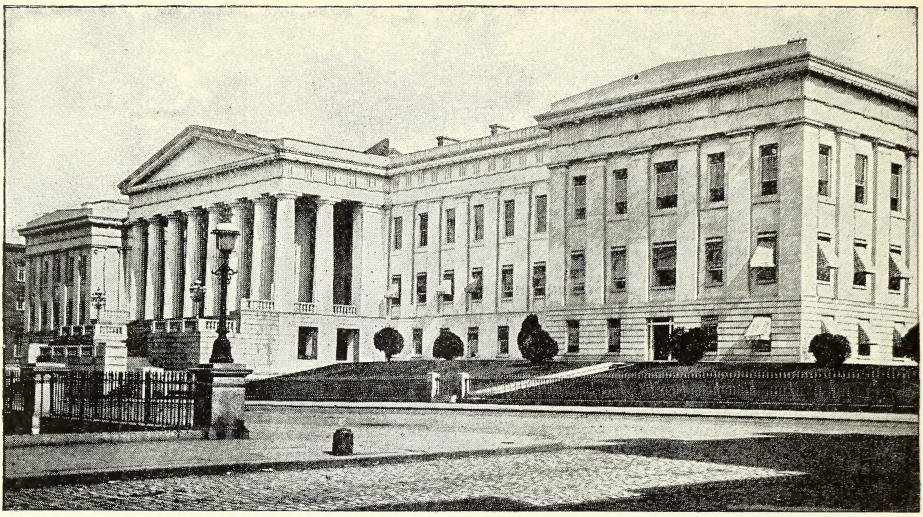
THE UNITED STATES PATENT SYSTEM.

By James Shepard.

EVERY person has an obvious right to the products of his own mind, and consequently a right to his inventions. No one could know of the existence of an invention, until after the inventor voluntary revealed it, either by disclosing it to others or putting it into some tangible form. But in the absence of special laws, how can the inventor protect himself in this right? If he attempts to use his invention for himself only, he will in doing this disclose it to others; and while others cannot stop him from using it, he has no power to stop them. Some few inventions may be practised in secret, but most inventions, if used at all, leave some tangible evidence, which, in spite of all the safeguards that may be devised, are liable sooner or later to be discovered or betrayed. Under such circumstances there would be poor encouragement to invent, and those who do invent must try to keep their inventions with profound secrecy. Some have succeeded in so doing and let valuable inventions die with themselves. Without protection, those who conceive of inventions will not work them out, and thus the public is deprived of the advantages.

Such was the state of affairs relating to inventions when this country was first settled, but even then men were keen enough to see that the public at large would be greatly benefited by taking steps to encourage and stimulate inventions. In fact, nearly every nation in the world has given some encouragement and provided some protection for inventions. Even the North American Indians, it is said, honored the maker of arrow-heads; they always gave him a hearty welcome and at all times gave him free passage through the country, as he carried his stone implements about for sale or exchange. With a view to encourage invention, many of our states in the colonial days, by special acts, from time to time, granted patents to various inventors. The late Senator Wadleigh of New Hampshire is authority for the statement that it is generally believed that the first patent ever issued to an inventor in America was granted in 1646, by the General Court of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, to Joseph Jencks, for an improvement in scythes. The improvement changed the short, thick, straight English scythe into the longer, thinner, curved implement with stiffened back, substantially the same as that in use at the present day.

In 1652, the General Court of Massachusetts allowed John Clark ten shillings for three years from every family who should use his invention for sawing wood and warming houses at little cost. After a trial for this period he was granted the



United States Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

same privilege during his life. This is the earliest record I have found of a royalty or license fee.

In the printed statutes of Connecticut, in 1672:

"It is ordered that there shall be no monopolies granted or allowed amongst us, but of such new inventions as shall be judged profitable to the country and for such time as the general court shall judge meet."

The earliest Connecticut patent found on record was granted in October, 1717, to Edward Hinman of Stratford, for the exclusive right and liberty of making molasses from the stalks of Indian corn, in Fairfield County, for ten years, which grant ended with the words:

"Always provided the said Hinman make as good molasses, and make it as cheap, as comes from the West Indies."

Like many of these colonial patents, this grant covered the practice of the art by any and all processes, without being restricted to the particular process practised by the petitioner.

Such patents were granted for the right to make steel, to make salt, to make glass, to utilize the tide for mills, and for the practice of many other arts. Iron and silk were the subjects of much legislation. An application for a patent for the exclusive use of the steam-engine for factory purposes was refused in 1786. Other patents were more limited; for example, a patent to the inventor of a clock "that winds itself up by the help of the air, and will continue to do so without aid or assistance until the component parts thereof are destroyed by friction," was limited to the privilege of making and vending said *kinds* of clocks. Instead of an exclusive right to make and sell, bounties or premiums were sometimes offered. Sometimes the petitioner was allowed to raise money by lottery; and in one instance an unfortunate inventor who had been convicted of altering bills of public credit was restored to his forfeited liberties for having invented "a method of grinding and polishing crystals and other stones of great value, all of the growth of this colony." [1]

The constitution of the United States gives Congress the power "to promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." Our present system has its foundation in this single clause of the constitution. Says Senator Platt in his speech upon the reorganization of the Patent Office:

[1] Those who may be interested in a further study of the Colonial patents of Connecticut will find some fifty pages relating thereto in the Patent Office Reports for the year 1850, page 421.

"When the fathers wrote that clause of the constitution of the United States, they builded better than they knew. They knew, indeed, that the prosperity of every nation must depend largely upon the progress of the useful arts; they knew that if this country was to attain the glory and the power which they hoped for it, it must be along the road of invention; but they could not, the wildest dreamer, the statesman with the most vivid imagination, could never have dreamed, could never have imagined, the blessing, the beneficial results, which would flow and have flowed from the exercise of the power thus granted to Congress."

Thomas Jefferson is said to have been the first to take steps to have Congress exercise the power thus granted, and at his instigation, and under his influence, the patent act of April 10, 1790, was passed, and the first American patent system was founded. The President, the Secretary of State, and the Attorney-General were the persons to examine appliations under this act; and they performed their duties with great care and rigidity, refusing many applications. The first patent granted under this act, the same being the first United States patent, was dated July 1, 1790, and was issued to Samuel Hopkins of Vermont, for making pot and pearl ashes.

On December 15, 1836, the building occupied by the Patent Office was burned, leaving no records of early patents in existence, other than a mere list. In the early reports, the full residence of the patentees was not given. Only three patents were issued during the entire year of 1790; thirty-three were issued in 1791, eleven in 1792, and prior to February 24, 1793, twenty more, making in all sixty-seven patents issued under our first patent law. A new law was passed in 1793, which practically did away with all examination as to merits and novelty, and every one who paid the necessary fees received a patent. Under the act of 1790, the total of the government fees on a patent containing a thousand words was only $4.70. Under the act of 1793, the fee was raised to $30.00 in all cases. 11,348 patents were granted under this act, some of which were the most important inventions of the age. The first United States patent ever issued to a citizen of Connecticut was granted January 15, 1796, to Jared Byington, for an improvement in making nails. Daniel Byington of Wolcott, was a noted mechanic and a skilled inventor. He had a son Jared, who, judging from the record of his baptism, was about thirty years of age at the date of this patent. There is a strong probability that this Jared is the patentee in question and that he had removed from Wolcott prior to that time. Where he resided I have been unable to learn. I cannot find that the manufacture of nails was carried on anywhere in Connecticut at that early day, except at the forge of the village blacksmith, and in the workroom at Newgate prison, where a large number of men were so employed. In May, 1776, an act for the encouragement of manufacturing nails, by paying a bounty per pound upon all made, passed one branch of the General Court of Connecticut, but was killed in the upper house. As early as 1791, a United States patent was granted for a machine for making nails.

The law of 1793 provided for an interference trial, to determine which of two or more applicants was the first inventor; the first interference under this act was in connection with "a machine to work in a current of water," and terminated by the granting of a patent to John Clark, December 31, 1793. The present system of the examination of applications for patents, and substantially the present law, was passed July 4, 1836. The present system of numbering patents began with No. 1, for the first patent issued in July, 1836, after the reorganization of the Patent Office under this act, and continuing consecutively to the present time (December 2, 1890), has reached 442,090. Adding this number to the 11,405 issued prior to 1836, we have 453,505 as the total number of United States patents ever issued. This does not include re-issues, designs, trademarks, and labels, each of which have their own numbers. In 1836, the Commissioner of Patents, a chief clerk, a machinist, and a messenger, constituted the entire force of the Patent Office; in all, eight persons. The present force of the Patent Office aggregates 590 persons, and even this number of employees is in-

sufficient to discharge the work of the office promptly.

In the last half of the year 1836, only ninety-seven patents were granted. In the first half of the year 1890, 10,713 patents were issued, which is over 111 times as many as in the same time in 1836. During the year ending July 1, 1890, 20,682 patents were issued, which is more by several hundreds than the entire issue of patents for a period of sixty-one years after the establishment of the Patent Office.[1]

The question of most general interest under the present law is that of patentability. What is patentable? It is difficult to give a definite answer to the question, or to give a rule, standard, or unerring test, by which one can always tell surely whether a certain device is patentable. Able lawyers, judges, and experts, who have spent a lifetime in studying patent law and patents, come to different conclusions as to the patentability of certain devices. There are cases where we can surely say a device is patentable if new, or that it is not patentable; but other cases come so near the border line between that which is patentable and not patentable, that two persons of great skill and experience in patent matters may honestly entertain opposite opinions. It is no easy task to say what is patentable. Even the issue of a patent does not conclusively prove that the subject matter patented is patentable. The only section of the law which relates to patentability is as follows:

"SECTION 4886. Any person who has invented or discovered any new and useful art, machine, manufacture or composition of matter, or any new and useful improvement thereof, not known or used by others in this country, and not patented or described in any printed publication in this or any foreign country, before his invention or discovery thereof, and not in public use or on sale for more than two years prior to his application, unless the same is proved to have been abandoned, may, upon payment of the fees required by law and other due proceedings had, obtain a patent therefor."

The reader might be referred to this section of the law for an answer to the question, for it is, in connection with the explanations thereof as given by the courts, all the answer that there is. Let attention be directed in detail to the language of this section. As to who may obtain a patent, the language is the broadest that can be framed. It is as broad as the "every one" in the Scriptural invitation to them that thirst. The conditions of the act being fulfilled, a patent may be obtained by "any person" without qualification; male or female, old or young, black, white or red, citizen or alien, a resident of this or any country, — all these are included, and none are excluded. If two or more persons jointly fulfil the conditions of this section, they are entitled to receive a joint patent, because each applicant comes under the term "any person who," with others, has fulfilled these conditions.

The first requisite of patentability under this section is that one shall have "invented or discovered" something, then comes the question, What is it to invent or discover? Invention is making known that which was not known before; at least, not known to the inventor. It must originate with him; otherwise, it is not invention. He may have spent years of study and thought before he could so comprehend the matter as to make it known, or he may have discovered it by accident or in the twinkling of the eye. In either case it is invention or discovery. If a thing is actually discovered without thought or study, it might be said that the discoverer did not actually invent it; but even then it is probable that if another person had desired to know, and to make known, the same thing, he might have first studied over it for years; and therefore to make an unknown thing known is something that might have required the exercise of invention, and if so that thing has been invented or discovered within the meaning of this law. Invention and discovery are therefore considered synonymous. There may be a slight distinction between them, but it is immaterial.

The second requisite of patentability, is that the thing invented shall be "new and useful." A thing is new if not before known. It must at least be new with the inventor. "New and useful," when considered by itself, implies that it must be

[1] For a general history of the Patent Office from 1790 up to the date of the fire in September, 1877, the reader is referred to the O. G. of October 9, 1877, Vol. 12, page 589.

new to all the world, but what the statute means by new is explained further on in connection with special requirements as to novelty, and therefore need not be considered here. A thing to be patentable must be useful, in the sense that it is capable of a useful purpose. It may be no better than that which existed before; if it is useful as opposed to harmful, the law is satisfied. Utility has a bearing on the question of novelty and invention. A change, to be novel, must be a substantial and material one, — a change that produces some useful result or function. If a material advantage is derived from a certain change, the presumption is that others would have made that change before and reaped that advantage, were it not for the fact that invention was required to make the thing known, and therefore we call the thing new. This presumption of invention and novelty cannot arise from the production of a change by which no advantage can be reaped.

The third requisite of patentability relates to the subject matter invented. The subject may be any "art, machine, manufacture or composition of matter." The term art relates to the manner of doing certain acts, the process or mode by which anything is made. A process may be worked out by machinery, but the mere operation of a machine is not a true art, process, or method. A machine is a device for performing work of some kind, and it generally consists of moving parts. A "manufacture" is any finished article, or one so nearly finished as to be the subject of sale for some useful purpose. This term is confined to the article itself, with reference to some utility, and does not apply to the mere shape or ornamentation of an article which has no useful function. Shape, without function, is a proper subject for a design patent, and is therefore excluded from protection under this section of the statute. A "composition of matter" is a medical or chemical compound, or any compound of two or more ingredients. Anything to be patentable must come under one or the other of these four heads or classes, — art, machine, manufacture, or composition of matter; or else it must be some new and useful improvement thereof. The phrase "improvement" in this connection only serves to make it clear that one may receive a patent for all that he invents; whether it be a thing of a kind never known before, a thing which is new from beginning to end, or merely a new and useful change of, or addition to, something which was before known. The subject matter of every patent now issued is called an "improvement" in the grant, but the words as thus used do not necessarily imply that the invention is an improvement upon some prior invention of the same class.

The fourth requisite of patentability is that the subject matter invented shall not, before the applicant's invention, have been "known or used by others in this country." This is the first special provision as to novelty. Known and used, in this connection, are practically synonymous. Anything which is not completed so as to be capable of use cannot fairly be said to be known. If it has not been tried or used, it may result only in failure. When, however, a thing has been used, and has been found to answer the purpose for which it was made, the thing is then known to all who have used it or seen it used, but it cannot be practically known until it has been used. It is immaterial how small a number of persons may have the knowledge of prior use; if known to only a single person other than the inventor, and if no special pains are taken to prevent others from knowing the same, it is known to the world in the eye of the law. This prior knowledge or use, in order to defeat a patent, the statute says must be "in this country," and therefore it is immaterial what has been known and used abroad, provided the home inventor did not know of that foreign use and was thus a real inventor.

The fifth requisite of patentability is that the subject matter invented shall not have been "patented or described in any printed publication in this or any foreign country, before his invention or discovery thereof." This is the second and last special provision as to novelty. It will be noticed that this requisite includes foreign countries, so that a prior patent or printed publication in any country is a bar to a patent. It is not enough, how-

ever, that a thing may be shown in the drawing of a prior patent, or described in the specification, in order to be patented. It is patented only when it is either in whole or in part the subject matter that is set forth in a patent as the invention of the patentee. If, however, such patent is printed, it becomes a printed publication, and then matter which is described therein is a bar to a patent. In order to defeat a patent or application by a prior printed publication, the subject matter of that patent must be *described*, not merely shown in such prior publication; but such description may refer to a drawing, and if the two taken together show the subject matter of a patent or application, the description will be considered sufficient to defeat it. There must, however, be a description of some kind in a printed publication, in order to make said publication a bar to a patent.

The sixth requisite of patentability is that the subject matter shall not have been in "public use or on sale for more than two years prior to this application." If a thing is used, as things of its class are ordinarily used, and without special concealment, it is in public use. A mere test of a thing is not public use; but if, after such use as is necessary to test its working, the use is continued, it is public use. It is immaterial how limited the use may be, or how small a portion of the public may actually know of such use. A thing is on sale when it is offered for sale, no matter whether it is actually sold or not. We have already referred to prior use, but the limit in that case was only that such use must not be before the applicant's invention, and had no reference to the application, or to any use that was subsequent to the invention. An applicant may have invented a device ten or twenty years prior to his application, so far as prior use is concerned; but if the applicant or any one else, either with or without the applicant's knowledge or consent, uses a device for more than two years before application for a patent, a valid patent cannot be obtained therefor. A use prior to the applicant's invention is expressly limited to this country, and therefore the two years' public use and sale, which may be subsequent to the invention, is also understood to relate only to this country.

The seventh requisite of patentability is that the invention is not "proved to have been abandoned." Abandonment can be proved only by the declarations or acts of the inventor, and the proof must be clear. A man can give his invention away if he pleases, but unless he expressly declares, either by words or acts, that he has given it up, or that he never intends to do anything more with it, or words to that effect, it is a hard matter to prove abandonment.

Lastly, this section provides for the payment of fees and other matters of form, which can be easily complied with and need not be here discussed.

We have now considered the whole law of patentability; and if the reader do not understand it he need not be discouraged. Probably, language cannot be framed to affirmatively state what may be patentable. Volumes have been written on the subject, but they are largely devoted to telling what is not patentable instead of what is. In fact, the law itself, as we have already seen, is largely made up of negative conditions. In giving rules even to what is not patentable, the matter is further complicated by certain exceptions to those rules. One great difficulty in regard to this question is want of uniformity in the matter to be considered. Unless nearly the exact thing is found to be old, every case is practically a new one and different in some respects from any other, and to judge it correctly and properly apply to it the rules of law, requires the nicest discrimination and the most careful judgment.

In order to obtain a patent, the applicant must make application therefor in writing to the Commissioner of Patents. This writing is called the petition. He must also file a written description. This description is called the specification. It must be so full and clear as to enable one skilled in the art or science to which it appertains to make, construct, compound and use the same. The reason for this requirement is twofold: first, to know how to construe the patent in case of alleged infringement; and second,

that the public may have the benefit of the invention after the patent has expired. In fact, a patent is a contract between the inventor and the government, the latter giving the inventor, for a limited time, the exclusive right to make, to use, and to sell his invention, upon the condition that the inventor gives that same right to the public at the expiration of his patent. In order to make sure that the public shall have this right, the law requires this full and complete disclosure of the invention by a written specification, before the patent can be issued. The law also requires that the specification shall particularly point out and distinctly claim the part, improvement, or combination which the applicant claims as his invention. The clause or clauses which thus point out the invention are called the claims.

When the nature of the case admits of illustration by drawings, the applicant is required to furnish one drawing on cardboard, ten by fifteen inches in size, while the Patent Office furnishes a copy thereof to be attached to the patent. The drawings are copied by the photolithographic process, and they must, therefore, be made in exact accordance with a long list of requirements. In fact, no one but an experienced artist can make a drawing that comes up to the high standard now required by the Office.

The applicant is also required to make oath or affirmation as to his residence, what country he is a citizen of; that he verily believes himself to be the original, first, and sole inventor of the matter claimed in the specification, or if there be more than one applicant, that they are joint inventors; that it has not been patented to his knowledge in any country, or in no country except those named in the oath; that it has not been in public use or on sale in the United States for more than two years prior to his application; and that he does not know, and does not believe, that it was ever known or used prior to his invention.

The applicant shall also furnish a model, "if required by the Commissioner," but the Commissioner requires models only in very few instances. This dispensing with models has been a great saving to inventors, because they can have their applications prepared from full-sized machines or articles. It has also worked much injury to inventors, as they have had applications prepared from rough sketches before making any machine or article, and oftentimes when they had only crude ideas of what they had invented. The result has been many worthless patents. Oftentimes when the patentee comes to embody the invention in a machine or article, he finds, to his sorrow, that he has so changed the construction that another patent must be taken out to cover the improved device. Sometimes the change is so great that not a single feature remains that is covered by the patent. And worse than all, sometimes the change is not quite so sweeping and the completed thing partially resembles the patent, but not closely enough to be clearly within the claims thereof; while, at the same time, the patent discloses just enough to prevent getting adequate protection by a new patent. Such a patent is positively worse than no patent at all, but it is no more than what may be expected in trying to patent a thing which never existed except on paper.

The application being prepared, when it is sent to Washington, the financial clerk will see that the first Government fee of fifteen dollars is paid, and the application clerk will see that all the formalities as to signatures and the oath have been complied with. The draughtsman will examine the drawing, to see if it is made in conformity with the rules, and if so, he will stamp it "O. K." A receipt is then forwarded to the applicant, stating that the papers have been duly filed and that "your application for a patent will be taken up for examination in its order." The last three words are very significant, and mean that the case will be reached for examination perhaps inside of a month, perhaps, in five or six months, according to which one of the six hundred and eighty-eight classes, or the four thousand and over sub-classes, the invention may belong to. The examination of these applications is divided among thirty principal examiners, stationed in as many different rooms; the principal examiner being chief of the room and responsible for the

work of his assistants. They consist of a first, second, third, and fourth assistant examiner and several clerks.

The first step in the examination of an application is to determine whether it is in all respects in proper form, and if so, the case will be examined on its merits. In matters of form, some examiners are very exacting and almost whimsical; while others pay but little attention to form, and turn their whole attention to matters of substance. As a general rule, those who are not too exacting in matters of form are the best examiners. In examining a case upon its merits, the drawings of all prior patents in the class to which the invention belongs, and oftentimes the patents in other classes, when there is a probability that there may be any analogy, are examined. Not only prior United States patents, but the prior patents of all countries, and also the printed publications in the Office Library are examined. While the examinations are largely made by the aid of drawings, the accompanying descriptions are read whenever there is any obscurity in the drawing, or when there is a probability that said description may reveal something not illustrated by the drawing. By practice and experience, the examiners become very expert in reading drawings, and can detect almost at a glance anything that has an analogy to the case which they are considering. These examinations are generally very thorough, and it is extremely seldom that a prior patent or publication is overlooked. Such cases do sometimes occur, but not so often as we might expect, when we consider the difficult task of making such an examination in the limited time at the command of the examiners. The result of the examination is communicated to the applicant or his attorney, and in the great majority of cases consists of a rejection or partial rejection of the application, with the reason therefor and such information and references as may be useful to the applicant in the further prosecution of his case. The applicant then has a right to another examination without change in his application, or he may change the same in such manner as to remove the objections. The examination is made with more particular reference to what the applicant claims than it is to what he shows. Thus the examiner may oftentimes reject an application upon reference to a patent, the substance of which the examiner considers to be entirely different from the applicant's invention, because the examiner considers the claim to be so worded that it may be said to describe the device shown in the prior patent as well as it does the applicant's invention. An objection by reason of such a reference is overcome by changing the wording of the applicant's claim, so that it particularly points out those features that are different from those shown in the patent cited. Oftentimes the change of one or two words in a claim will cause the examiner to allow it, when he otherwise would not. In fact, the science of soliciting patents consists largely in perceiving how little change may be sufficient to overcome an objection. Great skill is required to so word a claim that it shall clearly identify the invention and separate it from all prior ones, and at the same time make the claim as broad as the invention. One of the most common errors of patent solicitors and inventors, in amending a claim to avoid an objection, is to impose on the claim more limitations and restrictions than are necessary to overcome the objection.

This is a good place, perhaps, to correct a common error. Many suppose that the grant of a patent is proof that the subject matter does not infringe upon any prior patent, or, in other words, that obtaining a patent gives one a right to manufacture the patented article without being accountable to any prior patent. This is not the case. The office makes no examination whatever for the purpose of ascertaining whether the device which an applicant shows and describes infringes on any other patent or not. In fact, this is none of its business. In making the examination, the examiners do not even read the claim of a prior patent, unless it is for the purpose of a better understanding of what is shown and described in said patent. The only claim which concerns the Patent Office is the claim of the applicant, and the examination is made to see if the applicant

claims matter which is made the subject of any prior patent, or which is described in any printed publication. If an applicant claims such matter, his claim must be rejected, because it is thereby barred from a patent under the clause relating to patentability, which I have before considered. I have already alluded to the difficulty of deciding the question of patentability, and this is a matter which the examiner has to decide. He must consider it in all its bearings, not only with reference to novelty, but, supposing some novelty is shown, he must then decide whether that novelty is such as results from invention, or whether it is merely the expected skill of a mechanic. One of the most difficult questions in deciding patentability is that of distinguishing between mechanical skill and invention. A thing which is better than another and is also new only by reason of mechanical skill is not patentable, because that which results from mechanical skill alone is neither invention nor discovery.

In 1836, Senator Ruggles, as chairman of the Committee on Patents, gave his view of the qualifications of a good examiner as follows:

"It is his business to make himself fully acquainted with the principles of the invention for which a patent is sought, and to make a thorough investigation of all that has been before known or invented, either in Europe or America, on the particular subject presented for his examination. He must ascertain how far the invention interferes in any of its parts with previous inventions or things previously in use. He must point out and describe the extent of such collision and interference, that the applicant may have the benefit of the information in so shaping or restricting his claim of originality as not to trespass upon the rights of others. . . . An efficient and just discharge of the duties, it is obvious, requires extensive scientific attainments, and a general knowledge of the arts, manufactures, and the mechanism used in every branch of business in which improvements are sought to be patented, and of the principles embraced in the ten thousand inventions patented in the United States, and of the thirty thousand patented in Europe. He must moreover possess a familiar knowledge of the statute and common law on the subject, and the judicial decisions both in England and our own country, in patent cases."

The same qualifications of an examiner are required to-day; but instead of having to examine only ten thousand inventions patented in the United States, he has to examine nearly four hundred and fifty thousand such patents, and also a very much larger number of foreign patents than he did in 1836. Commissioner Foote said, in 1868:

"Questions as to the patentability of inventions become more difficult with the increase in the number of previous devices. An examiner must familiarize himself with all the inventions that have been made in his class, not only in this country, but in Europe. Their great number and complexity have rendered the study of them a profession to be acquired by years of labor. An examiner's decision involves nice questions of law, of science, and of mechanics, The more recondite principles upon which depend the practical success of processes and machinery must be familiar to him. Large amounts of property often depend directly or indirectly upon his action. The ability and acquirements necessary to the proper discharge of his duties must be of a high order, scarcely less than those we expect in a judge of the higher courts of law."

And yet before 1848 a primary or principal examiner was paid a salary of $2500 a year, and from that time to the present his salary has been $2400. The salaries of the assistants is much less. If we ever feel disposed to find fault with the work of these examiners, we should bear in mind that their pay is out of all proportion to the work required of them, and that more work is forced upon them than they can attend to promptly and efficiently. Notwithstanding all the difficulties under which an examiner labors, I may say that the inventors fail to receive ample protection in their patents through the fault of their solicitors at least nine times as often as they do through the fault of the examiner. If the solicitor, in the first place, does not draw a claim so as to properly protect the invention, the examiner has no power to correct the mistake; no matter how many unnecessary restrictions are in the claim, or how many other claims might properly have been made, the examiner can only reject or allow the claims which are presented to him. On the other hand, if the examiner attempts to impose unnecessary restrictions, or rejects the case improperly, the solicitor has every opportunity to reply and to correct the error of the examiner. If he does not do so, the fault is the solicitor's, rather than solely the examiner's. There being

thirty principal examiners, and consequently thirty different chiefs of the examining corps, we have as many different rulings. This is necessarily the case, for on questions of nice distinction the honest judgment of different men will differ. In 1871, Commissioner Leggett said:

"It is very difficult to establish any rule as to references that shall be plain and of universal application; consequently, there are almost as many different rules of practice in finding references and making rejections as there are different examiners in the office. Some examiners are very quick to detect resemblances, and will reject almost everything. Others are equally quick at finding differences, and will grant patents on mere shades of variation. Hence, a picket-fence is rejected on reference to a comb; . . . surgical instruments for injecting spray into the throat or nasal organs, on reference to a fireman's hose; a rubber packing for fruit-jars, on reference to a pump; a device for lacing ladies' shoes without the use of holes or eyelets, on reference to an old mode of cording bedsteads; an ore-crusher, on reference to a nut-cracker. In each of these cases there will be found a remote resemblance between the device in the application and the reference. In some of them, however, the examiners have displayed more inventive genius in finding the references than the applicants would dare claim for their devices."

In many cases the examiners' letters read as if the examiner were acting under a law for the discouragement of useful inventions. The facts of a case are oftentimes misstated, or couched in unusual language, in order to bring the applicant's device more closely into analogy with the objections. In fact, the examiner's position is oftentimes so earnestly contested by the attorneys, that unless the examiner is very careful he will find himself acting merely as an opponent to an application, apparently forgetting that he is sitting as a judge to see that justice is done, both to the public and to the inventor. It may be given as a general rule that where an examiner's letter shows the exercise of much thought, study, and invention, in order to throw an obstacle in the way of granting an application, that the subject matter of that application is patentable. The applicant is entitled to two rejections of each claim upon the same state of facts, but oftentimes new references are given, and these entitle the applicant to another action, and in this way sometimes a dozen or more letters are written by the examiner before the case is disposed of. The applicant can reply to these letters at any time within two years, and in this way he may, if he elects, keep his application in the office for many years.

The greatest hardship that poor inventors suffer, under the unjust action of the examiner, is when a case is wrongfully rejected and they cannot well bear the expense of an appeal. Upon the payment of a government fee of ten dollars (and when a solicitor is employed, considerably more than that, for conducting the case), the applicant has a right of an appeal to the examiners-in-chief. This board of appeal consists of three examiners, whose only business is the consideration of appealed cases. A popular error is in styling them the examiner-in-chief, or the chief-examiner, as if the board consisted of only one person instead of three. The same mistake is often made concerning the title of primary examiner; he is called *the* principal examiner of the Patent Office, as if he were one above all others, instead of being one of an equal grade with thirty principal examiners.

Upon an adverse action of the examiners-in-chief, the applicant has a right to appeal to the commissioner in person, and from his decision an appeal is had to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

The practice in design patents is substantially the same as in mechanical patents; it differs therefrom mainly in the subject matter to which the patents relate. A design patent is confined to ornamentation or such matters as appeal solely to the eye, while machines and all matters relating to function or mode of operation are expressly excluded under the statute.

The extension of patents is a thing of the past. An extension gives life to a patent for a new term of years. Prior to March, 1861, the term of all patents was fourteen years. The law was then changed, making the life of a patent seventeen years, with a provision that no patent issued after that date should ever be extended, and no patent issued since then has ever been extended.

A reissue of a patent is often con-

founded with an extension. A reissue has no effect whatever on the term of a patent. It expires at the end of seventeen years from the date of the original patent. A reissue only changes the description and claims of the original patent. The drawing may be considered as a part of this description. In making these changes the applicant is confined to the subject matter which constituted the invention in the original patent. A reissue for the purpose of narrowing the claim, or for omitting one of the claims, is proper at any time, but under the recent rulings of the courts a reissue for the purpose of broadening the claim or claims must be made very soon after the issue of the original patent, if at all; otherwise, the reissue will be void. In view of these recent decisions it is of the utmost importance that the original patent should be taken out with great care. We have already considered the importance of having the invention reduced by a machine or model to a tangible form before the making of an application. In addition to this, it is of great importance that the inventor shall disclose to his solicitor all facts that he can relative to his invention. He should as nearly as possible tell him exactly how much of the device he knows to be old, and what he supposes to be new. He should point out with minuteness all the advantages which are derived from his invention, or which are supposed to be derived therefrom, and in doing so he should carefully distinguish between the advantages which are peculiar to his invention and those which it has in common with prior devices. He should also inform the solicitor of the various modifications or changes in the invention which have occurred to him or which he can devise. Having done this, it is the duty of the solicitor to put the case into proper form, and upon him lies the responsibility of a good patent. If the applicant fails to give the solicitor such information as he possesses, an imperfect patent will be largely the fault of the inventor. The writer has known many patents to be more or less faulty simply through the neglect of the inventor to tell the solicitor of the real facts in the case, and facts that he well knew.

Trade-marks and labels are registered in the Patent Office under certain conditions, but they are not patents, and for that reason will not be discussed in this paper.

The amount of the balance in the Treasury of the United States to the credit of the patent fund, in January, 1890, was nearly four million dollars. The Patent Office is the only branch of the Government from which any profit is derived, the only branch that pays its own way; and yet Congress has always pursued a niggardly policy towards this most useful, important, and prosperous of its children. For more than forty years past the annual reports of the Patent Office have contained urgent appeals to Congress for more room, more help, and more money, yet inventors in some classes have often had to wait for from twelve to fifteen months, or more, before their applications could be reached for examination. In the report for the year 1847 one of the examiners says:

"The genius, energy, and patient perseverance of the inventor in the noble work of improvement, in those arts which minister to the necessities, the conveniences, and the enjoyments of man, have far outstripped the tardy foot of legislation, and have transcended the limits of legislative provisions for their protection."

In 1884, Hon. O. H. Platt, one of the warmest, the truest, and most earnest friends of the American mechanic and inventor, said in his speech in the United States Senate, after quoting from the reports of several Commissioners:

"The quotations which I have made from former Commissioners and the letter of the present Commissioner are but the echo of every Commissioner of Patents, from the commencement of the Office down to the present time. The universal cry has been for more room, for more force, for room and force to enable the Office to keep up with its constantly increasing business. It has been more than a cry, it has been a wail. The Office is shamefully and almost criminally limited and cramped for room. I undertake to say that if there were tenement-houses in the city of Washington crowded as the rooms in the Patent Office are crowded, there would be one universal cry of indignation going up, not only from the press of this city, but the press of the whole country. Yet in the Patent Office it goes on and nobody objects. The space which is allotted to the clerical employees of the Patent Office may be large enough for a dungeon, it may be large enough for a tomb, and it may be a little too

large for a grave, but it is not a fit amount of room for a human being to live and do the work of this Government in."

Yet, notwithstanding all this cry for more room and more force, the Office is still in the same condition, and the report of the present Commissioner echoes the plea of every former Commissioner for more force, and for more funds, in order that the inventors of this country may have granted to them such facilities in the Patent Office as those inventors have paid for and do not get. One of the most important inventions in connection with the workings of the Patent Office is that of photolithography. It is, I believe, not the result of a single invention, but like many other inventions which are of the greatest moment to the country, it came little by little as the aggregate result of many inventions. By its aid the Patent Office is enabled to do with the same force nearly double the work that could formerly have been done. In fact, as we look upon it to-day, it would seem almost impossible for the Office to conduct its business at all without the aid of photolithography. For example, look at the Official Gazette, which is sent out every Tuesday, and contains illustrations and the full claims of every patent issued on that Tuesday, for the current week, the number of which frequently exceeds five hundred. This requires over one hundred and fifty pages. When considered with reference to the amount and character of the labor bestowed upon it, and the promptness with which it is issued, I believe that it is not equalled by any other publication in the world, and yet it is sold at five dollars a year. One can obtain a single copy for any week for ten cents. What a contrast is this to twenty-five years ago. At that time the only printed record of patents that was sent from the Patent Office was the much ridiculed Patent Office Reports issued only once a year, and then not until the patents which they illustrated were two or three years old. The illustrations were engravings or woodcuts, closely crowded together in a volume or volumes by themselves, while the claims were printed in other volumes. The first illustrations appear in the report for 1853, in which a part only of the patents were illustrated by white lines on a black ground, the cuts accompanying the text. The reports for 1849, '50, '51, and '52 contained the claims only, and prior to that time we have nothing but a mere list of patents issued, with reports of the various examiners, who sometimes made mention of what they considered the most important inventions of the patents issued during the year.

Photolithography has wrought numerous other changes in the practice of the Patent Office. Formerly, the examiners had to make their examinations from a single set of the original drawings, and if more than one examiner wished at the same time to consult the drawings of any particular class, one of them would have to defer his work until the other was through with them. Now, every examiner has in his own room a photolithographic copy of all such patented drawings as he may often have occasion to examine. Other sets are kept in the draughtsman's room, where attorneys and others may have access to them. The original drawings are carefully filed away where they can be examined when necessary, but where they will be preserved from being worn out and destroyed by constant wear and use such as they were formerly subjected to. Then in the matter of copies, — the specifications are printed of all patents issued since 1866, and all of the drawings have been photolithographed, so that in less than three days' time one can obtain any copy of these patents for the sum of ten cents. In 1866, the only way to obtain a copy of a patent in the Office was to have the drawing traced by hand and a manuscript copy made of the specification. It would take from one to six weeks to obtain one of these copies, and the expense was considerable. A dollar and a half was about the smallest cost for a copy of any patent, while copies requiring more drawing and longer specifications greatly exceeded this cost. The writer has paid thirty-eight dollars for a copy of a patent which now can be obtained for ten cents. Notwithstanding this low price for these copies, the Patent Office derives a substantial profit from its sales. Twenty-five years ago the draw-

ings for an application were made on a sheet of paper fifteen by twenty inches square. Instead of being all line work and jet black, brush shading, and all the colors of the rainbow were permissible. It was a common practice to show different materials in different colors; for instance, the steel was colored blue, brass, and wood were represented yellow, and if certain parts were shown in more than one position in one figure of a drawing, one of these positions was represented in red. Instead of requiring only one drawing, as at present, the applicant was required to furnish a copy of his drawing on tracing muslin, the latter to be attached to his patent when issued. The specification, instead of being printed, was in manuscript, on paper of the same size as the drawing, namely, — fifteen by twenty inches, making quite a cumbersome document, which was very inconvenient to carry or examine. Commissioner Theaker commenced printing the specifications November 20, 1866, and at the same time reduced the size of patents and drawings from fifteen by twenty to ten by fifteen. The copy of the drawing in tracing muslin to be attached to the patent was still required. In June, 1869, the Patent Office, under Commissioner Fisher, commenced photolithographing drawings of all patents, after which the applicant was not required to furnish a copy of his drawing other than the original, the copy for attachment to the patent being furnished by the Office without expense to the applicant. This change necessitated the abolishing of all colors, except black from the original drawings; but the inventor's name and the title of the invention the applicant placed upon the head of each sheet of his drawings, and all the fancy work both in color and design that the draughtsman could conceive of was lavishly bestowed upon this lettering. In the month of May, 1871, the Office still further reduced the size of patents, and the drawing attached thereto, from ten by fifteen inches to eight by eleven and one half inches. This size has been continued until the present time. The original drawings are still made on a sheet ten by fifteen inches in size, which are reduced by photolithography to the size of the present patent. About the time of thus reducing the size of the patent, the applicant was debarred the privilege of putting the fancy lettering upon his drawing and compelled to leave it blank, so that the Office might fill in the title and inventor's name with a uniform style of type. Another important improvement resulting from photolithographing is the furnishing of complete copies of the drawings and specifications to public libraries, so that inventors all over the United States can have ready access to them.

In January, 1869, Commissioner Foote commenced publishing a weekly list of claims, which was furnished to subscribers at the rate of $5 per annum. Soon after, Commissioner Fisher added to this list a pamphlet containing Commissioners' decisions which was issued at intervals of from one to two months. These were furnished without further expense to all subscribers for the weekly list of claims. These claims were stereotyped, so that at the close of the year they could be printed in the annual report, but they were not illustrated. Commissioner Fisher advised the discontinuance of the publication of the annual report; and the joint resolution of Congress, dated January 11, 1871, abolished the old form of annual reports. At that time the reports for 1869 had not been published, and the appropriations for the same expired July 1, 1869. It was soon found that the abolishment of these reports was a mistake, and as a substitute therefor Commissioner Leggett commenced the publication of the present *Official Gazette*, containing illustrations of all the patents each week, and they have been published continually since that time. The *Gazette* is such a great improvement over the old annual reports that we are glad those were abolished, for if they had not been abolished, under a mistaken idea and by an under estimate of their value, we never should have had the present *Official Gazette*.

The Patent Office was never before in so good a condition as it is to-day, and all this has come not from being a favored child of the government and the recipient of lavish support, but it has come

in spite of neglect and abuse. The office can spend from its own earnings only so much as Congress may be pleased to give it, and in fact it has not even been credited with all of its own earnings. The Patent Commissioner formerly had charge of the Department of Agriculture, and the entire expenses of that department were paid by the Patent Office for a period of twenty-five years. Says Senator Platt:

"The Agricultural Department is the daughter of the Patent Office; but we have taken the daughter away from her mother; we have built her a fine house and furnished elegant surroundings; we have given her costly and fashionable clothing; we pet, I will not say pamper her; we pay her every possible attention, while the old lady, her foster mother, still scrubs along in the kitchen of the Interior Department, and is never noticed except when she deposits the surplus of her daily earnings in the Treasury for the benefit of the rest of the family. It is a shame, and the inventors are beginning to regard it as a shame, and they are going to be heard in their demand that the Patent Office shall receive better treatment than it has received."

That demand has been made by every commissioner, for more than fifty years. At the same time, every effort has been made to make the most of the facilities at hand, until the Patent Office has been brought into as good a condition as possible so long as it cannot use its own money without the permission of Congress. Formerly, inventors had to wait from twelve to fifteen months, and in some classes even eighteen months, before their applications were reached for examination. Now there is not a room in the Patent Office that is six months behind in its work. This condition has not been brought about by reason of a decrease in the number of applications or in the number of patents issued, nor by having more help, more room, or more money; it was done in spite of a great increase in the number of applications, and with the same help, the same room, and the same amount of money as heretofore. In 1888, 20,420 patents were issued. In 1889, there were 24,158 an increase of almost one-fifth. The weekly issue of patents in 1888 was a little less than four hundred. It is now more than five hundred almost every week.

While our patent system is not what it would be with better facilities, we may point with pride to the fact that even in its crippled condition we have the best and most perfect patent system of any country in the world.

SUCCESS.

By Zitella Cocke.

WHO says that he who hath not won success
Hath failed, — or low endeavor crowned, compares
To that high failure which hath felt the stress
Of lofty purpose, — noble aim that dares,
Like him who with Apollo strove, to cope
With mightiest, though haply doomed, the goal
To miss? Do secret springs not feed his hope,
Untasted by the base, ignoble soul?
Ill-fated Marsyas! was all thy pain
For naught? Nay, thou didst see a fair god's face,
Thine ear did drink his lyre's divinest strain
And yet diviner voice. What can efface
Thy joy, — and thy most glorious unsuccess
O'er Phrygia flowed in stream of fruitfulness?



Dartmoor Weather on Pu Tor.

FROM A PAINTING BY L. R. O'BRIEN.

CANADIAN ART AND ARTISTS.

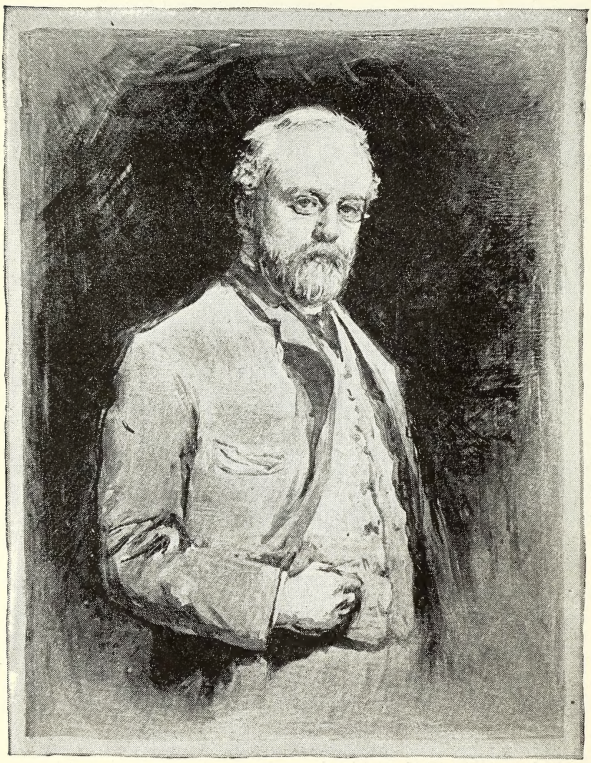
By W. Blackburn Harte.

IT is possible that some critics, glancing at the title of this article, as they cut the pages of this magazine, may smile, and comment: "Yes, that is very suggestive of Artemus Ward's lecture on 'Snakes in Iceland.' Are there any Canadian artists?"

There are some good artists in Canada, and a great many more of Canadian birth living and working abroad, where there is a wider field, a definitely existing market for good work, and more generous appreciation than in their native land.

A few years ago, English art critics were much inclined to raise their eyebrows when American artists were spoken of, and if one had ventured to remark the existence of Canadian artists they would have laughed immoderately. And very likely they were right, for commercial communities have to go through several phases before the artistic spirit can assert itself. The men who are prominent as Canadian artists to-day are but pioneers, and they have only achieved what they have by flying from the suffocating conventionality and utilitarianism of Canada, and getting into touch with the schools of contemporary France and England. The attitude of the English and French critics has changed. Their indifference has changed into curiosity, and many American and Canadian artists have found their warmest and kindliest recognition in Europe. But I do not think that the crowds who throng the art galleries of London every year are often aware that there is any other art in the world but their own. This is natural. An artist or an author, however wide his

fame, is only thoroughly comprehended, after all, by a certain circle. It is only the art world which has a good memory for artists' names and doings. The outside public is curious, but as it leaves the theatre, the art gallery, or the library, its recollection of the reputations it has made or unmade is slight indeed. Just across the channel, in the art Mecca of the modern world — Paris, English art is disposed of with a shrug of the shoulders; and as for American art — that is, a distinctively American school of painters — the French critics predict its advent as nearer the millennium than is pleasing to American enthusiasts. I confess myself inclined to think that art on this continent will not receive the attention it merits until the genius of the American peoples is released from the present fever of money-getting. I believe this must be felt by any serious person who lives in the heart of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, or Montreal or Toronto for a twelvemonth.

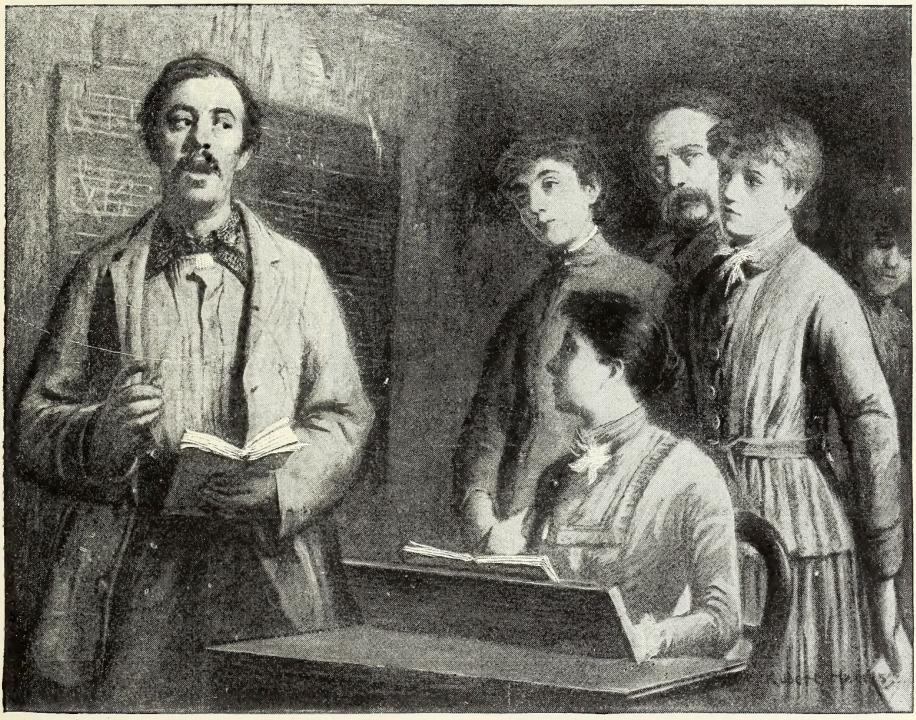


Robert Harris.
FROM A PAINTING BY HIMSELF.

In art, all is accomplished by men with whom art is life. And Canadian and American artists have found that individual merit will tell in Paris sooner than anywhere else. One feels in Paris that living is an art — there is inspiration in walking the streets and jostling the crowds. Nearly all of the successful American and Canadian artists have studied and achieved their first successes in the *ateliers* of the French masters of to-day. The greatest difficulty which confronts them is to obtain recognition from their own countrymen. In Canada there is a disposition to pooh-pooh the productions of all native workers in any form of art. There is the adoration of success and names, which always marks a society but new to the refinements of older civilizations; and, of course, this is accompanied by a prejudice against men without established reputations — a prejudice that is almost antipathy, and an entire distrust of local judgments. After all, the indifference at home is a good thing for Canadian artists. It drives them to the art centres of the old world, where only the fittest can survive. It speaks well therefore for the few successful ones that they have gained praise and recognition at the hands of the most artistic and most critical nation in Europe.

It would be useless to deny that art in Canada is still in swaddling clothes. In this article I shall only treat of those artists who have a record of distinct achievement. There is a great quantity of work exhibited every year in the art galleries in Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa, which is simply ridiculous. Some critics in Canada may think this a rather brutal disposition of a number of well-

known men who take themselves quite seriously; but this fear must not blind one to the glaring faults of these productions. The generality of the Canadian painters barely escape being mere copyists and daubers. Some of the canvasses on the walls at these exhibitions are more or less interesting as academic efforts, but they are not pictures. They are entirely lacking in composition, are prosaic in treatment and tone, and only occasionally possess the merit of photographic effects. They are meaningless as art. They are outside the scope of ordinary art criticism, and can only be regarded as the manifestations of a growing feeling for art in a community for the most part chained to the car of commerce and the common-



The Local Stars of Pine Creek.

FROM A PAINTING BY ROBERT HARRIS.

place. It would be unfair to apply the canons of art to the efforts of men who are entirely ignorant of them, and whose only guides have been their own perceptions mixed with the inherited fantastic prejudices of the *bourgeois* classes from which they have sprung, and to which they appeal. There is much that is pitiable in the lives of these unfortunates, feeding upon their illusions, and eking out a precarious existence as portrait and landscape painters in the different cities of the Dominion.

One thing that has greatly retarded the development of art in Canada is the lack of patronage. There is no home market for anything but portrait painting, and this branch of art, except in the hands of the masters, pursued alone for bread, is very apt to degenerate into a mere knack. The commercial idea is still supreme in Canada — it excludes higher ideals and interests. The Canadians, as a people, despise the arts, either painting, music or literature, because art is not a road to wealth; and the social scheme in Canada is composed of concentric circles, with the railroad hierarchy and the millionnaires in the middle. Of course, the wealthy merchants do buy pictures, but

they do so through art dealers in London and Paris, and they buy only the works of artists who are already distinguished. They buy such pictures, often, as they buy unblemished diamonds; there is no possibility of risk, and there is a probability of gain, in any future transactions. Their standard of excellence is the market price. I do not say there are no exceptions to this; but these facts have to be looked squarely in the face in a consideration of the Canadian artists of to-day. They show the patient enthusiasm and perseverance of the elect, who throw prudence to the winds, and paint; and they also enhance the value of the work which has been done without encouragement — almost without hope. But the writer is an optimist. The love of the beautiful is inherent, and with the increase of wealth and leisure it will assert itself, and the new civilization of this continent will eventually be as proud of its art as it is now of its material prosperity, and engineering enterprises. There is no art in a country until there is a more or less leisured class — not necessarily an aristocracy, but assuredly not a dollar-mad plutocracy, absorbed in the affairs of the marts. This class attracts attention by its ostentation, and is often credited with fostering the arts. This is a mistake. The spasmodic purchasing of pictures at surprising figures does not encourage legitimate art. It only tends to unsettle the true ideals of art, and open avenues of success for a bastard art, made fashionable by adventitious means. A Canadian collector in showing you his treasures will say, "It cost ten thousand dollars!" There is nothing more to be said. The price is the criterion of all things; and, as is the case with all colonies, the life of the masses in Canada is, for the most part, harshly utilitarian. The people are mostly fresh in the enjoyment of material comforts, and art and literature, in any broad or serious view, are unknown worlds to them.



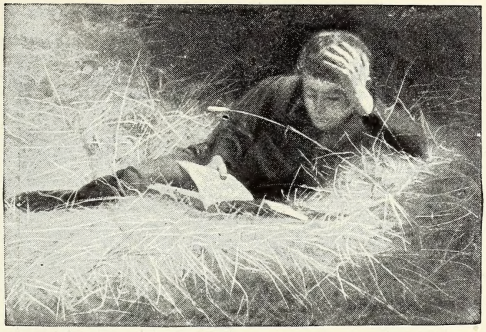
An Improvisatore.

FROM A PAINTING BY ROBERT HARRIS.

I have gone into these details of the conditions and surroundings of the art life in Canada because it would be robbing the men of whom I have to write of half their hardly earned reputation to ignore or gloss over the fact of the public apathy toward art, which binds the arms of the workers and slowly kills all but the strongest and most courageous.

The greater number of Canadian artists are landscape painters, and entirely eschew the higher and more delicate application of art to the human form and human life. This preponderance of landscape work is not altogether to be attributed to a lack of confidence or ambition among the workers. It is to be accounted for by the fact, for one thing, that the old *bourgeois* prejudice against

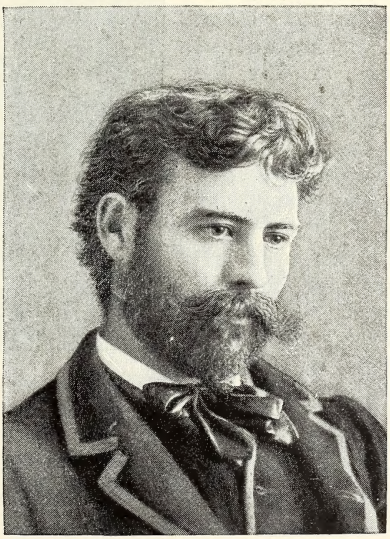
the study of the nude from living models still lingers in Canada. Even in the largest art schools the study of the human form is generally restricted to the torso. This, mentioned as an illustration of Canadian sentiment, stunts the growth of a true appreciation of the mission of art, and handicaps the worker whom circumstances prevent from studying abroad or in the United States. It can be broadly stated that the most prominent and excellent of the Canadian artists, including the landscapists, are those who have accepted partial expatriation, and lived their lives and done their work out of their native country. Of these, such as have essayed figure subjects, like Paul Peel and Percy Woodcock, two artists as Parisian in their methods as their masters, have sufficiently distinguished themselves. In fact, they have gained the compliment, the greatest possible to a Canadian artist to-day, of being classed, in the critical estimation of England and France, with the leaders of the French-American art colony. They have gained admission to the Salon, and their work has been hung "on the line," and received the warmest commendations at the hands of both artists and critics.



Forbidden Fruit.

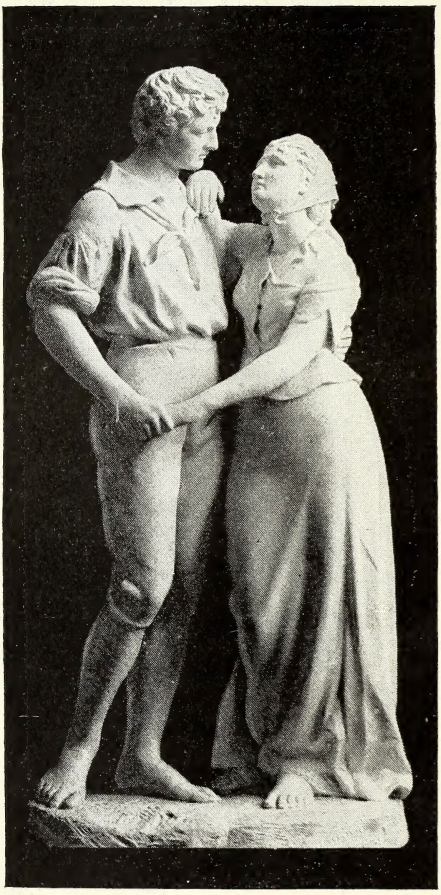
FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE A. REID.

The Canadian landscapists, like their confreres in the United States, are more in sympathy with the impressionist and naturalistic schools of France than the English school, and the influence of continental traditions is observable in nearly all their work. It was a prominent English art critic who said, "In the interpretation of nature, the French are artists; and our countrymen, photographers." This is altogether too sweeping; but it must be confessed that among English landscape artists there exist certain arbitrary limitations, venerable rules, which exclude well-known effects and harmonies in nature as too fantastic for canvas. This is a pity, as it is an injustice to many men of genius who dare not rebel. The almost universal adoption of French methods is a characteristic which strikes one in almost every exhibition of American paintings. The central idea of all contemporary French art is truth and *le style;* and the work of the Canadian artists, although they are mostly of British origin — the French Canadians, strangely enough, not having produced a single painter of consequence — betrays a constant striving after its attainment. With the English artists, the subject is of the greatest importance — and then individuality in treatment. The French artist makes the subject more or less subordinate to the treatment; and as for individuality, his endeavor is to reproduce exactly the tones and shadows of the scene, as they appear out of doors, and not in a studio.



George A. Reid.

This accounts for what some English critics call the glare of French landscapes. There is none of that unnatural minuteness of the perspective seen in English landscape — the appearance of the *tout ensemble* is reproduced, as it looked in the sunlight, or the shadow, with, of course, such elimination of detail as is essential for the purposes of composition. This is a revulsion from the old style of landscape painting, for which there had obtained a certain formula, more or less based upon the works of such men as Corot, Rousseau and Constable. The extreme expression of the revolutionary methods is seen in the work of an American, Mr. Whistler. After examination of some of his effects in black and white and gray tones, it is necessary to go and study the actual scene, under the same atmospheric conditions as those represented, to see how vividly true they are. For the poet or the artist with his eyes and ears open, there is nothing so fantastic as nature. A bridge across the Thames shrouded in a vaporish, yellow mist, shot through for a few minutes, with the crimson strands of the declining sun, powerless all day long; the mysterious craft below; the shadowy throng coming and going through the fog; the skyline of the houses on the opposite side of the river, slipping deeper and deeper into the gloom as the lights struggle into life in the windows, — all these things, commonplace enough to the commonplace observer, are more fantastic than any canvas ever painted by Turner or Whistler. But some Canadian artists, upon their return to their native land, make the mistake of making the realism of their masters a sort of formula in their own country — they perpetuate effects foreign to Canada. They see the landscape with the eyes of the French painter, forgetting that the atmospheric conditions are entirely different. In this they betray their facility for mastering the technique of their art, and at the same time their lack of insight into the real *motif* of French naturalism. This is at any rate better than the abominable work of those who have depended entirely upon their own perceptions, without any of the advantages of directed study. It is, too, the complaint of many of the foremost American landscape artists, that the landscape in America usually contains too much — is on too big a scale, and is so weird and melancholy, unrelieved by any human interest, that it is almost impossible to transfer it to canvas without crowding, and without sacrificing the harmonies of pictorial art, — what Dupré called the "soul of the landscape."



Paul and Virginia.

BY HAMILTON MCCARTHY.

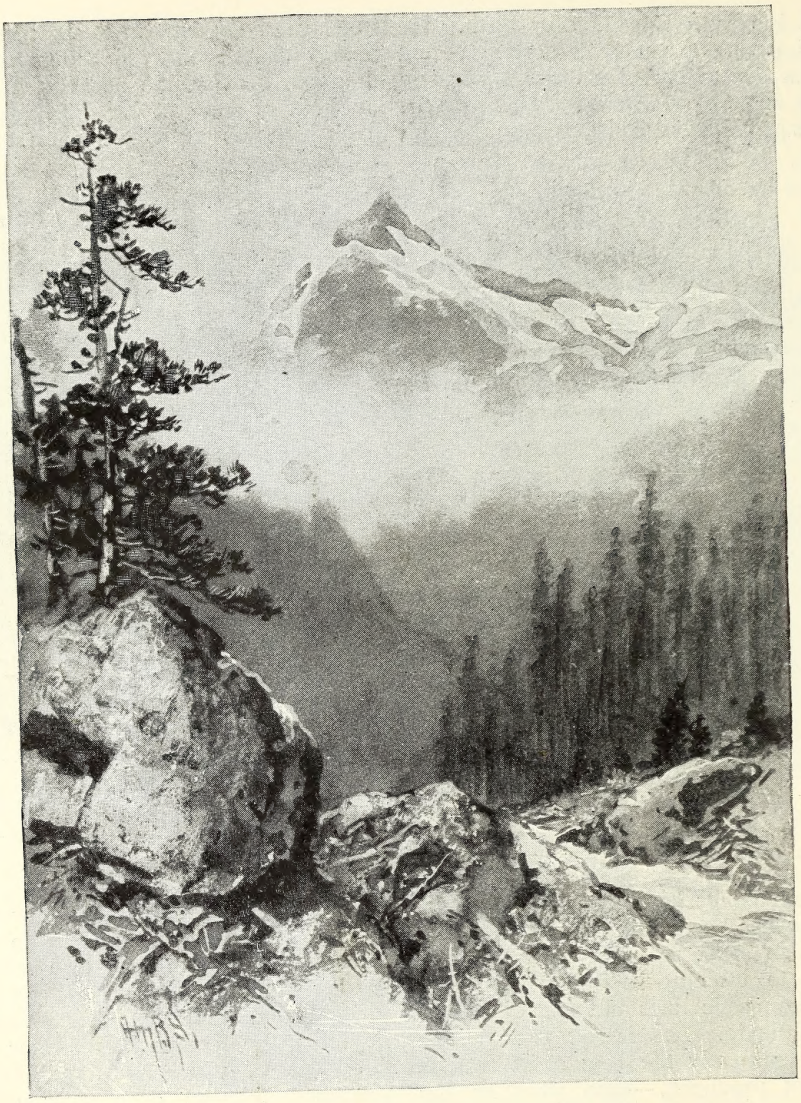
In the opinion of many of the most competent critics, the work of Paul Peel, one of the younger generation of Canadian artists, places him head and shoulders above his contemporaries.

Peel is only a Canadian by birth. He lived during the most important period of his life in Paris, and his work is in most respects as French as his masters. He is principally a figure painter, although he often paints landscapes with figures; and he has accomplished that which no Canadian artist resident in Canada has dared to attempt — absolute command over the plastic lines and tints of the undraped figure. At thirty years of age, he is pre-eminently the best artist Canada has yet produced, — and what he has done is only a promise of still greater things. He has been an artist since early boyhood, having begun his studies while still attending the public school in his native town of London, Ontario. At seventeen he entered the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and studied there for three years under Eakins. Then he went to England and worked at the Royal Academy, shortly afterwards removing to Paris, where he remained for ten years, studying under Gérome, Boulanger, Lefevere, Doucet, and Benjamin Constant, being nearly four years under the tutelage of the latter. A short time ago, family affairs brought him to Canada, and he made his visit the occasion of an exhibition of some of his paintings. The collection was probably the finest by one artist ever seen in Canada. It was certainly the best exhibition made by a Canadian artist in his own country. Among the canvases was a magnificent nude study, entitled "The Venetian Bather," the composition, color, and technique of which were perfect. It possessed all the excellences of the French school, which undoubtedly comprises the masters of the nude, but it had also the delicacy and poetry with which such men as Sir Frederick Leighton and Solomon J. Solomon invest the undraped figure. The picture was exhibited with others in the Paris Salon in 1889, and excited considerable enthusiasm. It was a distinct success, and the success was recorded in London and New York at the time. In the recent exhibition there were also some delightful pictures of French peasant life, in which Peel is particularly happy — painted in Brittany,



A Glacier Torrent.

FRAGMENT FROM A PICTURE BY F. M. BELL-SMITH, IN POSSESSION OF THE COUNTESS OF RINTORE.



Cheops from Path to the Glacier — Selkirks.

FRAGMENT FROM A PAINTING BY F. M. BELL-SMITH, IN POSSESSION OF THE EARL OF LATHAM.

Normandy, and Paris; and in addition to these were several Canadian subjects, obtained during flying visits to his native place. In all, there were about fifty-seven pictures, some of the most important canvases executed during Peel's residence in Paris. In spite of the protestations of his friends, Mr. Peel formed the adventurous resolve of selling off all his productions in Toronto without reserve. The result was as might have been expected. There was a great deal of curiosity and a large attendance at the sale, but the pictures were sacrificed at ridiculous prices. Mr. Peel is doubtless now convinced that he would have been wiser to have auctioned his pictures in Paris. It is hard to convince an artist that all the world does not love art. He possibly thought Canadians had learned to appreciate art during his long absence abroad. He did not know that the only

things which are really interesting to Canadians to-day are politics, railroads, real estate, Manitoba wheat, and "having a good time." In a decade or so it will be different — perhaps.

The example of Mr. Peel's work, "Apres le Bain," here reproduced, is the picture which gained the gold medal in the last Salon. The black and white gives no idea of the luminousness and warmth of the picture. The same qualities are seen in his "Tired Cupid," a fair-haired little fellow of about five years old crying behind an easel, from round the corner of which a big-bearded artist is good-naturedly regarding him.

It was while he was working in Constant's *atelier* that Mr. Peel made his greatest progress; and the fact of his having studied under several masters has saved him from the slightest tendency of becoming a mere imitator. The advantage of hearing the judgments of different studios upon contemporary masters made him strike out for himself, and all his work has the stamp of originality without the least suspicion of the merely *bizarre*. The picture which has won for him his greatest fame was suggested to him by one of his own little ones, fresh from the bath, happening to take a pretty pose before the open fire.



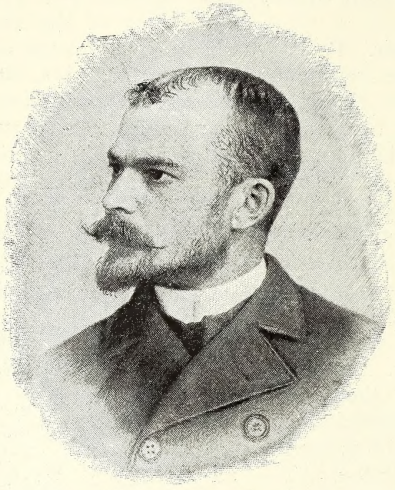
Hamilton McCarthy.

Among the Canadian painters of eminence, Robert Harris is perhaps the most English in his methods and the most distinctively Canadian in his selection of subjects, and his work has always something of the strong human interest one sees in some of Tenier's charming interiors. Mr. Harris owes his career entirely to his own courage and perseverance. He comes of an English family settled in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, where to this day one feels completely out of the world — certainly out of the world of art. Mr. Harris's father was one of the pioneers in the days of small things; but young Robert Harris was destined for art. All other occupations were hateful to him. Almost as soon as his fingers could hold a pencil, he drew the people and things about him, and the rough plaster of his bedroom walls was covered with large pictures painted from Bible stories and the standard authors; some were copies from woodcuts after Raphael and Guilio Romano, but most of them were his own compositions. These used to occupy him from daylight until it was time for school, and he was at them again directly school was dismissed. There were no means of studying art in Charlottetown, and at thirteen years of age, Mr. Harris was put into the business of surveying, an altogether distasteful employment, but which still allowed considerable opportunities of



F. M. Bell-Smith.

study from nature in the woods. By dint of persistent, unremitting effort — studying outdoors, and painting members of his own family, and sketching himself nude before a looking-glass, — Mr. Harris gradually acquired a certain command over his art, and soon began to receive a good many commissions for portraits. He was passionately fond of reading, and all this time he had been making an immense number of compositions illustrative of his favorite authors. An appreciative stranger, happening to see these sketches, persuaded him to go to Boston and take up illustrating as a profession. He followed this advice, and took with him some drawings from Hawthorne, Goldsmith, and Sterne, which brought him a commission from Fields and Osgood, the famous publishing house, to illustrate Hawthorne. He was delighted with his prospective success; but unfortunately, just as he had obtained such a fine introduction to the art world of Boston, his eyesight failed him. The commission had to be given up, and he returned to his home and spent a year of enforced idleness—a year filled with sad forebodings. Then he went to England, and after consulting Sir R. Bowmen, the famous oculist, he was able to resume his work, studying for some time under Legros at the Slade School of Art, connected with the University of London. After a visit home, he entered the *atelier* of Bonnat at Paris, and exhibited in the Salon, the Royal Academy in London, and several other of the leading English exhibitions. At this time everything tended to keep Mr. Harris on the other side for good, as he was getting together a very respectable *clientele;* but he did not care to tear up all the old associations in Canada, and a commission from the Dominion Government to paint a large canvas of the "Fathers of Confederation," decided him to return home. This is a large picture, containing thirty-four figures of the most prominent statesmen of Canada, a few of whom are still in politics; and it represented, as far as it was possible to reconstruct it, the meeting at which the several provinces were merged into the Dominion with a federal government. After the execution of this work, Mr. Harris settled in Montreal, spending considerable time in the galleries of England, France, Holland, and Belgium, during the summer months.



Percy Woodcock.



Paul Peel.

He is principally a figure painter, and the pictures by which he is best known are pictures taken from the actual life of the country folk of Canada, such as "A Meeting of the School Trustees" and "The Local Stars of Pine Creek." "The School Trustees," together with the "Fathers of Federation," is in the Na-

tional Gallery at Ottawa. It represents a bit of life typically Canadian, in a country settlement in the Maritime Provinces, in the stage of transition from a rough wilderness to a district of cultivated farmlands, with an unpretentious schoolhouse as its intellectual centre. Mr. Harris was



"The Day is Done."

FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN HAMMOND, IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. WM. WHITMAN, BROOKLINE, MASS.

the first to depict these curious types and characters and scenes in Canada. Subjects of this kind, full of possibilities for clever character studies, have a special attraction for him, as it is always the human interest which he loves best to see in a picture. These pictures attracted considerable attention in the Colonial Exhibition in London, and were engraved several times. Mr. Harris carries the same enthusiasm and insight into his portrait painting, which as he says, intelligently and conscientiously done, is often very delightful work. He is the best portrait painter in Canada, and he has more commissions than he can execute, as he will never consent to do anything hastily. He has never degraded his art by practising the commercial portrait painting which is so common in Canada. When in England he made a great many large drawings for the London *Graphic*, the *Illustrated News*, the *Pictorial World*, and several of Cassell's various publications, but he does very little illustrating now, preferring to work in oils. There has been a steady improvement in his work latterly, and he is adding to the series of *genre* pictures upon which his reputation mainly rests. He is one of the original members of the Canadian Academy, and was recently elected president, but declined the office.

The work of Percy Woodcock is in strong contrast to that of Mr. Harris. Here is another artist who is thoroughly impregnated with the spirit and teachings of the modern French school. A glance at his canvases shows the influences under which he has worked, though he has accepted none of the more brutal methods of the revolutionary school. In rejecting romanticism, he has avoided the incongruities of the wilfully impressionistic methods, and has gone direct to nature, as the best of the modern landscape painters have done. All Mr. Woodcock's pictures have the same dominant characteristic — fidelity to nature.

He interprets nature without trying to improve upon her; but he sees her with the exaltation of a poet, to whom nothing is commonplace or harsh. There is nothing sensational, or merely effective, in his composition. He expresses form as it is expressed by the light playing over the varied surface of things, and veils it as light veils it, gradating his color according to the play of light. This is the natural method, which the English romantic school does not dare to openly disapprove of, but nevertheless rejects.



Le Nid Abandonne.

FROM A PAINTING BY PERCY WOODCOCK.

Mr. Woodcock belongs to the "outdoor" painters. In all his landscapes there is that warmth and transparency of color, and atmosphere, which is often so conspicuously absent in English galleries, amid much excellent work, for the reason that the English artists are debarred from revealing the object in actual light, and are compelled to exclude the glare of natural effects. It was this which made Turner's struggle for fame such a long and weary one; and Turner has had no successors.

But there is sentiment and commentary in Mr. Woodcock's work; it is not merely a revelation of contour and color. It does not give simply a landscape — it gives the artist's conception of it.

Mr. Woodcock comes from Brockville, Ontario; but he has studied in Paris, with short absences, since 1878, entering the École des Beaux Arts, as a pupil of Gérome, in that year. Here he remained four years, during which time he was awarded the first place as a draughtsman, in the concour for places, a great honor for a Canadian artist, such men as Kenyon Cox, Thayer, Stott and other prominent American artists, being at that time pupils of Gérome. After receiving a thorough training under Gérome, he became a pupil of Benjamin Constant, so as to obtain a knowledge of color, Constant being considered to have no equal in this respect. In 1883, Mr. Woodcock exhibited his first picture, "Pifferari," in the Salon. The following year he had two pictures admitted, "Revenant du Puits," and "Le Nid Abandonné," reproduced in these columns. The first is a bit of Grez on the Marne, a favorite resort of artists. The scene is a typical French one; a young peasant girl carry-

ing her earthenware pitcher and clad in the loose, picturesque costume of Northern France, walking down the narrow path with the slow ungraceful gait of the peasantry, under a blazing noon-



Henry Sandham.

tide sun. There is a witchery about this theme, the full value of which can only be appreciated by an artist. The unbroken glare of a noonday sun is a very difficult effect to produce on canvas. It is a subject which, not carefully and excellently done, becomes harsh and unpleasant — mere color, in a word. The other picture represents a baby-faced peasant boy, who, whilst gathering poppies for his rabbits, has found a bird's nest, deserted by the mother bird, with four eggs inside, which the little fellow regards with evident curiosity. All around him is the yellow grain, relieved by the soft blue of the sky above, and the brilliant waving poppies scattered through it. The aerial perspective is charming. There is not only distance, but one actually feels the heat. The picture was reproduced in several of the French and English art magazines, but this is the first time it has been published in America. Mr. Woodcock's work gained admission to the Salon in two other exhibitions. The most important picture was "Le Fin du Jour," which appeared in 1888 and was put on the list for recompense, and only missed obtaining a medal by three voices. It is probably the most finished and excellent of his productions. A good many of his best pictures are owned by collectors in New York and other American cities. He is at present making sketches in Canada for future pictures.

Mr. George Agnew Reid is on the right side of thirty and is one of the most promising of the younger men. He studied for some years under Thomas Eakins in the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, and also in the *ateliers* of Benjamin Constant, Rixens and Dagnan-Bouveret in Paris. Since 1889, he has lived in Toronto, but has exhibited in the Salon, and the Academy Exhibitions in Philadelphia. He belongs to the realistic school, choosing familiar subjects from the simple life of the farming communities of Ontario, his native province. Some of his principal pictures are, "The Call to Dinner," "Gossip," both in the possession of a Toronto collector; "Drawing Lots," a splendid piece of realism, representing two boys on a wall in a



William Cruikshank.

FROM A PEN-AND-INK DRAWING BY HIMSELF.

strong sunlight, the one sitting with his legs dangling listlessly, holding out the ends of two matches to another boy, who sprawls at full length on the brickwork, languidly deliberating which he will

choose. "Forbidden Fruit" — a theme which reminds many readers of some of the pleasantest hours in their lives, was exhibited in the Philadelphia Exhibition, and is now owned by Mr. Lewis A. Scott of Philadelphia. It, and "A Story," also reproduced here, will speak for themselves, although the charm of the vivid coloring is lost in the photographic process. "Logging," a scene from the lumber woods, painted in British Columbia, and "Dreaming," a French fisherwoman absently rocking a cradle at her feet as she looks wistfully out of her cottage door, both gained admission to the Salon, and were very highly commended. "A Story" was exhibited in last year's Salon, and is now the property of Mr. E. B. Osler of Toronto, one of the most extensive purchasers of works of art, native and foreign, in Canada. Two other large and important canvases are "Mortgaging the Homestead" and "Local Politicians," both life-like and vivid representations of phases of country and village life, as familiar in the New England States as in Canada. The former is most dramatic in its treatment, and as true to human nature and fact, though in a different vein, as any of Hogarth's wonderful pictures of the seamy side of life. All of Mr. Reid's work is vigorous and uncompromisingly realistic, but it never repels one's sympathies, — quite the contrary, — and the technique is always good. For all his tendency toward realism, Mr. Reid is not a mere photographer in oils; he is a creator, and in fact, his work shows that he is aware, too, of the sensuous possibilities of mere color.



Charles C. Ward.

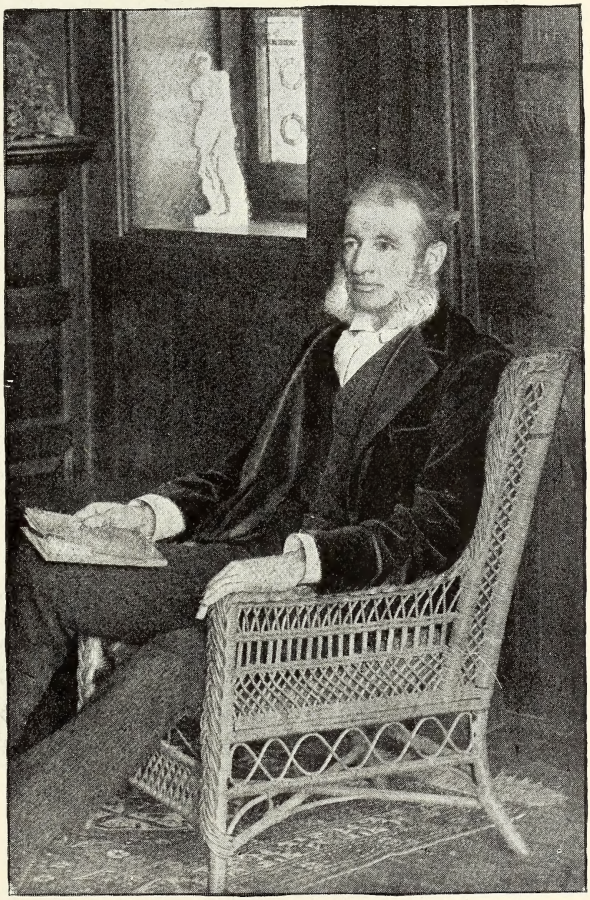
Mr. L. R. O'Brien, until recently the president of the Canadian Academy, is a landscape painter exclusively, and his medium is usually water colors. For some years he found most of his subjects among the cloud-capped, purple-tinted giants of the Rockies and Selkirks, but latterly he has occupied himself with the less weird and less melancholy scenery of England and Scotland. All his work is interesting, and the views are generally topographically accurate. Great care characterizes all his productions, and his manipulation of colors is "neat" — a quality more certain of popularity with the public than among the artists. He was one of the first to discover the "Rockies" — artistically — and his pictures dealing with their rugged grandeur are scattered far and wide, a great many of them being in American homes and collections. The delicate coloring of his landscapes and seascapes do not afford any strong contrast, and his work is, therefore, difficult to reproduce. The picture reproduced in this article is not representative of his best work; it was selected because it was the most suitable for reproduction.

Mr. O'Brien painted two views of Quebec for the Queen of England, one of which is now in the gallery at Windsor Castle, and the other at Osborne. He had the supervision of the illustrations for the beautiful work, *Picturesque Canada*, published by the Cassells of London; and he contributed a great many of the illustrations himself. His latest works have been painted and sold in England. The subjects have been various, ranging from the fishing hamlets of Cornwall, to the breezy downs and green lanes of Sussex; the beautiful sleepy old cathedral town of Canterbury, to the mist-shrouded forest of masts on the Thames about St. Paul's and London Bridge.

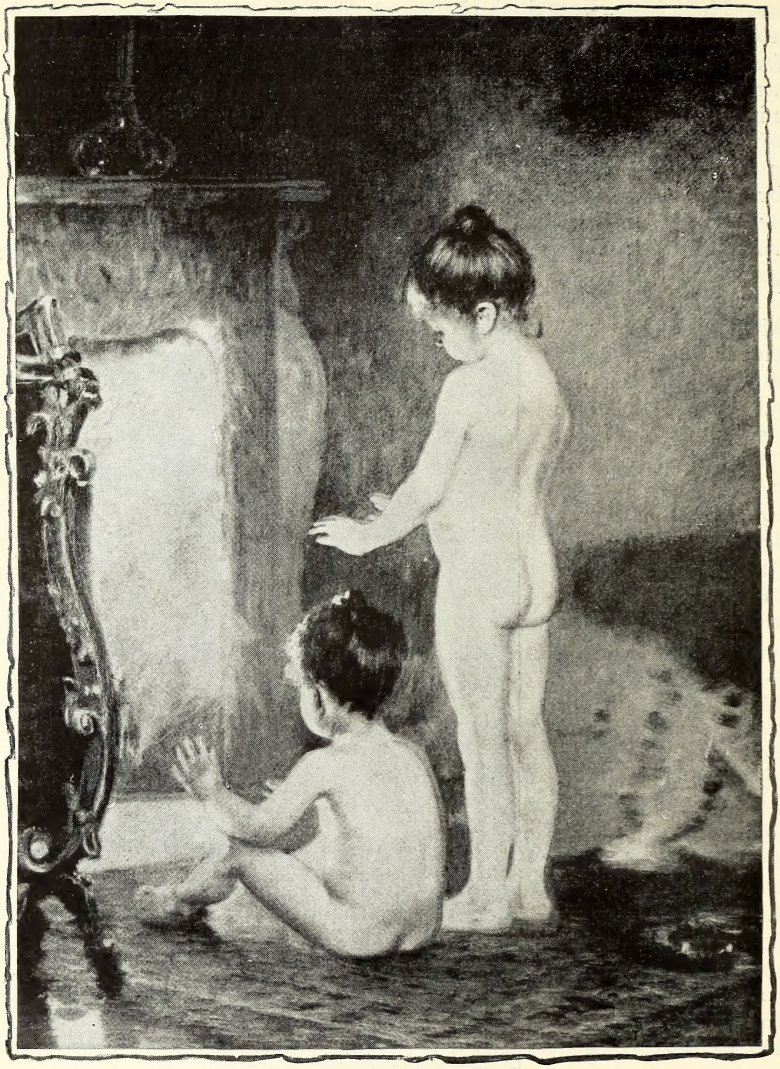
A familiar figure in the art circles and club life of Boston is that of Mr. Henry

Sandham. He is, I have littte doubt, better known to the readers of the *New England Magazine* than any other artist included in this article, in consequence of his illustrations in the magazines — the *Century*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, the *Cosmopolitan*, and the rest. In Boston, where he has lived for some years, Mr. Sandham is generally spoken of, and written about, as an American artist; but he was born, and began his career in the city of Montreal. Of late years Mr. Sandham's pictures have not been much seen in Canadian exhibitions, but he is well known in Canada, as an excellent painter in both water colors and oils. His great success in Boston has probably so completely filled his time that he cannot appeal to the public in Canada, except through the medium of the illustrated monthlies. But it is not likely that he forgets that it was making illustrations in the old *Scribner's* for the articles of a Canadian writer, Dr. William G. Beers, of Montreal, which first brought him recognition in the United States.

Mr. Sandham is now in the prime of life, and what he has accomplished may be only a promise of greater things to come. He owes everything he has achieved to his own energy and perseverance, for in early life every obstacle was placed in his way by his family to prevent him from becoming an artist. But the artistic spirit could not be quelled, and by his own unaided efforts he obtained a course of study under an able professor of the Dusseldorf school. He also derived much benefit from the direction and influence of Mr. John A. Fraser. Mr. Sandham never had what is understood as a regular course of study abroad, but he visited the principal schools and galleries in Europe, and his keen observation, great natural gifts, and hard study stood him in equal stead. Soon after having settled in Boston he caused something of a sensation by carrying off the bronze medal at the first Mechanics' Fair for his water colors. He has also a medal from the Art Commission of the Colonial Exhibition held in London about six years ago. Mr. Sandham's special line is in figure and portrait painting, but he has won almost equal eminence as an artist in black and white for the magazines. In 1889 he was commissioned by the Canadian government to paint a life-size portrait of the premier, Sir John A. Macdonald, which now hangs in the Senate Chamber at Ottawa. It is a splen-



L. R. O'Brien.



Apres le Bain.

FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL PEEL.

did likeness, and is also artistically considered pleasing and striking. It was etched in Paris, and already artist's proofs are very valuable and scarcely obtainable. Mr. Sandham illustrated "H. H's" (Helen Hunt Jackson's) famous California papers in the *Century*. Recently he made illustrations for George Kennan's Siberian articles, and Mary Hartwell Catherwood's, "The Romance of Dollard" in the same magazine. Mr. Sandham's pictures are scattered all over the country,—Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Ottawa, Boston and New York, each possesses a fair share of them. The Town Hall at Lexington, Mass., has a memorial work executed by him, entitled "The Dawn of Liberty." He is now engaged upon a colossal work, "The March of Time," a national memorial which may ultimately find a home in Washington. At the beginning of his career Mr. Sandham

worked mostly in water colors, but now he works principally in oils.

Mr. John A. Fraser is another artist who, after having made his mark in Canada, adopted the United States as his home and country. He studied in the schools of London, including the Royal Academy, then in Trafalgar Square. He began with water colors, which he specially studied under F. W. Topham, one of the most famous of *pure* water colorists that England has produced. He has, however, always been, by temperament and conviction, in sympathy with the French and Dutch, rather than the English landscape painters, and belongs essentially to the "outdoor" school. The French critics class him among the "*plein air*" painters, and it shows the strong natural bias of his mind, when one considers the fact that he had adopted the same methods of thought and practice as the French "naturalistic" school, then fighting its initial battles against romanticism and the closed doors of the Salon, although he was in perfect ignorance of the movement, living then in Canada, completely isolated from all art influences. This was years ago, before art was ever heard of in Canada, — for Mr. Fraser is one of the veterans. But those years of solitary working and striving, going directly to nature for inspiration, were after all salutary. They developed strong individuality and originality, which might have only half struggled into existence among the conflicts of the cliques. Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R. A., said of him in the report made to the British Government upon the Art Collection in the Exhibition of 1886:

> "Indeed, in many respects he may fairly be considered as the founder of a new school of landscape painting."

Certain it is that Mr. Fraser's works breathe the very spirit of "out o' doors." He has thoroughly comprehended nature's moods, but has done so without slavishly imitating her. This is what Turner did, who, despite the popular impression, not yet extinct, that his methods were fantastic, I maintain was a great "naturalist."

For many years in Canada Mr. Fraser was obliged to devote himself mainly to the (to him) uncongenial occupation of portraiture. Then, artists were very few and there was absolutely no *esprit de corps* or organization. Mr. Fraser promoted the art movement there, and in 1867 organized "The Society of Canadian Artists" in Montreal, and "The Ontario Society of Artists" in Toronto in 1872. Out of the latter grew the "Canadian Academy," of which Mr. Fraser was one of the original members. In 1868, while still living in Canada, he was elected a member of the "American Water Color Society" of New York, which city has since become his home. Some of his principal pictures in oils and water colors are: "Low-tide," owned by the Ontario Government; "Twixt Sun and Moon," owned by the Queen and hung at Windsor Castle; "Laurentian Splendor," owned by the National Gallery at Ottawa; "Dirty Weather," owned by the Princess Louise; "The Heart of the Rockies," owned by Sir Edward Watkin, the great English engineer; "The Crown of the Rockies," owned by Lord Calthorpe; "The Glacier's Breast," owned by Lord Petre; "The Grand Cañon," owned by Mr. W. C. Van Horne, President of the Canadian Pacific Railroad; and "Off in the Morning Mists," owned by Mr. Erastus Wiman of New York. Mr. Fraser has been a great producer. He has also drawn in black and white for the illustration of books of all kinds. Some of the best of his work in this branch has appeared in the *Century* magazine.

Mr. Homer Watson is a landscape painter, and has spent nearly all his life in his native place, the picturesque village of Doon, on the Grand River in Ontario. Two years ago, however, he left home, and is now wandering about England and Scotland. It will be interesting to see what influence his stay on the other side will have on his work. His methods are much the same as those of the English landscape school. His landscapes are not close studies of bits of nature, but are scenes recalled. He works, under the influence of the impressions received at the time the scene was observed, from memory. This is his general practice. He rarely sits down, as the French land-

scapists insist is the right way, and attempts to exactly reproduce the aspects of any one scene under its exact conditions. The poetic element, or perhaps rather the dramatic feeling, in landscape, is strong in all his work, and his manner of painting is vigorous and solid. He is prodigal of color, and frequently has recourse to the palette knife; there is nothing flimsy in the textures. He is a firm believer in the methods of Corot, Constable, Dupre, and others of that school. The subjects of his pictures have been generally drawn from the more rugged part of the scenery round about Doon — a land of roaring, frothing streams, great boulders, woods, and fantastic heights of sheer basaltic rock. The London *Magazine of Art*, in a criticism of his work, when exhibited over there, said:

"Mr. Watson has evidently not learned his art as a monkey acquires tricks, and it is possible to make sure, from an examination of his exhibits, that the masterly manner which he has attained in 'A Frosty Morning at the Edge of a Clearing' has been superimposed upon his original way of seeing nature by a process of natural development."

Mr. Watson has had to depend almost entirely upon his artistic conscience in his work, for until he went abroad his advantages of study were only such as he could obtain from the artists of Ontario, and occasional vists to New York and Philadelphia. But for landscape painters academic study is of course not an absolute necessity, as the success of many distinguished artists sufficiently proves. Mr. Watson exhibited in the Royal Academy in London in 1888. Some of his best pictures are "The Side Line"; "The Pioneer Mill," in possession of the Marquis of Lorne; "Flitting Shadows"; "Down in the Laurentides"; "A Frosty Morning at the Edge of a Clearing"; and "Where the Upland Dips to the Shore," one of his academy pictures.

Another landscapist who has been greatly attracted by the scenery in the Rockies is Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, a very much younger man than Mr. O'Brien, and in the opinion of many, his superior in the same line of work. I am able to give two glimpses of Rocky-mountain scenery, made in ink-wash by the artist himself from two of his pictures, especially for this magazine. Mr. Bell-Smith has been a very hard worker, and his pictures, besides being hung in the English Royal Academy and other leading exhibitions, have found their way into many fine collections in England and the United States. He paints mostly in water-colors, and his colors, like those of a great many of his *confrères*, belong to an older period, now passing away, unlike the modern Dutch or French aquallists.

Mr. Hamilton McCarthy is the only member of the Canadian Academy who has distinguished himself in the most difficult of all the arts — sculpture. Mr. McCarthy studied in England and finished in Belgium. He practised his profession in London before settling in Toronto, and among the busts of various eminent personages that he executed over there are those of Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Wolseley, Archbishop Tait, the late Earl of Derby, General Sir George Colley, and Sir Roderick Murchison. Among those who are now in possession of his original groups and portraits are the Queen of England, the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Northumberland, the Marquis of Abergavenny, the Earl of Wharncliffe, the Earl of Malmesbury, Lord Wolseley of Cairo, Sir Andrew Lusk, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Sir John Monckton, the Baroness de Rothschild, the Corporation of the City of London, the Carlton Club, and the Companies of Merchant Taylors and Clothworkers. His busts of prominent Canadians include the Hon. Edward Blake, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Daniel Wilson, Professor Goldwin Smith, and the late Professor George Paxton Young, an eminent scientist, well known in England. Mr. McCarthy has exhibited in the Royal Academy, his greatest successes being three groups, "Burns and Highland Mary," "Paul and Virginia," and "Hamlet and Ophelia" illustrating the lines:

"He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with the other hand thus, o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it."

All Mr. McCarthy's work is felicitous and

dramatic in conception, and delicate in execution.

Mr. William Brymner belongs to the "out-door" school, and studied in the "atelier Julien" under Tony Robert-Henry and Bouguereau in Paris. He was born in Ottawa, the capital, but is now a resident of Montreal. His work shows that he acquired his art under strong French influence, and the pleasant assemblage of tender grays which charactizes it sufficiently attests the fact that he believes and practises working in the open air. He is almost exclusively a painter in oils, and all his productions show the hand of an educated artist. He has exhibited in the Salon and several English exhibitions.

The little village of Rothesay on the left bank of the Kenebacasis River, which empties itself into the St. John, a few miles above the old shipping port of St. John, N. B., is hemmed in by scenery that makes one wish to dream away one's life forgetful of all things but the glories of the skies, the woods, and the water, and the joy of mere physical existence. And here Charles C. Ward spent his boyhood and was made a painter. It is such a romantic region that the thought of its producing anything but poets and painters somehow strikes one as being incongruous; but as a matter of fact, it has produced more sailors and shipbuilders than singers or artists.

Mr. Ward is one of the very few who still have any love and reverence for the poor Indian. And being an ardent sportsman as well as an artist, he has spent many months and years in the woods with the Indian hunters, and, though he does not idealize them in his pictures, he shows in his marvellous realism his intense sympathy for the dying and degraded race whose nobility cannot survive in an age of iron and commercial hierarchies. In his methods Mr. Ward is evidently a disciple of Meissonier, although his subjects and his technique are essentially individual. He is almost exclusively a *genre* painter, and his theme is always American: usually, his favorite Indian; frequently, some phase of backwoods' life.

Mr. Ward is now in the prime of life, so that great as has been the excellence of what he has done, we may look for even greater accomplishments in the future. He was born in St. John, N. B., in 1836, and at fifteen went to New York where he studied landscape under A. B. Durand. Then he went to England, and entering the London Art Schools studied figures under William Hunt. After living in England for about eight years, and exhibiting in the Academy and other English exhibitions, Mr. Ward returned to New York, and from that time on has devoted himself almost entirely to figure subjects. Among his principal pictures, exhibited at the National Academy of Design and elsewhere, are, "The Bivouac," "Force and Skill," "The Raw Recruit," "An Indian Boy," "The Good Sister," "The Unbidden Guest," "His First Appearance in Public," "The Requiem," "On the Trail," "Gathering of the Tribes," "The Wreck Sunset," "Hiawatha," and "The Old Guide's Story."

He has furnished a great many illustrations for the old *Scribner's Magazine*, the *Century*, *St. Nicholas* and the *Illustrated London News*.

The most important effort of his life is a large picture, "The Burial of Madame La Tour," which he has been commissioned to paint for an English collection, and which is still in his studio. The story of Madame La Tour's brave defence of Fort La Tour, and its capture by Sieur d'Aubney Charnisay is too well-known to need recital here. Madame La Tour's remains were buried in or near Carleton, a suburb of St. John.

Mr. John Hammond is a New Brunswick artist, who has done a great deal of admirable work, as the reproduction in this magazine of "The Day is Done," one of his most notable pictures, amply proves. Others of his principal pictures are "Evening," exhibited in the Salon of 1885, and Royal Academy of 1886; "Low Tide — Bay of Fundy," was hung "on the line" in the Salon of 1885; "The Market Slip, St. John," in the possession of Mr. Dalmeyer, London; "Sheep in the Forest of Fontainebleau," and "Sunset," in the possession of Mr. W. C. Van Horne, President of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and "Waiting

for the Fishing Boats," in the collection of Mr. William Whitman, of Brookline, Mass.

He began life as a miniature painter, and was intimately associated with Wyatt Eaton and Henry Sandham in Montreal before success had come to them, and when the three young men stood on the threshold of their widely separated careers, bravely fighting for art in an atmosphere of dollars and bigotry. He has studied in England, France, Holland, and Italy, and is a great admirer of the French school of 1830, whose methods he endeavors to perpetuate. After coming into touch with the art life of the old world, Mr. Hammond abandoned miniature painting for the wider field of landscape, to which he has since devoted himself.

In his choice of subjects and in certain brush effects, Mr. Hammond frequently reminds one of Turner. Mr. Hammond's color is always striking. It is bolder than that of the majority of landscape painters. It is uncommon in many of its harmonies, for the reason that Mr. Hammond's idea of color is not that of the studio, but that of out-'o-doors — the actual landscape under certain actual conditions of light and shade. There is nothing crude about it; it is always physically accurate and exquisitely beautiful. Contrary to the generally accepted creed of the old school of landscapists, Mr. Hammond rightly holds that there is nothing crude in nature.

For a number of years Mr. Hammond has been Principal of the Owens' Art Gallery in St. John, which is the best institution of its kind in the Maritime Provinces, and has indeed attracted students from all parts of the Dominion.

Mr. T. Mower Martin, is a veteran landscape painter, who has produced some very creditable work, exclusively Canadian. Some of his best pictures are in the Queen's collection at Windsor, and the Marquis of Lansdowne's.

Daniel Fowler is known in Canada as a good landscape painter, in water colors, but his work is not seen in the exhibitions now, as he is about eighty years of age. His best work belongs to the old style; but whatever the subject of his picture was, it was rendered with so much boldness and brilliance, with such an appearance of perfect facility and strong sense of decorative color, that the effect was always charming. He was, too, particularly happy in his treatment of architecture in a landscape.

The present occupant of the presidential chair of the Academy is Mr. O. R. Jacobi, who also belongs to a past generation. In his best days he made a reputation with some clever water colors, in which the poetic element was very strong. He is now over seventy-eight, and produces very little.

Mr. William Cruikshank is a grandson of the famous English caricaturist and illustrator. He is very clever in his delineation of the life of the lumber camps and similar scenes of the backwoods, with which he has made himself familiar by actual experience. He is now settled in Toronto in the regular practise of his profession. Mr. Forshaw Day is a member of the Canadian Academy, and paints both in oils and water-colors. He had the advantage of European study, and has exhibited in the Salon, the Philadelphia Centennial and the International Exhibitions held in London from time to time. Mr. L. P. Herbert of Montreal, is a rising sculptor, at present executing a commission for the Quebec Government in his Paris studio. Mr. Gilbert Frith is also a sculptor, resident in Toronto, and is doing much good work. Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles, though born in Canada, comes from a race of artists, his grandfather having sketched for the *Illustrated London News* during Wellington's campaigns, and Davidson Knowles, the well-known English artist, being his first cousin, as also is Miss Matilda Knowles, a frequent exhibitor in the Royal Academy. Young Mr. Knowles shows very great promise, both in figures and landscapes, and he was elected to the Canadian Academy in 1889. He studied at the Philadelphia School of Art, but will soon migrate to Paris. Mr. J. K. Lawson is a man who has a very considerable reputation among artists, but as far as the public is concerned, he has yet his reputation to make. He has studied in Rome, Naples,

and Paris, and has wandered ceaselessly over Western Europe and Northern Africa, making hundreds of remarkably clever studies, but few deliberate pictures. He belongs to the impressionist school, and his work has a great deal of artistic feeling in it. He is a man who may make a great reputation, or may fail because of his inability to make any concession to prevailing ideas. His creed is that painting is the "poetry of light," and his landscapes and sketches always bear this interpretation. Mr. Charles Broughton is a successful Canadian artist settled in New York, who is doing much excellent work for the big magazines.

Among others for whom there is only room for brief honorable mention are A. D. Patterson, Mrs. Reid, Miss Tully, Mr. Ernest E. Thompson, a very clever animal painter now studying in France, F. P. Challoner, William Raphael, and Allan Edson, who unfortunately died in the promise of his youth.

THE UNIVERSITY OF FRANCE.

By Prof. W. L. Montague.

THE term university has not the same signification in France that it has in England, Germany, and the United States. No institution bearing that name, devoted to liberal culture, has had an independent existence in that country since the epoch of the great Revolution. Previous to 1790, there were corporate bodies for university education in some of the principal cities, as Paris and Montpellier. The oldest of these institutions was the University of Paris, which was founded in the year 1200 by Philippe Augustus, and enlarged and strengthened by Saint Louis. Very great privileges were granted to it from the outset, including the sole right of instruction and special jurisdiction of all matters relating to its interests. These privileges were sometimes detrimental to the public peace. The students often engaged in a quarrel with some other institution, or with the people of a certain section of the city, occasionally with serious results and even loss of life. If, however, on such occasions any of the students were arrested, the University demanded reparation, and suspended all exercises of instruction till the desired end was secured. Subsequently, it often took a prominent part in public affairs, and constantly defended the liberty of the Gallican Church in all matters of theology. This university was suppressed, with others, in 1790, and reorganized by Napoleon in 1808. Under his control it was no longer an institution devoted to liberal learning, but a centralization of power, a branch of the administration of government, under which all public instruction throughout France was placed.

That organization known as "The University of France" has practically continued to the present time, though a movement is now in progress tending to re-establish the separate universities, with their independent powers and privileges.

Under the government of the Republic, there has been a thorough reformation of the entire system of public instruction and a wonderful development, especially of the primary schools. The faculties of letters, sciences, law, medicine, and theology, all public schools, colleges, and *lycées*, whether supported by the state, the department, or the commune, are now united under one general system, and constitute the University of France; at the head of which stands the Minister of Public Instruction, with the title, "Grand Master of the University." He has the appointment of all the officers of the university, and fills the vacancies in colleges and schools of secondary and superior instruction. He is assisted and advised by a Superior Council composed of the most eminent men in science and letters, who examine and approve all

text-books that are used, and determine the method of teaching that shall be followed uniformly in all schools of the same grade.

Under their direction, general inspectors visit the various educational institutions of the country, and inquire into their management and their success. There are also special inspectors and an academic inspector for each district named by the minister. The academic inspector is advised and assisted by a departmental council, over which the *prefect* presides. Under his direction are placed the primary inspectors, who are also named by the Minister of Public Instruction. In 1887, these primary inspectors numbered 456 or an average of one inspector to 146 primary schools. It is proposed to increase the number of inspectors so that each one shall be responsible for only one hundred schools, and visit them several times during the year.

There are, in the University, seventeen academies, including one in Algeria, each having at its head, a rector. The most important of these is the Academy of Paris, which has the Minister of Public Instruction as rector, and also has a *vice-recteur* who acts as his representative. These academies are really only districts, or departments, into which the University is divided for the purpose of more efficiently carrying out the details of the administration, and each rector (or vice-rector), is the acting executive officer having complete jurisdiction in his own district. No one can even visit a *lycée*, or college, without his permission, but when that has been secured, ready access is given the visitor to examine any grade of instruction from the highest to the lowest.

This unification of the government and direction of the entire system of education in France has important advantages. It renders the instruction systematic and uniform, and the diplomas in each grade of equal value. The choice of authors and text-books is not left to the arbitrary will of different teachers, but is determined by one board for all schools of a particular grade. By means of frequent and minute inspection, the quality of the teaching is maintained uniformly on a level as high as possible. The degree of "Bachelor" or "Doctor" does not vary in value, as in America, with the standing of the institution conferring it, but everything represents a nearly equal amount of study and attainment. Examinations for these degrees are very severe and critical, both oral and written, and are conducted not by the teachers in the colleges, but by professors appointed for this purpose by the University. Students who do not reach the required standard are sent back for another year of study.

The branches prescribed may not be as numerous, nor the courses as comprehensive as in the United States, but some subjects are pursued much further and more profoundly, especially the language, literature, and history of the country. For example, the study of the French language is given an average of more than four hours a week during eight of the nine years spent in the *lycées* and colleges.

The instruction given in the University is divided into three grades: primary, secondary and superior.

The primary schools receive children from six to thirteen years of age (also children of five years where there is no maternal school.) There are, moreover, in certain important cities, superior primary schools, where in addition to the ordinary primary course, practical instruction is given on subjects relating to the various trades, to agriculture and commerce. Of these schools, there are 302 with 1,600 teachers and 38,000 pupils.

Since 1886, the primary instruction has included the "maternal schools" which are "establishments of early education, where children of both sexes receive in common the care and attention which their physical, moral, and intellectual development demands." They differ somewhat from the kindergarten schools, as the system is less rigid and complicated. Children from two to six years of age find in them the tender care of a mother combined with the education suited to their years. These schools receive support from the state when established in communes having more than two thousand inhabitants. In 1887, there

were (including Algeria), 6,090 of these schools with 9,219 teachers and 767,767 children. These schools form a sort of intermediate stage, a transition from the family to the primary school, and all the exercises are regulated on the general principle that they aid in developing the diverse faculties of the child without fatigue, without constraint, and without excessive application. Their object is to make the child love the school, and to give him an early taste for work, by never imposing a kind of work incompatible with the weakness and restlessness of childhood. The teacher must consider the constitution, temper, and character of each child, and aim, not so much to furnish him with a certain degree of knowledge in reading, writing, and numbers, as to awaken a taste for singing, drawing, stories, and gymnastics; "an eagerness to see, to listen, to observe, to imitate, to question, to answer; to arouse the mind, and to open the soul to good moral impressions." Under such influences the child is prepared for the more serious and regular instruction of the primary school. The published programme includes the first principles of moral education, exercises in language, object lessons, elements of natural history, drawing, writing, reading, simple numbers, geography, national history, manual exercises, singing, music, and gymnastics. This programme is subdivided for the first section (two to five years) into exercises appropriate to the different seasons, and gives a detailed course for each month of the year.

Since 1887, "infantile classes," intermediate between the maternal and primary school, have been established for children of five to seven years old, in certain communes where there are no maternal schools.

Primary instruction is obligatory (since 1882) for all children from six to thirteen years of age, and is entirely gratuitous. The sexes are educated separately, except in localities where the population is less than five hundred, and where only one school is supported, which receives both boys and girls.

The instruction is classified under three general divisions: I. Physical Education; II. Intellectual Education; III. Moral Education. In each division the published programme is very complete and definite, subdivided into four sections covering eight years: infantile, five to seven; elementary, seven to nine; medium, nine to eleven; superior, eleven to thirteen. The physical education includes the laws of hygiene and neatness, gymnastic (and for boys of nine to thirteen, military) exercises, and manual labor.

The intellectual education includes: (1) reading, (2) writing, (3) language, (4) history, (5) geography, (6) civic instruction, (7) arithmetic, (8) geometry, (9) drawing, (10) physical and natural sciences, (11) agriculture and horticulture, (12) singing.

The moral education is not less important and thorough, "destined to complete and to bind together, to elevate and to ennoble all the teaching of the school." Explicit directions are given to the teachers for inculcating all those important principles of moral obligation upon which Catholics and Protestants of every denomination practically agree. These include the duties of the child in the family, in the school, and in society; duties towards himself and others; towards his country, and towards God. He is to be taught neatness, temperance, economy, industry, sincerity, truth, modesty, self-respect, patience, courage, justice, charity, kindness; to do unto others as he would have others do unto him; tolerance and respect for the belief of others; reverence for the idea of "the first Cause and of the perfect Being," even when presented under forms differing from those of his own religion; "never to pronounce lightly the name of God, and always to obey the laws of God as revealed to him by his own heart and conscience." The teacher is not to theorize on these subjects, but appeal to the idea of duty and the sentiment of responsibility based on the existence of conscience, of moral law and obligation. Such instruction, given to every child of every sect, must soon produce grand results in the moral life of a people, and one might even query if the example of France might not profitably be followed in the common schools

of America. The number of primary schools, public and private, in France in 1887 was 80,209 with 145,688 teachers and 5,526,365 pupils. Of these the public schools numbered 66,708 with 103,008 teachers, and 4,444,568 pupils, involving an expense to the state of $34,600,000. During the preceding five years the state had expended for land and buildings, $100,000,000, an immense effort made at a great sacrifice by the present generation for the future. The government now justly boasts that "in the new generation all, without exception, are educated."

The secondary instruction is given in the *lycées* and communal colleges, and corresponds nearly to that given in the high schools, academies and colleges of the United States. The communal colleges are 246 in number, and belong to the departments or cities in which they are located. The *lycées* are the national colleges; the grounds, buildings, furniture, libraries and apparatus all belong to the state. These state colleges in 1887 numbered one hundred, and several of them were quite new or had recently been rebuilt at great expense. In addition to these, since 1880, twenty-three *lycées*, and twenty-five communal colleges for girls have been established on nearly the same basis and principles as the *lycées* and colleges for boys, except that no provision is made for the study of the ancient languages.

Graduates of the primary schools may enter the sixth class in the *lycée* or college, where a distinction is made between the scientific and the classical course, and the study of Latin is commenced. The course for a diploma then requires seven years, as the first class occupies two years, one called the rhetoric class, and the last, or highest, the philosophy class. In most of these *lycées* and colleges, primary instruction is also given, and in some there is even the maternal school. In the new programme prescribed by the ordinance of January 28, 1890, the regular course of secondary study commences with the eighth class, the preceding being called preparatory. A boy may enter the eighth at the age of nine, and consequently be prepared to present himself for examination for a degree at the age of eighteen. After the seventh class, he must pass an examination before entering the sixth (grammar division); and another after the fourth, before entering the third (superior division). Four years later, after the philosophy class, he may present himself to one of the faculties of the university for the final examination for the degree of *Bachelierès Lettres* or *Bachelierès Sciences*. In the nine (or more) years' course of study there is no loss of time, and no interruption of progressive work so often noticed in the change of schools and teachers in the American system. The instruction in these institutions is not free, but the charges are very moderate and reasonable. They vary, according to the class, from $200 to $450 a year for boarding students, and from $75 to $150 a year for others. The students are both *interns* and *externs;* about one-fourth (or one-third) belonging to the former class, while a large number are partial boarders. If a student is poor and unable to meet these charges, he can receive aid (a *bourse*) from the government to the extent of one-quarter, one-half, three-quarters, or even the whole of his expenses. As students may be promoted from one degree of aid to another, according to merit and attainment, the system of government aid serves as a constant incentive to a high aim and to faithful work. There were in the different *lycées* and colleges in 1887, 10,528 students receiving such aid from the government.

The standard of instruction in these institutions is now very high. Teaching is regarded as a profession, as truly as law or medicine. No one can be admitted to it without a diploma, witnessing the most thorough preparation, and when once admitted, his position is considered permanent. The decree of July 16, 1887, permits the professors to reach by promotion the maximum salary of the first-class without having to solicit or accept a change of place, which was often injurious to their own interests, and to those of the establishments with which they were connected. (At the time of the last report only 99 of the 3,741 administrators and professors in the *lycées*,

and 386 of the 4,432 in the communal colleges were without degrees.) The expense for these institutions incurred by the state, department, and commune in 1887 was $3,773,102, and the appropriation by the government for 1889 was equal to $3,435,574. The number of students was 90,000.

The superior instruction is given by lectures, and corresponds closely to that gained in the United States by post-graduate study and in the professional schools. It is given by the most eminent professors in France, connected with the different faculties, of which there are fifteen of letters, fifteen of sciences, fourteen of law, six of medicine, and two of protestant theology, located in the principal cities of the country. Since the decree of December 28, 1885, the faculties of each academy are grouped in one body, and have a general council of the faculties to represent their common interests. This council is composed of the rector of the academy (president), the deans of the different faculties, the directors of the superior school of medicine, and the preparatory school of medicine and pharmacy, two delegates from each faculty, and one delegate from each school, elected by their associates for three years. This arrangement might be considered a kind of preliminary step toward restoring to these bodies their ancient privileges as separate universities. These various faculties not only give instruction, but conduct all examinations for degrees, the latter being considered one-fourth part of their work.

This superior instruction and the highest degrees are offered to both sexes alike, and on equal terms. The instruction is mainly gratuitous, but there are charges for registration and examinations, amounting to nearly $100 in letters and science, $250 in medicine, and $340 in law; besides the expense of printing the thesis for the Doctor's degree, which sometimes forms a volume of more than eight hundred pages, and costs the student from $500 to $800. These theses are usually presented in the *Salle du Doctoret* before the Faculty of the Sorbonne at Paris. This institution was originally a school of theology for the poor, founded by the chaplain of Saint Louis in 1253, and later became one of the most renowned universities in the world. It is now the seat of the Academy of Paris, and of the three faculties of letters, science, and theology. (The faculties of law and medicine have each a separate location). The work of enlarging and reconstructing the buildings of the Sorbonne, commenced in 1885, is still continued; and the total expense is estimated at $4,440,000.

The *Collège de France* is a separate institution, not under the control of the University, but subject to the Minister of Public Instruction. It conducts no examinations and confers no degrees. It has forty professorships relating to every branch of human learning. The instruction is given by lectures, and is entirely free and accessible to every one who can appreciate and enjoy it. The buildings of this institution are also in process of improvement, and are to be enlarged so as to occupy the entire space between four streets, at an estimated expense of two million dollars.

Since 1876, there have been created in the Faculties of every order two hundred and one professorships and two hundred supplementary courses. The number of students registered in 1887–88, in the different departments of superior instruction, letters, law, medicine, science and theology, was 17,630. Of these about 11,000 were in Paris. November 25, 1889, there were 6,656 students registered in the School of Medicine. The Museum of Natural History has nineteen professorships, with fifty-six assistants. The astronomical and meteorological establishments, the *Ecole pratique des hautes etudes*, *Ecole des langues orientales et vivantes*, *Ecole normale supérieure*, *Ecole française d' Athénes*, and *Ecole française de Rome*, are all included in the department of superior instruction. There are also numerous special schools of great merit and reputation which give instruction adapted to the different professions, such as the *Ecole polytechnique*, *Ecole des Mines*, *Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées*, *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*, *Conservatoire de Musique et de Déclamation*, *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers*, and

about forty others which are not connected with the University, but are under the control of different departments of the government, as the Minister of War, the Minister of Commerce, and the Minister of Public Works. In the various schools of the "Latin Quarter," not including the *lycées* and colleges, there were more than thirty thousand students inscribed in 1889.

The present government of France is evidently aware of its duty to educate the people, and is making, perhaps more than the government of any other country, ample provision for the thorough accomplishment of that duty. It does not limit this provision to the primary schools, but extends it through the secondary education to the highest instruction of the University, and supplements even that with numerous courses of lectures free to every one who may choose to attend them. In the last report of the Minister of Public Instruction dated Paris, May 27, 1890, Mr. A. Fallières says that the government of the Republic "honors itself in consecrating each year eighty-six millions ($17,200,000) to the service of popular instruction."

With such a spirit of enthusiastic devotion, the French must soon be, if it is not already, the foremost nation of the world in general education, and in the highest culture.

MORNING.

OUTSIDE AND IN.

OUTSIDE, gray boughs against a drear, gray sky;
A winter's dawn before the sun hath risen;
Inside, a Christmas wreath and glowing coals
Make home of walls that else had been a prison.
So in my life the boughs are gray and bare;
The winter dawns and hasteth to its close;
But in my heart the sun shines bright and fair.
On Hope's green garlands and Love's red, red rose.

EVENING.

AFTERGLOW.

A RED-GOLD sunset flushes all the sky,—
Sunrise or sunset, either, who could tell,
Save that the close of day is drawing nigh?—
The red-gold sunrise filled the sky as well.
So Love's great glow, or coming soon or late,
Floods a whole life with its own rosy flush.
Youth's morning sky foretells a promise great;
A richer glory fills life's sunset hush.

—*By Sheila Parker.*

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SCHLIEMANN.

By Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman.

THE death of Dr. Henry Schliemann, the celebrated archæologist, and the "discoverer of Troy," who is now the subject of memorial notices in all quarters of the civilized globe, recalls certain personal reminiscences of this remarkable man during my acquaintance with him of several years. It was in 1871 that he introduced himself to me at Athens, soliciting my official assistance in extricating him from an unforeseen difficulty, a very curious circumstance which had arisen during his efforts to obtain a Turkish government *firman* to excavate a certain portion of land, which he was in treaty to purchase for this purpose, situated on the so-called Plain of Troy, adjacent to the Dardanelles. Schliemann had come to the conclusion, after a careful survey of the topography of the country, that the hill called Hissarlik, which formed the northwestern corner of *Novum Ilium*, was the site of the ancient city. Half of this land was owned by Mr. Frank Calvert, then United States Vice Consul at the Dardanelles. During the negotiations for its purchase by Schliemann — so the story went — the most exaggerated reports reached the Sublime Porte at Constantinople, that the object the purchaser had in view was to search for buried treasure, which he believed existed in large quantities in that vicinity. In vain was it represented to the ministers that the so-called "treasure" expected to be revealed, was the ruins of an ancient city, and that the individual in search of it was purely and simply an enthusiastic archæologist. The ignorant and prejudiced mind of the Turk refused to be convinced that any man "would be such a fool" as to devote time, money, and years of research for the sake of digging up useless stones, of no pecuniary value, simply to reveal the existence of a city supposed only to be that of a fabulous and uncertain period in the dark ages. But the idea of "buried treasures" presented itself as something quite in the light of possibility; and that a foreigner should be anxious and determined to investigate the matter, at his own personal expense, inspired the belief that he must be possessed of absolute knowledge of the fact. Thereupon, the Grand Vizier conceived the "happy thought" of forestalling the adventurer, and, having ascertained the price offered by Schliemann for the property, His Highness refused to authorize the sale to the foreigner, and bought the land himself. Schliemann, as may be imagined, was in a rage of disappointment at being thus outwitted, and especially by a Turkish official whose rapacity and ignorance, he foresaw, might defeat his life-long hopes to accomplish a purpose which was dearer to him than the possession of wealth, health, or long life. He proceeded at once to Constantinople, to confer with the authorities, and, if necessary, with the Sultan himself, in the hope of being able to convince them of the error of their suppositions, and of the sole object he had in view in the steps he had taken. Long and many were the conferences with the government on the subject. The officials refused to be convinced that there was no hidden motive, even if there was no hidden treasure in the case. Baffled at all points, Schliemann was obliged to content himself with a *firman* to proceed with the excavations, on such terms as he could obtain; but here he encountered a series of objections, delays, and chicanery on the part of the authorities, which only those who have had occasion to negotiate with the Ottoman government can possibly appreciate. It was during this condition of affairs that the distinguished archæologist sought my assistance to further his designs. I could do little for him, as his field of action lay beyond my diplomatic jurisdiction, but what I could, I did do in supplying him with letters to my colleague and to some influential friends at Constantinople, indorsing his

professional and personal character, and claiming for him that consideration and assistance which was due to an American naturalized citizen who was earnestly engaged in the prosecution of one of the noblest pursuits that can occupy an intelligent and scholastic mind. Armed with these letters, Schliemann returned to Constantinople.

After further delay, and no end of official annoyances, he finally succeeded in obtaining his *firman*, which permitted him to make his longed-for excavations, and which resulted, as the world knows, in the discovery of a series of buried towns and fortifications, the lowest, in point of strata, being pronounced by him, — a supposition largely supported by the ablest of archæologists, — to be the actual city of the Trojans. Among the terms specified in the *firman* with which he was obliged to comply, were, that the work was to be prosecuted under the supervision of a body of Turkish guards, stationed on the spot, and that half the findings of removable value were to be made over to the Turkish government.

A little incident occurred during Schliemann's negotiations with the ministers of the Sublime Porte which amusingly illustrates the characteristic simplicity and impatience of the man. Irritated beyond measure by the dilatory proceedings of the officials with respect to the issuing of the *firman*, Schliemann consulted one of his friends as to the best course to pursue to expedite matters, and was advised to try *baksheesh* upon the Minister of the Interior, to oil the slow-moving machinery of business. But his friend forgot to inform him that such a proceeding requires extreme delicacy, and that the medium for effecting such bribery must always be a confidential and trustworthy personal friend of the official so that the fact may not obtain publicity. Schliemann, in ignorance of the *modus operandi* in these cases, and innocent of all intention to give offence, followed his natural impulse, and one morning, just before the assembling of the ministers in the council chamber he walked boldly into the room, where the minister and some of his colleagues were seated at the council table, and placing a bag of gold coin in front of the chief official demanded that the long delayed *firman* should be at once delivered. As might have been expected, the greatest consternation prevailed. His Excellency, red with rage, rose from his chair and declared that he and his colleagues had received a gross and unjustifiable insult, and that but for the fact that Schliemann had been introduced to the Sublime Porte by a foreign embassador, severe measures would be taken against him. Pointing to the door he ordered the intruder instantly to leave his presence and never to show his face again in that department. As for the *firman*, he should now put off its delivery to an indefinite period. Poor Schliemann stumbled out an apology, based upon the advice he had received from others and of his ignorance of Turkish customs, and withdrew, appalled at the result of his mistaken notions of oriental diplomacy. Eventually, but not for several weeks after this unfortunate proceeding, the document permitting the excavations to be made was delivered into his hands.

It was always interesting to visit Schliemann at his residence in Athens, where he had built a house and established his home. The lower floor of the building was converted into a museum where were arranged in presentable order his extensive collections of findings from Troy and Mycenæ. To point out and expatiate upon these invaluable relics was his great delight, and he handled each article and described each detail connected with the discovery, as if no subject on earth was of greater importance and interest. I have in my possession a simple little object discovered in "the palace of King Priam,"— a terra cotta "whorl," without ornamentation, which he presented to me as a memorial of my visit, as if he were parting, like a miser, with a precious and inestimable gem. He relates many incidents of interest connected with his researches at Hissarlik, and the deceptions he was often obliged to practise when dividing, according to the terms of his contract with the Turkish government, the objects discovered. Availing himself of the ignorance of the men composing the Turkish guard, who carefully watched

all his proceedings, he succeeded not infrequently in passing upon them an object not worth preservation, and retaining for himself a less pretentious, but in reality an intrinsically valuable finding, which he was determined to secure. Thus, on one occasion, when two slabs of inscribed stone, one, decidedly modern, the other of unquestionable antiquity were set aside for distribution, Schliemann expressed so much anxiety to retain the former, that the Turks were completely deceived, and vehemently demanded the larger and worthless object, and the apperently reluctant archæologist was forced to content himself with the one he so ardently desired to obtain. This peculiar mixture of simplicity and cunning was a prominent feature of his mental attributes.

Personally, Schliemann did not look the scholar and the savant that he was. His face was rather plebeian, and he spoke with a slovenly accent as if uncultivated and unrefined; but as he conversed, it became evident that his command of different languages and his thorough acquaintance with the subjects he discussed were the result of indefatigable study and research. His intense self-confidence united with his exaggerated enthusiasm, provoked a good deal of ridicule, and his obstinate belief that things were actually what he simply wished them to be, frequently led to the opinion — an unjust one — that he was something of a charlatan. It was his enthusiasm only which was at fault, and but for this marked peculiarity in his mental organism, the world would have been deprived of the important results of his, so to speak, quixotic spirit of adventure in the field of archæological research. When, for example, he dug up an antique vase on the island of Ithaca, he did not assume that by possibility it might have belonged to the household effects of Ulysses, but he at once pronounced the object to be the "vase of Penelope." The gold mask discovered by him in the ancient tomb at Mycenæ, he, with equal sincerity and absoluteness, declared to be the covering from the dead face of King Agamemnon, and so on. This dogged credulity; this belief in the reality of things which in the general mind only excite speculation, applies equally to his classical readings, and permeates his entire life. When he contemplated a second marriage, he determined to marry only a Greek, and he is said to have made it a condition that the maiden who would espouse him must know her Homer by heart, or at least be able to quote from the Iliad and the Odyssey with facility. Such a wife he was fortunate enough to find in the daughter of a tradesman of Athens, a woman of cultivated mind and pleasing address, who, in process of time, learned to appreciate the high aims of her husband and to assist him in a remarkable degree in his labors and researches. So well did she understand the peculiar traits of her husband's character, and so thoroughly did she assimilate her disposition and life with his, that she learned to meet his vagaries with a guiding influence and to lessen his asperities of temperament. An excessively nervous man, now elated with undue excitement, now depressed with temporary disappointment, Schliemann found in his wife just the influence which he required to restore his mind to a wholesome and common-sense view of things. He was at one time prosecuting his work during her absence, in the midst of which he fell ill, and apprehending a serious, if not fatal result, telegraphed repeatedly for her to join him without delay. To these messages she paid no attention, knowing, — as she explained to me, — how frequently these alarms occurred, owing to his excessive nervousness, and that, having ascertained that no actual danger existed, it were better not to humor his ideas by telegraphic correspondence. She was right, for in a few days came a letter from him reporting progress in his work and without a single allusion to his illness, which, apparently, he had quite forgotten.

I met Schliemann one day on board a steamer in the Gulf of Corinth. He was pacing the deck, apart from the other passengers, absorbed in perusing a book. I asked him what he was reading. "An account of the naval engagement," he replied, and went on with his reading. He seemed to think that the "naval engagement" was all that it was neces-

sary to explain, and I was left to my conjectures to determine whether he was interesting himself with an account of the battle of Trafalgar or some other modern achievement. Soon after he came up to me, as I was seated some distance from him on the main deck, in an excited manner, and exclaimed:

"What a wonderful man he was! was he not?"

"Who was?" I asked.

"Why, Themistocles. What foresight! What astonishing power of conception and adaptation to circumstances!"

He was reading from the original Greek, the account of the battle of Salamis, and was as much excited by it as if for the first time in his life he had become acquainted with an historical fact with which he was really as familiar as a child with his a b c. This was no affectation on his part. Taking little interest in modern literature, his *vade mecum* was a volume of ancient Greek history, which he always carried about with him as a *devotee* carries about the familiar, but ever to be read and re-read, missal of his church. To his mind the past was an ever-present reality, and he revelled in all that was secured by history and yet was capable of new and ever increasing revelations of interest and beauty. He "realized the dream of his life" when at last he found himself actually engaged in excavating the "sacred soil" of the Peloponnesus and the Trojan, and from that day forward, all that was connected with ancient Greece was transplanted into his daily life and affections. He named his children by his second marriage, Agamemnon and Andromache, and his ambition was that the former should pursue the archæological researches commenced by his father, and that both should keep up a vital interest in all that is connected with the history of ancient Greece.

At one period during my intercourse with Schliemann, doubts were expressed in many quarters as to his ever having been duly recognized as a naturalized American citizen. He was charged with being a German subject, and claiming, only when his personal interests were subserved thereby, the protection of the United States government as one of its citizens. It was under these circumstances that he wrote me a long letter, in which occurs the following passage.

"If you have friends in New York, pray, in the name of holy truth, write them to inquire at the Court of Common Pleas for the city and county of N. Y., whether I have not taken out my papers of citizenship on the 29th of March, 1869? I was a citizen long before, but had not taken out my papers. By the book I send you to-day, (*La Chine et le Japan*), I beg you to see that already, as far back as 1865, the U. S. Consul at Yokohama acted for me, and I lived at Yeddo in the U. S. Minister's house."

As a recognized American citizen, Dr. Schliemann once applied to me to further his views with the government at Washington in obtaining the appointment of United States Consul at a Greek port. He represented to me that he sought only the honor and political advantages desirable from that position, and would dispense with the salary, if by so doing his chances of success would be promoted. Furthermore, he desired that it might be brought to the knowledge of the government that he intended to bequeath to the United States, at his death, his magnificent collection of Trojan antiquities.

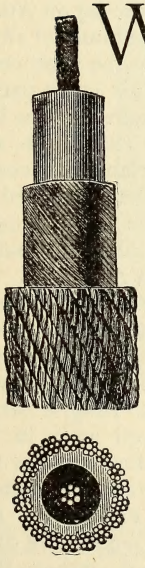
With that curious mixture of simplicity and cunning, to which I have before adverted, Schliemann supposed that this really noble offer to the State would induce his immediate appointment to office. I, of course, advised him to avoid all references to what, on the face of it, would be regarded as a bribe, and militate against his interests. At the same time I expressed my willingness to convey, through unofficial channels, the expression of his intentions with regard to the ultimate disposition of the antiquities in his possession. The result was, that Schliemann pursued his office-seeking in the usual way, assisted by his political friends at Washington. I had supposed, and so had the authorities at the Department of State, that the applicant for this Consulate was fully aware that the post was not, at the time, in existence. It was only in contemplation, and its establishment depended upon a special act of Congress. It appeared, however, that Schliemann was in ignorance of this fact,

and when officially notified that it would be inconvenient, at that time, to consider his application, he took the matter in high dudgeon, and in his mortification and anger at the result of his efforts, he determined to change the destination of his collection and revenge himself upon his "ungrateful country" by presenting it to the government of his native land, Germany. When too late to remedy the blunder, the facts of the case were brought to my attention. I wrote to Schliemann regretting his hasty conclusions, and expressing the hope that his patriotic intentions with respect to the collection might yet be carried out. Although convinced of his mistake, it appeared that the step taken could not be recalled. This was one of many instances — notably, that of the offer of *bakseesh* to the Turkish minister — where the impetuosity of this distinguished archæologist seriously interfered with his good intentions.

Such a man, notwithstanding his inequalities of character, is not readily to be found in the field of investigation which he so ably occupied, and we may fairly claim for him a prominent place in the gallery of America's historic worthies.

THE LATER HISTORY OF ELECTRICITY IN AMERICA.

By George Herbert Stockbridge.



The First Atlantic Cable.

WE have considered the early history of electricity in America from the time of Franklin, including the work of Henry, Morse, Vail, Page, and Farmer. The work of Edison and Thomson and their followers belongs entirely to this latest time.

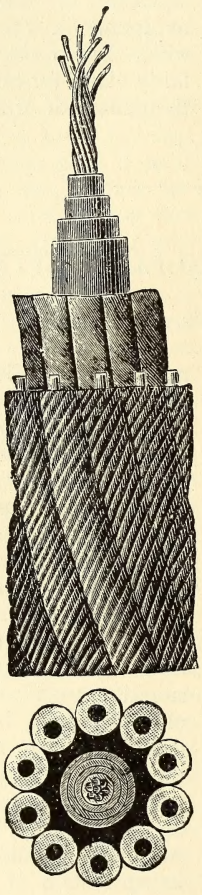
In considering the comparatively recent history of electrical progression, therefore, one is at once attracted to the commercial telegraph, which marks an epoch in the history of the world. For military and strictly governmental uses, some sort of signalling and telegraphic service have been known from the earliest times; but the conception of a telegraph which should furnish the means for private and business correspondence, and for informing the public press, belongs to the nineteenth century. It naturally follows from this, that the telegraph as a medium for the quick transmission and delivery of messages, and as an investment, is of very recent origin. It dates, in fact, from the time when electricity was trained to be the carrier.

The ancient telegraph was a part of the military armament, an incident to the need of being constantly prepared for offensive and defensive warfare. And very clumsy apparatus they had, even at the end of the last century. But, such as it was, it served tolerably well, so long as no more was expected of it. It was not suited to supply the service of a commercial telegraph, but the majority of men did not realize then that a commercial telegraph was a thing greatly to be desired. In this view, it is not so much to be wondered at, that in 1816 the British Admiralty should have declared the existing system of telegraphy to be quite good enough. No human being, at that time, could have foreseen the immense demands for a commercial telegraphic service which would arise as soon as there was a source of supply. It remained for electricity both to create the supply and to prove in land service that a telegraphic system could be made to yield a generous return on the necessary investment.

Without that lesson, the larger venture

of an Atlantic telegraph would hardly have been realized so soon as it was. The scheme of connecting two of the greatest nations of the world by a system of telegraphic intercommunication would have seemed to be the proper occasion for the tradition of Government control to reassert itself; but the conditions had fortunately become so altered that this gigantic enterprise was taken up by a few wealthy capitalists as a promising investment, while the Governments interested looked on and waited. That was a marvellous revolution to have taken place within a dozen years!

Be it said to the credit of the men who risked their dollars in laying the first Atlantic cable, that the hope of gain was supplemented by a large measure of genuine public spirit. Dr. Henry M. Field, the historian of the enterprise, calls attention to this on the occasion of describing Mr. Cyrus W. Field's first propositions to Peter Cooper.



The Second Atlantic Cable.

"The first man whom he addressed was Mr. Peter Cooper, who was then and is still [1869] his next-door neighbor. Here he found the indisposition which a man of large fortune — now well advanced in life — would naturally feel to embark in new enterprises. The reluctance in his case was not so much to the risking of capital, as to having his mind occupied with the care which it would impose. These objections slowly yielded to other considerations. As they talked it over, the large heart of Mr. Cooper began to see that, if it were *possible* to accomplish such a work, it would be a great *public* benefit; this consideration prevailed, and what would not have been undertaken as a private speculation was yielded to public interest."

In considering what shall be done with our millionnaires, room must be left for men like Peter Cooper, Cyrus W. Field, Marshall O. Roberts, Moses Taylor, and Chandler White to contribute to the general weal by laying Atlantic cables.

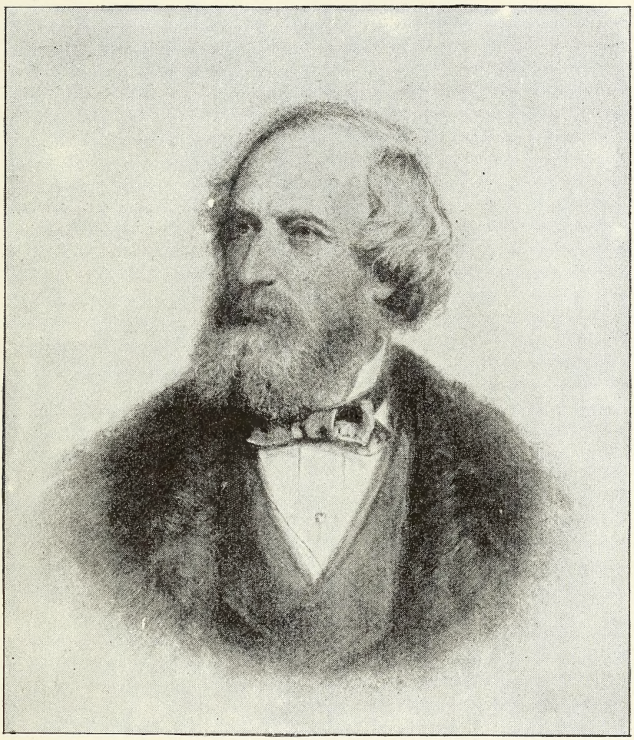
The history of this colossal undertaking, of which Cyrus W. Field was the originator and moving spirit, can only be given in the barest outline. The first thing to do was to build a telegraph line from New York to the farther shore of Newfoundland. This alone cost a million dollars, and took two years of time, being completed in 1856. The rest of that year and a part of the following were occupied by Mr. Field in organizing the Atlantic Telegraph Company in London, and in securing, from both Great Britain and the United States, the promise of ships for laying the cable, and of subsidies from both Governments when the work should have been completed. Mr. Field was successful in both undertakings.

The first actual attempt to lay an Atlantic cable was made in the summer of 1857, the start being made from the Irish coast on the 6th of August. This cable parted after more than two hundred miles had been paid out, and the expedition was compelled to return to Ireland, unsuccessful. A second failure was registered in the following year, but the third attempt was successful, and the cable was safely landed on the 5th of August, 1858. It continued in operation less than a single month, and then suddenly ceased to work forever. This event was followed by a season of profound discouragement covering several years, but in 1865, a larger and stronger cable stowed away in the vast hold of the Great Eastern was unrolled into the ocean, and, though it broke at last, yet the experiment had succeeded so far that the confidence of all concerned was increased, rather than shaken. The year following, the Great Eastern laid a cable which is still at work, and it also picked up and completed the broken cable of 1865.

The success of Mr. Field's efforts to secure Congressional aid was due to the strong support given to it by many of the men whose names Americans delight to honor. The bill which finally passed

was introduced by Mr. Seward, whose speech in support of it summarizes all that can now be said concerning one of the greatest commercial undertakings in history. He says:

"Now, there is no person on the face of the globe who can measure the price at which, if a reasonable man, he would be willing to strike from the world the use of the magnetic telegraph as a means of communication between different portions of the same country. This great invention is now to be brought into its further, wider, and broader use — the use by the general society of nations, international use, the use of the society of mankind. Its benefits are large — just in proportion to the extent and scope of its operation. They are not merely benefits to the Government, but they are benefits to the citizens and subjects of all nations and of all states."



Cyrus W. Field.

FROM A PAINTING BY DANIEL HUNTINGTON.

A list of five hundred patents and more than three hundred pending applications for patents comprises, according to a recent authority, only a part of the inventions of Thomas A. Edison. Those who have been associated with "the wizard of Menlo Park" can easily believe that they constitute only a small part. Edison is doubtless the most prolific of inventors, — a true genius developed to full flower by rare and wonderful opportunities. Yet here, again, the rational explanation supervenes that the master is master because he excels in every kind of equipment for his special work. *Du kannst weil du kennst* is the secret of the personal element in Edison's success. Though his schooling ended after a two months' term, Edison has always been an insatiable student. At the hearing of the arguments in an important suit against the Edison Company, at Pittsburgh, something more than a year ago, it was observed that Edison, who had travelled from his home in New Jersey to be present, spent little time in court, preferring to keep his room and the company of a trunk full of books, which he had carried with him. And this zeal for study is habitual.



Elihu Thomson.

Unlike many school-taught men, Edison is not satisfied to stop with the end of the day's lesson. "I only go a little farther than some of the others," he once said. But that "little farther" is a vast distance. In the industry of electric lighting by incandescence it meant all the way from a state of mere experiment to a practical and economical system of electric light distribution. And it involved improvements in the dynamo, in means for subdividing the light, in exhaust apparatus, in the filament to be white-heated, and in every minutest detail and every broadest combination; and it involved also the expenditure of over $2,000,000 in money.

Especially exceptional are Edison's powers of observation, quick conception, and selection. Being always by nature and by his responsibilities in the creative state of mind, his observing powers are kept in constant play, while his exhaustless knowledge of the needs of his art and of the aptitudes of contributory arts enables him to gauge with marvellous



Thomas A. Edison.

quickness the possibilities of a new discovery and to choose just the elements and combinations which will enable him to embody his conception. And once started on the track of a new idea of this sort, he pursues it with unresting energy until he has demonstrated its practicability. It was in this way that he applied the telephonic diaphragm to the creation of the phonograph. In this way, too, he employed Hughes's discoveries regarding certain qualities of carbon to the production of the Edison telephonic transmitter. Dr. Otto A. Moses, himself an inventor of note, gave to the New York Electrical Society not long ago, an account of Edison's invention of the so-called "Motographic relay." This invention, of striking originality, was, according to Dr. Moses, the sequel of Edison's having observed, while moving a spoon over a sheet of paper which was resting on a brass plate joined to a battery, that the sheet seemed to slide more freely while a current was passing. The completed relay was ready in a few days.

Some time after this, being challenged to show that he could produce a new order of telephonic receiver as he had in the case of the transmitter, he converted the motographic relay into a sound receiver of marvellous sensitiveness and efficiency. These anecdotes reveal the true characteristics of Edison's genius, — the qualities already noted, and his alertness of mind, his pride in his work, his readiness to accept a challenge, his chess-player's delight in the solution of new problems.



Edward Weston.

It could hardly be avoided that some great inventions should be popularly assigned to Edison exclusively, the credit for which is partly due to others. Thus, the origination of the duplex telegraph, for which Dr. Joseph N. Stearns of Boston prepared the way, is generally ascribed to Edison alone; and the quadruplex is likewise associated with his name exclusively, the services of Mr. Henry C. Nicholson of Kentucky being overlooked. A popular misconception of the facts also leaves out of account the work of William Wiley Smith of Indiana, and Lucius J. Phelps of New York, in perfecting the well-known system of train telegraphing by induction. But with all that, the fame of the "wizard" rests on a sure basis of marvellous accomplishment in the service of mankind.

Reference has been made to Edison's powers of selection for inventive ends. These are essential to every great inventor, and it was these that Professor Morse distinctly lacked. Whence, indeed, should he have acquired them in a life devoted to pictorial art? On the other hand, Edison is master of his tools. He works toward the embodiment of his idea just as an accomplished writer works toward the clothing of his mental conception, not without rejections and reshapings, but with confidence that, in the end, he will have said — in levers and pulleys, or in the words of human speech, — just what he started out to say.

Edison has devoted his life, actually and avowedly, to applying science to the benefit of mankind. His dominant instinct is to reduce his knowledge of scientific facts to a practical, useful embodiment, to find expression for it, so to speak, in an appliance that will conduce to man's comfort, convenience, or amusement, — in a word, to *invent*.

We come now to an electrician of another type, who, with an inventive record and experience second only to that of Edison, has preserved his interest in the speculative phases of his work, and has made important contribution to theoretical science, the value of which has received world-wide recognition. There is no one else in America to whom the

younger generation of electricians look with so much of expectation and confidence as to Professor Elihu Thomson. He has been connected since 1880 with the Thomson-Houston Electric Company of Lynn, Massachusetts, and both there and elsewhere has taken the highest rank as an inventor who could adapt the most thorough knowledge of principles to the practical needs of the situation. His most notable work in this kind has been the invention and practicalizing of the electric welding process which is, so far, the last of the great electrical inventions of this electrical century. The electric light, the dynamo-electric machine and the electric motor, both direct and alternating, and, indeed, the whole apparatus of electric locomotion have received radical improvement at his hands.

Thomson has been from boyhood an enthusiastic inventor, showing great originality in all his work. While a professor at the Central High School of Philadelphia, he worked out, in conjunction with his colleague, Professor Houston, "a machine for the perfectly continuous centrifugal separation of substances of different densities." An apparatus embodying the same principles is now extensively used in dairies for separating cream from milk.

But it is not intended here, if it were possible, to discuss Professor Thomson's labors as an inventor. It is no disparagement to them to say, that it is his achievements in the field of theoretical science that give rise to the enthusiastic hopes of the young men. The situation may be expressed in Professor Thomson's own words:

> "Our science of electricity seems almost to be in the condition that chemistry was in before the work of Lavoisier had shed light on chemical theory. Our store of facts is daily increasing, and apparently disconnected phenomena are being brought into harmonious relation. Perhaps the edifice of complete theory will not be more than begun in our time, perhaps the building process will be a very gradual one, but I cannot refrain from the conviction that the intelligence of man will, if it has time, continue to advance until such a structure exists."

Professor Thomson has already supplied some of the materials for this edifice, and is more likely than any other living American to furnish many more. His habit of mind tends strongly toward classification. He is a scientist of rare ability and remarkable powers of literary expression, living amidst surroundings where more electrical phenomena pass under his review in a single day than Henry could have observed in a series of months. It is this consideration, strengthened by his brilliant work already accomplished, that turns expectation toward him in so high a degree. The language in which Professor Thomson's deductions are presented to scientific listeners, while sufficiently technical in detail, is built into a whole which is constructed on the best literary models. No other speaker is so welcome to an audience of electrical engineers. He gives them the peculiar gratification which tends to express itself in applause. He creates the expectant mood, and now and then — at the proper moment — he gratifies it, suddenly, with the usual result. A good example of his admirable treatment of an abstruse subject, is a lecture on "Magnetism in its Relation to Electro-Motive Force and Current," delivered before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, of which he was then president. Starting with Faraday's theory of a universal ether in which magnetic and electrical phenomena appear, Professor Thomson here gathers together illustration after illustration, each of which suggests, in a manner quite delicious to the scientific mind, a confirmation of his theory, and the cumulative effect of which is strongly convincing. In this particular instance, however, Professor Thomson expressly disclaims having attempted a final solution of the problems attacked. But the lecture remains full of suggestion, a laborious accumulation of facts, finely ordered, and with the labor all disguised in the beauty of the presentation. Perhaps the most important theoretical work done by Professor Thomson has been in connection with the alternating current motor which has risen to industrial prominence only within the last few years, and that chiefly through the labors of Professor Thomson and of Nikola Tesla, a naturalized citizen of the United States.

Owing to the association of the two names in the title of the company with which Professor Thomson is still connected, his labors are sometimes confounded in the public mind, with those of Professor Houston of the Philadelphia Central High School, of whom there will be occasion to speak later. Their joint work really ceased more than ten years ago, with the formation of the company whose name is responsible for the confusion.

Professor Thomson, though only thirty-seven, has already been honored with the highest marks of distinction, for his scientific achievements. In 1889, he received from the French Government the decoration of an "*Officier de la Legion d' Honneur.*" In the same year he was awarded the Grand Prix at the Paris Exposition for his electrical discoveries and inventions. The electrical jury headed by M. Mascart, gave a special *dejeuner* in his honor, and in London he was one of the speakers at the Guildhall dinner, on which occasion he reflected honor upon American science, by making a very happy speech before six hundred of the foremost engineers and scientists of the world. Yale College, in 1890, gave Professor Thomson the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

Whatever may be said about journalism as a school of literary training, or the world of affairs as a kindergarten of social and political philosophy, it is pretty well established by experience, in America, that the factory is a bad scientific school. We do not need to inquire how the habits of Franklin's mind or expression were affected by his journalistic and his political duties, but we know that the invention of the lightning rod did not make him a scientist; he was that before. Scientists often become inventors, but inventors rarely become scientists. Out of the large number of electrical inventors — some of them of great prominence — who have obtained their knowledge of electricity mainly from practical experience in the workshop, it would be hard to select a single example of a man who has added to the general knowledge of electrical laws and principles. This function is confined almost exclusively to those who are, or have been, laboratory workers. It may be stated broadly that the only electricians who are now devoting their attention seriously to the formulation of electrical science as such, either are or have been schoolmen, and most of them bear a title indicating the teacher. Some, like Professor Thomson, have been called from their scholastic duties by the large manufacturing companies. Professor Anthony, formerly of Cornell, and now with the Mather Electric Company, is another case in point. Dr. Louis Bell, who was at one time a professor in the Northwestern University at Evanston, is now the editor of a well-known electrical journal.

But the list of prominent schoolmen still identified with institutions of learning includes, with the exceptions noted, nearly or quite all the names which really fill a place in electrical science. Such are Prof. H. A. Rowland and Dr. Louis Duncan, of Johns Hopkins; Prof. John Trowbridge, of Harvard; Prof. C. F. Brackett, of Princeton; Prof. George F. Barker, of the University of Pennsylvania; Prof. Charles R. Cross, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Prof. Henry Morton and Prof. A. M. Mayer, both of the Stevens Institute; Prof. A. E. Dolbear, of Tufts; Prof. E. L. Nichols, of Cornell, and Prof. H. J. Ryan, his associate; Prof. Edwin J. Houston, already mentioned; Prof. L. I. Blake, of the University of Kansas; and Prof. H. S. Carhart, of Ann Arbor.

By common consent, the most unexpected, the most wonder-compelling invention of all time, the one of all which, when realized, seems most unreal, is the electric telephone. After nearly fifteen years of constant familiarity with the fact of talking with a distant friend, it still seems, at first thought, incredible and impossible. It is still more like one of Puck's fancies, which we shall see the absurdity of, as soon as we are released from the spell. The marvellous invention has had an equally marvellous history. It has been claimed for a German professor and for three different Americans of the same guild, for a French private in the African army, for an Italian refugee, and.

variously, for a model-maker, a music-teacher, an upholsterer, a barber, and many others. Every detail of the entire history has been brought to light by interested parties in the attempt to overthrow the patent of Alexander Graham Bell, whose predominating claims as inventor have now been authoritatively sanctioned by the Supreme Court of the United States. The undoubted fact that Elisha Gray filed a caveat for the same invention on the same day that Bell lodged his application, and the resulting legal complications, are ranged side by side with claims from other inventors which are manifestly untrustworthy and fraudulent. But this, the most interesting chapter in the history of invention, must here regretfully be suppressed. The general judgment of those best informed on the subject is, that the credit for the invention in a commercial practical form, has been rightly bestowed on Professor Bell. In any event, the originality of Bell's work, and the marvellous character of the results that flowed from it are not affected in any degree by experiments which the scientific world either knew nothing of or had forgotten all about. No mere legal technicalities will ever convince men that the invention of the telephone was not a stroke of genius, and they will be inclined also to honor most the man who actually put the marvel into their hand. We need not, in fairness, ascribe less praise to Philip Reis, or Elisha Gray, or Professor Dolbear; but we cannot quarrel with the public, if it chooses to single out Professor Bell for the highest homage.

All three of the American inventors mentioned have displayed inventive capacity in other ways, Mr. Gray, especially, being a fertile inventor in many different fields.

Charles F. Brush, has done for arc lighting what Edison did for incandescent. It grew under his hands into a usable system of light distribution which is now a necessity. Brush also made early improvements in storage batteries, but his best work has been done in connection with the arc lamp and the dynamo-electric machine. The high resistance shunt, if not absolutely introduced into the arts by him, is, at least, his, in every proper sense, so far as it applies to the purpose of arc lighting. And in the same way the universally used means for controlling the feed of the positive carbon, are his contribution to the arc lamp. Mr. Brush gave his name many years ago to one of the most successful electrical corporations in the country, the Brush Electric Company of Cleveland, Ohio.

The prominence of Edward Weston, for many years as electrician of the United States Electric Lighting Company, now merged in the Westinghouse Electric Company, would call for notice here, even if his successes in improving the electric light and the dynamo-electric machine did not themselves merit it. But his prominence, as is usually the case where large business interests are involved, has been fairly and fully deserved. The Weston dynamo is one of the standard machines for generating the electric current. It embraces an absolutely essential improvement, the laminated armature, to which Weston, under the right of discovery, holds a now disputed title, in the form of a United States Patent. The standing of Mr. Weston in this matter must await a judicial decision.

In view of the fact that there are in this country more than three hundred electric railroads in actual operation or in process of construction, it seems hardly credible that the first experimental road since the dynamo gave the experiment significance and promise was constructed less than a dozen years ago. This was the Edison road at Menlo Park. A year later, Mr. Stephen D. Field had a road in successful operation at Stockbridge, Mass., and, an interference being carried through in the Patent Office to decide the rival claims of the two inventors under their applications for patents, it was discovered that the title to priority in the invention belonged to Field. The latter inventor afterwards put up a railway in the main Exposition Building at Chicago in 1883. On this railway were carried in the two weeks of its service more than twenty-five thousand passengers from whom, for the first time on an electric road, a small

fare was collected. Mr. Field, conjointly with Mr. Rudolph Eickemeyer, has recently made what appears to be a valuable improvement in electric cars, which consists in coupling a slow-speed motor directly upon the car axles, all gearing being dispensed with. In 1883, Mr. Leo Daft conducted several successful experiments in electric railroading, and in 1885 he built at Baltimore a road which carried the regular traffic of the Hampden branch of the Baltimore Union Passenger Railway Company for nearly five years. Prior to this time — in August, 1884 — Messrs. Edward M. Bentley and Walter H. Knight had built a conduit electric railway on the tracks of the East Cleveland Horse Railway Company at Cleveland, Ohio.

Early in 1885, John C. Henry built at Kansas City the first overhead wire electric railway.

Another pioneer inventor in the line of electric locomotion is Mr. Chas. J. Van Depoele. His first road was laid in Chicago early in 1883, and he exhibited another at the Exposition later in the same year. Since then, many roads have been constructed under his patents, which are now the property of the Thomson-Houston Electric Company. It is probably only just to Mr. Van Depoele to say that he is entitled to more credit than any other one man for the exploitation of electricity as a motive power. He has more recently devised ingenious improvements in electric drill machinery which for the first time make it practically successful.

Lieutenant Frank J. Sprague occupies a position well to the front among electric railway inventors. His inventions and patents have been purchased by the Edison General Electric Company. — Lieutenant Sprague a short time since temporarily retired from active work, in order to reap the advantages of a much-needed rest. But he is now again in the field as a prominent advocate of electrical rapid transit in New York City.

Beginning, then, with an experiment in 1880, and advancing through experiment for the next succeeding years, we come to the Field road at the Chicago Exposition which was the first ever operated as a business enterprise. Then the Bentley and Knight road at Cleveland gave us, in August, 1884, the first electric locomotion on a permanent way. During the next four years, to the end of the year 1888, but fifty-nine permanent roads were constructed, and the enormous increase to over three hundred has taken place in the last two years alone.

The year 1891 marks the centenary of the patent system in the United States. It will be celebrated at Washington, April 8th to 10th, by appropriate literary exercises commemorating the growth of invention and the manufacturing industries in America. In the arts pertaining to the application of electricity to the service of man, there will be no lack of materials for the celebration. To begin with, Franklin's lighting-rod must not be omitted. Then, to touch only the high points, there is the Henry magnet, which forms the very hub and centre of all the electrical arts; Vail's most fortunate adaptation of the magnet to the arts of signaling; the electric telegraph itself; and the duplex, quadruplex, and multiplex improvements; the telegraphic code and key; the automatic circuit-breaker; the fire-alarm telegraph; the electric telephone; the improved dynamo; the two types of electric motor; the arc and incandescent lamps; and the electric railway. The American people may well celebrate the birth of a system which has had a large and undoubted influence in calling forth the wonderful productions of the genius that invents. And the American Congress and the American Judiciary will do well to stay up the hands of this beneficent agent of civilization, the one by more generous legislation in favor of the inventor's interests, and the other by a return to its earlier liberal interpretation of patents, the permanent withdrawal of which can only result ultimately in discouraging the cultivation of the inventive instinct.

WINTER BIRDS IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Granville B. Putnam.

YOU think, perhaps, that there are no winter birds in New England, except the detested English sparrow; and that, when snows are deep and winds are chill, the woods and orchards are as birdless as the trees are leafless. It is true that in the early autumn, when spikes of golden-rod and heads of asters adorn the roadside and pastures, many birds of sweetest song and gayest plumage do take their departure. The brilliant bugle call of the oriole is no longer heard in the swaying elm top. The rollicking bobolink, which long since lost his coat of many colors, has gone to the wild oat fields of the Delaware, or the rice swamps of the Carolinas. The graceful swallows which gathered in myriads in the delightful days of early September on the salt marshes of Lynn, or blackened the rocky headlands of Cape Ann, have gone, I know not whither. The "wee chee chee" of the Maryland yellow-throat, and the "chee we we" of the goldfinch have ceased to be heard from bush or thistle. We miss, too, the score of tiny warblers which gladdened our rambles in grove or orchard, or fascinated us as we reclined at noon beneath the fragrant pines. The bluebird gave us his farewell carols as the cold blasts of November warned of approaching storms; and the sly fox-sparrow, the last to linger here on his migratory passage from Labrador, has disappeared to the southward.

The number of species of land birds which have been seen in New England is nearly four hundred, but many of these are migrants here but a little while in spring and fall. Some of these spend but a few days even in this locality; while others remain several weeks, feeding upon the seeds which they find among the stubble, or in the clumps of bushes along the stone walls bordering the fields and the highways. Others, still, make New England the limit of their northern migrations, and are very abundant in the spring and early summer, while rearing their young, but they remain in this latitude only during the warmer months. There are, however, more than fifty species, that may be occasionally seen in Massachusetts, even in January, if the winter is not unusually severe.

The robin, so common on lawn and tree during the long summer days, usually leaves us for the South by the last of October, but some prefer to winter here. I remember, when a boy, skating up a long ditch, cut far into a dense cedar swamp; and there, sheltered from stormy winds, and fed by pale blueberries, the generous fruitage of the trees, a large flock was living in comfort and content. Several times on mild winter days, have I seen flocks feeding in hillside pastures upon the same spicy food.

The song sparrow, too, that sweetest of singers, is supposed by many to be only a summer resident; but on the twenty-first of February I saw one running along the wall and flitting in and out of the hazel bushes that bordered it. How he braved the vigors of the cold blasts! I suspect, nevertheless, that he looked eagerly for the return of his kindred from their southern tour.

The crow often spends the long winter among the tall pines in some secluded swamp, gathering his supplies in a neighboring pond or brook or river; but during cold snaps, when these are frozen fast, he seeks the seashore. Often as I have sat at my breakfast table, have I seen a flock taking its way thither, to feed upon whatever may have been left by the receding tide. As the crows are not fastidious, a live clam or a dead dog satisfies equally well. At night they return to their roosts in the tree tops.

Not long since, I saw five of these big birds perched upon the top of a large boulder, while a little above them, upon a short cedar growing close by, stood another. The question was raised in our

party, whether the latter was a lawyer addressing a crow jury, a politician who, despite the hot weather, had already entered the campaign, or a preacher proclaiming some great truth or giving some practical advice concerning the sin of stealing and the relations of the congregation to a neighboring cornfield. A seventh soon appeared from behind the rock and took his place by the side of the speaker. Ah! this, thought we, is the sexton, and so of course the gentleman in black, standing in dignity on the cedar top, is a preacher.

A welcome visitant from the northlands is the snow bird, of a slaty black above, with breast and belly of white. Pure white, too, are his outer tail feathers, which are very conspicuous when the bird is flying. He is a lively little fellow, often appearing in the dooryard, hopping about nimbly on the ground, or playing hide and seek in the shrubbery. With his bill of pinkish white he is picking, picking, all day long. Last winter the head of a flour-barrel placed near the kitchen window served as a "Hotel Avis." It was well supplied with bird food, and soon became very popular; its larder proving a source of great attraction. As soon as the rattle of the stove in the early morning gave notice that one of the family was up and astir, the prompt "chit, chit" of these juncos told that they were ready for breakfast, and being in a hurry they would take it cold.

Another favorite in winter is the cunning little black-capped titmouse, dressed so fine, in his ashy coat trimmed with buff, and provided with black hat and necktie. Although I have often seen these birds in midsummer among the pitch-pines, they most abound in the snowy days of winter, and while they sometimes join the snowbirds on the ground they delight to spend the day among the birch trees; a merry, social company, scrambling from limb to limb, often hanging head downward in their eager search for insect food, cheerily singing ever and anon their sweet "chickadee." So intent are they often in seeking their supplies, that they have come almost within reach of my hand, and then with a happy "tsip" "tsip" — their "No, you don't," "No, you don't," — they would dash away to renew their breadwinning.

On the thirtieth of December, while on the grounds of a friend who delights to welcome guests both indoors and out, I was pleased to observe a little flock of golden-crested knights. Their summer home was in the evergreen forests of northern Maine, or among the White Mountains, but as winter approached they had come to stop for a time in our orchards. This knight is a tiny thing, only four inches long and but little larger than the humming bird. Its color is a greenish olive, with two bars of white on each wing. On its crown is a small patch of yellow feathers enclosing a tuft of scarlet ones, which it is said it exhibits when searching for flies or other winged insects. Like the chickadee, these knights are always skipping from twig to twig in pursuit of food, and they often join the former in a social way, although as far as I have observed the former do all the talking.

The next day, January first, I noticed a large flock of waxwings or Cedar birds on a tall elm across the street. They remained for a long time, swaying back and forth in the strong wind and uttering their peculiar "weezy" whistle. The waxwing is a very attractive bird, although devoid of brilliant coloring. On his head is a tall crest; forehead and chin are black; the breast is yellow, and the back of an olive cinnamon. His tail is tipped with bright yellow, and on the wings of an adult are horny appendages like red sealing-wax. I remember watching an immense flock of them on a mild day in midwinter. Some tall cedars served as headquarters, while detachments took turns in bathing in pools of water formed by melting snows. Glad they seemed to enjoy once more this luxury, after the long-continued cold spell had been broken.

On the following day, the second of January, in a small grove composed mainly of walnut trees, I observed a pair of white-breasted nuthatchers, my attention was attracted by their call, "quank, quank," often repeated. I soon saw two little short-tailed birds of ashy blue, with

black heads, and with wings and tail all dotted over with black and white patches. They passed in spirals, round and round the trees, clinging to the bark with their tiny claws, moving backward as often as forward, in search of larvæ. At one time, from a considerable elevation, one hopped by short steps downward and backward almost to the ground; then leaving the tree for a moment, he seized a stray chestnut from among the leaves, returned to a crotch between the trunk and a large limb, and there by repeated hammering he evidently succeeded in securing the coveted worm within. Very happy they seemed in the drear and leafless woods on that cold midwinter day, and greatly did they appear to enjoy each other's company. The "Quank, quank" of one was sure to receive a hearty response from the other.

Occasionally a number of the great snowy owls wander from their Arctic homes as far southward as the coast of Massachusetts, following along the shore schools of herring, on which they prey. It was my good fortune, on such a season, to get a good view of a noble one, about the first of November, at Pigeon Cove, Cape Ann. He was of pure white, except as some of his feathers were marked with brown or black. With outstretched wings he passed from rock to rock, or perched upon some crag, as if in silent contemplation. I thought how becoming he would be to the top of my bookcase, but as I had no gun within reach he never adorned it. That autumn a good many of these rare birds were shot, and a single morning train took not less than seven to be mounted in Boston.

Another visitant, which will not be seen every winter, is the pine grosbeak, a plump bird nearly as large as a robin. It commonly remains farther north, but sometimes, driven by deep snows or ice-covered trees, flocks of them winter in New England. This was the case some five years since, when a dozen or so made their home near mine, taking shelter in a clump of evergreens. They were so tame that I could stand directly under them, as they pecked frozen apples on the low limbs of a russet apple tree.

"What is that?" said I, as a large bird, during a driving January snowstorm, flew into the top of a cedar, plainly seen from my parlor window. The bright yellow of his fluttering wings soon showed it to be a golden-winged woodpecker, a bird of a dozen *aliases*, and a beauty too. He is more than twelve inches long; his back is of an amber brown, barred with black; a brilliant scarlet crescent adorns the nape of the neck, and on its cinnamon breast is another of black; the rump is pure white, which is plainly seen during its undulating flight. A marked characteristic, which gives rise to several of its names, is the bright yellow beneath wings and tail.

When the cottagers who summer at a little hamlet by the sea return to their city homes, these golden wings quickly take possession. Alighting on the window-frame of some cottage or stable, by their vigorous blows, they make quick work in gaining entrance and setting up housekeeping for the winter. A guest of a neighbor of mine was much surprised early one summer morning to receive a call in her bedchamber from one of these birds, which for some reason returned to winter quarters. A young lady of the family was awakened about four o'clock by the rap, rap, rap, of one paying another morning visit. Being aroused from sound sleep by the noise, she supposed she was wanted by her mother, and exclaimed, "What is it?"

I was amused one day to overhear a discussion among some painters, as to how it was possible that the mice could gnaw beneath the ends of the ridgepole of my stable, they little dreaming that the supposed gnawings were the peckings of this bird.

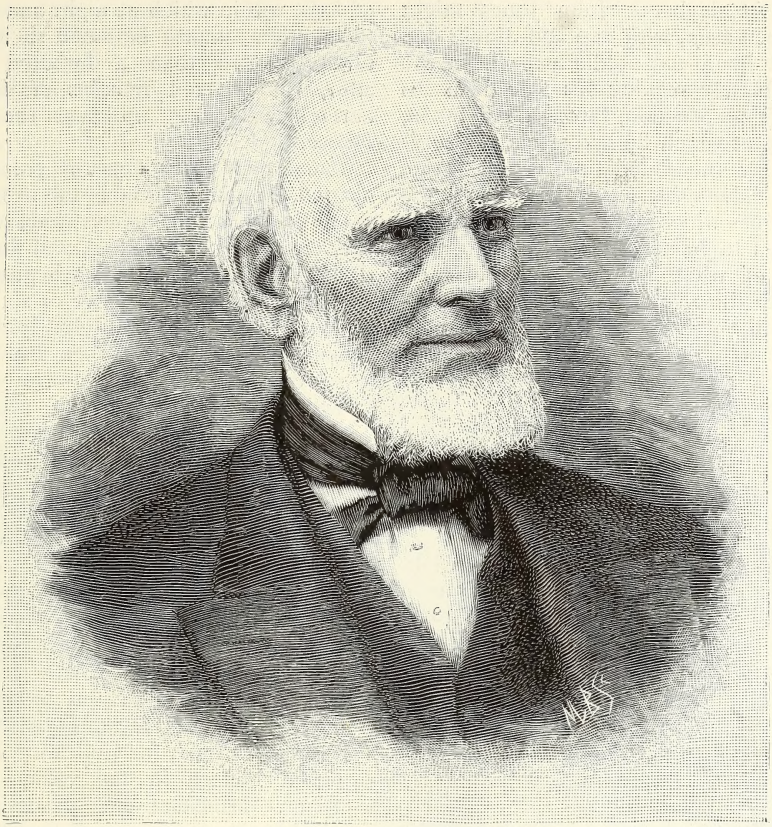
I must not forget to mention the blue jay, whose beautiful plumage of blue and black and white is so much admired, but whose loud and unmusical screams are not attractive. I have, however, heard some charming notes, in the early spring, from one perched upon the top of a tall tree. I am inclined to think that such an exhibition of vocal powers is unusual. The less said concerning the bird's habits, the better for his reputation. A lady of my acquaintance found pleasure in taking daily supplies of food to a flock of jays in

a grove at some distance from the house; but her husband failed to sympathize with her, as with shovel and platter in hand he sallied forth, at her bidding, to plough his way through deep snows, that they might not miss their rations.

As a pet, the jay often proves a comical, whimsical fellow. One was kept for several years by a lady, a friend of mine, and it proved a source of constant amusement, yet not unmixed with vexation. He was often allowed the freedom of the house, and he sometimes took it without permission, having great facility in unfastening his cage door. He had a great fondness for butter, and if he supposed himself to be unobserved, he would snatch a mouthful from the table and attempt to store it away between the leaves of some choice book, or under the edge of the carpet. He had, too, a partiality for jewelry, and was often detected in his attempts to hide the contents of the jewel case. He would hop upstairs, step by step, enter the room of his mistress before she was up, take his place upon the bureau, and with extended wings and head turned now this way, now that way, listen with evident amazement to the ticking of her watch, which he was sure to throw upon the floor if not prevented. One day he escaped to the top of a tall oak and was given up for lost, but from this perch he was lured and captured by placing the jewelry in a place where it would reflect the bright rays of the sun. The temptation was too great, he could not resist it. He had a great fondness for the music of the piano, and would take his place upon the rack, and there show most plainly his likes and dislikes. Old "Windham" seemed greatly to disturb his equanimity, while certain strains of Mendelssohn would make him almost wild with delight. When a young lady of the family was practising her exercises, stationed at his accustomed post, he would with a clear, loud whistle follow the notes as given by the piano. A favorite pastime was to resort to the pincushion, to pull out the pins, one by one, and throw them on the floor. Following the instinct of his family, he was inclined to hide everything given him. If in his cage, for the want of a better place, he would deposit each article in a little tray which surrounded it. One day, Blackbird, his sworn enemy, got loose, and as he came near, it was very amusing to see Jay quickly hustle all his treasures back inside the cage.

Of more interest than any kind thus far mentioned was a stranger, whose name and lineage were to me long unknown. His first visit was on the nineteenth of October, 1887. It was a mild day, and I heard, through the open window, a loud and peculiar call, entirely unfamiliar. I have a record of eighteen visits from this bird between the above date and the twenty-fourth of April, 1888, when we saw him for the last time, although he doubtless came many times during the winter when unobserved. I had a fine opportunity to watch him with a glass, when but eight feet distant, as he came to eat the berries of the woodbine which grew upon the balustrade of the piazza. In size, in form, and in color, he much resembled that rare summer visitant, the mocking-bird. He was about nine and a half inches long, of an ashy-gray color above, and a dull white beneath. The wings and tail were nearly black, but upon each of the former was a large patch of pure white, and the outer tail feathers were the same. The tail was long in proportion to the body, and unlike that of the cat bird in this respect. Both bill and legs were black. A bed of asparagus seemed to be the chief source of attraction during the long winter months, and the bright red berries which were abundant in autumn all disappeared before spring. Since he appeared so late in the season, I thought he must be some rare bird from the northland; so I examined all the ornithological literature to which I had access, but could find no clue until I had occasion to visit the Natural History Rooms in Boston, and there I found a duplicate. And what was it? A mocking bird! I was amazed; and yet I was not mistaken. I had seen him when the thermometer stood at eight degrees below zero. How he braved the long winter I could never understand.

These examples show that bleak New England is not destitute of bird life even in midwinter.



Adin Ballou.

HOPEDALE AND ITS FOUNDER.

By Lewis G. Wilson.

FIFTY years ago, the valley of Mill River, now occupied by the thrifty manufacturing town of Hopedale, contained but a single time-worn dwelling. For the time and place it was something of a mansion. It was of the usual two-story type, large and rambling, and bearing very little in the way of ornamentation. Aside from its great stone chimney, containing three thousand three hundred cubic feet, and its five ample fireplaces — one of which would receive fuel six feet in length — there was but one thing about it to interest the traveller who happened along that way. The "Old House" was rich in local history. It was, at that time, about one hundred and forty years old, for it was built in 1700–4, after the close of King Philip's war, when the ancient town of Mendon was laid in ashes. Where now are beautiful stone and brick buildings, extensive warehouses, street railways, concrete walks, gas and water mains, and electric lights, there existed then only the virgin forest through which ran long-used Indian trails, to mark the presence of human beings.

In that almost unbroken wilderness fate, or fortune, decreed that Elder John Jones should make a beginning towards civilization. He was an enterprising, pious young man — as we are glad to regard all those sturdy pioneers of the eighteenth century in New Eng-

land. At daybreak John Jones might have been seen, with axe and dinner pail in one hand and old flint-lock in the other, briskly making his way from his lodgings in Mendon, through the forest, to the spot which he had selected whereon to lay the foundation of his future home. There his strong arm felled the great trees which, had they eyes to see and ears to hear, might have had much to tell of what had happened in their presence since, and long before, the landing of the Pilgrims down at Plymouth.

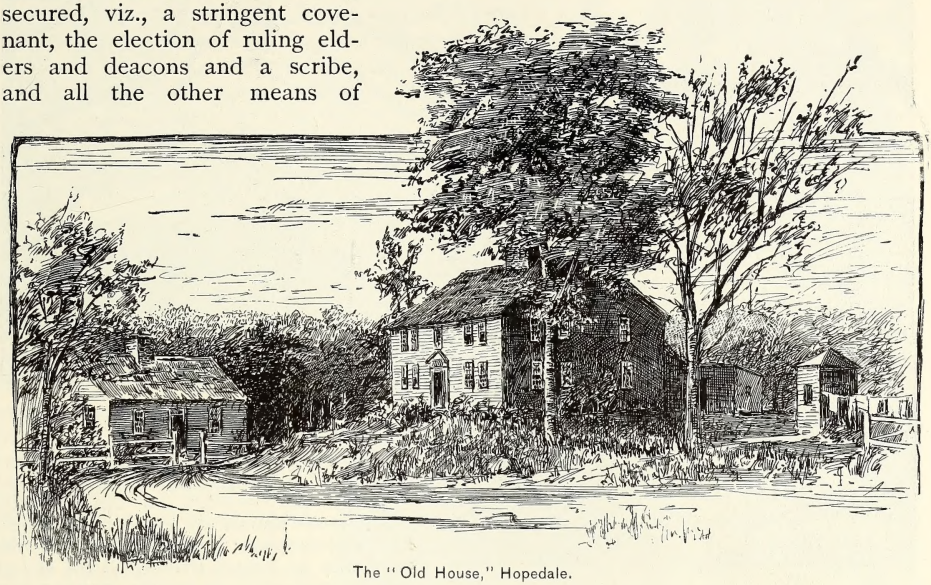


Mrs. Adin Ballou.

Young John Jones possessed the sinew which subdues wildernesses as well as kingdoms, and the heart whose hot currents find their way into a dozen generations. At noon he would spread his frugal dinner, consisting of Indian bannock and a bottle of milk, upon some clean stump or rock and kneel before it in humble thanksgiving, while his two faithful dogs kept ears and eyes alert to detect the approach of wild beast or unfriendly red man. In a short time his strong arms constructed a rude barrack of logs, within which at night and during the sudden tempest he found shelter and safety. More than a hundred years after, the charred remains of this old barrack were dug up near the "Old House."

It was not long before the ground was cleared, boards and timbers were brought from the mill four miles away, whence the logs had been hauled, and the foundation of that mansion was begun which was to be the refuge of five or six generations. To that abode John Jones took his young wife, and when Providence so decreed, the twain were blessed with a goodly family of sons and daughters. Under the hand of his son Joseph, the house received much improvement. In all the territory now occupied by the towns of Milford and Hopedale, this was the only dwelling, and for many years its doors opened hospitably to the touch of the wayfarer; while in its spacious parlors and before its huge fireplaces transpired all the great events of human history — births, marriages, deaths, feasts, fasts, and prayers. Here religious meetings were often held, for God always manifested himself in the valley of Mill River. Ministers and deacons from neighboring towns always found here a hearty welcome. In the course of time, for some reason or other, a considerable portion of the First Church of Mendon became alienated — as church-members sometimes do — and seriously considered the establishment of a Second Church. Those who thus felt divinely called to worship God on their own account, now resided mostly east of Neck Hill, in that part of Mendon which was afterwards set off as Milford. It was in the "Old House," in 1741, that the council was convened which inaugurated the Second Church of Mendon, now the First Church of Milford. Elder John Jones was the leader of this movement. Pastors and elders came from Hopkinton and Holliston, and the house was thronged with guests. It was a season of fasting and prayer and general solemnity, made all the more impressive by a sense of that Protestant independence which encouraged them to

dissolve their connection with the old church in Mendon town. The sermon was "laborious" and the prayers long and weighty and filled with the unction of mysterious theological technicalities, known only to the ministers and their Maker. The desired result was secured, viz., a stringent covenant, the election of ruling elders and deacons and a scribe, and all the other means of



The "Old House," Hopedale.

Christian fellowship and the grace of God.

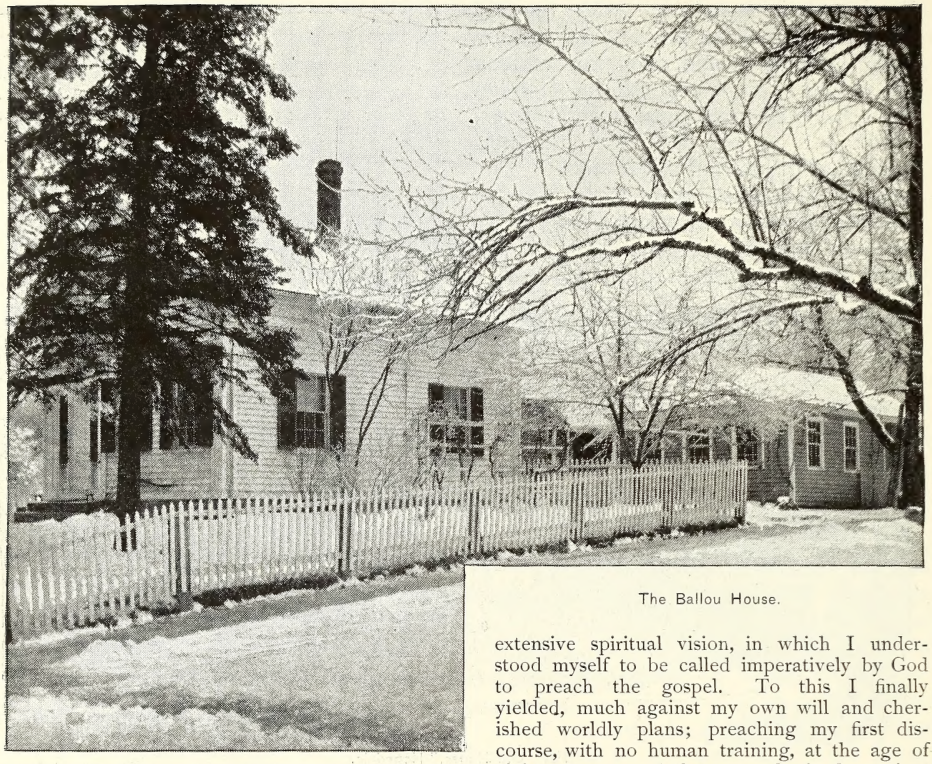
The "Old House" saw it all; and, perhaps, just one hundred and one years afterwards, it thought the judgment day was at hand, when, in those selfsame rooms, the originators of the Hopedale Community thanked God for its protecting walls while they met together as protestants against *all* existing churches and governments. Long after the community had ceased to breathe the breath of life, its founder wrote the following reflections, —

"On Thursday evening, March 24, 1842, we held our first religious meeting in the West Room — the same in which the Congregational Church had been instituted a little more than one hundred years before. It was a deeply interesting occasion, full of prayer, praise, thanksgiving, exhortation, and fraternal congratulations — a sort of dedication of the whole premises to God and humanity. Oh! that the enthusiastic hopes of that hour had been better realized. Thenceforth, for more than a year, our regular Sabbath and Thursday evening meetings were held in that ancient sanctuary. Meantime, it became the temporary home of ten married pairs, who, with their children, dependents and boarding associates, numbered between forty and fifty persons in the summer season. Its common tables were thronged; and all its available space for lodging rooms, economically partitioned off in the chambers and attics, scarcely sufficed for our decent necessities. Its parlor was our reception-room for visitors not a few, and our council hall for discussion, legislative deliberation, and official consultation. . . . .

What has that Old House been? The house of the Joneses from generation to generation, whose posterity, now (1874) scattered far abroad, are forgetting the place of their ancestry. It has been the sanctuary of religion, where its pastors preached, its elders prayed, and its saints raised their best aspirations to heaven. It has been the resort of festive parties and social assemblies, in whose chambers youth and beauty 'tripped the light fantastic toe,' and luxuriated in delicious entertainments. There friendships have been formed and refreshed, and perhaps some of them broken. There fasts and feasts, weddings and funerals, mirth and sorrow, and all the changeful experiences of domestic life, have alternated for one hundred and seventy years."

The "Old House" was demolished in the year that the foregoing words were written, and we will now turn our thought upon the character and vicissitudes of that community which was formed in 1841, and which began its career within those ancient walls in March, 1842. But first, let us glance briefly at the man who originated and long outlived this notable enterprise.

Adin Ballou was a Protestant of the Protestants. His ancestor was Maturin



The Ballou House.

Ballou, who, during the early years of the seventeenth century, fled from France to England, where he married, and from whence he came to Massachusetts Bay. In 1640 he removed to the Providence Plantations and joined the fortunes of Roger Williams. Probably about the year 1700, James Ballou, grandson of Maturin, and great grandfather of Adin Ballou, settled in Cumberland, R. I., where the latter was born on April 23, 1803. He received his early education in the common schools of his native town; but being of an unusually studious turn of mind, he never ceased to apply himself to the acquisition of knowledge, his stock of which at an early age was unusual and of a superior quality. In his own hand we find the following words regarding his religious "experience":

"At eleven years of age I had an impressive religious experience, whose influence on my character has never ceased. At twelve I was baptized by immersion, and joined 'the Church of Christ in Cumberland, R. I.,' belonging to the 'Christian Connection,' so called. At eighteen I had an extensive spiritual vision, in which I understood myself to be called imperatively by God to preach the gospel. To this I finally yielded, much against my own will and cherished worldly plans; preaching my first discourse, with no human training, at the age of eighteen years and three months, in the ancient Ballou meeting-house of my native neighborhood. The occasion was exciting and memorable for reasons not here necessary to explain. In September of the year 1821, I was admitted as an approved minister into the membership of the Connecticut Christian Conference, and preached in various places of my own general vicinity during the ensuing year. Meantime I wrote and published my first pamphlet, a 'Review of Rev. Hosea Ballou's Lecture Sermon on the New Birth.' It led to much polemical discussion, and this finally, after a long and painful investigation, to a change of my theology respecting the final destiny of mankind; that is, from Destructionism to Restorationism."

Mr. Ballou married Miss Abigail Sayles, on January 17, 1822, and in that same year, through an avowal of his beliefs regarding the final restoration of the human race to a universal condition of happiness, he was expelled from the church to which he belonged and joined the Universalists. But at that time the distinguishing tenet of the latter denomination held to the "no-future retribution hypothesis," in consequence of a disbelief in which Mr. Ballou was finally driven from its fellowship. At various

times he preached in neighboring towns, in Boston and New York. During a portion of the year 1827, he published in New York "The Dialogical Instructor." The following year he accepted a call to the Universalist Church in Milford, and it was at this point, after much agitation, that he was obliged to relinquish his connection with both church and denomination. On the same day that this notable event took place, he was waited upon by a committee from the First Church in Mendon, which invited him to settle there as pastor. This he did, and for over ten years, with great power and popularity through pulpit and press, advocated the various reforms in which he was especially interested.

While at Milford he suffered the loss of his first wife, who died of quick consumption, leaving an infant daughter. On March 3, 1830, he married Lucy Hunt, who still survives, at the age of eighty years. In the spring of 1841, Adin Ballou, with others, formed the "Fraternal Community, No. 1," which afterwards became known as "The Hopedale Community."

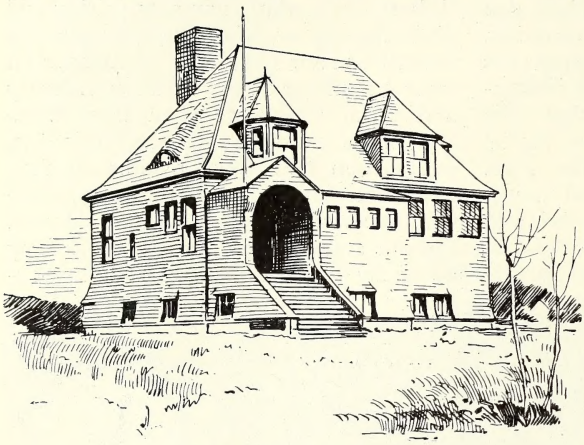
The writings of Charles Fourier, in many respects vague, chimerical and impracticable, contain certain great generalizations which appealed to the rational, reformatory spirit of his day, and while few could follow him in his arbitrary analogies respecting the origin and destiny of the visible universe, there were many who saw in his writings a prophecy of a purer, freer and more righteous social order. But Charles Fourier drew his inspiration from the philosophical rather than the theological source, and therefore, to such men as Mr. Ballou, he did not seem to furnish the inexhaustible spiritual requirements necessary for so radical a social change as he advocated. The labors of the famous Frenchman, therefore, resulted rather in opening the doors of general social reformation to other original thinkers, than in winning proselytes to his own particular scheme. The same was largely true also of the efforts of Robert Owen, who, as an enterprising and philanthropic manufacturer, distinguished himself at New Lanark, in Scotland, as a radical reformer in the realm of industry and social science. Then there were also the Shakers and the Perfectionists, under John H. Noyes; and, as opposed to all systems of practical socialism, there was the absolute individualism of Messrs. Warren and Andrews, whose ideas may be briefly inferred from the following extract from Mr. Andrew's "Science of Society."



A Corner of Mr. Ballou's Study.

"Man, standing then, at the head of the created universe is consequently the most complex creature in existence — every individual man or woman being a little world in himself or herself, an image

or reflection of God, an epitome of the Infinite. Hence the individualities of such a being are utterly immeasurable, and every attempt to adjust the capacities, the adaptations, the wants, or the responsibilities of one human being by the capacities, the adaptations, the wants or the responsibilities of another human being, except in the very broadest generalities, is unqualifiedly futile and hopeless. Hence every ecclesiastical, governmental, or social institution which is based on the idea of demanding conformity or likeness *in any thing*, has ever been, and ever will be, frustrated by the operation of this subtile, all-pervading principle of Individuality."



The Hopedale High School.

Mr. Ballou sought, and believed he had discovered, not only a panacea for all the evils of the present competitive system, and the proper corrective of any disintegrating influences which might lurk in the doctrine of individual sovereignty, but a system also which would be in every respect superior to any form of socialism which had heretofore been attempted. He based his entire scheme upon the teachings of the New Testament, and conscientiously sought to interpret that volume according to the canons of plain common sense supported by careful research and unbiased reflection. As a result of his interpretation the following general conclusions, of both a negative and positive character, were reached by Mr. Ballou and his associates. These conclusions form the noticeable features of the constitution of the Hopedale Community:

"1. Dissatisfaction with the righteousness of so-called Christian civilization, in respect to the virtues and ends of pure religion, morality, and philanthropy, and an aim to illustrate a much higher righteousness.

"2. Deprecation of prevalent vices and disorders, in the present social state, order of general society, and a desire to withstand and reform them.

"3. Aspiration to secure the blessings of a more salutary physical, intellectual, and moral education of their posterity.

"4. The aim to establish a more attractive, economical, and productive system of industry.

"5. A conviction that, in the established order of society, property is often dishonestly acquired and perniciously used, and a purpose to facilitate its honest acquisition and laudable use.

"6. All these objects to be sought and promoted by *voluntary association;* not by political action, legislative enactments, legal penalties, and military compulsion. The supreme intention being, not to get possession of civil government, and compel the multitude to accept its proposed reforms, but by hearty, voluntary, practical, Christian efforts on their own social platform, is shown, a more excellent way' for general adoption. Their mission was not to destroy or impair the good already extant in civilized society of the established order, but peaceably to transcend and correct its radical defects. Consequently, —

"1. Every member must deliberately and cordially profess to believe in the religion of Jesus Christ, as he taught and exemplified it, according to the Scriptures of the New Testament.

"2. Every member must deliberately and cordially acknowledge him or herself bound by the holy requirements of that religion, never, under any pretext whatsoever, to kill, enslave, oppress, injure, harm, or hate any human being, even the worst of enemies;

"Never to violate the dictates of pure chastity.

"Never to take or administer an oath.

"Never to use, or aid others in using, any intoxicating liquor as a beverage.

"Never to serve, aid in, or encourage war, or preparations for war.

"Never to bring an action at law, hold office, vote, join a legal posse, petition a legislature, or ask governmental interposition, *in any case involving a final authorized resort to physical violence.*

"But, through divine assistance, always to recommend, and promote the holiness and happiness of all mankind."[1]

It will be seen that the aims of the Hopedale Community were emphatically religious, and particularly Christian; and in this respect they differed not a little from the kindred movements of the time. It was not a movement unfortified by

[1] See "History of Milford, Mass.," by Adin Ballou, p. 262 et seq.

long and conscientious inquiry and investigation, for its originators had earnestly sought amid existing institutions some practical expressions of those ever-recurring words of their Master, which they nowhere discovered.

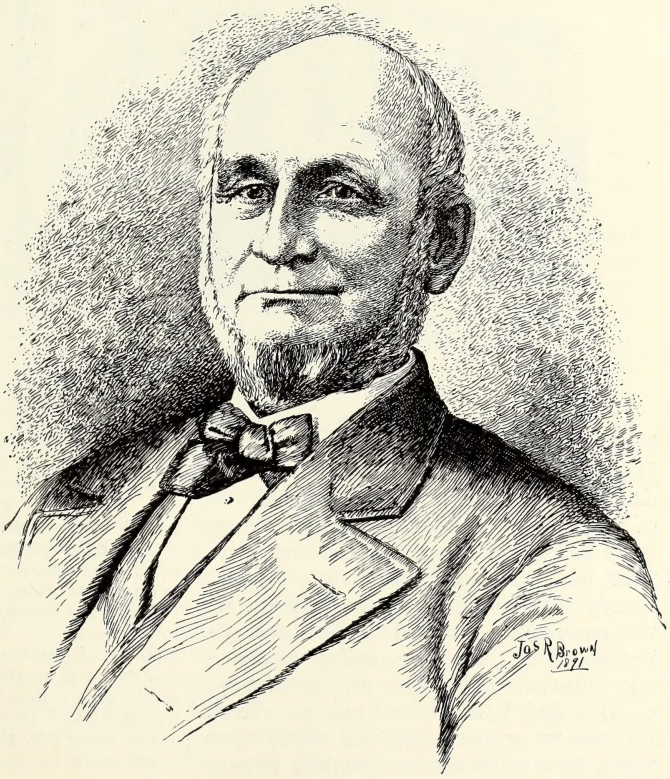
"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, that ye resist not evil." "Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you," etc., etc.

It was indeed a vain quest they followed: "We heard much of Christian patriotism, Christian politics, Christian soldiers, and Christian civilization; but saw but comparatively little pure Christianity, taught and exemplified by Jesus Christ, so plainly set forth in the gospels."

There were about thirty persons who met together in the "Old House" on that memorable Thursday evening, March 24, 1842. They went bravely to work. The farm of two hundred and fifty-eight acres was worn out. Their joint capital stock amounted to about four thousand dollars.

"There was no shop, mill or mill-dam on the premises. The little river gurgled lawlessly down a stony fall of some twenty-six feet from an almost worthless swale at the north into a kindred one at the south, yielding only a few desirable fish. The ingress and egress were by roads of the cheapest kind. . . . . From this humble beginning the community gradually increased in numbers and resources, amid innumerable difficulties, for nearly fourteen years, when they could muster a regular membership of one hundred, and an aggregate of three hundred souls dwelling in fifty houses, on a domain of more than five hundred acres, with a respectable array of homely, but serviceable, mills, shops, and conveniences. We had also a schoolhouse, chapel, and a library of several hundred volumes. We had a handsome village site, with good streets, where rough places had been made smooth and crooked things straight. And our total capital had risen to over ninety thousand dollars."

To enumerate all the enterprises in which this community engaged, would require more space than we have at our immediate disposal. There were the regular religious meetings once or twice a week, weekly conferences, quarterly convocations in the surrounding region, inductive communion meetings, and monthly meetings for discipline. Preachers were sent out from time to time, and lecturers also, to represent the principles of the community. Papers, books, and pamphlets were printed and benevolent undertakings carried out. And all the while the industrial affairs of the community were gradually developed. From



George Draper.

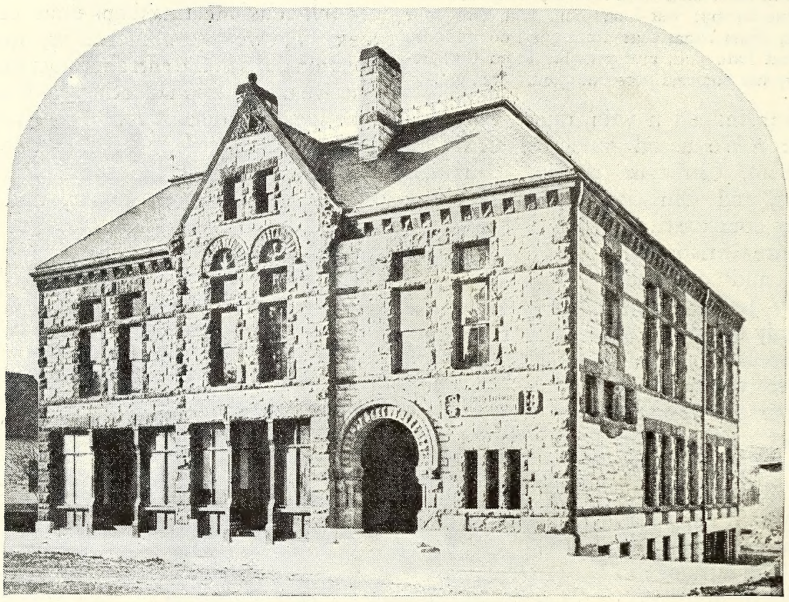
first to last it was a self-supporting enterprise, and in many ways helpful to those who were unfortunate and needy. Never a pauper, never a criminal, never a thriftless wretch came from the Hopedale Community to be taken care of by the civil government.

In 1856 the community reached the height of its prosperity, and, strangely, as it might seem, approached the twelfth hour of its existence. On the 9th of January of that year the president's address showed a most flattering condition of affairs, and the future looked encouragingly propitious. But the treasurer's report had not been made up. When, shortly after, the financial condition of the community was fully realized, it appeared that there was really (reckoning interest, shrinkage on machinery, etc.,) a deficit of about $12,000. Even this was no serious cause for alarm; but when, from causes of a complex nature, there followed a violent discussion, the largest stockholders immediately withdrew their interests, and resolved to conduct the industries of the place according to their own judgment. It was a terrible blow to Mr. Ballou, for in it he saw the ruin of his dearest anticipations. The following are his own pathetic words:

"It was simply a moral failure. Doubtless we all fell far short of our high professions, and became weary in well-doing. Certainly, too many of us did."

Writing of the stockholders who withdrew, he said:

"Fraternity of property was the keystone of our social arch. When that fell out, the arch crumbled. These favored brethren commanded that keystone. It was in their power to preserve or to demolish the structure. The writer thought then and thinks now that they threw away a splendid opportunity to bless mankind and immortalize their memories. But they thought and acted otherwise, as they had an undoubted right to do on their own responsibility to the Supreme Judge. We deeply deplore their decision, but were reluctant to blame them. Probably a vast majority of the world's leading minds in church and state will pronounce their decision wise and good. And if they fell away from a high Christian standard which they had professed to revere, they did so under very seductive and powerful temptations."

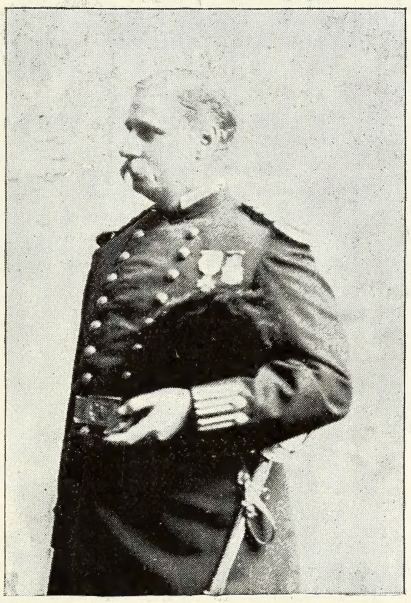


Town Hall, Hopedale.

But were there not some causes really anterior to these immediate financial and moral ones, which might indicate that there were certain weaknesses in the community which Mr. Ballou himself, so thoroughly absorbed in the following of

his ideal, did not fully appreciate? If the writer of this article may now point out what appears to him in this light, it must not be thought to be the result of any prejudice or aversion towards the great aims of the community, but is his strong conviction after such careful consideration of facts as exceptional opportunities have afforded.

Truly, as Mr. Ballou so well knew, the final failure of the Hopedale Community was not wholly the result of financial complications. That was only the *immediate* cause. There were, in reality, manifold conditions which, as time went on, indicated plainly enough that sooner or later the homogeneous character of the community could not continue. So long as its industrial affairs were simple and limited, it was not difficult for all to co-operate in their management; but so soon as they began to take on the involved and intricate character of a large concern, there was required that unity of design and control which could not be realized where so many were equally interested. In one of Count Tolstoï's letters, upon the subject of non-resistance, he used the following words:



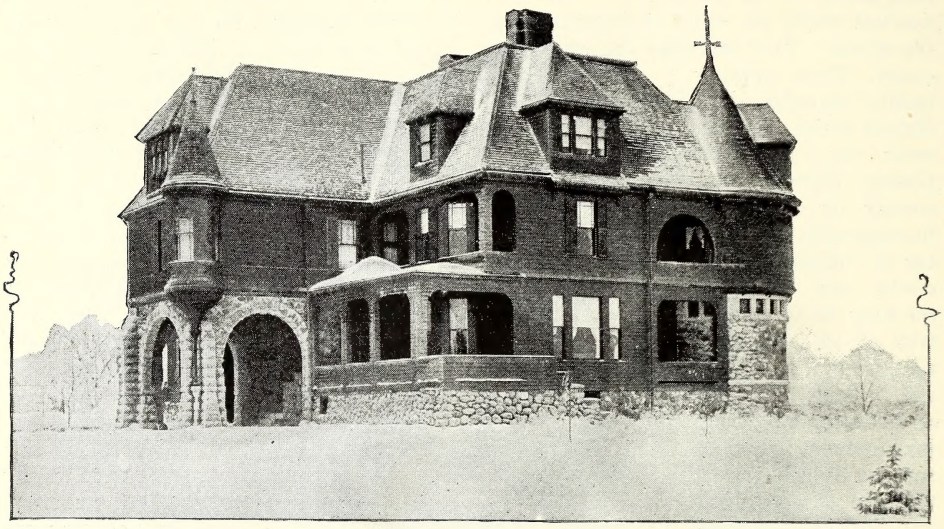
Gen. William F. Draper.

"Property has been Achille's heel for the Quakers, and also for the Hopedale Community."

There was no small degree of truth in this statement of the Russian seer; for, while the community aimed to practise all the Christian virtues, it was in fact unable to practise what the great majority of its members did not possess. Had all his followers possessed the comprehension, the rational acumen, the patience and fortitude of their leader, the case would undoubtedly have been quite different. Furthermore, had not the *acquisition* of *wealth* been one of the practical aims of the community, it would not have become the root of its evil. The Russian seer sympathized heartily with Mr. Ballou in the objects the latter had striven to realize; but he differed from Mr. Ballou in the belief that property should not enter in to demoralize the action of Christian virtues, but that one should be willing to give up "houses and lands" and to "sell all" in the consistent following of their common master. In one way and another, in a more or less subdued form, the love of money crept in and sucked the blood from the very heart of the community. Then, too, while the leading members were industrious, energetic, rational, and aspiring, there was, on the whole, no small degree of that "willingness" which some one predicated of the members of Brook Farm; viz., some were willing to do all the manual work, and others were willing they should. There grew up in their midst, from time to time, those subtle rivalries and jealousies, those microscopic, and therefore all the more contemptible over-reachings, which, while they are too petty to be confessed, are yet productive of internal moral decay. This was largely due to the constitution of that particular human nature which formed the community. Excepting a few of its leading families, probably there never gathered under one standard a larger proportion of "peculiar" people. Many of them fully appreciated the evils and weaknesses of the present social order, and saw, more or less clearly, the high ideals of that socialism which Mr. Ballou represented; but they were poorly prepared to cherish and realize those ideals. In many instances they were committed almost wholly to some particular

measure, and were hobby-riders. They were not *men* and *women*, capable of taking in the entire field of Reform, but, body and soul, Abolitionists, Non-resistants, Woman-suffragists, Prohibitionists, Vegetarians, Grahamites, and Spiritualists. They were all "come-outers," but many of them had come out on a single plank, and were apparently never intended by nature to reach the general platform on which their leader stood. Such men are not bad men. But they are not good men to share with you the same berth. There is something about their spirits which brings the devil, if you have one, to the front. With them goes a sort of repelling atmosphere, or negative magnetism, which draws the temper from the ordinary man of affairs. They were rich in theories, and they were always to be depended upon in "discussion"; but it was always doubtful if they could make a profitable connection between their theories and actual practice.

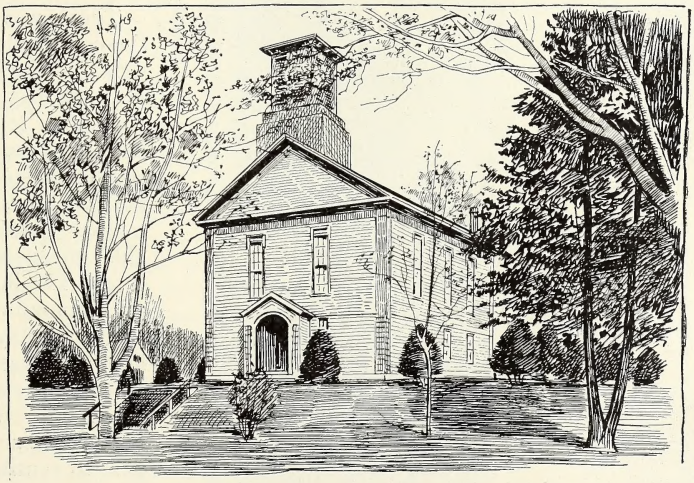
In spite of the fact, too, that the community practically sought the acquisition of wealth, its socialistic policy tended to suppress all sense of *individual* ownership. That was a difficult object to secure, viz., the sense that you possessed much in common, and nothing, or very little, in your own individual right. To many it may have appeared logically absurd. The community sought the accumulation of property, the relief of the poor by means of property, and the satisfaction of the instinct of ownership. But it did it as a community. And yet (and here is the inconsistency) each individual was not to feel that he had an equal share of the community possessions. Some of its members possessed much, some nothing. Every member, rich or poor, had one vote, and only one vote, upon all questions relating to the management and distribution of all the property; and yet the needy members were dependent upon the charity of the wealthier members. To state the thing more definitely: A possessed $5,000. B possessed nothing. In the industrial management of that $5,000, B had as much to say by vote as A. And yet, when B was without food, he was practically dependent upon A. The consequence of this illogical arrangement was to excite a feeling of dependence in the minds of the poor, and a sense of trespass upon their individual rights in the minds of the rich. Such a condition of affairs could not continue to exist, especially when it came to be expressed in the social and domestic relations of the members.



Residence of Eben S. Draper.

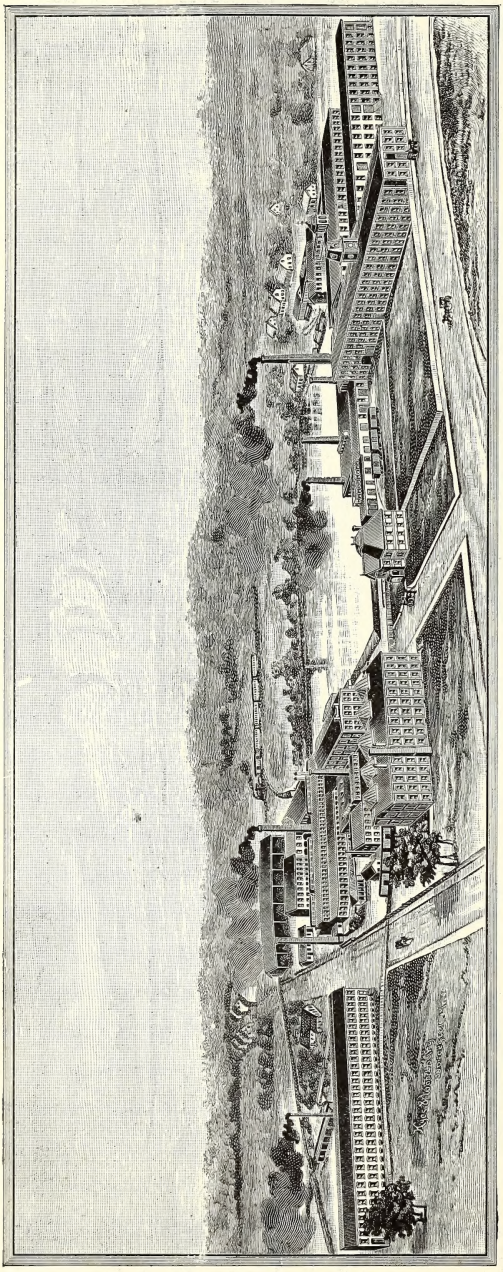
One of the rules of the community prescribed that the "Council of Religion, Conciliation, and Justice shall supervise all matters of religion, morality, and Christian discipline; to reprove, admonish, and endeavor to correct all anti-Christian customs, habits, and practices springing up within the community; and, generally, to exercise the proper functions of a Judicial Council, on *Christian principles*, concerning all matters of controversy not otherwise seasonably adjusted; provided that all decisions of said council shall be subject to a final appeal to their constituents." The difficulty in the actual application of these provisions seems to have consisted in the determination of just what *were* "anti-Christian customs, habits, and practices," and then how far the private indiscretions of the individual members were fit subjects for general discussion. There can be no doubt that in innumerable instances the offices of this "Council of Religion, Conciliation, and Justice" were administered in the most delicate and inoffensive manner, prompted by a most Christian consideration. In many cases it led to a satisfactory improvement in the conduct of delinquents. But it was very difficult for such a council not to exceed the limits of a nice tact, and we are led to believe that their labors were sometimes productive of irritations long felt and remembered. The members of this council were to see that the bounds of Christian simplicity were not exceeded. If one happened to move into the community with stuffed furniture, or other evidences of luxury, he was called to account for enjoying comforts which could not be shared by his poorer neighbors. And yet, if the same person possessed a goodly amount of property, no complaint was made because he did not distribute it equally among the members. Simplicity of dress was declared most desirable, and "bloomers" were therefore adopted by the women. There were few if any attempts made to add grace and beauty to the physical form, as it was considered merely a satisfaction of the carnal nature. As to whether the men should wear beards was a question seriously debated, for it indicated an assumption of superiority of sex. Razors were hung on the Christmas tree as a quiet reminder that they ought to be used. The young were especially regarded with *overshadowing solicitude*. It goes without saying that all, both old and young, were not to yield to any unwholesome habit. Tobacco was tabooed — so effectually that, with a single exception (and that in the case of one who had repeatedly fought against a confirmed habit and finally failed to overcome it), it was not used at all. One old lady gave up the use of snuff at a very advanced age, and kept her resolution to the day of her death.

"No obscene, vulgar, unkind, or unmannerly expressions in word or behavior," were tolerated. The young were to respect their elders. In their respective households, "parents, guardians, and all those who have children, youth or transient residents in their families" were



Unitarian Church, Hopedale.

to consider themselves responsible for "the maintenance of good order and moral decorum." The rules declared that "no person under sixteen years of age will leave the Community Domain to go abroad into the neighboring villages or territory, without the orders or express permissions of their parents, guardians, or custodians for the time being." The grounds of one family were not to be invaded by the members of another family. No children or youth could be in the streets after nine P. M. without permission. And whoever saw anything amiss in the children or youth of the community was expected to promptly communicate the same to the proper persons. Many similar provisions were enacted for the moral welfare of the community, which need not be enumerated. One might imagine, in view of so many rules relating to the management of the members and their children, that they were otherwise unable to observe the simplest canons of respect and courtesy. But such was not the case and perhaps these petty regulations existed for the most part on paper, without being seriously employed or allowed to interfere with the purely "voluntary" character of the community.



Manufacturing Industries, Hopedale.

There was one thing in which the community had implicit confidence — the efficacy of discussion. No question regarding political economy, religion, morals, socialism, hygiene, education, or reform was excluded from its platform; and at times there came up for mutual consideration unmentionable questions of a domestic nature. The hobby-rider found here an open court for his gymnastics; and probably the patience of a long-suffering people was never more thoroughly tried than by those of every ism and fancy under the sun, who came to Hopedale to ventilate themselves. The Abolitionist was always welcome; and from him all the way down to the two men who believed that nourishing food could be made of peat and molasses, the community was victimized. Many of these self-styled "reformers" were bent on reforming, as such men generally are, everybody

in the world except themselves. They professed to come to study the community and express their own great ideas, but it generally resulted in their beating the community out of several weeks' board, and then going away without returning so much as "thank you." They believed in the practice of all the Christian virtues, but themselves claimed the privilege of being practised upon; and, as is often the case with the well-meaning and industrious, the earnest and honest leaders of this social movement were more or less compromised before the world, on account of these itinerant "moralists." They were a class of metaphysical tramps. They would not work. They would do little but theorize and write bombastic tirades against existing institutions, and champion all sorts of wild and senseless schemes for the professed advancement of mankind. They were flatulent and lazy, and often most interested in what was decidedly noisome.

Occasionally, however, the community received real help and encouragement from genuine and powerful philanthropists. Among the latter, Dr. William E. Channing wrote to Mr. Ballou many words of sympathy and wisdom, and Theodore Parker added expressions of friendship and esteem. Visits were enjoyed from a long list of eminent men and women, including Robert Dale Owen, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Henry C. Wright, Stephen Symonds Foster, Edmund Quincy, Frederick Douglass, Samuel J. May, Samuel May, Anna E. Dickinson, Abby Kelley Foster, Oliver Johnson, the Alcotts, Margaret Fuller, eminent representatives from the Shakers, and one prominent elder from the Mormons. Pleasant excursions were enjoyed mutually between the Hopedale Community and the Brook Farm Association.

Mr. Ballou was a born orator and debater, and it was while on his feet, in the midst of polemical discussion, that he would carry everything before him. Unfortunately for the popularity of the community and the perpetuation of his ideas, he was unable to command the same powers upon paper. He never seems to have regretted his lack of a university training; but, on the contrary, believed that the strength and originality of his thought was due largely to his freedom from the conventionalities of the schools. In this, one cannot but feel that he was mistaken. His individuality was sufficiently pronounced to protect him from being overwhelmed by any university type. And as to his freedom from conventionality of expression, instead of the recognized idiom of the schools, he formed that of his own, which was quite as objectionable. On the platform, when aroused by his own keen sense of right and justice, he was an irresistible orator, and his peculiar expressions, which often cause his writings to find so little favor, were submerged in the powerful personality of the man. On the platform his inspiration was sufficient to move his hearers to applause and tears, but at his desk it could carry him but a short distance into the mind of the average reader. Aside from the ponderous "History of Milford" and "The Ballous in America," (both of which are wonderful repositories of research and erudition), he wrote many books and pamphlets; but they are so generally laden with redundancies, grotesque phrases, obsolete and newly-coined words, that they do not receive a fair consideration from those who might profit most by the thoughts conveyed. When one meets constantly such words and phrases as "ever-waxing luminosity," "infinitarium of universes," "infinitarium harmonialism," "manifestability," "limitizing," "Divine spiricity," "all-interiorating," etc., one is apt to attribute to the writer a certain egotism which Mr. Ballou did not possess. The use of such expressions, by no means made necessary by the limitations of the English language, repelled many profound scholars and students, who might otherwise have been won over to a sympathetic co-operation with the writer. These structures imply a certain element of literary weakness which stood in the way of Mr. Ballou's popularity as a writer and which, being imitated by his admirers, reacted adversely against the community, and tended to repel just those minds which it would have been its greatest fortune to have possessed — such minds as

were trained by an orderly and systematic course of mental discipline in college or university. But the genius of the Hopedale Community was confessedly religious and not literary, and perhaps it is hardly fair to call that a weakness which it did not pretend to possess. And yet it is, after all, the literary power which gives currency to such thoughts as Mr. Ballou and his associates attempted to make acceptable to the world. The absence of that instinct to love dumb beasts, (for it should be known that a dog was not allowed on the premises of the community), to see behind the visible the invisible revelation, to find in mountains somewhat besides quartz and granite, and in the sea something grander than salt and fish — this absence of the "poet's frenzy" was just what gave to the ideas which the community held up, a dry, barren, prosaic and sometimes repellent character. It is being more and more generally acknowledged that it is just this quality — this transcendentalism — which is carrying the writings of Emerson, Thoreau, and Channing of the Concord circle down the generations. But to the members of the Hopedale Community "transcendentalism" was but a name, and a name with which they had little patience, because it was not in them to appreciate its meaning. Mr. Emerson had so little faith in discussions that he would not reply to his critics, choosing rather to wait a hundred years, if necessary, for the vindication which he believed the world would finally accord him. Mr. Ballou, on the contrary, had all faith in the efficacy of discussion, and insisted not only that he could give a reason for everything he believed, but that it would be through the operation of man's discursive faculty that all truth would eventually be transmitted. He was rarely an advocate of that doctrine which implies that we come to the knowledge of the truth through the general absorption of ideas from the intellectual atmosphere about us. From time to time various members of the Community aspired to the production of poetry; but the results were not flattering. A few of their hymns flow with a somewhat halting melody, but as a rule they are stilted, affected, sometimes as bombastic as their ardent Abolitionist composers could make them, and generally devoid of the qualities necessary to their perpetuation. These people were essentially "reformers" and "agitators." When they went out to build they took a good, strong axe, a mallet and a few wrought nails; but they never dreamed of putting together the perfect parts of a thing to make a beautiful whole for the admiration of their posterity.

Mr. Ballou was, by mental aptitude, of the Pauline type. It was not in him to speak in parables, but rather to clothe his thoughts in the plain garment of "common sense." He was capable of intense emotion, and when aroused, his strong arms lifted a hammer under whose blows the images of superstition were ground into powder. His was a dynamic power. He did not "sing against thee, Death, as the brook does," but he stood face to face with that spectre, and by his blows showed that it had no substance beneath its vesture. By nature he was a man of great passion, and possessed the instincts of a "good hater"; but with the same heroic power with which he denounced the world-custom of using physical violence in the affairs of mankind, he met and subdued to the level of nonresistance the lower elements of his own nature. His morality was stern and puritanic. He had no overtures to make to the spirit of deception, either in himself or any one else. In his old age he carried with him an atmosphere of purity and honor which no one could fail to recognize. How well was this fact illustrated at the "hearing" before the Committee on Towns at the State House in Boston, when Hopedale, in 1886, sought municipal independence! Certain of the remonstrants had urged their counsel to ask a certain question of Mr. Ballou, in the course of his testimony, which should insinuate that he had been practically bribed to favor the town division. But it proved to be an overwhelming boomerang for the opposition. The question was asked. In an instant the noble old man saw its purpose. His dim eye lit up with the old fire of the past, and before he could answer, a smothered groan of indignation burst from the throats of

the audience. He answered the question, but in the asking of it the remonstrants lost what they were never able afterwards to replace — the confidence of those who sat and listened. No man ever carried with more benignity and grace the balm of comfort to broken hearts; no man ever yielded a stronger support to faithless spirits in the dark day. His own faith was inexhaustible, and the moment he appeared there fell upon all a sense of safety. To many, his simple presence furnished "the conviction of things not seen."

It is not for us to dwell here upon the religious views of Adin Ballou, although there is much concerning them which would be of the greatest interest. As is often the case with those who do not possess the poet's vision, Mr. Ballou early became a believer in spiritualism. He called himself an "inspirational" speaker, and we think we do him no injustice when we affirm that he believed his best utterances were due rather to spiritual forces impressing him from without than to the inherent qualities of his own personality. To this belief in the impressibility of the mind by spiritual agencies outside the flesh, may be attributed many of those statements regarding the subject of eschatology, which to many seemed audacious. And yet, in the sermon which he prepared to be read at his own funeral, we find the following words:

"I have never embraced any form of spiritualism that ignored or belittled Christ, or reduced him to the grade of a mere medium for the communication of departed spirits, nor allowed myself to trust to spirit mediums beyond good evidence of their reliability, nor to accept the teachings of the departed as infallible, nor to receive any so-called spiritual philosophy which conflicted with, or set at naught, the teachings, example, and spirit of Christ. On the contrary, I held it my duty, and also my privilege, to try the spirits out of the flesh as well as those still in it, whether they were of God or mere self-deifiers. For I had no doubt that the spirit spheres are peopled with good and evil angels, with good, bad, and indifferent departed human beings corresponding to those that inhabit the realm of flesh and blood." [1]

The doctrine with which Mr. Ballou was pre-eminently identified was that of Non-Resistance. To this he pledged his allegiance some years before the establishment of the Hopedale Community, and in its support preached, lectured, and wrote, uncompromisingly, to his last day. Just before and during the breaking out of the war, his attitude upon this subject caused him no little persecution; but he was steadfast and never shrank one iota from what he regarded as the Christian position. In his last year he came into intellectual contact with Count Tolstoï, and the correspondence between these two champions of non-resistance plainly defines the limitations which Mr. Ballou placed upon the doctrine.

Adin Ballou's last days were occupied in the preparation of an autobiography. To within one and a half chapters the book was completed when, suddenly, his eyes failed and his hand grew too weak to hold the pen. After a brief illness he passed away, August 5, 1890, at the age of eighty-seven.

When, in 1856, the Hopedale Community practically though not formally dissolved, its methods lingered in the habits of the place for some years. In 1867 it was merged in the Hopedale Parish, which is now a flourishing Unitarian Society. Mr. George Draper, who died in 1887, was for many years the moving industrial spirit of the village, and to his sagacity and honesty is largely due the prosperity of the now extensive machine shops where several hundreds of operatives are regularly employed. In 1886, after much legislative tribulation, Hopedale became an independent town, and has since been rapidly growing in wealth and population. The beautiful Town Hall was the gift of Mr. Draper before his decease.

It is a rather notable circumstance, in looking back through the years to the beginnings of Hopedale, that in contradistinction to the life and teachings of its eminent founder, its most prominent citizen to-day is not only distinguished in civil life, but is pre-eminent in the military circles of the country. Adin Ballou, in founding Hopedale, had in his mind an ideal religious community where the jarring elements of commerce and the outside world would not enter, but the love of gain and personal power crept into it and it failed. General William

[1] See Memorial of Adin Ballou, Riverside Press, 1890.

F. Draper who now stands at the head of its various manufacturing establishments has made Hopedale a prosperous and bustling little town. The quiet homes of the reformers and philosophers have been replaced, to some extent, by large workshops, warehouses, and tall factory chimneys, and the armies of labor have usurped the homes of the philosophical revolutionaries.

General William F. Draper, who is now in the meridian of manhood, has had a varied and successful career. Born in Lowell, Mass., forty-nine years ago, he received a common, high school, and academic education, and was then put into the machine shops and cotton mills where he spent several years, learning both the theoretical and practical parts of the manufacture of machinery and cotton goods. The outbreak of the war aroused his patriotism, and, forsaking his business, he immediately entered the service and remained until near its close, when he returned incapacitated for duty on account of wounds. He entered as a private at the age of nineteen, and his extraordinarily quick series of promotions may be imagined when it is stated that before attaining his twenty-third year he had on several occasions commanded a brigade.

He was in active service in nearly all the Southern States; was signal officer for General Burnside in his North Carolina campaign; took part in the Maryland and Fredericksburgh campaigns; also in the campaign in Kentucky; then in the Vicksburg and Jackson campaigns in Mississippi; then in the East Tennessee campaign, including the siege of Knoxville; and finally in the Wilderness campaign of 1864. He was shot through the body in the Wilderness, but later returned and commanded a brigade at the Welden Railroad engagement. Returning to his home he was employed by his father and uncle, and subsequently became his father's partner in the manufacture of cotton machinery.

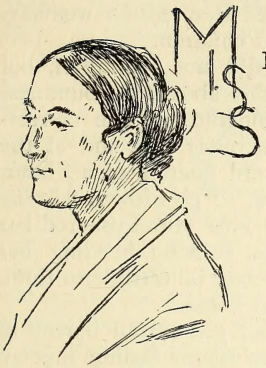
He is now president of the Home Market Club, which represents the protective sentiment of New England, and is also president or director in some twenty railroads, banking and manufacturing corporations outside his business in Hopedale.

Inspired by those firm principles of religion and morality which characterized the aspirations of the Hopedale community, and continued with a strict sense of business integrity, the present genius of the place is such as to develop its institutions and make Hopedale one of our most interesting and reliable New England towns. A busy village it is. John Jones would find it hard to fix his whereabouts, could he drop to-day into the long street lined by trees and well-kept cottages, see the crowds of workmen as they flock at morning and at noon from their boarding-houses to the great row of Draper factories beside the stream, the young folks strolling to the village school or from the village library, and the costly and elegant residences which now begin to multiply among the humbler homes, or hear the screech of the whistle from the railroad which in this latest time has found its way into the valley.

A few of the original members of the community still survive. They have seen, in their day, as great a transformation in a single neighborhood as falls to the experience of but very few. One by one they are passing from the stage. Their children will continue to enjoy the beneficent influence of the character they have inherited, and to express many of the excellent traits which marked their progenitors. But in a very few years, of that little company which, in 1842, met in the Old House and enjoyed "prayer, praise, thanksgiving, exhortation, and fraternal congratulation," and for years struggled to live out the great ideals which cluster about the Golden Rule, there will not be one left, except as they journey hither from the "pale realm," to witness the strife of men as it goes on where they sought to establish perpetual peace.

A STEPMOTHER ELECT.

By Mary L. Adams.



MUNN'S house was set back a little from the road. A narrow bricked path ran from the green, brass-knockered door to the white gate, between the two lilac-bushes. Farther down the street was another gate, which opened upon another bricked path. This path lay under the syringas until it reached the side door.

Below the threshold of the side door, was a large, flat stone, half sunk in the grass; very pleasant to sit upon on a summer evening.

Miss Munn was not sitting there. She was concealed behind the parlor-window curtains, furtively watching the passers-by, who invariably slackened their pace and glanced between the lilac bushes at the prim white house. One man paused, his hand stretched towards the gate-latch. Miss Munn bent her head to see better over the rose-bush in front of the window. She gave a quick sigh as the gate remained shut, and the man withdrew his hand and hastened on.

"I won't fret," she said to Tobias, the cat, who kept her company. "They'll come by and by. It's natural they should feel queer about it. I feel queer myself."

The long entry, which ran from the front door to the back porch, divided Miss Munn's house into two distinct parts. The right half had been furnished for Miss Munn's mother. The parlor was a beautiful room, quaint in arrangement, with an air of sanctity about it, such as one feels in a church. Miss Munn was conscious of this atmosphere, and used the room as a sort of refuge in times of perplexity. The polished floor, the delicately-carved piano, the old ornaments on the narrow mantel, and the landscaped wall paper, brought before Miss Munn her whole youth. She could have sketched a scene from her girlhood in connection with every darn in the India-muslin curtains. The faint odor of rose-leaves, which came from the tall rose-jars, reminded Miss Munn of her mother more vividly than anything else. She could see her going about the garden, cutting the blossoms for drying.

Miss Munn was not young, and she had lived without her mother for twenty years. But, as she sat in the twilight now, she longed inexpressibly for a mother's love and support. She had lived alone for ten years, and never, until to-day, had she felt sorely the need of companionship. Miss Munn, at the age of fifty-five, was, for the first time, engaged to be married!

It was half-past seven in the evening. Rivertown people had known of Miss Munn's startling engagement fully eight hours, and yet no one had been in to wish her well. Miss Munn stated the reason why her friends were hanging back when she said they felt queer about it. They felt very queer. Nobody had expected Miss Munn to become engaged. She was still pretty in a faded way, but she was rather beyond the age when women who have never been married, change their state. Miss Munn had a comfortable home, and a large enough income to support one person, in a small town, almost luxuriously. How she could leave the place where she had spent her life, to go away, "out West," with a minister, a widower, whom she seemingly knew little about, was beyond the comprehension of her friends. The villagers were waiting to compose their features before they called upon Miss Munn.

While she was sitting, lost in revery, she was roused by a rap of the brass knocker on the green door. Peeping through the side-light, she recognized Mrs. Hayden, the tired mother of many children, the wife of a weak-minded and shiftless husband.

"I don't want her to think I was waiting for anybody," whispered Miss Munn, in a panic between pleasure and embarrassment. So the simple soul crept to the further end of the entry, and then walked to the door with decided stately footsteps, which she hoped Mrs. Hayden would hear. She opened the door somewhat timidly; then recovering herself, she said, "Why, good evening, Mrs. Hayden! Step right in."

Mrs. Hayden mumbled some uneasy reply, and followed Miss Munn into the sitting-room, which was so great a contrast to the parlor. The carpet was wreathed with roses of every shade. The design of roses was carried even to the wall paper, although, in truth, the flowers looked more like gilt cabbages on pea-vines. Tidies, embroidered footstools, and hassocks abounded. There was an array of wax funereal decorations on the walls, and wax fruit and flowers in glass cases on the table, and more on the what-not. Pampas-grass and peacock feathers waved on the mantel, and every form of discomfort in the way of chairs was represented in the room.

Mrs. Hayden seated herself on the edge of the hair-cloth sofa and gazed at Miss Munn. She had not the faintest idea what to say, she had come from a half-defined sense of duty. Miss Munn was flushed and uncomfortable. She knew that in Mrs. Hayden she could not find the companionship she craved. At last Mrs. Hayden recovered herself.

"So you're goin' to get married!"

"I'm — I'm thinking of it," answered Miss Munn, looking down at the row of pearls on her engagement ring. She felt the band around her finger, and her hand moved nervously. She did not wish to seem conscious of her ornament, so she hid the hand which wore it. Mrs. Hayden's eyes roved about the room.

"You'll feel bad leaving this house, won't you?" she asked after the pause. Marriage did not look attractive to Mrs. Hayden after her life of turmoil.

"Yes, that will be hard," said Miss Munn. "But one is willing to make a sacrifice for the person one — one marries." Her face looked quite girlish, with a soft color in it.

"I think there's a good deal of sacrificing in marrying," said Mrs. Hayden wearily.

"There's always something to pay for it," answered Miss Munn wistfully. "Look at all your children."

Mrs. Hayden did not contradict, but she had her doubts about the soundness of Miss Munn's judgment. The conversation floundered after this, and at the end of an awkward quarter of an hour, Mrs. Hayden rose to go without wishing Miss Munn joy. Miss Munn ushered her out of the room, scarcely heeding her repetition that it must be terrible to think of leaving the old home.

Miss Munn had just seated herself at the parlor window again, feeling that an engagement to be married does not bring unalloyed bliss, when a tremendous rapping took her to the door again. It was a cheerful sound, which raised her spirits before she saw the handsome face of the youth who ran into the house with his hands full of flowers.

"How do, Miss Munn!" he cried, pulling off his hat. "Many happy returns of the day!"

Miss Munn blushed, and Master Harry laughed.

"Well, I don't mean that exactly, but many happy returns of the happiness of the day, you know," he added. "How young the dear old girl looks," he thought. "Aren't you going to ask me into the sitting-room!" he said.

"Oh, excuse me! I was rather startled by your knock, and I — come right in!"

Harry marched after Miss Munn and laid his floral offering on the table, beside a case of wax fruit; then he seated himself on a foot-rest and twirled his hat, while he looked with his bold black eyes into Miss Munn's blushing face.

"Well, Miss Munn, I'm sure I ought to wish you joy, but I'm not sure I do. You deserve to suffer for going away and leaving us."

"Oh dear, I don't believe you mean that!" she answered, equally pleased and frightened.

"Yes, I do! And I know the man who's going to take you away isn't worthy of you."

"My dear Master Harry!" said Miss Munn gravely. "He is a minister of God!"

Harry looked seriously into Miss Munn's blue eyes. "He may be a minister, but you are an angel," he declared.

Miss Munn was somewhat shocked. She was inclined to be shocked at the younger generation, which was much more free and easy than her's had been. However pleased by the compliment, she felt it her duty to remonstrate.

"My dear Master Harry, we are all very imperfect human creatures. A few of the most godly are chosen to help the weaker in their struggles. Mr. King,"— Miss Munn glanced away and colored,— "Mr. Henry King stands high in his profession, and I shall strive to live up to him and be worthy of his companionship."

Harry was moved by Miss Munn's little speech. In uttering it her voice had quivered. He waited for her to speak again.

"He has a daughter who is to be my special charge. It will be my duty to carry on with her the good work her father has begun. The daughter is to visit me, to become better acquainted with me. I expect her next week."

They had both risen, and Miss Munn laid an appealing hand upon his arm and looked him affectionately in the face.

"You must come in while she is here. But be careful what you say, will you not, Harry?"

Harry covered her frail white fingers with his brown hand, and said honestly:

"I will indeed!"

In a few days people were able to talk freely about Miss Munn's engagement, and they looked forward to seeing her stepdaughter elect with uncommon interest.

One noon, just as Miss Munn was eating her dinner, there came a loud rap at the front door.

"Mercy!" she cried. "That is Master Harry; no one but Master Harry knocks like that;" and she hurried to the door expecting to see his jovial face.

What she did see was a young miss with a bright face, and with a satchel in her ungloved hands. She was standing quite composedly in the porch, and she looked up at Miss Munn with a pair of frank hazel eyes.

"Does Miss Munn live here?"

"Yes, my dear," answered Miss Munn gently, although she was startled by the question. "Yes, my dear," she repeated. "I am Miss Munn, and who may you be?"

"Why, I am Ellen King!"

Miss Munn leaned against the door for support.

"Ellen — King?" she stammered. "Ellen? Are you — quite sure?"

"Well, that's who I was when I left home. I've gone so far and I'm so tired, I feel myself as if I might be somebody else."

Miss Munn drew the girl into the sitting-room, then she kissed her on both cheeks.

"Don't think I wasn't glad to see you," she said, "but really, I was so flustered that I didn't think what I was doing. You don't look as I expected, you're quite different. You don't look like your picture, my dear."

Ellen had taken off her hat, and as Miss Munn gazed at the girl's face and the short curly hair she realized that the sweet figure she had conjured up bore no likeness to the independent young creature before her. Ellen bore the scrutiny well for a moment, and then broke the silence by exclaiming with a pretty softening of her manner:

"I hope you're not disappointed in me."

Miss Munn patted her arm.

"No, indeed! I'm so glad you've come. I was only surprised for a moment. You're different from any girl I have seen," she exclaimed. "But, dear me, you must be very hungry. Come right into the dining-room."

Miss Munn's wits came back to her and she hastened to add a plate and a few delicacies to the already abundantly spread table.

She was unable to eat anything more herself, and she sat watching Ellen, her innocent eyes full of gentle curiosity. Ellen ate as if quite unconscious of this close inspection; now and then she met Miss Munn's glance with a friendly smile.

"I never saw any one smile like that before, except — yes — Master Harry. The girls I knew didn't smile that way," thought Miss Munn.

When the girl's appetite was satisfied Miss Munn proposed to show her to her room. "You can lie down if you like," said she, "and we can talk a little."

"Oh, I never lie down in the daytime; but I should like to take off this dress and put on my dressing-sack till my trunk comes."

"Dear me! I forgot all about that. Of course you brought a trunk. I will send Jane to get a man to look after it."

"Oh, I got a man. It will be along directly," Ellen answered in an off-hand way which further astonished Miss Munn. She followed the bewildered lady up the winding stairs into a sunny chamber facing the garden and the sunset. "How refreshing!" she exclaimed, throwing herself into a big chair before an open window. "I have seen nothing but dust and dirt for days. How good those flowers smell after the car-smoke! How glad I am to get here!"

"I am very glad to have you here," said Miss Munn. "Now perhaps you'll tell me something about your — your father." As usual, she hesitated and blushed over the last two words.

"He's quite well. He sent you a letter, with his love, and he brought me this to give you." Her hand went into her pocket, and she pulled out an envelope and a small white box. Miss Munn blushed again.

"I'll look at this now, and read the letter by and by."

She unwrapped the box and found a gold brooch with a pearl in the centre.

"How beautiful?" she said. "Much too beautiful for me. With the exception of my mother's diamond pin, it is quite the most beautiful breastpin I ever owned."

Then she went away to read her letter, her heart beating as happily as if it were thirty years younger. Ellen refreshed herself with a bath; then roved about the hall and chambers in her dressing-sack until the trunk came; then dressed and went downstairs.

Miss Munn was in an uneasy state of mind. She had made no arrangements for the reception of so fine a guest. As Ellen skipped down the stairs she looked up apprehensively. The girl had on a plain white dress; but the scarlet bows scattered over it, and the red shoes which peeped from it, gave it a very different appearance from any white dress Miss Munn had ever seen. She was embarrassed when Ellen came and stood looking at her with her calm eyes.

"Did you never have long hair, my dear?" she asked, glancing at Ellen's curls.

"Oh, yes; but I had a fever — nearly died," she answered cheerfully, "and it had to be cut off. I'm going to let it grow out this winter."

"I'm glad of that."

"Why? Isn't it becoming!"

"It's not that," Miss Munn said timidly. "But I think a young girl never looks so well as when her hair is in braids."

"Yes?" said Ellen, wondering how her hair would look arranged like Miss Munn's. The talk went on more or less haltingly till tea-time.

"Now, if you can interest yourself with the books," said Miss Munn, "I'll go and help Jane get supper."

"Oh, I don't want to read. Can't I help too?"

"Not in that dress!" exclaimed Miss Munn.

"It will wash. Come along." She tucked her arm in Miss Munn's, and fairly drew her to the kitchen.

After supper the two went into the garden, and presently Master Harry came along, whistling.

"There he is," Miss Munn whispered to Ellen. She had told her about Harry, to put her on her guard. "Young men are so thoughtless!" she had said.

"I think he is coming here!" she exclaimed now.

"Call him!" said Ellen.

"My dear!" said Miss Munn. "We will go into the house," she added.

Before they had crossed the threshold, there was a knock at the front door.

Miss Munn looked a caution at Ellen as she ushered Harry in. Then she glanced appealingly at him. The young



"Ellen bore the scrutiny well."

people smiled, and Miss Munn introduced them.

"How do you do?" said Ellen, holding out her small brown hand. "I have heard Miss Munn speak of you so often, I feel as if I already knew you."

"You do, don't you?" laughed Harry.

Miss Munn gasped.

"I — I don't think you heard me speak — speak much of him, Ellen; there has not been much time, you know. I'm sure I did not say more than — than was necessary!"

Ellen laughed aloud.

"You certainly mentioned him, you know," she said. "Why don't we go back to the garden," she continued briskly. "It's much pleasanter. We

can sit on the stoop and smell the flowers."

She was away, and finished her sentence from the sunken stone-step. In a moment Harry was sitting beside her. There seemed to be no place for Miss Munn but the straight-backed chair just inside the doorway. She drew the chair as far as possible from its corner, even putting the front legs on the threshold, and sat, a silent guardian, while the low-toned conversation went on, interrupted each minute by a gay laugh. She would bend forward now and then, striving to utter the word of remonstrance, which always died on her lips, while she felt that one by one the hopes she had cherished in regard to Ellen were slipping from her. "How could the child of *her* father be so thoughtless?"



"There seemed to be no room for Miss Munn."

Harry stayed until nine, when, knowing Miss Munn's habits, he went away, saying a bright good-night to her and wearing a flower which Ellen herself had plucked for him.

Miss Munn locked the door with unusual precision, then almost silently went upstairs with her new charge.

She was sure some expostulation was due; but until she could think and pray over it she would say nothing.

If Miss Munn could have seen the way in which the girl threw her crumpled dress upon the chair, she would not even have waited to think and pray before beginning her teaching. But she did not see. With trembling fingers she laid aside her own gray gown, and sank upon her knees beside her bed. It was not a very coherent prayer. Red ribbons and sweet peas and merry laughs were strangely intermingled with her more pious thoughts.

"It's for discipline!" she said at last, aloud, from her pillow. "That's what it's for! It's for discipline. I haven't had any since Aunt Myra died. I fear I am slothful at times, and ungrateful, and don't appreciate my happiness. I'm to look out for her, and while I'm correcting her,—poor little ignorant soul! —I'm being disciplined myself!" Miss Munn prayed again; she prayed for guidance and for patience in the task that was given her.

Then a thought of Mrs. Hayden fluttered through her mind; and she said to herself:

"There is sacrificing in marrying — lots of it. Perhaps we'd be too happy without it," she murmured, listening to Ellen's light footstep, for the girl was not yet in bed, and looking about her own dear room, so beautiful in the moonlight.

"The way to begin with her," thought

Miss Munn, the next morning, "is to be affectionate, but firm." So, when Ellen came down, in a trailing blue gown, looking rosy but still sleepy, Miss Munn kissed her tremulously, and asked if she had not some print frock more suitable for the morning than that. Ellen, surprised, would have answered more gently had she known the struggle which was going on in the breast of her stepmother elect.

"I don't like prints, — and I always wear one like this. When it gets dirty, I can have another."

"It's very pretty," said Miss Munn feebly, not meeting Ellen's eyes. Then with the thought, "I must be firm; it is right she should wear print, and her father can't afford extravagance," she raised her voice, and said:

"It's pretty, but in a place like — like this, it's too showy. And print is not so expensive; I'm sure you should think of that." As she uttered the words her voice grew lower and lower, and her cheeks burned.

"I don't know what you mean," said Ellen.

"I'm sure you won't think I — I wish to interfere. But in Rivertown, simple clothes do just as well — better; and you can save your nice things. It will be more economical. I've been thinking I should like to make you a little present, my dear," Miss Munn paused and glanced up anxiously; "I've been trying to think of something, and it just occurred to me to get you a pretty print. They have very pretty ones, you know; and we could make it together."

"Oh, yes, I should like that," said Ellen cheerfully. "I don't know anything about sewing, but you shall teach me." She kissed Miss Munn's soft cheek, and the little woman's spirits were raised several degrees. She resolved to take Ellen and go and choose the frock immediately after breakfast. "Or, perhaps I will go alone," she added to herself, thinking it might be better to wait until the print was finished before taking Ellen out in the morning.

It was a warm day, and Miss Munn was tired with her long walk when she returned. She had loosened her bonnet strings — she would not have untied them had the thermometer shown a hundred — and she came down the shady side of the street, bearing her purchase. Ellen flew down the garden path to meet her, her blue skirt dragging over the mossy bricks.

"You're just too late," she called. "But you shall have some lemonade anyway."

She snatched the bundle and hurried the weary woman to the side door. On the stone step was a pitcher of lemonade and a tumbler. Ellen pushed Miss Munn into the old hall chair which stood on the grass, and put a glass into her shaking fingers.

"There," she said, "drink that and you'll feel better. Master Harry came along and I dug up these two lemons and made this. He waited as long as



"She picked a spray of mignonette."

he could. He said he had a message for you. He's coming again; he couldn't trust me with it."

The glass fell from Miss Munn's hand, and was shattered on the step. She covered her face with her hands. Ellen

watched the lemonade trickling upon the grass, and waited in silent dismay until Miss Munn lifted her head.

"Miss Munn! what is the matter?"

"Oh, Ellen!" cried the poor woman. "What *is* the matter? How could you get that thoughtless young man in here, with me away, and make him lemonade?"



"Miss Munn read a paper systematically."

Ellen was dumbfounded for an instant; then burst into laughing.

"I can't help it! It's too funny! My getting that young man in here, you know! Oh, Miss Munn."

Miss Munn made an instantaneous prayer for patience.

"My dear Ellen, if you were as old as I, you would see how unbecoming and — and wrong — it was!" She faltered over the last words.

"I don't understand you," Ellen said, the laugh gone from her face.

Miss Munn was unstrung.

"When I was of your age it would have been considered very — very wrong, to get a young man in, and make lemonade for him."

Miss Munn bent toward Ellen, whose eyes were on the brick path.

"Oh, my dear," she managed to go on pathetically. "I want to be kind, but — girls aren't what they used to be — and ought to be. I want to be worthy of your father and a fit mother for you, and I *can't* see you do things which — which would have been thought improper when I was young. I couldn't face your father and — and God, and think I'd let you do — such things."

Miss Munn's voice shook, and the tears rained down her white cheeks. Ellen caught her in her strong young arms, and kissed and petted the sobbing woman as if she had been a child. A few tears rolled down her own cheeks, though she would have found it hard to give a *rationale* of the situation, and certainly was not dissolved by any very terrible feelings of remorse.

"There!" she said; "don't you fret. I'll try not to worry you. But I can't do everything just as you did, because — I've been brought up differently. You'll make a beautiful mother; and — you're much too good for father. You're worlds above any man?"

Miss Munn was comforted, but the last words jarred upon her.

"I haven't got at her yet," she said to herself, in her chamber. "But it isn't reasonable I should, so soon. It will take time. It's the discipline.

When she went downstairs Ellen had removed all traces of the lemonade, and was in the sitting-room reading Fox's Book of Martyrs. The rest of the day passed uneventfully. That evening when Ellen was going to bed, Miss Munn called her into her chamber.

"I want to ask your advice about something," she said with a blush. "I have been thinking about the — the wedding. Would you have gray silk or lavender? Do I — *do* I look too old for lavender?"

Ellen studied the face in front of her — the delicate features and the thin cheeks, with the girlish bloom which had come into them of late, and the child-like blue eyes under the wavy gray hair.

"No: I think you'd look lovely in lavender!"

Miss Munn kissed her.

"I am so glad! I *want* to wear lavender. I shall wear my mother's wedding dress. *It* was lavender. Does — your father like that color?"

Ellen hesitated.

"I remember his saying he thought there was nothing so suitable for a woman like — like you as gray, with white. Father knows a good deal about clothes. Gray silk, he said, with white lace. But I guess he would like lavender. I would wear it as long as I had it."

Miss Munn did not speak for a moment. Then she said:

"No, I ought not to please myself at such a time; I ought to think of him. I will wear gray and white lace. It is right to do it, and it won't be a — sacrifice, when done for him. You'll say nothing to him about it, my dear?"

When Ellen was in bed Miss Munn knocked on her door, then opened it a little and spoke through the crack.

"Excuse me, my child, but I happened to think I can wear the diamond pin my mother wore when she was married. I shall like that. I will wear the brooch you gave me to fasten the ends of my lace." And Ellen heard her repeat in the hall, "Gray-silk, point-lace, and diamonds!"

"Bless her old heart," said the girl to herself in the dark.

After this the days went by more tranquilly. Master Harry came frequently, and although Miss Munn was on pins and needles while he was in the house, she bore her worry bravely as discipline. The young people saw her perplexity and humored her as well as they knew how, while they made rapid strides in their intimacy in ways which young men and women understand.

The morning Ellen went away, Master Harry was beside Miss Munn as the pretty face disappeared. Miss Munn's sigh was to a considerable extent a sigh of relief.

"You'll miss her too!" exclaimed Harry, with a grave expression.

"Oh, yes! Ellen means well!"

Miss Munn went back to her empty house and took refuge in the parlor, with Toby in her lap.

"Yes, I shall miss her," she said.

It was within three weeks of the wedding. Miss Munn's house had quite a gala air. A number of new ornaments had appeared. There was a pair of bronze vases on the sitting-room mantel, and a new clock between them. On the parlor mantel was a bowl in white and gold, the gift of Master Harry's mother, who had money and taste. There was an illustrated Bible in four volumes, from the minister and his wife. But the present which pleased Miss Munn most, was a large water-color of her own house and garden. This was given by Master Harry, and was the work of a real artist — he had been spending a part of his summer in the town — who had brought out with skill every feature of the place, "even the bricks in the paths," as Miss Munn noted. Miss Munn gazed at it through her tears.

"I shall take the old home with me, after all. It won't be so hard to go now. The sacrificing is made up for somehow!"

She was to be married in a week. She got up one morning with a very happy feeling in her heart, and went out into the garden, where she wandered up and down the prim little paths, bending over her favorite flowers, and touching them caressingly with her slim fingers. She

picked a spray of mignonette and buttoned it in her dress as she had seen Ellen do. Then she strolled down to the gate to meet the man who brought the mail. He gave her the *Religious Weekly*, which was all he had for her that morning, and then leaned on the gate, trying to make a little conversation.

"Well," he said, "I hope you'll be happy. You deserve it." He fumbled about his pockets and brought out a crumpled parcel, which he held out to her "I wanted to give you a little suthin' to take with you. Mother, she laughed; but I wanted to do it."

Miss Munn did not look at her gift until she was in the sitting-room. It was a tidy, bought at the village store. Pink roses and white daisies, embroidered in wool on a peacock-blue background! Miss Munn stroked it with her hand, and wheeled a big chair beside the fireplace and pinned the tidy to its back.

"Poor fellow!" murmured she. "It shall stay here as long as I do."

At dinner time she was still looking at it with an absent look in her face. She had not read the *Religious Weekly*, so she took it to dinner with her, and ate and read together.

Tobias was lapping milk out of a saucer at her feet.

Miss Munn read a paper systematically. She began at the beginning and went to the end. She made no difference that she knew the second page was usually more interesting than the first; she read the first, and then the second.

The sun streamed in through the bay window. It lay about her and touched up the pretty old silver and glass. She unrolled the paper and propped it conveniently against the sugar bowl. There was nothing worthy of note on the first page, nor on the second. But suddenly her knife and fork dropped upon her plate with a clatter, and her head fell against the tall chair back. Tobias aroused at the sound and looked up at her. The sun just touched her forehead. The thin face in the light was like a withered white rose on its wilted stem. Tobias gave a faint mew and leaped to her knee. He gazed inquisitively into the lifeless face, and after a lap on the chin, to which there was no response, he pushed aside the paper and ate up her dinner. Then he strolled to the window-seat, and, lazily stroking his head with his paw, awaited developments. If Tobias had been able to read the *Religious Weekly*, he would have read this notice:

"MARRIED: In W——, Iowa, 27th, by Rev. ——, the Rev. Henry King of D——, Minn., to Mrs. E—— H—— of W——."

The clock ticked solemnly for some minutes, the only sound in the room. Then with a little sigh Miss Munn lifted her head. She glanced about her in wonder. Her eyes fell upon the paper, which Tobias had pushed into her lap, and with a shudder she got upon her feet and tottered from the room.

"I will go to bed!" she muttered in a strange voice; "I will go to bed?"

She locked herself into her chamber, lay down upon the bed, and hid her face. She did not get up again that day; and in answer to the terrified Jane, who came to her door, she said she had a headache and would sleep it off. All the night through she lay awake, dressed, on her bed, her thoughts wandering in helpless confusion. When it was dawn, she crept down into the parlor. Over the piano hung Master Harry's picture.

"I suppose it's for discipline, but it seems as if I was getting too old for this kind. I haven't appreciated what I've had and it's been taken away."

She fell before her mother's chair, and buried her head in the cushion. The light in the room was faint, and everything was gray. Outside, an orange tint announced the rising sun.

"I haven't appreciated, that's it; I haven't appreciated. Age hasn't much—to do with it. You're disciplined—just the same. That's the way—the—right way. I suppose I mistook my duty. I was too sure I was right, perhaps, about—Ellen."

The sun looked in at the windows. Squares of gold lay on the dark, shining floor. The clock on the stairway struck the hour. Miss Munn gathered herself together and went to the kitchen.

"Jane," she said, "you may have a holiday to-day. Very likely you'll need it; you'll have a good deal to do in a day or

two. You may go after breakfast and stay till bedtime. I hope you'll enjoy yourself."

Miss Munn watched her departure with relief. Then she locked all the doors and pulled down all the curtains. "They'll think I've gone away," was the explanation.

She walked about the sitting-room, and looked at her wedding gifts. "Those vases look pretty on the mantel-piece. The clock keeps perfect time," she commented, dreamily. "I didn't realize how handsome that table cover was, that Mrs. Hayden made! It must have taken a sight of time. She's so kind-hearted! And that new bible! They dress up the room more than I'd any idea of. And they must all go back! I can't keep them now! Oh, I don't want them! They must all go!

Then the thought of packing them up came. Perhaps the thought of any work was a relief. Trembling with excitement she went to the parlor, climbed upon a chair, and took down the beautiful water-color in its white frame. It was heavy, but she got it down safely, and pulled from the shed the box it had come in. She wrapped it in the papers tenderly, but no tears fell upon it. With her thin, weak hands she nailed the cover on the box.

So one thing after another she wrapped and tied up. When all was done, she piled the gifts together in the front entry. Then she sat down at her old secretary and wrote a note of explanation to go with each package. The handwriting was fine and delicate, and it would have taken a close observer to tell that the lines were shaky. She used what was left of her wedding-invitation paper.

Then she went upstairs. There was one thing more to do. The garments and ornaments of her simple "trousseau" lay about her room. On the bedspread, ready to put on, was the wedding-gown itself. It was gray silk, with ruffles at the neck and wrists of point lace. Beside it was the black Henrietta "for travelling." These, with a wrapper, and the exquisite underclothing, comprised the whole outfit. The trunk stood waiting by the bureau.

Miss Munn folded each garment carefully and laid it in the trunk; the gray gown in the tray, — and locked and strapped it. Her pearl ring she took off and put into a little box, which she directed to the Rev. Henry King.



"One thing after another was wrapped or tied up."

She could not eat at dinner time; but she drank two glasses of milk. "I must keep up," she said.

Tobias came purring about her.

"Why, pussy!" she exclaimed. "I forgot all about you." Then with a start she thought: "Maybe *he'll* be taken now."

She filled the tumbler from which she had herself been drinking, and set it before him. He was not used to drinking from a tumbler, but when he had lapped up what he could reach he tipped it over and finished it from the floor.

At dusk Miss Munn stole into the garden to watch for the postman.

The air was full of the perfume of the mignonette and spice-pinks. A robin swinging on a rose branch was singing his evening hymn. Miss Munn paid no heed; but after that night she never smelled the odor of mignonette and spice-pinks without feeling faint.

The man had two letters for Miss Munn. She crushed them into her pocket and asked him to come in; and he followed her to the dimly lighted sitting-room.

"Why, Miss Munn! You ain't sick, are ye?" he cried, catching sight of her face.

"No, I'm not sick! But I've got something to do which I want to get off my mind."

She twisted her fingers nervously.

"Warren," she continued, "I'm not going to be married. I've changed my mind. My presents are all going back, I can't keep them now, you know."

Warren was quite pale from sympathy.

"Oh, don't send 'em all back!" he pleaded, pointing at the tidy which still hung from the big chair.

"All right, Warren, I'll keep *that*. But the rest — they must all go! They're ready, Warren, and I want you to take them. You'll have to get a team, and — do it now, Warren, — now, while it's — dark!"

"All right, ma'am. I can get Wiggin's express cart."

When he had gone, Miss Munn took her two letters from her pocket. They were both post-marked Dayton, and the first one was from Rev. Henry King. It was full of religious phrases. There was a great deal of "Divine guidance," "all-wise Providence," "filial love," and "religious duty" in it. Miss Munn could not understand it all; but then she was in an upset condition.

"He thinks he's done right," she concluded after the second reading. "He meant to do right, perhaps. Oh, but it doesn't seem so! It *doesn't* seem so!"

The second letter was a blotted, tear-stained sheet from — Ellen. Miss Munn could not make much of that letter. It was a stormy, confused, wretched letter. But it brought tears to Miss Munn's eyes, for, spite of the incoherence, she caught the love and sympathy which were in it. There was a rattle of wheels, a clang of the gate, and Warren entered. He would not allow her to touch a parcel. He packed them all into the wagon himself, and drove away on his lugubrious errand.

Miss Munn cried herself to sleep, with Ellen's letter in her hand. For a week she flitted about the house like a ghost. The faint color which had come to her cheek with her engagement passed away. No one would have called her anything but an old woman; and she was not a child-like old woman any longer. The few who ventured to come to see her were turned away with the message, that Miss Munn was resting.

But by and by one day there came a vigorous rap at the door.

"It's Master Harry!" thought Miss Munn. "I can't see him."

Jane was in the shed and did not hear the knock, and Miss Munn would not answer it. But apparently the knocker did not intend to be disappointed, for after knocking in vain, she opened the door herself and came into the house.

"You may bring the trunks right in," said a clear voice. It was Ellen. She flew to Miss Munn, standing there like a statue at the head of the stairs, and bursting into a torrent of tears she hugged and kissed the startled woman, and sobbed out a tumultuous explanation.

"I will never go back, never, never! He had no business to do so. She's a coarse, vulgar woman, and I will never live with her — never! She shall not be a mother to me."

"My dear child," cried Miss Munn, "What have you done?"

"I've come to you! I'm going to live with you. You ought to be my mother, and you shall be! I will never leave you. I told him I was coming to you, and he said you were welcome to me if you could live with me. She couldn't. I told her about you — and she laughed!"

"Ellen! Ellen! My dear child! You must not!"

Miss Munn with a new life springing up within her, drew the excited girl to a sofa, and took off her hat. She noticed, even then, that the curls had been fastened in a knot at the back of Ellen's head. Ellen observed her glance.

"I did it to-day to please you," she said. Miss Munn kissed her.

Early the next morning, Master Harry, who in some mysterious way had heard of the arrival, turned up, his handsome face handsomer than usual. The two

pairs of eyes were more than usually eloquent; and once during the call, Ellen so far forgot herself as to say "Harry" in the most open fashion.

If Miss Munn were shocked at that little slip, what were her feelings on the next afternoon! She was coming down the stairs when a sound caught her ear from the garden. And there, in broad daylight, stood Harry, with both arms around Ellen, and kissing her! Actually kissing her as if he would never leave off, and Ellen seemed to be encouraging him! Miss Munn was so overcome, that she sank upon the landing and clung to the balusters.

"Let me go, Harry! There is little mother. She is perfectly appalled. Do you come and explain, before she dies of shame."

Harry conducted Ellen up the stairs and deposited her on the landing beside the pale little woman.

"Miss Munn," he said, "you've got to take me in, too. Ellen has promised never to leave you, and I am never going to leave Ellen."

Miss Munn wiped her eyes with one hand and held out the other to the happy creatures beside her.

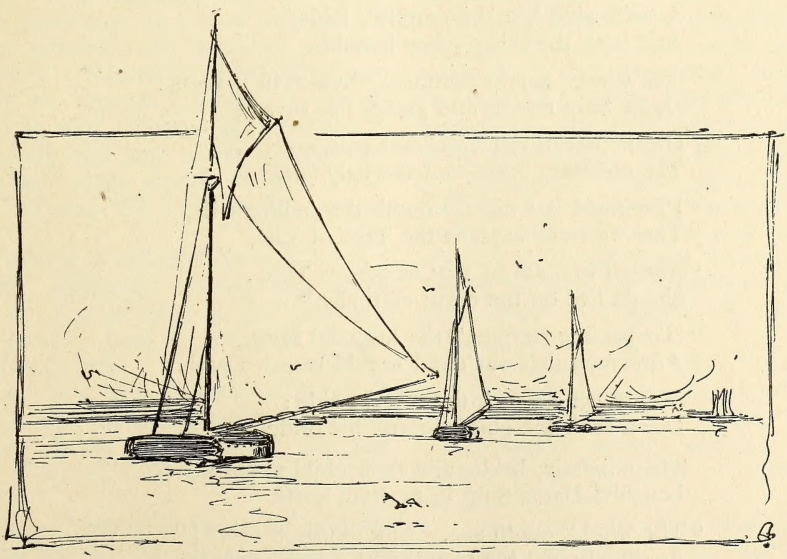
"Oh, my dear children, be sure you appreciate your joy enough," she said. Then she disappeared into her own room, leaving them together. That evening, Miss Munn went to call on Harry's mother, leaving Harry and Ellen still together behind her. Her stay was a long one; and when she came back the house was in a blaze of light.

"It is fire!" was her first thought; "more discipline!" But it was not fire. The sitting-room was full of people, with Ellen standing by Harry in the midst. Ellen drew her gently into the room.

"These kind friends have come to welcome me home," she said.

But there was another reason why they had come. The vases again stood on the mantel, with the clock between. The Bible was on the table. Every gift was in its place. Miss Munn turned her weeping face away, and went into the parlor. The beautiful bowl stood where she had set it. The picture hung over the piano.

When the guests were leaving at the end of the happy evening, for it was a happy evening, Miss Munn stood between her two children, a hand in the hand of each; and all felt, as they went home, as if they had been to a prayer-meeting.



THE FATES AND THE WINDS.

IN Cloudland sat three weird old dames:
Holdhard, Spinner, and Snip, their names.

A distaff rested in Holdhard's grip;
A pair of shears in the hand of Snip.

Dame Spinner twisted a silver thread.
"A glorious fate I spin," she said;

"A chieftain brave in battle and chase,
A maiden of rarest loveliness —

"She at her window, he in the street —
For one brief moment their eyes shall meet.

"The chief and the maid shall plight their faith;
Their child shall rid the world of death."

"Spin as thou wilt, 'tis mine to clip,"
Fiercely muttered the grim old Snip.

A battle raged: a wingèd dart
Sped like a ray toward the chieftain's heart.

A swift wind struck the arrow's wing:
In the chieftain's shoulder pierced the sting.

"The wind," laughed Spinner, "how swift it veers!"
Dame Snip scowled and closed her shears.

Within her silken curtain's shade,
Plying her needle, sits the maid.

Along the street, at an idle pace,
Saunters the chieftain home from the chase.

A swift wind lifts the curtain's folds,
And each the other's face beholds.

"The wind," laughs Spinner, "how swift it veers!"
Dame Snip frowns and grasps her shears.

On the ocean sail a wedded pair, —
The chieftain brave and the lady fair.

"I dreamed last night," quoth the smiling wife,
"That we were to plant the Tree of Life,

"And all who ate of that wondrous Tree
Should live on the earth eternally."

"'Tis passing strange," the husband saith,
"*I* dreamed that our child should banish Death."

A swift wind struck the vessel's side:
Down sunk the chieftain and his bride, —

The chieftain, bride, and their child unborn.
Laughed Dame Snip in exultant scorn.

"The wind," quoth she, "how swiftly it veers!"
As she clipped the thread with her fatal shears.

— *Edward Payson Jackson.*

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

By Dorothy Prescott.

II.



HY, that is the joke of it. I want you all to know that I've really and truly weaned the baby. It has made commotion enough in Milton, I assure you, and Arthur Warren talks of getting up a bonfire to celebrate the event."

"Gertrude!" exclaimed Mrs. Ellery reprovingly, yet with an air of being feebly amused.

"Oh, I've come into town for that very purpose myself. It seems years since I've been in for a whole day. I have been hard at work all the morning, buying and ordering winter clothes for the children. Fancy it, six under ten years! I can tell you they looked very doubtfully at me at that new place, that branch of — you know. You heard of Marian Copley's experience, didn't you, Aunt Anne? How when she went she asked for so many sizes that they thought she was in business, and wouldn't sell her anything! However, I hope they suspected me because I looked so young. I'm going after lunch to get a few things for myself, and have a little amusement. I've asked a few people to meet me at Clara's at tea. Do look in, Anna, won't you?"

"I will try — I should like to — but —"

"Oh, nonsense! come, and come early, for I must leave at half past five. I am going to drive out with Phil!"

"How is Phil?"

"Oh, he's well enough, if he could only know it. This pigeon stew is simply perfect, Anna! How lucky you are, Aunt Anne, to have her to order your dinners."

"Yes — Anna does very well," said the lady addressed, "but she is inclined to be extravagant. Young housekeepers are."

"We'll forgive her, as long as we profit by it, will we not?" said Gertrude, with a smile at Ethel.

"It is easy to have things quite as good, and not have them cost so much," said Mrs. Ellery decidedly.

"And how's Evan?" asked her niece, skilfully making a flank movement.

Accounts of Evan's last success followed, how he had gone to lay out a park in some dreadful place out West, whose name his mother had forgotten, but they paid well. Ethel, who listened with an interesting consciousness, could have regretted when Gertrude, whose conversation resembled a butterfly's flight, suddenly darted off to some other absorbing topic; but she could not but listen, for now for the first time in her life did she hear the perfection of gossip. Never had she met any one who knew so many people, or so much about them, as Mrs. Philip Kirby; and never, surely, did any one know people in whose lives such extraordinary events were perpetually happening. In every sentence she threw off a hint for a possible novel; indeed, all that relieved her tales from the charge of scandal was her utter freedom from all moral reprobation. Mrs. Ellery reproved, but indulgently; Anna smiled, but uneasily. One never quite knew what Gertrude would say next; and she was relieved when her cousin, having, as she herself phrased it, "cheered up poor, dear Anna," took herself off, and Ethel followed in her wake.

"I wish," she said, "that Miss Moore and Gertrude had not happened in together."

"It doesn't matter," said her mother. "Gertrude never minds or cares whom she meets."

"Yes — but I was afraid Miss Moore — of course we always know just how to take what Gertrude says; but Miss Moore never met her before, and I was sorry she

said some things she did — all that about the Ellises!"

"That's of no consequence; it isn't likely Miss Moore ever heard of the Ellises, — she knows nobody. But what possessed you, Anna, to tell her you would go with her on Thursday?"

"Why, mamma, I couldn't help it," said Anna piteously. "I kept looking and looking at you, and hoping you would say something, but you did not, and I thought it seemed awkward to keep her in suspense, and then end with a refusal at last. I really *had* no engagement, you know."

"It is always possible," said Mrs. Ellery, "with a little adroitness, to tell the truth, and still to get out of things somehow. I should think you would find it very stupid, — and it seems a great waste of time when we are so busy just now."

"But what can I do, mamma? Can I disappoint her after all?"

"Oh, don't waste so many words about it! I am tired now, and you will go on talking so over a trifle!"

Anna was silent, while she fervently hoped it might rain on Thursday. Yet when the afternoon came, and she found herself slowly descending the long flight of stairs to the Columbus Avenue Station of the Boston and Albany Railroad, her heart was beating more quickly from the subtle exhilaration of the brilliantly clear, cool autumn day. She would have chosen to spend it a little differently, but still, with her mother off her mind and the closed door of the country once more thrown open for her, she could find enough to enjoy. But as Ethel advanced to meet her, she was struck with consternation at seeing in the background the figure of a young man in assiduous attention. She did not want to know any young man of Miss Moore's acquaintance, and though she did not imagine she should have the trouble of entertaining him, the prospect of acting through a long afternoon as cover to a flirtation more or less ardent was not a pleasing one; so her "Good morning," Miss Moore. How do you do?" was said with a somewhat stately air.

"Good afternoon, Miss Ellery. Let me introduce Mr. Colman."

Mr. Colman bowed. He was a fresh, healthy-looking, well-grown young fellow, with thick, fair hair struggling to break out into curls wherever its close-cropped state permitted, and a blond moustache to match. Anna thought he could not be much over twenty. He was probably a creature harmless enough in himself, however ill-judged it might be in Ethel to bring him, and she smiled more graciously as she bowed in return. She had not the least intention of shaking hands, but she found she was doing it before she knew it.

"Mr. Colman knows where the gentians grow, and will take us to the place. It was him who told me about them," said Ethel.

"Thank you," said Anna; "that will be very pleasant," — and she turned away to the ticket office.

"Why, Miss Ellery, what are you after?" asked the young man. "Of course I have round tickets for the whole party. I always see to that in time."

"Thank you," said Anna again, a little more distantly, and the train at that moment stopping, they all got in. It was nearly full, and there was only one whole seat left, which Anna expected to share with Ethel; but to her surprise, Ethel very decidedly planted herself in a single odd one a little way behind it, and Anna and Mr. Colman sat down together. Of course she must say something, so she began:

"Are you fond of wild flowers, Mr. Colman?"

"Yes, ma'am," said her companion. He had a pleasant voice, but a little loud for the occasion, and his *ma'am* was so emphatically brought out, that Anna thought he must be making fun of her. "Yes, ma'am. I have often gone hunting for them in Auburndale, and I always find lots. I sent Ethel a great bunch of gentians last year. They are very pretty. Don't you think so?"

"I am very fond of them," said Anna, "and they bloom so late, that I have seldom had a chance to pick them for myself."

"Oh, ladies don't generally like to go poking round in the woods and swamps after flowers; but Ethel said you were fond of that sort of thing."

"I enjoy a rough walk, and I came prepared for it."

"That's very sensible," said the young man heartily. "Have you ever been in Auburndale?"

"I have driven through it. You said you often went there, did you not?"

"Yes, ma'am. I can't go very far from the city in summer, on account of business, you know, and I have boarded out there several seasons. It's a very nice place, and the woods are elegant."

Anna's cheek dimpled a little. She could hardly help laughing. His ways of talking amused her, and she was afraid of his seeing it. But Mr. Colman was accustomed to seeing young ladies giggle at nothing, and rather expected it of them. He went on: "I wish you'd let me drive you out there some day, Miss Ellery. I'd like to have to-day, but Ethel said we shouldn't have time — a likely thing! Why, I've got a little brown mare that will do it under the hour, I can tell you! I guess Ethel thought it would look queer — three in a wagon; but perhaps you'll go some day with me in my dog-cart."

Anna felt it to be beyond her powers to set this audacious young man right. He meant kindly, and she could only say that she "could seldom leave her mother."

"Perhaps your mother 'd come too some time, and I'd take a beach-wagon and pair. I don't believe she'd enjoy going behind my Kitty — but you look as if you might."

"That reminds me," said Anna, declining to argue the point, "how much do I owe you?"

"What for?"

"For the ticket you were so kind as to get."

"The ticket? — oh nothing, Miss Ellery!"

"But, Mr. Colman," persisted Anna, opening her little pocket-book.

"Of course I can never allow a lady to be troubled by such a trifle as that, when I am escorting her."

"Perhaps I might not call it a trifle, if I knew what it was," said Anna, a little provoked.

"Really and truly, Miss Ellery, I can't tell you what it was, for I don't remember."

"It will not be difficult to find out, though it would be less trouble for me to pay you now," said Anna laughing, for the whole affair seemed childish. So did her companion's sudden grimace as he took in the idea.

"Well, then," he said slowly, "if you want to so much, you may call it nineteen cents."

She handed him the money, which he took with a ruefully puzzled expression, and Anna thought that he had had a good lesson. He must have known a very singular sort of young woman — but what could be expected of an admirer of Ethel Moore? He seemed a nice boy, and she had no wish to hurt his feelings, so she asked him some simple question about the pretty new station at Brighton, which they were just passing, and was repaid by a flood of information which made her think that perhaps he might be a house-builder; hardly an architect, — she knew some architects.

The train stopped at Auburndale, and the young people got out and strolled along toward the woods happily enough. The autumn air was like wine to Anna. Her eyes grew bright and her cheeks pink; it was easy to laugh, and if Mr. Colman's turns of speech moved her merriment more than his harmless jokes, he did not know it. She had meant to keep by herself, and not trouble the others, but somehow the situation seemed oddly reversed. Ethel, in her new "fall suit" and tight boots, lingered at every obstacle, while Anna, in her old gown and thick shoes, was free of foot as a nymph. She thought it rather strange that Mr. Colman should stick to her so closely, and leave Ethel to follow behind; but it was impossible to shake him off, and Ethel evidently did not want her to, so she concluded that if their notions of politeness demanded the sacrifice of each other's company, she could not help it. At last, as the cart-track they followed grew rougher and dirtier, Ethel sat down on a convenient piece of felled timber, and announced that she could go no further. They must not wait for her — no, indeed, they must not; and the young man, apparently quite unconcerned, said that after all, they had but a step further

to go, and would be within call every moment, — and then followed Anna's light step as she sprang from stone to stone along the muddy path filled by autumn rains, eager to offer her assistance, which she refused when needless, or accepted when needed, with equal unaffectedness. They both respected each other's powers when they reached the spot where the gentians grew, — or where a few patches of leaves with some very unpromising looking buds were all that could be discovered.

"Well, Miss Ellery, this is too bad!" exclaimed Mr. Colman, after gazing blankly at the scene for a few moments. "It must be a very late season, for I'm sure they were out at this time last year. I guess you'll think I'm stupid enough not to have come out here first, before I brought you out on a fool's errand."

"Please don't call it folly, but misfortune; on our part at least," said Anna, amazed at finding herself bandying repartees with this young fellow.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed; "you have got it off on me this time!" A joke was always in order with him, whether it told against him or not. Anna was pleased with his good humor, and said pleasantly, though a little more distantly:

"We need not go back empty-handed, if you will cut some of those maple leaves. What a lovely color they have — pink, more than red — and those salmon-tinted ones — how peculiar they are!"

"They grow in swampy ground, and that always makes them have odd colors. I'll get you some;" and with the words he had leaped the fence, and was cutting great branches of the maples, so beautiful that Anna could not bear to leave any, — though as the little party sauntered back to the train she felt almost as relieved as Ethel to know that it would be dark before they reached home, and that their brilliant load and slightly dishevelled condition would attract the less notice. Sam regretted it; he would have enjoyed appearing as the escort of the party, and showing off the knot of leaves which Miss Ellery herself had pinned in his buttonhole.

The train was full again, and this time the ladies took the only empty seat, while Mr. Colman leaned over them and talked for awhile, then wandered off to the end of the car, where he exchanged very friendly greetings with the conductor, with whom he seemed well acquainted.

"I used to meet him last summer, when I went in and out from Auburndale. He's a very pleasant man," was his excuse.

"Mr. Colman seems very obliging and kind-hearted," said Anna, willing to please Ethel.

"Yes, he's just as nice as he can be. He is smart, too, very. Why, he is in the law firm of Torrey and Colman, and father says Mr. Torrey took him in without his making the least application, just because he was so struck with his talents."

"He is very young to have done so well."

"Oh, he's not so very young!" said Ethel eagerly; "he's twenty-seven, and he's been in the firm four years. He graduated with a very high rank from Boston University."

Anna had never heard of Boston University, and did not believe there was such a place; it sounded too absurd — and she had several times found Miss Moore mistaken, to use a mild expression. But she was aghast to find that the fresh, healthy, boyish face of her new acquaintance had given her a false idea of his age, and feared that she had not discouraged his forwardness enough; surely he was old enough to know better.

"Father says he's sure to rise in the world," went on Ethel. Anna was touched; there was something pathetic, she felt, in Ethel's evident wish to have her lover appreciated. She felt, as she had done before, how isolated the poor child's position must be, when it seemed of so much importance to win the good opinion of a comparative stranger. It was plain that these young people wished to court her acquaintance, perhaps with a view to gaining some consequence for their future establishment. If they wanted it so much, let them have it! Anna, most humble and unassuming personally, felt that the good-will of a person with her connections was a thing to be wished for, indeed. But a rush of sudden bitter-

ness came over her, at the thought that she seemed to be regarded as some one in a place apart, as if she were older — out of her category — a sort of prospective old maid, who might take an aunt-like interest in their affairs. The career of an old maid of good family and sufficient means may be a pleasant one enough in Boston, and Anna had looked forward to it without repining; but if a girl were an actual angel, it is hardly likely that she would not sometimes rebel at being consigned to celibacy because she was useful to her family as a companion and housekeeper. Mrs. Ellery and Evan were of the opinion that another such match as Josephine's was hardly to be looked for, and that it would be better for Anna to remain single than to put up with one at all inferior. She felt, just then, that her own desires could be more humble. A husband, and a home of her own — was there anything wrong in wishing for these commonplace blessings of the average woman? Why should they be so out of her reach, when they came so easily to Ethel Moore, and girls like her? Anna checked herself, shocked at the impropriety and ingratitude of her ideas.

"That's an uncommon jolly girl," said Sam Colman as he walked home with Ethel, after leaving Miss Ellery at her mother's door; and Ethel, who felt as contemptuous of the masculine judgment as Anna had when her brother Evan had classed Ethel herself as "nice and sensible," replied impressively:

"She's an awfully swell girl."

"Is she? She doesn't look or act like it."

"Do you think her pretty?"

"Oh, yes — pretty enough. How old is she?"

"Twenty-two."

"Oh!" in rather a surprised tone.

"Why, don't you think she looks like it?"

"She looks younger, and behaves older; that's what it is."

"She looks very like her brother, and he's the handsomest man I've ever seen."

"They aren't very rich, — are they?"

"They're very well off, and they are related to all the first families in Boston, and her sister was a very celebrated beauty. She married Professor Meredith."

"What — the great geologist?" asked Sam eagerly.

"I suppose so," said Ethel, who really was uncertain.

"Why, he's a very distinguished man. He testified for us as an expert in the great Dinsmore case. I never heard anything finer. The point was this;" and Sam poured the whole history into his companion's ears. She cared little about it, and did not take the pains to simulate attention, which had made him think her so bright and pretty when he had first met her, a year ago.

Mrs. Ellery was too full of her own affairs when she got home to care whether her daughter had brought back any gentians or not, — much to Anna's relief; and the memory of the excursion was fast fading from her mind when, on the evening of Saturday in the week after, the doorbell was heard to ring with an unusually loud peal, and a slight bustle in the hall presaged an evening caller. Mrs. Ellery looked displeased curiosity — she did not like evening calls, and did not recognize the voice. But Anna thought she did, and felt less serious than alarmed. What would her mother say?

The door swung open, and admitted Mr. Samuel Colman in morning costume, but freshly and faultlessly arrayed, and carrying in his hand a large paper parcel of peculiar shape.

"Good evening, Miss Ellery! You see, as I could not get the mountain to Mahomet, I've brought Mahomet to the mountain. I've got some gentians here for you, as the next best thing to helping you get them yourself."

"Thank you. My mother, Mrs. Ellery, Mr. Colman," said Anna.

"Glad to see you, ma'am. I suppose Miss Anna has told you how cheap I felt after taking her out to look for gentians, and finding none. But I wasn't going to give it up. It's not easy for me to get off from business, any afternoon but Saturday, and I knew they'd be just right to-day, in a place where there are real beauties, a great deal harder to get at

than where we went. They'll look better when they open out in water," he added rather apologetically, as he unfolded the paper and displayed a mass of tightly closed blossoms.

Mrs. Ellery was struck dumb, but not deaf. On the contrary, her hearing seemed preternaturally acute, and her daughter could see that every tone of the young man's loud, cheerful voice was setting her nerves on edge.

"Mr. Colman is a friend of Miss Moore's, mamma," she said, with an instinct of defence. "He went with us the other day, when we found the gentians were still unopened," and she rang the bell, while Mrs. Ellery looked mutely on. "It was very kind in you to bring them," she continued. "I hope you had some for Miss Moore, too."

"Ethel? Oh, Ethel doesn't care for wild flowers, or going after them either, I guess. She said you were fond of all such things."

"I am, very. Please bring me some cool, not *cold* water, Lina," to the servant who entered, "and the Venetian glass bowl from the top of the long bookcase in the dining-room. There, Mr. Colman, don't you think they blend beautifully with the pearly tint of the glass? They would not look well contrasted with anything more decided in tone, would they?"

"I leave it to you, for I see you know all about the business — doesn't she, ma'am?" said Sam, addressing Mrs. Ellery with emphasis.

"Yes — very well —" replied that lady, stiffly, more from stupefaction than from any design. "Take care, Anna, you are making a sad litter with them."

"I am afraid that a good many of them are dead," said Sam; "but you know we can't always pick and choose among them, and I wanted to be sure and bring enough."

"Oh, I am sure there are a great many that will open again," said Anna. "I shall try and sketch some of them to-morrow. I never painted a gentian."

"I don't think you have any time to paint to-morrow," said Mrs. Ellery disapprovingly.

"I believe, ma'am," said Sam, dimly perceiving that his flowers were an unsatisfactory topic, "that I have had the pleasure of meeting your son-in-law, Professor Meredith."

"Oh — in Washington?"

"No; it was when he came on a year or two ago, to give expert testimony in the Dinsmore mining case. You know all about that, of course. It was fine to hear him, and his report — I told Mr. Torrey, our senior partner, that really, if Professor Meredith had not taken so strongly to science, he would have made a first-rate lawyer."

"Mr. Meredith would probably have succeeded in any walk of life," said Mrs. Ellery, as if compliments were beside the mark.

"I suppose you have seen the report, Miss Ellery?"

"No — I think not," faltered Anna, conscious that Richard's greatness was so taken for granted by his wife's family that they never troubled themselves as to details. Even Josephine herself knew and cared nothing about such matters.

"Well then," said Mr. Colman, well pleased to enlighten her, "the case was just this," — and he gave a rapid but lucid account of the great case, and the point which Professor Meredith's testimony had decided. Anna could not help being interested in the story, and the way he told it, though somewhat perturbed by the air of resigned despair with which her mother listened. She made her own expressions of pleasure the warmer, to cover Mrs. Ellery's silence, and said, "Here is a very good photograph of my brother Richard — the last we have of him. Oh, and the other one in the case is my sister's last, with the baby, Zéfita."

"Zéf — ?"

"Oh, she is named Josephine, after her mother, but it caused so many mistakes, as it usually does, that her father called her Zéfita — the creole diminutive, you know, — and it suits her nicely. Here is a better one of my sister, alone."

"Well, she *is* a perfect beauty!" said Sam admiringly; "and yet, do you know, she looks a good deal like you too."

"That is saying too much," said Anna

laughing. "The utmost I ever heard before was that I looked a little like her. Here are some of little Annie and the boys," putting them forward to avert a compliment, which she saw he was trying to get into shape. Photographs were a fruitful topic, and the Ellerys had enough to have lasted through an evening call in the days of Methusaleh. She let loose on him all the fruit of Evan's camera, and allowed no pause till she thought he had really stayed as long as he could reasonably expect, for her mother looked gloomier and gloomier. She was relieved when he suddenly jumped up and said he must be going; and he seemed to know how to get himself very properly out of the room and house without any of the lingering she had dreaded. No sooner had the outer door closed on him when Mrs. Ellery exclaimed:

"What could have possessed that young man to come here?"

"He meant well," said Anna plaintively; "he thought I would like the flowers."

"You surely never asked him to come?"

"Oh, no, indeed!"

"It is very odd, that he should have come, unless you gave him some encouragement to do so."

"I don't think that he knows any better," pleaded Anna again, — this and her former plea being the stock excuses she was wont to make for every criminal of her acquaintance, and which she would have made for a murderer had she ever happened to know one. "I think," she went on, "that he is engaged, or will be, to Ethel — Miss Moore; she seemed very anxious to have me like him."

"That doesn't give him any business to be coming here," said Mrs. Ellery severely. "It is bad enough to have the girl coming here without him. But you need not return her call, and then perhaps she won't come again."

"Oh, mamma, — please don't ask me to do that! I am sure it would hurt her feelings. Poor thing! she has had so few advantages, and she seems to think so much of you; and I don't doubt that she thinks the acquaintance will be of use to her."

"If she expects me to keep it up after she is married to that intolerably forward young man, she is mistaken. You see now how foolish it was to get so intimate with her as you did at Jaffrey. It is always easy to be kind and polite without raising any undue expectations."

"I am very sorry," said Anna, meekly. "But may I not call on her just once? I do so hate to seem unkind."

"Well, call once, and let that be the end of it."

Anna was glad to let the subject drop. She took care to call on Ethel at the most fashionable hour, on the very finest of days, when she had every reason to suppose that she would find a "Not at home" at the janitor's office. But Ethel was at home, and Anna, as she waited for the elevator, thought, with a sigh, that she was always out of luck. But she was very amiable to Ethel, and listened kindly, as seemed to be expected of her, to the girl's praises of her lover; how fast he had risen in his profession, and how he tried to improve his mind in other ways, and was so well read on so many subjects, and how good-hearted he was, and taught a class of boys at a mission school. Anna was pleased with her, and felt remorsefully, that she had misjudged her. There had always appeared to be a want of sincerity about Ethel, unworthy to mate with that open ingenuousness, which, somehow, in spite of his want of refinement, was so attractive in Mr. Colman; but she had not thought Ethel capable of being so much and so honestly in love, and liked the simplicity with which it was shown. She gave willing and ready sympathy, and was equally open in her turn, when Ethel, well satisfied, turned the conversation upon Anna's brother. Ethel had had one matchless and overpowering bow from young Ellery, in Beacon Street, and had seen him at a distance, once or twice, and had had one delightful meeting, for it could hardly be called an interview, with him, in a West End horse car; quite enough to keep the flame of love in a glow; but the unsuspicious Anna, who believed Ethel's love placed in an entirely different quarter, thought she digressed from her own to the Ellery affairs out of kindness, and that she was not only more

sincere, but more unselfish than she had been supposed to be, and was easily led on to be communicative. They parted, better friends than they yet had been, Anna allowing all manner of civilities and hopes for future meetings to escape her. Not more involuntarily did pearls and diamonds drop from the lips of that favored maiden in the fairy tale, than did pretty speeches from Anna Ellery's. There is only a doubt as to whether the gift is always a desirable one. Anna did not find it so, and, as she went home, she was frightened to think of all she had said. But yet, was it not her duty to follow out the path open before her, and form Ethel's mind a little? Was there not a good work to be done here, if mamma only would not mind? Any decision in the case seemed taken out of her hands when in another night or two the door bell again rang, and Sam Colman's voice was again heard in the hall. Anna, a little provoked with Ethel for letting him come again, and thankful that her mother had gone to bed, though afraid she would hear the sounds and send down to inquire what they meant, was yet forced by her mental constitution to welcome him with the sweetest of smiles, her inward perplexity only showing in a faint color on her cheeks, that made her look her very prettiest. Her visitor did not seem to require anything to put him more at his ease than he was already.

"Good evening, Miss Ellery," he began; "how's your mother?"

"My mother is not very well, and has gone to bed."

"Indeed, nothing serious, I hope."

"Oh, no! she is a little of an invalid always, and has to be careful. She is somewhat tired to-night, that is all."

"I thought she seemed to have something the matter with her, when I was here the other night, and that was why I made my call so short. You must have thought it queer. But I had not thought of its being Saturday night — you know a good many old, that is to say, old-fashioned people, like to be quiet on Saturday night."

"You were very considerate."

"Well, you see, I'm paying myself off for it. I want to see if you kept your word and painted those gentians."

"Oh, yes, I enjoyed doing it very much."

"And may I see them?"

"Oh, of course," said Anna, and she turned to open a large portfolio, on a stand. He took the whole thing up, and laid it on the table, and, after admiring the gentians very properly, asked:

"May I look at the others, Miss Ellery?" — and, as she smiled an assent, "Well, now, that is what I call well done."

"What is it?" said Anna, bending forward. "Oh, that is an interior at Mrs. Cutler's, Miss Moore's cousin at Jaffrey, where we stayed last summer. She has a lovely old house, with some very good fireplaces, and woodwork; but very likely you have seen them."

"No, I was never there; but this is fine."

"The subject is so interesting that the sketch could not fail to be pretty."

"No, but your drawing — it is excellent. I have seldom seen a lady so up in perspective. I go to the water-color exhibitions, sometimes, and I see a lot of their sketches, all about alike, with a tree and a rock, and a rock and a tree — it's very easy to do that sort of thing with a little practice — but they seldom put any buildings in; and why? Because they can't draw them properly. It is a great deal easier to dabble on a little color, and wash it about, than to draw a house that could stand, or a boat that could sail."

"You draw yourself, do you not?"

"Oh, yes, a little. I have been obliged to learn for the sake of business. You'll be surprised, perhaps, that a lawyer should want to know how to draw; but you see, I have a great deal of corporation business, and plans and maps; and elevations are always coming into play. I found it no easy matter to get them done to my mind, and so I thought I would take a course or two of lessons, and do it for myself."

"I should like to see some of your drawings."

"Oh, they are nothing to look at; not pretty like yours. I only draw because I can suit my purpose better than I can get any one else to."

"But it is very convenient to show

people what you want; you will find it saves a great deal of trouble, when you want to build a house."

"I'm a long way from that, yet."

Anna said nothing, and he went on turning over her drawings with interest; and when the last one had been seen, he asked her if she played, and when she said she did, asked her if she would not favor him, with the air of knowing how to do the proper thing at an evening call. She was well content to sit down at the piano, knowing that this would disturb her mother less than conversation. Anna's playing was like her sketching, and indeed like all her work, careful and correct, without a spark of inspiration. His comments on her selections amused her, and she began to find some interest in drawing out his opinions, which he gave freely, without asking, or seeming to know, the composer's name.

"How do you like this?" she asked.

"You played it beautifully — pity it's such dull stuff."

"It is by Brahms," said Anna loftily.

"Who was Brahms? His music is nothing particular, anyhow. Ah! that is pretty," as she glided into another movement.

"That is by Brahms, too; a transcript of one of his songs."

"Oh, well, it would be too bad if he couldn't write anything worth hearing," said Sam serenely. "I like that, and if you would only sing it, I should like it still more."

"I do not sing, Mr. Colman."

"You seem to have a great many songs here."

"Yes, I keep a good many on hand. My brother-in-law, Professor Meredith, sings when he is here, and my cousin, Mrs. Kirby, sometimes comes to sing to my mother, and I play their accompaniments. I like doing that very much."

"Do you? Then I wish you would accompany me — it would be capital to sing with any one who plays like you."

"Do you sing?"

"Oh, yes, when I've time."

"Please, do then, if we can find something of yours," said Anna politely, though inwardly trembling. She could not but enjoy his fine fresh tenor voice, charming in quality, and not ill-trained, though expecting every moment that her mother's bell would ring, and a messenger summon her upstairs to explain the cause of this disturbance. Surprisingly enough, this did not happen, but something much worse did, for just as the singer was at the height of his register in "Twickenham Ferry," the sharp rattle of a latch-key was heard at the front door, and in walked Mr. Evan Ellery, dusty, hot, and tired from a long railway journey, and most unpleasantly taken aback at finding a smart young fellow hanging over his sister at the piano. With the usual tendency of good looks to intensify the expression of the moment, he looked like a sultan detecting an intruder in his seraglio. He acknowledged the introduction with a bow and a murmur, and passed on to the back room, whence his voice was heard with, "Anna — can you come here for a moment?"

Anna excused herself, and followed him.

"Who's that?" he asked, under his breath.

"A Mr. Colman — a friend of Miss Moore's."

"What — is she here?"

"No; he only called."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"Can't you ask him to excuse you? I want some tea, and something with it."

"Lina will get you some," said Anna ringing the bell, though she well knew Evan would never touch any tea, unless she made it; and she returned in an uncomfortable frame of mind to the drawing-room, to find her visitor another person from the one of five minutes ago. He bade good-night, and took himself away with the least possible delay; and as he went his way home he told himself that he could stand as much "queerness," on the part of an old lady like Mrs. Ellery, as any man could, but he wasn't going to put himself in the way of any other man's airs — and one no older than himself! They would not catch him calling there again! And yet, it was a pity, for Miss Anna was as nice a girl as he had ever seen; and he should think that, with such a family, she must need a little

amusement. Why, he had called there very much on her account! Sam's ill-humor never lasted long; but his pride was wounded, and could not so soon be healed.

Meanwhile, Anna made her brother's tea, while he growled out various inquiries: who was this fellow, and why did he come? Anna explained that he was an admirer of Ethel Moore's — "And I thought you liked Miss Moore."

"She a nice girl enough; pity she likes such a cad."

"How can you tell what he is? you hardly saw him."

"I can tell what a man is at a glance; his appearance is enough; and he called you 'ma'am' like a salesman, which he probably is."

"He is no such thing!" said Anna. "He belongs to the firm of Torrey & Colman, very respectable lawyers. You know Mr. Torrey yourself, — I have heard you mention him."

"If he really is Torrey's partner, that proves nothing; most law firms have some low fellow or other in to do the dirty work they all have to take up sometimes."

Anna made no answer; and Evan's ill-temper was somewhat assuaged by a hot cup of her tea, and a delicious salad, the dressing for which she had also compounded. She was hurt, not on her own account, but because it was her way to feel vicariously through the nerves of every one else with whom she came in contact, and she thought Mr. Colman had a fair right to be both. She had certainly behaved very ill to him by exposing him to such treatment; for she had at least encouraged him to come by acting as if she enjoyed his visits. But a feeling of still deeper guiltiness overcame her, as she realized that she had committed no polite deception. She *had* enjoyed them, or at least, she could have enjoyed them if she had felt free to do so. She did not know under which view she was most to blame. However, it was over, for of course he would not come again. He did not — and Anna, though she would not allow it, found life a little duller than before.

About the middle of December, she was returning from a three days' visit to Northampton, — nothing more exciting than staying with a great aunt who had lost her mind, while the paid companion went on a holiday. Her aunt was wealthy, and lived in her own fine old house, with her old servants, and Anna had nothing to do for her but to "be there" as the phrase goes; a more exhausting task for her, young and strong as she was, than if she had had to wash the old lady's clothes, or cook her dinner, as she sometimes wished she could. She took the journey so often, that her mother could not object to her making it alone. Her aunt's coachman saw her safely on the express train at Springfield, and coming into the Boston and Albany station was like coming home.

It was a raw, damp afternoon, with a chilly, drizzling rain settling down on top of a dirty snowcrust, and the landscape looked gray and forbidding; but Anna was warm and sheltered in an easy chair in a drawing-room car, with a book on her lap, and with a quiet satisfaction at having done her duty, and being homeward bound. A little way beyond Charlton station, the train stopped in the open country. She hardly looked up at first, but when the stoppage continued, and one man after another got up and went out, she was aroused to a languid curiosity, and then to a little apprehension, — and some of the other ladies around openly expressed their alarm. One or two of the men soon returned, and informed them that a freight train had been wrecked on the track ahead; accounts varying as to the cause; no one was hurt, but it was an awkward business, and there was no saying how soon the rails would be clear. There was no danger; men had gone back with signals, and they could but stay where they were. Oh, yes, they would probably reach Boston some time that evening; things might be a great deal worse. Still Anna was troubled, not for herself, but for her mother, who, she knew, would be greatly alarmed. Could she telegraph to her? She rose and went to the front platform of the car, and leaned out to behold a discouraging vista of muddy path and snowy bank along the track to a confused black heap

where the wrecked train was piled up. She spoke to a returning elderly passenger — he knew nothing about it; to a hurried official — Oh, yes, she might telegraph when they got to Rochdale — and he hastened on. Anna knew that she might be due at home before then, and was reluctantly drawing back, feeling that she ought to do something, and that her mother would never believe she could not, when suddenly some one, looking up as he passed, exclaimed:

"Miss Ellery! why, are you here?"

"O Mr. Colman! — how do you do?"

"Well, now, I *am* glad," said Mr. Colman, swinging himself up on the lowest steps; "are you all alone?"

"Yes, quite; and I am a little anxious about mamma. I see no way to let her know, and she will be frightened, and that is so bad for her. They say I cannot telegraph till we get to Rochdale, and it is time we were at Worcester now."

"It can soon be done; why, we are not more than a mile and a half from Rochdale, and I can walk there directly, and telegraph anything you like."

"Oh, you could not do that. There is no path to walk in. The snow must be a foot deep all along the track."

"I can walk on the track, when I get past the wreck — it won't be bad on the sleepers. I shouldn't mind it a particle."

"I couldn't think of letting you."

"Well, then, I shall go without your letting me," said Sam laughing. "Really, Miss Anna, it would be a pleasure for me. I have been all day coming from New York, and need the exercise — and it is a great deal pleasanter to take a tramp with an object, than to go pottering about the wreck as I have been doing this half-hour."

"I wish I could go myself," sighed Anna, looking ruefully down at her dainty little boot.

"Oh, you mustn't think of it," he said, his eyes following her's admiringly. "Why, you would be drowned, and I can swim, I tell you, if it comes to that. Now, write out your telegram; here's a form," — drawing out his note-case, — "and tell her it's perfectly uncertain when we get off, but that you are all right, and she mustn't be scared."

"But, Mr. Colman, suppose the train should overtake you before you get there, — would it stop for you? You might get left behind."

"You haven't seen the wreck, — that's clear; why, they can't get it off till they get engines from Worcester, if they can. I've time to go and come back ten times over."

"Oh, you mustn't think of coming back, when you have a comfortable place to rest in there. Thank you very, very much. I feel ashamed to let you go, but really it will be a great relief to me."

Anna stood a moment, and watched him set off, pulling his travelling cap over his eyes, as he faced the driving easterly storm. It grew worse after he left. Darkness set in, and the sleet pattered dismally against the car windows. Anna was very tired, and still more hungry, having only taken an early lunch and brought nothing to eat with her, expecting to be at home by dinner time. She was not accustomed to mind her own personal discomforts, but doubtless they had some share in heightening the apprehensions that now assailed her. What if she had let Mr. Colman undertake a really dangerous expedition on her account.

It seemed very long to her, though in reality it was not much over an hour, when the door of the car opened, and in he came, flushed, warm, and handsome, his overcoat stiff and sparkling with sleet, and his moustache white with hoar frost.

"Here I am, Miss Ellery; and a splendid tramp I've had of it. I'm much obliged to you for sending me; but you've had a dull time waiting, haven't you?"

"Yes, indeed, and I was afraid you had found it worse than you expected."

"Oh, no, it wasn't so bad after I got out of this cutting. Always expect the worst, you know, and then you won't be disappointed. But I have got up an appetite, and you must be half starved. We left our dining-room car at Springfield, so I have brought some supper for us both." While he spoke he had taken off his heavy ulster, flung it over a vacant

seat opposite, and begun to extract from its pockets, and those of his coat, paper parcels of all shapes and sizes. "Here" — to the porter — "take that coat away, there's a good fellow! and put up a table. Here, Miss Anna, here's the best I could do; there's nothing but a country grocery there; but here are some crackers and some cheese that don't look bad, and some sardines; and now," producing a tin can, "you had better drink your tea before it gets cold!"

"Tea! where did you get it?"

"Oh, at the grocery — I made them make me some there, and I heated it up at the engine again. You had better drink it, for I don't believe a third heating up would do it any good; but it will be better than nothing, anyhow. Here's the sugar; and here," triumphantly bringing out his last parcel, "is a bottle of milk!"

Anna, relieved from her anxiety, and admiring the readiness of his resources, was ready thoroughly to enjoy the adventure — the first real travelling adventure she had ever had, while his experience seemed to swarm with them. He told her of a dozen worse ones, while they were setting the table with such crockery as the porter could afford them, and they sat down together in as easy a fashion as if they had known each other for years, laughing like a pair of children over the paucity of dishes and the ingenious substitutes they invented, each trying to outdo the other. He insisted on heaping up her plate, while he kept jumping up and offering his own share to every woman in the car, so that he would have had nothing to eat if she had not kept back some, which she insisted on his taking, with a sudden display of playful tyranny that amazed herself. "Under the circumstances," as she thought, formality would be out of place; there was no reason why she should not accept his attentions as frankly and freely as she would a brother's; indeed, she was ashamed of a little lurking suspicion in her heart, that she might have found it less agreeable to be detained in company with Evan. Their conversation became so engrossing to them both, that when at last the train, after many screams and snorts, began slowly to move, they scarcely noticed it. Of course, Sam could not leave Miss Ellery now till he had seen her safely through; and the duty of sitting down beside her and trying to entertain her was not a hard one. He soon found himself talking to her as he had never talked to a girl before, as indeed no girl had ever talked to him like that. Anna had nothing original or striking to say on the multitude of topics they discussed; but like the learned parrot, the wonder was that she could talk of them at all; and at least she could appreciate that his ideas were original, in so far that they were his own, and not copied. They touched on politics, where she soon found that his views were widely apart from those approved by her own party; that is to say, Evan's. Her feeble little argument here soon carried her out of her depth, and she was overwhelmed with such a torrent of facts and figures that she was glad to swim back again under cover of her feminine incapacity; but she could see that his views were based on some intelligent conviction, while her brother's were as arbitrary a matter of fashion as the shape of his shirt collars. She did not fail, as propriety demanded, to mention Ethel, but found him so indifferent and unresponsive that she could only drop the subject, thinking with a sigh that it was hard on poor Ethel, who was evidently so fond of him; and yet, it must be hard on a man, too, to find himself bound to a girl so much his inferior. "He's a world too good for her in every way," she thought; "they are both much — very much to be pitied."

"It will be very dark and very late when this train reaches Boston, and there are so many belated that there will be an awful crowd at the station," said Sam. "What baggage have you got?"

"Oh, I can give my check for my box to the express agent; I am in no hurry for it; this bag is all I have here beside my umbrella."

"I think we had better get out at the crossing, then, and I don't doubt I can hail some kind of a cab for you there."

"There never are any cabs there when it is wet, and one wants them; if it were

only not so late, and I had no bag, I would quite as soon walk home."

"Would you really not mind it?"

"No, indeed; I have nothing on that will hurt."

"Oh, then, of course, I shall be only too happy to see you home; I can carry your bag."

"I am afraid it is rather heavy."

"What! *that?*" exclaimed the young man contemptuously; and as the train slackened speed, he helped her on with her wrap, threw on his own coat with a jerk, seized her possessions, and helped her out and across the line, and up the slippery steps of the railway crossing, at whose head they paused, experiencing in full force the sensation, proper to the place, of being shipwrecked mariners cast on a deserted and barren island. The street was empty, and a driving storm of rain was beating in their faces.

"It isn't any use to put up your umbrella, Miss Anna, you can't hold it. Mine is big enough for us both. Here, take my arm, and hold on tight." They waded off through the half-melted snow, blown together by the cutting wind, her heavy cloak clinging to him, his head bent down so near to her's that they almost touched under cover of his big umbrella, her little hand pressed close against his heart. They were in high spirits, with that sort of desperate satisfaction the young and healthy feel in getting well wet through when it cannot be helped — a pleasure doubled by being shared. How pretty she looked! How pretty a plainer girl might well have looked, with the sparkle in her eyes, and the glow on her cheek, and the smile on her lips, that were all her face usually lacked. How strong he was! how firm as a rock was his arm to cling to! how could he possibly carry that heavy bag, and hold his umbrella over her with the other? "Too good — a world too good for Ethel Moore!"

If, under the circumstances, Sam Colman had allowed himself to wish that he could have "kissed away the raindrops from her cheek," he had poetical authority, and no one could have considered him worthy of blame; but could a young lady of high breeding and principles so far forget herself as to think that it might not have been unpleasant to have him? Young women will let their fancies stray sometimes as well as young men; but neither had much time to indulge in dreams, before they turned into Chestnut Street, just as every church clock in the district was pealing ten strokes, — a peal of disenchantment.

"Good-by, Mr. Colman," said Anna, turning as she reached her mother's door; "and thank you so much. I wish it were not so late, and I could ask you in now; but some other time — perhaps —?"

Certainly, ma'am. I shall be very happy," — as he bowed his farewell; but she knew better than that.

(To be continued.)

A SONG OF TWO ANGELS.

By Laura E. Richards.

TWO angels came through the gate of Heaven,
(White and soft is a mother's breast,)
Stayed them both by the gate of Heaven.
Rested a little on folded wings,
Spake a little of holy things.
(In Heaven alone is perfect rest.)

Over them rose the golden steeps,
Heaven's castled and golden steeps;
Under them depth on depth of space
Fell away from the holy place.

"Brother, and now I must take my way,
Glad and joyful must take my way,
Down to the realm of day and night,
Down to yon earth that rolls so bright."

"Brother, I too am thither sent,
Sad and silent am thither sent.
Let us together softly wing
Our way to yon world of sorrowing."

Down they swept through the shining air,
Swiftly sped through the shining air;
This one bright as the sunset's glow,
That one white as the new white snow.

"Brother, and tell me thine errand now!
Tell me thy joyful errand now!"
"A little new soul must wake on earth,
And I carry the blessing for its birth.

"And tell me, brother, what task is thine?
Dear white angel, what task is thine?"
"To bear a soul back to Heaven's height;
A mother's, whose child is born to-night."

"Ah! will the mother be sad to go?
Loath to leave her baby and go?"
"Hush! dear angel, she will not know;
God in his mercy wills it so."

"Ah! will the baby wake forlorn?
Seek its mother, and weep forlorn?"
"Hush! dear angel, we may not know;
God, knowing all things, wills it so!"

Down they swept through the dusky air,
Swiftly sped through the dusky air;
Trod the dim earth with noiseless feet,
Softly stole through a village street.

Now they came to a cottage door,
Stayed them both at a cottage door;
This one bright as the sunset's glow,
That one white as the new white snow.

"Brother, I trow we here must part,
Dear white angel, we here must part;
For this low door I must enter by."
"Alas! and alas! so too must I!"

Sad they gazed in each other's face,
(White and soft is a mother's breast,)
Lingered and looked in each other's face;
Then folded their hands in silent prayer,
And so together they entered there.
(In Heaven alone is perfect rest!)

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN EGOIST.

WHEN one has reached middle age and stands in the lengthening shadows, sorrowfully aware that the long battle is decided, and that the victorious laurels adorn other brows than ours, — one is apt to look wistfully back across the field where lie one's cherished hopes and illusions to that far-off pleasant valley of childhood, and think with tender regret of the child one was, with pain and bitterness of the man or woman one might have become, if only — if only — if only what? If only everything had been different!

Only to think what one might have become with more favorable environments, or if at each of those turns in the road where, we now know, some glorious opportunity lay in wait for us, there had been some voice to utter one potent word, some finger raised in meaning gesture, some eye closed with a friendly wink; or if a blind world had not so persistently refused to recognize our uncommon attributes, or if — and that is the hardest of all to bear — if a few more years had been granted us before Fancy's light wing began to droop, and sensibility lost its keen edge, and the heart its splendid courage!

If I, for instance, an ardent, impressionable, ambitious, yet erratic child, had been born into surroundings that favored study and systematic intellectual development, instead of making my tardy and I fear not too welcome appearance, as the ninth child of a country clergyman, with all that that implied twoscore years ago, what a woman I might have been!

There is poignant anguish, yet sweet solace, in the thought of what wealth and leisure and proper training might have made of that fearless climber of haymows and apple trees, that sharp-tongued, ready-fisted little amazon, in whom all small, helpless creatures, beast or human, found a champion, and bad boys a foe they learned at an early period to respect; that omnivorous absorber of literature and dreamer of amazing dreams; that despiser of the *convenances*, to whom "company" dainties were no off-set to the "company" manners vigorously demanded, — in short, that true type of the "minister's daughter," who, in conjunction with the "deacon's son," is declared to be one of "The worst children that ever runs!"

And if one takes the trouble to creep into the confidence of even the most insignificant of one's acquaintances, this pathetic egoism, this secretly-cherished, bitter-sweet belief in original possibilities of greatness will be found to exist in unexpected quarters.

In the household where my own existence began, the question of the hour was how to keep the immortal parts of eight children — one having died in infancy — in eight sturdy bodies; likewise of keeping those bodies clad up to the standard required of the "minister's family," regardless of the disproportion between its numbers and the salary received by its paternal head. Naturally, the solution of this question absorbed all there was of the mother, mental and physical; for mental training we were thrown upon very inadequate schooling, and the unhindered prowling through our father's library, a privilege we thoroughly availed ourselves of.

The books I remember are Shakespeare, some odd volumes of the *Spectator* and Littell's *Living Age*, "Scott's Commentaries," the Waverley Novels, Isaac Walton's work on angling, "King Philip's Wars," some lurid anti-papist volumes, and a much-thumbed, thick-set little edition of Burns's poems — not a bad collection altogether, it must be confessed.

We were a bright, rollicking, quarrelsome, affectionate band of brothers and sisters, working out our own destinies without much interference from the overtasked mother, or the abstracted father,

who, with sublime confidence in the capacity of his children to take care of themselves, devoted his superfluous energies to reforming drunkards, persecuting rumsellers, denouncing the institution of slavery, fishing for trout, and hunting partridges; for my father was a parson of the English school — a passionate lover of nature, an expert angler, and before age dimmed his bright blue eye and weakened his strong arm, as good a shot as ever drew bead on bird or beast.

I find I cannot well recall the child I was, without mentioning those who were near me, and helped (unconsciously, for I played but an insignificent *rôle* in their lives) to make, or mar, me. The four eldest children were girls, and four as differing types as one family ever presented. The eldest lives in my memories of those days as a pale, plump, demure girl, with pensive gray eyes, pale brown curls, remarkably pretty hands, a rich contralto voice, and a guitar slung about her neck by a blue ribbon. She could not, of course, have worn this instrument all the time, but I cannot dissociate her from it, perhaps because of a colored daguerrotype of that era still in possession of the family, in which the guitar and the blue ribbon play a prominent part.

Next to her came a young woman of the Di Vernon type — a fine, tall creature with strong, shining black hair, skin like "milch und blut," and a laugh like a peal of bells.

High spirits, a generous nature, and a strong will had the beauty of the family; and a strong hand, too, one equally efficient in quelling juvenile ebullitions and curbing unmanageable steeds. A fine figure she was on a horse's back, and, naturally, equestrianism was her passion and delight. So she prances through my memory, mounted upon the fieriest of chargers, the long black plumes of her velvet toque floating on the breeze like the white plumes of Henry of Navarre.

It was not strange that between these two the little parsonage parlor proved strongly attractive to the beaux for miles around, and what with the brown curls and the guitar on the one hand, and the handsome face and gay spirits on the other, it must have been for many a rustic swain a decided case of

> "How happy might I be with either,
> Were t'other dear charmer away!"

I remember, (having been a very large-eared pitcher, indeed,) that after one of these evenings there were often very heated discussions, she of the guitar accusing her of the overflowing spirits with wilfully and with malice prepense diverting the attention of the visitors during the performance of "I'll chase the antelope over the plains," or "Thou hast learned to love another." I remember, too, that I had my own private opinions on the subject, which I discreetly refrained from expressing, knowing that the utterance of it would bring my inquisitive young ears into intimate relations with the hand of the curber of fiery steeds.

After these two came that dear girl, who, though as attractive and fond of pleasure as the other girls, led by some divine instinct of sympathy and devotion, slipped quietly into line at the tired mother's right hand, becoming a sort of adjutant-mother, as it were, to whom the younger members of the family turned for aid and comfort with great confidence. One such daughter is vouchsafed to most mothers of large families, I have noticed, and great must be their portion of heavenly bliss, for it is little they may expect here below.

Then came still another daughter — a shy, sensitive girl with big, abstracted eyes and a pale-blonde mane flowing, when loosened, to her feet, and loving above all things nature and poetry; after her, two roistering boys who resisted all efforts at fitting them for scholarly professions, but took to gun and fishing-rod, and, when the Civil War broke out, to fighting, as ducks take to water; then — myself; and after me another odd stick of a boy — both of us rather superfluous blessings, I fear, the sort of gift for which one is thankful with a mental reservation, as for duplicate wedding presents, and which cannot, alas, like them, be "exchanged" for others more needed and desired.

Most unspoiled children are democratic, I think; I was particularly so — partly

because of an inborn disdain for conventionalities, but more probably because, like Julius Cæsar, I preferred sovereignty in a country village to a second place in Rome. I chose, whenever possible, a class of companions who must necessarily look up to me as queen and leader.

Nice little girls with smooth hair, immaculate pantalettes and "tiers," and pretty manners, were not to my taste; with wild little Irish girls of unrestrained spirits and freedom of action I was on the best of terms.

In one manufacturing town where we lived for a time — like most "politics-preaching" clergymen of that period, my father was obliged to "move on" with remarkable frequency — there was not far from our house an Irish settlement known as "The Patch." There Paddy was on his native heath. There he was born, lived, loved, fought, died, was "waked" and buried in his own sweet way.

I am rather ashamed to own that "The Patch" had for me a deep fascination. Behind a gooseberry bush in our garden, there was a loose paling, known only to myself, and many a time have I shoved that paling aside, squeezed through the aperture, and with guilty joy run off to join Micky and Bridget "playin' as good as gowld in the gutter, with three bricks an' a dead kitten by ways of toys."

I liked to hang about the doors of the shanties, listening to the graphic conversations and witnessing the lively scenes always going on. I dimly remember the interiors — the big high beds covered with patch-work counterpanes, the flowing wash-tubs, the delightful disorder, the strange odors that were too much even for my broad views, being endowed with a particularly fastidious sense of smell. I remember wondering at the excessive excitability of the numerous old women in frilled caps, and at the inconsistency of so much dirt with such a lavishness of soapsuds as those interiors displayed.

One old woman had a hen setting in the lowest drawer of her bureau, and I took the liveliest interest in the incubation and final appearance of those chicks. But the scene that impressed itself most powerfully upon my memory, was a pig-sticking at which I assisted, accidentally, I believe. The poor shrieking beast, the executioner with his gory knife, the crowd of lookers-on, and the old women running from every direction to the scene with pans and buckets which, to my curdling horror, they filled with the streaming blood — how could I ever forget them, and my subsequent sensations when I was told on inquiry that "Sure it was blood puddin' they'd be makin' wid that same!" It was with chastened spirits that I crawled through the gap in the garden fence that day, and for a long time I never partook of "pudding" in any form, without shuddering memories of that fearful moment; wondering what "blood-puddin'" was like, and whether instant death would not be preferable to even tasting it. I believe "The Patch," in spite of its jolly old women, its litters of pigs and rabbits and kittens, its goats and hens and chickens, and freedom from the *convenances*, never had the same charm for me again.

A detestation of the institution of slavery and a horror of alcoholic beverages were the two lessons most faithfully inculcated in our family. My father's total abstinence views might be regarded as extreme, but he never did anything half way. There was a time when not even a bottle of cologne or spirits of camphor was permitted in the house, though, with the inconsistency inseparable from human nature, I have heard that my father allowed himself certain alcoholic stains imperatively demanded by the fine mechanical work which was one of his diversions.

As for slavery, the mere word stung him to the quick, and aroused him to the highest pitch of pulpit eloquence. There are those living who could testify to my father's gifts as an orator — gifts which, if they had been united to a love of study and an eye to the main chance, might have brought him more than the local fame that was his.

It meant something in those days to stand up in the pulpit and hurl fire-tipped javelins into a congregation composed of men who believed, or pretended to, in the divinity of human slavery, and where the very pillars of the church were men

who had made their money in the traffic he was denouncing. Yet when the people stirred uneasily in their pews as the rich sympathizers with divine institutions and the wealthy rumseller rose and stalked wrathfully from the edifice, my father only grew an inch taller and broader and sent another stinging flight of missiles at their retreating backs.

That all this gave rise to painful scenes at home may be easily imagined; I recall vividly my mother's tearful protestations, and my father's truculent avowals that though we all should end our days in the poorhouse — my dear mother's *bête noir* — he would never abate one jot or tittle of his vehement denunciation of evil in every form. And now that it is all over I think my mother would not have had him other than he was, and I thank God that he lived to see the abatement of one evil and the complete extirpation of the other.

With those insatiate ears of mine I heard talk of the "Undergound Railway," and I think my father must have been one of the directors and stockholders in that mysterious and mythical enterprise. For across the disk of memory there pass strange, dusky figures of men and women with black faces and soft, guttural voices, that came, we knew not whence, and after a night's shelter, went, we knew not whither. But there was for us children an unspeakably weird charm about these dusky birds of passage. There were long, secret consultations with my father in his study, that excited our imaginations to the highest pitch; sometimes, at my father's request, our strange guests sang for us songs that made us cry as often as laugh; and the secrecy which pervaded all this, the strict injunctions we children were under not to mention our visitors to any living soul, only added to the charms of the mystery. There was one colossal black man, called Aaron, with a big velvety voice and a gargantuan mouth, who inspired my poor mother with the most intense fear; yet he was as gentle as a child, or a big fine dog. I remember my mother insisted upon his being locked into the room where he slept, and confessed that she had not closed her eyes the whole night.

Another strong impression of my early childhood was my first sight of death — of a dead human being. A servant girl — her name was Jerusha Cronk — took me to see a dead baby, when I was very young. The baby was "laid out" in a bureau drawer — bureaus seem to have been put to queer uses then — and nothing could be more exquisitely lovely than that little waxen image. I thought I was being imposed upon at first. I could not believe the little thing had ever been alive. Then I saw the mother crying over it, and I knew it must be so. Since, sooner or later, we must all look upon death, I am glad that it was first presented to me in so gentle a guise.

The one great passion and joy of my life was music. Nature had given me a correct ear and a tuneful voice. I needed no urging or teaching in those childish days. I sang as easily and naturally as the robin and the thrush. This gift came to me from my father, who owned one of the rarest tenor voices ever heard. He had the musician's heart and ear too. With his own hands he made various instruments — violins, guitars, flutes, etc., and played them, too, in a crude, unlearned way, to which he clung with curious perversity, preferring, as he always declared, simple, natural, untaught performances to the most highly trained efforts. As for operatic singing, that was a thorn in his flesh. Yet it is related that being in Boston at that period when Adelina Patti was winning her first laurels, some friends, almost by main force, took my father, protesting and disgusted, to "La Somnambula." Absorbed themselves in the performance, his companions almost forgot my father's presence, until, happening to turn just as the unhappy heroine is vainly appealing to her lover, in the first act, there sat the hater of operatic music, with tears rolling down his cheeks, unconsciously muttering, "Poor child! Poor child!" No more genuine tribute was ever laid upon the Diva's shrine.

It was seated on my father's knee that I learned to sing the dear old Scotch ballads that every one loves. As a little maid of five or six years my repertoire was extensive, and made me a famous

and, I fear, very much set-up young person. To stand on a table at "sociables" and "donation parties," or on the platform at Sunday-school exhibitions, and warble "Sweet Afton," "Bonnie Doon," "Comin' Thro' the Rye," etc., to applauding audiences was an intoxicating experience. I can see my father now as he looked when singing those dear old songs, his eyes swimming with tears at the pathos of his own incomparable voice, that even in his old age retained its wonderful sweetness; and my heart aches that it is silent here forever.

I was an honest child, hating lies and the hundred and one petty trickeries practised by many of my mates. Yet my hour came, and this retrospective study would be incomplete without the record of an event that caused me unutterable shame and suffering at the time, and stands out as sharply in my memory as if it had happened yesterday.

In the village where I lived when I was about eight years old, was a good-natured woman who kept a millinery establishment. She was fond of me, and every Saturday afternoon I was allowed to come in and overhaul a big band-box filled with the accumulated litter of her work, and to choose from the straps of silk, lace, and ribbon, such as suited my fancy. These were submitted to her, to see that nothing was there that might be wanted, and the rest was mine. One Saturday afternoon I found among other things a few inches of silk fringe, pink and white. I can see it now. It seemed to me that anything so lovely could only have come into the band-box by mistake, and then and there the first tremendous temptation of my life assailed me. I wanted that fringe! Never in my whole life have I wanted anything more intensely. I was making a pincushion to send away, and that fringe was precisely what was needed to complete its beauty. The thought that the milliner might take it from me was terrible — so I put it into my pocket, and kept it there.

The cushion was finished and sent off, and then remorse began its work. For several days I suffered the most agonizing tortures of spirit; then came a full confession on the bosom of my shocked and sorrowful mother. I remember that, in spite of the liberal theological views in which was I brought up, it seemed impossible to me that God could ever forgive so heinous a sin, even though my mother did. My offence carried its punishment with it, but I was also condemned to go to the milliner, make my confession, and offer to pay for the fringe. I regret to say that that easy-going person first stared, then laughed, and called me a ninny; but though she took it so lightly, it remained a memory that still sends the hot blood to my cheek, and makes me lenient to the childish transgressor.

I am impelled to relate one more incident of a similar character, at the risk of destroying any vestige of respect that the reader of these egotisms may still entertain for the writer. Although my hatred of restraint made me careless of dress, I had my share of feminine vanity, and occasionally was seized with a passionate, almost barbaric longing for some article of finery that had struck my fancy, and the vain desire for which rendered me miserable. When I was about ten years old there came into fashion a sort of knitted headgear, a fanciful affair finished with a fringe of little dancing balls, and known to the trade as a "Rigolette." A rich and beautiful little girl who lived near us (and was always being held up to me as a model of how a child should treat her clothes), wore one of these fascinating creations, and I suddenly conceived one of my frantic longings for the expensive, and therefore unattainable, object. The more I knew that I could not have it, the more intensely I wanted it. Life lost all zest and charm for me. I was wretched. Like the boy who could "go to meetin' barefooted, but was sufferin' for a bosompin," I was resigned to red calico aprons and calfskin shoes, but a sky-blue "Rigolette" with white fringe, I must have or perish.

About this time my father made a trip to Boston, and just before his return, I learned that my dear mother had requested him to bring me what I wanted, and from *Boston* too! Within ten minutes every childish acquaintance in the block knew of my good fortune, and there ensued a state of rapturous suspense be-

yond words to describe. At last my father arrived. Without waiting for the opening of the valise, I ran to bring my dearest friend, and meeting the little girl mentioned, and another — a niece of the intended husband of one of my sisters — they, too, were invited to be present on this glorious and auspicious occasion.

My father, poor old man, unstrapped the valise and produced from a dismal collection of soiled linen a package which my mother, hardly less excited than I was, seized and opened, and held up to view a thing — no, I will not attempt to describe that miracle, that *chef d'œuvre* of hideousness, though I have it before my fancy's eyes this minute. I looked at it with congealing blood; then I looked at my companions. Each pretty nose was in the air, each pretty mouth was struggling with a laugh. It was too much — the hot blood tingled in my ears. I spoke:

"*What a cursed-looking thing!*"

Then Nemesis, in the form of my oldest unmarried sister, the tamer of wild horses, swooped down upon me, and bore me unresisting into a back chamber, where justice, untempered by mercy, was thoroughly exemplified.

I did not mind being shaken, though it seemed that my teeth must fall out, and floor, ceiling and furniture mingled in one wild chaos; I did not mind having my ears boxed until all the constellations of heaven seemed to be whizzing in a lurid haze before my eyes; nor did I mind being told in forcible language that I was the wickedest child in the world, and a disgrace to a respectable family. I felt no shame, no remorse. Every other emotion was swallowed up in the disappointment and humiliation of that hour.

I have never laid up that well-merited castigation against my sister. It must be remembered that a near relative of her lover was witness of my crime, and no doubt the awful consequences to herself loomed up before her with dreadful distinctness; but I am afraid I have never been as sorry for my sin as I ought to be.

It seemed that my poor father, always abstracted, had nearly reached the steamboat wharf on his way home, when he recalled the commission given him by my mother. So stepping into the first shop where "women's fixings" (his own words) were on sale, he fell into the hands of a benevolent old Hebrew gentleman, to whom he stated the case. The kind old gentleman, seized with a violent interest in the matter, after a hard struggle with himself consented with tears in his eyes to let my father have a choice article he had had made to order for a very aristocratic, up-town customer, and sent him away a poorer, but happier man.

What my parents themselves thought of my conduct I never knew. Not a word was said on the subject in my presence, but the cause of my delinquency mysteriously disappeared, and I got the blue and white "Rigolette," after all.

Another incident of my childhood, carrying with it much wholesome instruction for grown people, deserves relation. The same ingrained love of justice and fearless chivalry of nature that made my father the enemy of the rumseller and the friend and champion of the enslaved, moved him also to espouse the cause of any wronged or hard-pressed fellow mortal whom chance brought to his notice.

There happened to come to his knowledge the case of an elderly woman who had been placed in the State Asylum for the Insane under circumstances that gave rise to a suspicion of foul play. It was rumored that the woman's husband had been incited to the deed by the children of his first wife, with a view of getting control of her property. Though the alleged victim was only casually known to my father as a member of a congregation to which he occasionally preached, the rumor was enough to arouse all the righteous anger and obstinate resistance of his sturdy and pugnacious character. He went to work at once, and after some hard fighting the woman's cause was victorious, and she was released from the asylum. Homeless, friendless, and completely unstrung by the treatment she had received, it was natural that she should be offered a temporary shelter under the roof of her deliverer, and to our house she accordingly came.

My ever-alert ears had drunk in eagerly all the details of the unpleasant story, and my vivid imagination had rev-

elled in its sensational incidents. It is always difficult to keep children from hearing the conversation of the grown members of the family, but it is one of those sacred duties that are too often neglected. Having heard all that had been said on both sides of the question I had, with precocious intelligence, framed a theory of my own, and conceived a strong antipathy for the poor ex-lunatic, even before her arrival, an antipathy which her appearance only heightened.

I dimly remember her as a garrulous, homely old woman, odd in dress, and pitifully nervous in manner, which certainly was not strange, under the circumstances. That she was a perfectly harmless, kindly old creature, I knew in later years, but at that time she was imbued by my imagination with all sorts of uncanny and repulsive traits. With breathless curiosity I watched the poor thing drink her tea and eat her biscuit, laughing and talking foolishly and hysterically the while. The mere fact that she had but just left that grim building whose brick walls and barred windows I had so often looked up to with shrinking dread in passing, was enough to make every word and look seem strange and unnatural to me.

Imagine my feelings when, after supper, I was summoned to a family conclave in a back room, and told that as our guest was afraid to sleep alone, *I* had been selected by the committee, consisting of my mother and three married sisters, to share with her the big bed in the "parlor chamber."

I know positively that no tenderer mother ever lived than mine, and no better women ever existed than the sisters who looked laughingly upon the frantic terror and rebellion that this decision called forth. Those were the days before children ruled the land as they do now; an excessively imaginative or excitable child was very apt to be considered an excessively naughty and disagreeable child, and was treated accordingly in most families. Seeing what noble women and tender mothers those same laughing and apparently heartless sisters of mine have become, I can only ascribe the seeming cruelty of the course pursued toward me to ignorance of child-nature, and the spirit of that time.

How I was brought to submit I hardly remember, but most likely by an appeal to my sympathy for the unhappy woman, as that has always been my weakest point; and tremblingly I followed in the wake of my mother as she ushered our guest into the seldom-used chamber which under any circumstances inspired me with awe.

In a stupor of terror in which curiosity also bore a part, I kept my eyes on my prospective bedfellow as I made my preparations for retiring. As I sat shivering on the carpet, with my knees drawn up to my chin, my brain was busy debating the question of the woman's sanity on purely original principles.

Was it a proof of insanity to comb out a thin crop of reddish-yellow hair and put it in curl-papers, tying over the whole a large silk kerchief? Was it evidence of a mind distraught to envelop herself in one of my mother's best short nightgowns and a red flannel petticoat, and finally to remove a set of particularly large and shiny artificial teeth, and deposit them in a china mug on the washstand? Probably not; yet these processes produced such an awful change in the woman's appearance, that when she happened to notice the shivering little figure curled upon the rug, and told me kindly that I had better get into bed or I'd "catch my death a-cold," I felt that my doom was sealed, and climbed over the valance and across the feather-bed, and flattened myself against the icy wall with a sickening of the heart that only a perfect conviction of the proximity of my last hour could have produced.

My prayers having been said with chattering teeth, and uncommon unction, no doubt, I lay awaiting what might happen next. Nothing more terrible happened than the extinguishing of the lamp, and the perfectly legitimate creeping into bed of the queer figure in curl-papers, short gown, and petticoat.

I must have fallen asleep in spite of my terror, for I was awakened by the striking of a match, to discover that my bedfellow was up and groping for something — probably a knife — in the intermittent

darkness. Now, I was sure, the fatal moment had arrived. I never thought of screaming or trying to avert my doom, but lay a quiet and unresisting victim.

I believe it was her handkerchief the poor thing was fumbling after, with violent sneezings, quite unconscious of the terror she was inspiring, and I know I could scarcely credit my senses when I found that nothing was going to happen to me after all.

The next day, I think, the innocent cause of so much suffering betook herself to some other shelter. I knew her in after years as an addle-headed, kind old creature, incapable of harming a fly; but the agony of that night I shall never forget.

Has any one put into words any reflections upon the effects of grown-up and marriageable young women upon the character and life of impressionable small sisters? I do not remember having met with anything of the sort, yet from the riches of my own experience I am prepared to maintain that the consequences are far-reaching and incalculable. The presence in a family, of grown-up and marriageable brothers would have no appreciable influence. Their wooings being carried on outside of home, and young men being exceedingly unlikely to indulge in sentimental demonstrations before members of their own family, the conditions would hardly change. But with young women in the house to be "woo'd an' married an' a'," the atmosphere becomes charged with a dangerous element. Every garden-walk becomes a lover's sauntering path; every retired nook a lover's bower; each breeze is laden with sighs and the *frou-frou* of kisses; and billets-doux, nosegays and all manner of lover's tokens lurk in every corner. The house becomes a sort of conservatory in which the incipient tendency towards the tender passion that exists in all natures is forced into premature bloom.

There was a period when three of my sisters, one being already married and gone, were engaged at one and the same time to three young men respectively, all living in the same town; and the humble parsonage was transformed for the time into a veritable temple of Cupid.

At all hours of the day, and well into the small hours of the night, one could not move without stumbling upon a pair of turtle-doves; or when that was not the case, the old brass knocker was incessantly resounding beneath the fingers of messengers laden with notes, bouquets, books of poems, and other methods of reminding the beloved ones that though cruel necessity might keep the bodies of the absent lovers chained to desks or other sordid duties, their hearts were beneath the parson's roof.

I remember that an old peripatetic minister, who happened to be stopping with us during this period, was found one evening by my mother sitting forlornly in the kitchen.

"I stumbled over one couple a-courtin' on the front steps," he offered dryly in explanation, "and another a-courtin' in the parlor, and still another in the settin'-room. So I thought mebbe if the hired-gal wasn't a-courtin', too, I could set awhile in the *kitchen*."

This state of things could not fail to be absorbingly interesting to a child of ten, familiar with the loves of Romeo and Juliet, and thoroughly versed in the poems of Moore and Burns. Here were love dramas in process of enaction under my very eyes, and it is needless to add that not one word, glance, or gesture was lost upon me. It was no vulgar curiosity that possessed my soul, but a broad and intelligent sympathy, and notwithstanding my intense appreciation of any chance glimpse of a tender scene, I refrained with a fine delicacy from intruding upon them unnecessarily; if compelled by some domestic exigency to enter a room where one or more pair of lovers were together, I always announced my coming by some preliminary sound. Once when one of my brothers was about to rush heedlessly into the parlor, I called after him, to the great edification of my parents:

"Rattle the latch, F——; don't forget to rattle the latch!"

My sisters appeared to me in quite a new light — a romantic glamour invested them. They were possible heroines of poems and dramas; even tragedies — for if one of them *should* be so unfortunate as to be forsaken, death in some form, prob-

ably poison, would be, in my experienced judgment, the sure result.

Nothing so increased my self-respect as to be made the envoy of my sisters to their adorers, my pride and happiness being enhanced by the vicarious tenderness with which I was invariably received,— not to mention the lozenges and peppermint sticks in which prospective fraternal love expressed itself.

Breathing such an atmosphere, was it strange that my childish fancy should also turn to thoughts of love? And does the man or woman breathe who, if equally frank, could not tell of some such childish yet profoundly tender episode as this I have the hardihood to confess? How charmingly has Whittier embodied his memories of the dear little girl who grieved to go above him in the class, because she loved him.

And it is in no light and laughing mood that I chronicle here my first love. He was about my own age — this little love of mine — and his name was Joe. He was the only child of a widow, who, because of this and the fact that he was afflicted with a congenital heart disease that might carry him off at any moment, cherished him as the apple of her eye.

Joe was a handsome, delicate boy, always scrupulously well-dressed and well-groomed. His fair hair curled prettily; he had a clean pocket handkerchief scented with eau de cologne *every* day, and applied it to its legitimate use, too, instead of resorting to his jacket sleeve, as was the reprehensible practice of most schoolboys. His hands were always clean, his shoes well blacked, his manners above reproach.

Such was Joe, and I loved him with the pure and single-hearted love of an incipient woman. I am proud to say that my love was returned in kind. As fondly as I loved Joe, Joe loved me — perhaps because besides being far from ugly, I possessed some of those boyish qualities of strength, courage, and dash which were lacking in himself. Whatever it was that drew us to each other, certainly no two grown-up lovers were ever happier in each other than we in our childish, and yet unchildish way.

Joe was not allowed to play rough games or to run fast, and there was a tacit understanding that he was to be gently treated. Of course such a boy could not escape ridicule, nor the epithets of "girl-boy," "Miss Nancy," etc., hurled at his curly head by the little ruffians of the neighborhood; but it never seemed to disturb Joe's tranquil nature, though it roused all the chivalry of mine, and made me in some sort his protector, thus adding the last fine touch to the sentiment I felt for him.

Of course our love found the usual expression; for each other were hoarded up the best and prettiest of everything that fell to our share, we sent each other valentines of intense import, and copied for each other many a verse on rose-colored paper, each letter of our sprawling childish chirography surrounded with tiny dotlets done with the pen's point, and believed to be highly decorative.

I remember an all-night struggle with an original poem to my beloved. Rhymes refusing with fiendish persistence to come at my summons, I resorted to blank verse, and rose at dawn to put my *chef d'œuvre* into permanent form, only to find that it had taken to itself the wings of the morning and fled forever.

I remember one summer morning I rose early, with the guilty intent of stealing into the garden and appropriating a spray of my father's cherished multiflora rose, then in full bloom, as an offering to my idol. As I opened the front door and stood a moment on the threshold, overtaken with a doubt as to the expediency of my intended act, whom should I see standing looking over the fence but Joe himself?

The thrilling rapture of that moment has never been excelled by any subsequent emotions. Joe had been thinking, dreaming of me, then, as I of him!

It all comes back to me now — the dewy freshness of the early morning, the branches of the elm trees heavy with moisture, the garden ablaze with flowers, the multiflora in the middle with its masses of snowy bloom, and Joe — the sun shining on his curling hair and bashful, smiling face, it was an inffeable, ineffaceable moment.

The course of true love ran smoothly

its gentle way for two or three years, losing itself gradually in the sands of time. What became of Joe I do not know. A rumor once reached my ears that he had married a rich widow, and I judge he must have made the sort of husband that only a rich widow could afford.

Whether he succumbed sooner or later to his interesting disease, or still lives, a middle-aged, commonplace man, I know not, nor care to know. I would not like to think that the grass is waving over him, and still less do I like to consider what changes time may have wrought upon him if he still lives; he shall live in my memory always as the handsome, sunny-haired, blushing little Joe, who smiled shyly over the garden fence at me that dewy summer morning, so long, so very long ago.

THE HISTORY OF HISTORICAL WRITING IN AMERICA.

IV. The Period Since 1861.

By J. F. Jameson, Ph. D.

WHEN once a nation's historical literature has acquired any considerable momentum, the history of that literature becomes continuous. It was possible for us to make a sharp division between the first period in the history of American historical writing and the second; our first article including writers who were themselves of the emigrating generation, while in the second none were included who were separated from the original settlers by a less interval than two generations. Similarly, the second period was plainly separated from the third by the revolutionary war, during the distresses and troubles of which there was little leisure for historical or other composition. The historical literature of the colonial period was confined to a few sporadic writers, not organically connected one with another; it had not acquired momentum enough to carry it in continuous life across that time of difficulty and preoccupying care.

But with the third and fourth periods the case is different. American historical literature had now acquired vitality, and henceforth its development was uninterrupted. If therefore we select any chronological point at which to divide this last and most important period, the point chosen will necessarily seem from some points of view an arbitrary one. It is quite true that the Civil War formed the starting point for many new tendencies in our historical, as in our general, literature. But, on the other hand, much went on as before. In the first place, some of the histories spoken of in the last paper, though begun before the war, were not completed until after it. The first two volumes of "Motley's History of the United Netherlands" had appeared in 1860; the last two were published in 1868; and his "Barneveld," which is virtually a continuation of them, in 1874. Another work, whose publication similarly overlapped the fourth period, was Palfrey's "History of New England," probably the best single large piece of work that has been done on any part of our colonial period. After much labor in America, and considerable research in England, the first and second volumes had been successively published just before the war broke out. The third did not follow until 1865; the fourth, not until 1875. At the writer's death the history of the New England colonies had been brought down to the year 1740; the fifth volume, recently published, carries it to the outbreak of the Revolution. If Dr. Palfrey was not a man of great insight into popular movements, and was too constant an apologist of the rulers of New England, his book was nevertheless admirable on account of his extensive

knowledge of sources, his industry, clearness, accuracy, and skill in narration. Among its many excellencies, one which deserves particular notice is the degree of attention which it bestows upon the history of England itself during the Puritan era, and upon the mutual influence of Old England and New England during that period of exceptionally close sympathy and connection. Often the genius of a writer is quite as much displayed by new apportionments of their relative amounts of attention to the different aspects of his subject, as in any other way — for thus his insight into the proportions and relations of various factors is practically displayed.

Meanwhile other historians, not in the field during the preceding period, have continued the traditions of the school which has been described in a previous article under the names of Prescott and Motley. An especially close example of this is the case of John Foster Kirk, who was one of the private secretaries successively employed by Prescott, and who, after Prescott's death, wrote a valued book upon the "History of Charles the Bold," a contribution in the same general field as that of his master's labors. But the author who has most conspicuously continued the school of picturesque historians is Francis Parkman, the eminent historian of the French dominion in North America.

The subject is one highly attractive to an American historical writer of this school, who wishes at the same time that his studies shall not be too remote from his own age and country. Chivalry and heroism and romantic adventure, the glamour of a foreign civilization and the poetic charm of unfamiliar forms of religion, are all there; but the story has also a close and important relation with the growth of our own nation. Prescott had been able to impart an additional interest to his "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" because of the episode formed by the voyages of Columbus; and perhaps Motley's "History of the Struggle of the Dutch for Independence" may have had a special interest for the general reader in a country of whose history a struggle for independence is one of the most familiar portions. Prescott, too, had chosen distinctly American subjects in his "Conquest of Mexico" and his "Conquest of Peru." But no one of these had anything like so direct a bearing on our national history as the story of New France. For several generations some of the most important English colonies were occasionally menaced and always limited by the presence upon their frontier of a considerable military power established there by a nation usually unfriendly. Furthermore, the presence of this power was one of the chief influences toward colonial consolidation, and its final removal was one of the causes which made possible the revolt from the government of Great Britain. It is therefore with good reason that the general title given to the whole series of Mr. Parkman's narratives is, "France and England in North America."

The project of a series of so wide a scope developed gradually in the writer's mind. Soon after graduation from college he had gone on several occasions to make more or less extensive visits to the wild regions of the Northwest. Much of his subsequent historical work shows the effects of the familiarity thus gained with the scenery and men of the wilderness. One of these effects was the choice, for the subject of his first historical production, of the Conspiracy of Pontiac. It was from this work that the writer was led on to the preparation of a series of historical narratives upon the whole course of the French dominion in America, its relations to the English colonies, and its final destruction by the military power of Great Britain. For the history of Pontiac's conspiracy forms a natural sequel to the history of the French and Indian War, and to that of New France generally.

This book completed, therefore, and published in 1851, the author went back to take up at the beginning the history of the French in North America, the great task upon which he has been engaged ever since, and which is now nearly completed. As in the case of Prescott, physical difficulties which might well seem insurmountable opposed. Extreme ill-health made it always necessary to confine mental exertion within narrow

limits, and more than once stopped it entirely for several years at a time. Weakness of sight seems to have made it always impossible to read or write continuously for much more than five minutes, while once, at least, it has been for a period of three years impossible to endure the light of day, or to read or write to the smallest extent.

But the volumes composed under the pressure of these calamities need no indulgence from the critic. It may almost be said that they need no praise, so widely spread and so permanent has been their fame. The first of the series, though published only twenty-seven years ago, has already long passed its twentieth edition. Others are approaching it. The series has shown a continuous improvement, and especially in thoroughness and fulness of research. It is in this respect, indeed, that American historians have, at the outset of their careers, been least adequately provided. In Germany the class of historical writers and the class of historical professors are so nearly identical that the young student who starts out upon a career of historical authorship has almost always the advantage of having learned his trade under a teacher experienced in it. In other words, with all the opportunity it presents, and the need it has for that genius and insight and maturity which can neither be communicated nor described, there are many things in the more technical portions of the pursuit which by long experience have been reduced to practical rules; and these rules can be learned of a master, if only by imitation. But English and American historical writers have till lately worked so much in isolation that they could have no apprenticeship in the communicable portions of the art. In the highly developed arts of research and of historical criticism, therefore, our historians have started out uninstructed, and have learned these as they went on, with no other teachers than their own mistakes and their constant desire for completeness. There has also been a great improvement in the always brilliant and engaging style of Mr. Parkman, which, with increasing years, has grown more severe in taste.

The first book of the projected series was called "Pioneers of France in the New World." Its first part described in fascinating narrative the history of the Huguenot settlement in Florida, and its extinction by the Spanish; the second took up the story of the permanent beginnings of the French dominion, the settlement of Acadia, and the labors of Champlain and his associates. The next volume, published two years later, continues the story from 1635 to 1652, under the title of, "The Jesuits in North America." For this volume especially, the author was able to make great use of his early acquired knowledge of Indian character and civilization; the sublime devotion of the missionaries, and their heroic endurance of torture and martyrdom at the hands of the savages, confer upon it an additional and most touching interest. The next volume, "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West," treats of an episode, though an episode whose consequences were at one time likely to be highly important. The volume called "The Old Regime in Canada," is devoted, after the narration of the history of the transitional period, 1652–1672, to a description of Canadian government and life, in chapters carefully based on original sources, and of surpassing interest. The ablest of the colonial governors, and the history down to 1701, are treated in the volume called "Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV." The intermediate period to 1748 having been left for the time being, Mr. Parkman has recently given us the conclusion in "Montcalm and Wolfe," two volumes, the best in the series, on that American portion of the Seven Years' War which we are wont to call the French and Indian War.

It will be seen how wide is the range of interest covered by these volumes. They are not simply a history of a great attempt to create, under the forms of absolute monarchy, feudalism, and Catholicism, a centralized and military power. Nor are they simply a history of the efforts of that power to overbalance and check the system of free, Protestant and English colonies, unorganized and discordant indeed, but strong with the

strength of popular institutions, of love of freedom, and of habits of individual initiative. This alone would be sufficient to make the tale bright and commanding. But we have also the adventures of explorers and traders, the achievements of missionaries, the heroism of martyrs, the wild life of the Indian tribes, the scenery of the forest, the events of war, the brilliant picture of French aristocracy transferred, for purposes of war or government or devotion, to the wilds of America; and it cannot be said that the writer has proved unequal to the adequate treatment of a single one of these so varied elements of interest.

I have devoted much space to Mr. Parkman, as being, next after one or two who survived from the preceding period, the most conspicuous figure in the American historiography of the last twenty-five years, the only historian who can fairly be called classical. No one can predict the advent of genius, but it appears not very likely that the roll of the classical historians will be much increased in the immediate future, or that the next generation will in this respect abound in eminent names. Amiel says:

> "The era of mediocrity in all things is commencing. Equality begets uniformity, and we divest ourselves of the bad by sacrificing the eminent, the remarkable, the extraordinary."

Such, at any rate, is likely to be the case with our historical writing for a long time. Nor is it, in the main, to be regretted. If there is not produced among us any work of super-eminent genius, there will surely be a large amount of good second-class work done; of work, that is, of the second class in respect to purely literary qualities. Now it is the spread of thoroughly good second-class work — second-class in this sense — that our science most needs at present; for it sorely needs that improvement in technical process, that superior finish of workmanship, which a large number of works of talent can do more to foster than a few works of literary genius. If therefore that levelled Americanism, toward which M. Renan tells us that the world is now progressing, is, in the matter of historical work, among us to take the form which we have been supposing, we need not lament. We may even hope, that out of improved scholarship may grow in time a superior profundity of thought; for, in truth, profundity of thought has not been among the merits of any of our most distinguished historians. We may do well to remember that, in the historical literature of Europe, when the Anakim of the sixteenth century were replaced by the mousing but erudite Bollandists and Benedictines of the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth, it was only that the way might be prepared, by patient and scholarly accumulation of materials, for the advent of a school of historians more philosophical and profound than any that had preceded.

But the series of American historians to which Motley and Parkman belong was not characterized solely by the pursuit, in general, of literary ends. Another distinguishing mark was its devotion to European rather than to American history. In our time the devotees of European history are not numerous in the United States (indeed, if one can judge from the contents of our magazines, European history is hardly at all a matter of interest to most Americans); and such devotees as there are, have not all inherited the literary traditions. A few scholars have done excellent work in church history, for the cultivation of which a special society has been formed. Most eminent among these is the learned layman whose "History of the Inquisition" has reflected so much honor upon American scholarship. Almost no American has done anything worth while in the study of ancient history. This is a striking fact, when one thinks of it. The history of Rome, especially, offers, one would think, much that should interest Americans. There is even a similarity of national character; the faces upon Roman busts are such as one might see any day in the streets of New York or Philadelphia. When one considers how large a place the study of the classics has long had in American education, one cannot help feeling that such lack of interest in the history of the classical nations indicates that the instruction has not been sufficiently vital. On the other hand, a very respectable number of

scholars are at work in lines of Oriental history.

Of those who have occupied themselves with modern history, some indeed have written with a view mainly to the construction of a picturesque narrative; but mixed with these there has been an increasing number of workers whose aims have been chiefly scientific. An accomplished teacher, with a few advanced students, has published essays upon Anglo-Saxon law. Several Boston lawyers have published important studies in the history of English law. Here a historical scholar devotes himself to the study of the merchant-guild, or meditates on the vexed subject of early landholding among the Germans; there, another illustrates the history of the Prussian state. Another labors upon the history of sacerdotal celibacy, benefit of clergy, ordeal, and wager of battle. All this would have seemed very dry to the last generation; but the most judicious of the moderns see in it a hopeful sign for the future of the science, a sign that what work is done among us in European history hereafter will be, in increasing proportion, solid in construction and addressed not unsuccessfully to superior and specialized intelligence.

We have been speaking of departments of historical work in America upon which the war had little effect, and in whose development it could only arbitrarily be taken as a dividing point. But with work upon our own history, which has occupied an increasing proportion of our attention, it is otherwise. Its character has been profoundly affected by that great conflict. Not that we have yet had the best that we shall have in the way of books on the conflict itself. We have had excellent pieces of military history, a host of regimental histories and war articles. But the books which have attempted to deal with its political aspects have been, with a few exceptions like that of Mr. Alexander Stephens, hopelessly unfair, full of crude assumption, impervious to argument, whirling around and around in the same circle, like a Catherine wheel, spitting out fire. The remedy for all these things will be the coming forward of the younger generation, whose motive for studying the war is not that of personal participation.

The mental effects have extended far more widely than this, far more widely than the whole field of history, in fact. The literature, the art indeed, of the United States can never again be like what it was before the Civil War. It was not simply that the government became more firmly consolidated, the people more closely bound together. The nation emerged from that terrible struggle adult and mature. It was able to look upon itself and the world around it, its past and its future, at once with more sobriety and discrimination, and with a heightened self-respect, born of the sense that great achievements and sacrifices for inspiring causes had vindicated to it a right to independent views. Colonial attitudes of thought ceased, as colonial attitudes in politics had ceased after the war of 1812. National sensitiveness to condescending criticism from Europeans lost its acuteness; we began to feel, not in vanity, but in sobriety, that now we were as worthy as they. We began to look at our characteristics and modes of life with an externality of view unknown to the preceding generation. It was possible for the international novelist to arise, — the novelist, that is, to whom the American is not undoubtedly the greatest of all human types, but simply one human type among several, all alike to be exhibited with intelligent candor. Mr. Howells's voice, speaking to the American of forty years ago, would have been the voice of one crying in the wilderness, — a wilderness of vociferous panegyric upon all things American, whose very vociferousness betrayed a latent uneasiness. The development of our architecture, the gradual abandonment of Gothic and Renaissance styles for earlier styles, plainer, more Roman, more suited to the genius of a practical people, is another illustration. For the first time in our history, we have become a self-reliant nation.

In the domain of American history, the change has taken effect in two directions or modes. In the first place we have become more critical and discriminating, have learned more nearly to look upon the course of American history,

with an impartial eye, from the standpoint of an outsider. In the second place, there has ensued a broadening of the field of investigation and work, that its scope may correspond to the scheme of things in America, to the configuration of actual affairs. We are no longer content to adopt the same plans of distribution of attention to different phases of history which has seemed proper to European historians. Our writers recognize, consciously or unconsciously, that here the elements of life have been mixed in different proportions, and that history should conform to these different proportions, as equally valid and worthy of observance.

To take at once one of the most important illustrations of this, one of the most vital differences between European history and that of the United States. It seems to be a fact, that the scope of statesmanship, the influence of great individuals upon the general life, has been far less extensive here than there. It is certain to be so in new countries; in them Nature is supreme. Why was it that, while Greece itself was producing statesmen, the colonial Greeks of Sicily produced none? Simply because the abundance of Nature left no field for them. In modern Europe the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence, and all the difficulties which beset the general life wherever the gifts of Nature are not superabundant for the needs of man, have raised such problems for man to cope with, such tasks for the forces of human intelligence, as have necessarily evoked great administrative statesmen.

But with us it has not been so. Just as our national housekeeping has not needed and therefore has not developed the scientific financial methods of burdened Europe, the vastness of our national resources solving of itself every problem, so in general Nature has managed for us, and economic and other conditions have with peculiar completeness shaped our course. The governmental ideas which have been represented by the Straffords, the Richelieus, the Turgots, the Pitts, the Bismarcks of the old world (I do not mean ideas of absolutism, but ideas of dominant influence of great intellects upon national destinies), have been alien to America. Once indeed the effort was made to apply to America the methods of European administrative statesmanship. That is, if I am not mistaken, the essence of the Federalist experiment, more deeply its characteristic than any phase of its attitude towards the American constitution. And why did the Federalist experiment break down? Simply because of those forces which the Hebrew war song indicates when it declares that the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Nature would rule. With the advent of Jeffersonian democracy, the reins were thrown upon her neck; and from that time to this the field of influence of natural conditions upon our national destiny has been peculiarly great, the field of influence of great individuals far smaller than in the Old World. All this imposes upon our historical scholars a duty to which they have been far more disposed to conform since the attainment of a firmer national self-respect. They do not properly reflect the life that they seek to reflect if they write mainly of individual persons or groups of persons and their conscious efforts; they must cease blindly to follow European schemes, and study economic and natural conditions and developments, the unintended growth of institutions and modes of life, the unconscious movements and changes of masses of men.

That this need of emancipation from the traditions and conventions of European historiography has been making itself felt, consciously or unconsciously, is plain to any one who surveys the historical literature of our day. Never was there a time in America when so great a proportion of the best historical work was devoted to the subject of the history of institutions and economics. One writes of the history of finance; another, of the fortunes of institutions transplanted westward, and the genesis of governmental ideas among the lawless frontiersmen; another, of the history of co-operation; still another, of movements of migratory population, and the influence of German or other national elements absorbed into our mass. The magazine writers give us

series of articles on colonial manners and customs rather than on colonial wars. One writer even attempts the difficult task of writing a general history of our people. The historical publications of our universities are mostly devoted to the history of institutions and economics. Forty years ago, a man might write on the diplomacy of the American Revolution; nowadays, he is much more likely to write on the history of the produce exchange, or government land-grants for railways, or education. Monographs in the field of sociological history or on special topics of the history of civilization are the characteristic feature of our present historical literature.

One field indeed, whose cultivation would naturally go along with these, is not yet receiving adequate attention, the study, namely, of the thought or inner life of our nation, of public opinion, of popular movements, political and other. It is not that we have no one corresponding to M. Renan; for the union of so subtle and profound an insight, so delicate and sympathetic an appreciation, and so exquisite a style, is not to be expected in a raw and youthful nation, and indeed has scarcely appeared before in any nation. But it is a matter of surprise that, with the exception of a few such books as Mr. Royce's California, there seems but little tendency to the cultivation of that branch of history which may best be described as the study of the development of national psychology. But perhaps this will come in time.

This has been spoken of as the most important tendency of the historical writing of America to-day, not because its votaries or its productions are numerically in a majority, for that may very likely not be the case, but because of the belief that it is intrinsically the strongest tendency, and has the future with it. It is dangerous to prophesy; but there are good reasons why such a prophecy may not be too audacious. The history of every science is in some degree conditioned by the natural course of things in the world at large; but it appears true, and will perhaps even have been shown by these papers, that this is in a peculiar degree the case with the science of history. Views of the past, and ways of looking at it, change with the changing complexion of the present. But it is always found that the actual march of affairs is far in advance of its expression in literary theory and literary practice. Democracy had for some time been established among us, before the poetry of democracy arose. The world changes, but our view of it does not change so fast; only with great effort can it be kept up to date, so to speak. Accordingly, it may be possible to discern in the face of things at present, something which may be relied on to shape in part the historical science of the immediate future. Those characteristics of American existence which have been mentioned seem deeply rooted, permanent, essential; therefore the adjustment of the sphere of our historical writing into conformity with the actual facts, relations, and proportions of our national existence is likely to go on to still further completeness, and that this tendency affords some presage as to its predominant qualities in the immediate future, — qualities catholic, and philosophical, and contributory rather to historical science than to historical literature.

Of course not everything is sharing, or is likely to share in this onward current. In particular, the tendencies of most of our numerous local historical societies form a counter-current or, better, an eddy, in which chips of ancient timber float placidly round and round in the same little circle, quite unaffected by any general currents whatever. Most of them are very useful, and those of the West, at any rate, seem to be exceedingly active. But, with a few bright exceptions, our older historical societies seem a little inaccessible to new ideas. and more than a little wedded to tradition. The thought of touching anything that occurred since the Revolution, that is, of having anything to do with the most important part of our history, seems seldom to occur to them. Indeed it is good fortune if the really active members are not absorbed exclusively in the study of the early voyages and discoveries, or of the Indians, the two subjects most remote from the present affairs of the United States, and therefore great favorites.

It is not likely that the more popular sort of books will change greatly in any short time. The voluminous and copiously illustrated county and city histories, with which swift and enterprising compilers from time to time present us, will probably not be much affected. Provided adequate attention has been given to the essential parts of their work, the advertisements of important industries and the engravings of prominent citizens, it will not be worth while to alter a method which has hitherto served well enough the main purpose of such publications. Indeed it is to be expected that a large number of even the books of leading importance, whose ideas gradually filter into the popular books and school textbooks, will continue to be constructed in accordance with the plays traditional to the art. This, provided it is not done from mere blindness or imperviousness to new ideas, will not be regretted. No one quarrels with Mr. Henry Adams for confining his brilliant and instructive books mainly to the political and constitutional history of the periods which they treat, or with Mr. Schouler for a similar course. There is still a vast work remaining to be done in our political history pure and simple. The main object is not the cessation of all former varieties of work, but the addition of numberless new ones, and the pervasion of all with more modern and catholic ideas.

But now as to the channels through which the historical movement of the present time goes on, and those likely to be used in the immediate future. With two or three exceptions the local historical societies are not likely to be of great use in this way. Historical scholars of a modern spirit are no longer much in the habit of using their transactions as media of communication with the world. The newly founded American Historical Association, on the other hand, may be put to very good uses. The founding of that society was a most hopeful sign. If adequately supported by the real workers, it may prove of signal benefit to the progress of the science in the future. The scope of its publications is broad and national. Its connections with the government will enable it to publish still more, and out of it may grow a Historical Manuscripts Commission, which would be likely to accomplish as much for history among us as the prototype has accomplished in England. Whether through this channel or not, the government will not probably much longer delay to engage in some scheme of historical publication. Several state governments are now carrying out such enterprises.

Of our few historical magazines, most are the organs of one or another of the local societies; and of the more general ones it is hard to speak with much patience. The fault lies mostly with the general public, who have not yet begun to care much for good historical work. Indeed, for any essay in the domain of European history it is scarcely possible to think of any American outlet, now that our reviews have become extinct or worse. As for American history, what appears in the historical magazines is mostly of a very popular sort; it is only on condition of their maintaining such a composition that the "intelligent public" allows them to continue to exist at all. Meanwhile, however, the great literary magazines have opened their columns to series of good popular articles upon colonial or revolutionary history, or even the general or the more recent history of the United States, the last and apparently the most successful of such ventures being the war articles of the *Century* magazine. Very likely this indicates, or may succeed in creating, a very general interest in history among the unprofessional. Meanwhile, the scientific workers may find an avenue of publication through the hospitable columns of the new English *Historical Review*, since the prospect of having one of their own is exceedingly remote.

A method of historical publication much in vogue among us at present is that of putting forth a series of volumes by separate authors upon kindred subjects. We have had a series of "Campaigns of the Civil War," a series of "Lesser Wars of the United States," with some others, and, perhaps more conspicuous to the public eye, the "American Statesmen" series and the series on "American Commonwealths." The plan has its advantages and its defects. From

the point of view of the publisher it is eminently well-conceived. Greater attention is drawn to individual pieces of work when thus collected; greater interest is excited in the general subject when a mass of work upon it is presented. To some extent, the interests of the publishing business and of historical scholarship are identical. Whatever increases the audience and the influence of good work must be welcomed by the scholar. But it must not be forgotten, and some of the volumes on "American Statesmen" and "American Commonwealths" are illustrations of the fact, that, in a series of this sort, the good books bolster up the poor ones, and gain them a factitious repute and power. At the same time, the best books suffer from the general average, seldom acquiring more weight than their fraction of the collective weight of the series, nor as much as might accrue to them as independent publications. Another result is that all the kindred subjects therein comprised, however various in many characteristics, are bound down to the same uniform fulness and style of treatment. If Alexander Hamilton is to have a volume of three hundred pages sextodecimo, so must Gouverneur Morris. Statesman A, whose life was spent in executive affairs, may be treated differently from Statesman B, who spent his life on the bench, but he will not be treated with anything like so strong a difference as the facts demand. If, as Mr. Bagehot says, "the genius of great affairs abhors nicety of division," still more does it abhor equality of division; and their treatment should correspond to their genius.

It is well worth while to take such considerations into account in any survey of our present state and prospects, because a tendency to more organization of historical work is just now very marked. It is not simply a result of that progression towards equality, that fading of individual saliency, which we have before noted. It is a tendency peculiarly American. A nation singularly devoted to business has transferred to the fields of literature and science the habits of business management. We educate by correspondence, we facilitate literary work by ingenious mechanical devices, we catalogue and systematize. No nation in the world is so addicted to bibliography and indexing. The English still, as frequently as not, publish books without indexes; the American who does such a thing is at once denounced by our reviewers as ripe for any atrocity. To say nothing of smaller bibliographies, Sabin's great dictionary of "Americana" already extends to about two score volumes, and will, when completed, embrace as many as a hundred thousand titles.

But we are going further in the organization of historical work, even to the writing of histories by organized forces or by co-operation. An excellent instance is the preparation of a most extensive history of the Pacific Coast by the staff of trained assistants employed by a wealthy, able, and enthusiastic Californian historian, Mr. H. H. Bancroft. Retiring from the publishing business with great wealth, Mr. Bancroft has employed the energy and the methods of a business man in the collection, digestion, and presentation of materials. First, a great library has been collected, including all obtainable books bearing at all upon the history of Central America, Mexico, California, Utah, Oregon, British Columbia, and Alaska. Thousands of Mexican and Californian pamphlets have been gathered, and files of hundreds of newspapers from all parts of the Pacific Coast. Numerous valuable manuscripts have fallen into the collector's hands, and enormous masses of manuscript copies of state records and mission archives have been made specially for the library by his secretaries. Old pioneers still surviving have been visited and their recollections taken down at great length. A Russian assistant was sent to Alaska, to copy the government records there. Half a dozen Spanish ones have done similar work. From twelve to twenty accomplished linguists, we are told, have been constantly employed in Mr. Bancroft's service since 1869. Secretaries have all this time been reading, translating, summarizing, cataloguing, and indexing the whole collection.

The result, attained at the cost of halt a million dollars, is a mass of systematized

information, such as must make the users and the desirers of historical materials elsewhere deeply envious, and for the collection of which, under ordinary methods, even an antediluvian lifetime would scarcely suffice a historian. The highest praise must be given to the zeal for research, the public spirit, and the enterprise and care which have presided over the formation of this priceless collection. But when it comes to writing history by this same method, some reserves are necessarily suggested to the mind. Mr. Bancroft has prepared from these materials, and published, a gigantic "History of the Pacific States of America" in thirty-four unusually large volumes. It is obvious that a work of such magnitude, carried through in so few years, could not possibly be written by a single hand. In fact, the books were first written by the various members of the cohort of assistants, and the person whose name they bear has simply revised, as a sort of managing editor, the productions of this highly-organized staff. Valuable as the work proves to be, some of the faults of such a plan are evident. There can be no fixing of responsibility. No one knows whom to criticise. No one can know whether the authority of this or that part of the book, or of the whole, should be much or little. Moreover, there is less likelihood, under such a system, of the best historical criticism, the most skilful sifting of the evidence thus elaborately collected. But all this is on the supposition that the main object of historical composition is correctness of detail, that a book is perfect if none of its information is erroneous; a supposition by no means to be admitted. To any one who has any conception of the use of the higher powers, the rarer qualities of the mind in historical composition, it will be plain that no really great history can be written by the methods of the "literary bureau," by hiring a force of assistants and seeing that they do it. It may almost be said that the historian, like the poet, is born, not made; but if he is made, he is not made by machinery.

Such dangers as have been above noted must always, in greater or less degree, attend work prepared by these or similar methods. It is important to observe this, because one sees, in this country so devoted to organization, a growing tendency toward the production of historical work in such ways, the application to it of the economic principle and method of division of labor. A far greater amount of work can thus be put forth, and, what perhaps is quite as important, can be put forth in such a way as greatly to increase its force upon the world; for work so combined and systematized with other work is not in danger of being lost or ineffectual, as are the dissertations so ingeniously concealed in German university and school programmes, for instance. But it is well to remember that with these advantages there are some serious drawbacks. Good work of the second class, and great amounts of it, can thus be done; good work of the first class cannot. The tale of Pegasus in harness has this meaning, that the finest qualities of the human mind cannot be thus systematized. The highest intellects are not at the service of the hirers of clerks, are not to be made cogs or wheels in a history-producing machine.

By far the most noteworthy of our co-operative histories is the "Narrative and Critical History of America," edited by Mr. Justin Winsor. With its chapters of historical narrative by our most learned and able historical scholars, each writing upon his own special field, and with its critical essays upon the sources of information, it seems without doubt to be the most important and useful contribution ever yet made to American historical science. It splendidly sums up the historical labors of a century. And, by the way, consisting so largely as it does of a bibliographical record of what has been done, the proportion between its parts affords a striking indication of the relative amounts of work which Americans have expended on different portions of American history. It has taken four volumes to set forth the results achieved in our colonial and revolutionary history, while a single volume is thought to suffice for the period from 1789 to 1850. Another editor might divide the work somewhat differently; but the fact re-

mains that we have expended much more labor on the earlier than on the later period of our history. Perhaps new nations have a passion for the study of origins; or perhaps even those who write history enjoy an interesting story, and find more such in colonial history than in later times. The disproportion indicated is a necessary incident to the scheme of the work. There are also, it should be noted, other limitations which must to some extent beset all co-operative or monographic histories alike. Stretched on the Procrustean bed of uniform requirements in respect to extensiveness and general method of treatment, the authors can present only those things which they have in common, — abundant and correct information, and acute historical criticism. Many of the finer qualities of the individual mind are likely to evaporate in the process; much of what is most valuable in individual views and conceptions of history will find no place for itself. No one who appreciates these will readily assent to the assertion, in the prospectus to the "Narrative and Critical History," that "when the superiority of the co-operative method is fully understood, the individual historian, if he ventures forth at all, will be read for entertainment rather than profit."

And now as to the agents by whom historical science is to be furthered. Here, also, the present enables us to judge somewhat of the future. It is not probable that the advance-guard of our army will be led by the ruling members of the various local historical societies. Nor, on the other hand, will much be done by the class of professionally literary men. At New York, we are assured, there is now a literary centre, and in and near it a literary class; and lest the public should lose sight of the fact, each of our great magazines has at times an article by some one of the number in which the rest are commemorated, each star being catalogued by these prompt astronomers as soon as it succeeds in getting at all above the horizon. But with these complacent Augustans, literature appears to be mostly a branch of journalism, and history has little to expect from them. No doubt their school surpasses in breadth and the cosmopolitan quality that which forty years ago had its centre in Boston, but it is as much inferior in scholarship as it is in dignity. The local antiquaries, the professionally literary men, and the men of wealth and leisure devoted to study will no doubt continue to write historical books. But an increasing proportion of the annual product now comes from the teachers of history in universities and colleges, and the signs are that the immediate future belongs to the professorial class.

The change is more significant than may at first appear. Its meaning will appear if we bear in mind that want of early training in the technique of historical research and composition which has been already spoken of as characteristic of American historians hitherto. The increasing identification of the writing and the teaching classes may be relied on to remove this obstacle to progress. The next generation will have served an apprenticeship under men who write, and the superior finish, the improvement in scholarly method, which have been so much needed, will be one of the results. Already, increasing numbers of special students of history are frequenting those universities which afford graduate instruction, and if the annual production of books and other publications giving evidence of scientific training and of high ideals of historical scholarship is still small, it is visibly increasing.

Thus we have traced the development of our science from its half-conscious infancy down to the present time, and perhaps a little way into the future. It cannot truly be said that it has yet reached anything like maturity; but it is in a vigorous, though raw adolescence.

WHERE ARE VINLAND AND NORUMBEGA?

By Alice L. Clark.

"One man averreth one thing, and one man another, but the verity is the record."

— *Bacon.*

WAS Leif Ericson's "Vinland the Good" the Charles River region? Does the lost city of Norumbega, — for centuries subject of the most romantic tradition, hovering like a mirage now over one, now over another charmed spot, all the way from Florida to the Penobscot, — does this lost city underlie Watertown, Massachusetts? Professor Eben N. Horsford has raised these questions; has addressed to the American Geographical Society several statements of the proof, which he alleges justify an affirmative answer to the questions; has erected near Watertown a tower to commemorate his discoveries; and has petitioned the Massachusetts Legislature to exempt the tower and the land about it from taxation, — thus practically admitting the special historical interest of the locality. It is the purpose of this paper to show that Professor Horsford has not established his theory, that the archæological proof which he brings forward, the reliability of the authorities whom he cites, and the extent of their testimony, do not sustain his *quod est demonstrandum*.

In a letter to Chief Justice Daly, President of the American Geographical Society, dated March 1, 1885, Professor Horsford presents a record of discoveries, the result of his geographical studies, speaking of "the site of the Fort Norumbega of the French, on the banks of the river bearing the same name; and of the Indian settlement near the fort, — the Agoncy of Thevet, and near it the Norumbega of Allefonsce visited in 1569 by the sailor Ingram and his companions of the unfortunate expedition of Sir John Hawkins;" and after adducing the testimony of these authorities concludes: "Said town of Norumbega, on the river of Norumbega of Allefonsce, the Norumbega visited by Ingram, and the fort of Norumbegue, and the village of Agoncy of Thevet, were on the Charles River between Riverside and Waltham at the mouth of Stony Brook, in latitude 42° 21′ north (Middlesex County, Mass., U. S. A.)"

The first authority quoted is Thevet. Thevet was in his day considered, however sixteenth century French may have phrased it, an incorrigible liar. The following instance of his mendacity might be considered sufficient to impeach his testimony on almost any point. In 1575 he wrote an account of a voyage to Maine, a voyage which was wholly imaginary, for his previous work of 1558 proves that he did not make it. In "France Antartique" (1558) he says: "On the other side of Canada is solid land called Campestre de Berge, it has a cape called Lorraine, but otherwise by those who discovered it, Terre des Bretons," — thus placing Cape Breton on the distant boundaries of eastern Asia; and he repeats this mistake in his "Cosmographie Universelle" (1575). Perhaps, examining old maps and globes, among them those of Ruysch and Behaim, he found M. Bergis and Bergis set down with Tartary and Cathay, and coolly put them into his story. He may be excused an error for which an earlier blunderer was responsible, but he certainly can not be accepted as authority for identifying *bargu* and *begi* with the *bega* and Norumbega of New England.

In his paper in Vol. IV. of the "Narrative and Critical History of America," George Dexter says: "Thevet's reputation for veracity is poor, particularly among his contemporaries." In locating Norumbega, the submission of evidence as to its latitude and appearance, of no more credible character than the assertions of a man of Thevet's reputation, does not much lighten the burden of proof.

The next authority cited is Allefonsce, the pilot of Roberval, cited, as Professor Horsford says, because his profession was that of pilot and his testimony unim-

peachable. Allefonsce is quoted twice, as follows:

"Beyond the Cape of Norumbegue, the river of said Norumbegue descends about twenty-five leagues from the Cape."

The remainder of his statement is omitted, — well omitted, apparently, since Prof. Horsford's argument is not that the Norumbegue was the Penobscot, for the entire passage reads:

"Beyond the Cape of Norumbegue the River of said Norumbegue descends about twenty-five leagues from the Cape; *the said river is more than forty leagues wide at its entrance, and continues inwardly thus wide full thirty or forty leagues.*"

This last does not look as if Allefonsce were describing the mouth of the Charles River. He says:

"Fifteen leagues from the mouth was a city which is called Norumbega."

According to these figures, if the city Norumbega were near the present Watertown, the Charles should not only be forty leagues wide at that point, but should continue thus wide twenty-five leagues further inward. Professor Horsford may urge that Allefonsce's "forty leagues wide at its entrance," refers to the distance between Cape Ann and Cape Cod. If we are to suppose that "a pilot by profession" considered Cape Ann and Cape Cod as marking the entrance of the Charles River, we must look for the city of Norumbegue, — Watertown, according to Professor Horsford, — fifteen leagues from either cape. If it be conceded that Allefonsce was inaccurate in these figures, it follows also that his statement, which is urged as an impressive feature of Professor Horsford's argument, that "said Cape of Norumbegue is forty-one degrees of the height of the Arctic pole," is open to question.

The third authority referred to is Ingram. Ingram's narrative discredits itself to a certain extent. Among so much which is manifestly untrue, nothing can be accepted as conclusive. He speaks of elephants from whose tusks the natives made trumpets, and of cannibals with teeth like dogs, adding the direful assurance, "thereby ye may know them." It is sufficiently evident that he reached the headwaters of the St. John, then descended to the coast and took passage for France; also, that he was credulous, addicted to exaggeration, and in all probability, as a result of suffering, received the false impressions of a diseased brain. His statement which is quoted as bearing on the subject in question is, simply: "did see divers towns and villages as —— Bega [myle long], a country and a town of that name threequarters of a myle, there are good store of ox hydes."

In his various pamphlets, Professor Horsford discusses at some length fifteen or twenty ancient maps, and the derivation of the word Norumbega. His accounts of this derivation do not at all agree; e. g., the Indian pronunciation and adaptations of various syllables, and the origin, Norse or Indian, or both, of such words as Nauset, Naumkeag, Naumbeck, Nauskaket, and Amoskeag, — in following which arguments the reader is likely to feel himself involved in very thick fog. But Professor Horsford does not rest his case on these cartographical and linguistic speculations; he asserts that the literature of geography conclusively indicates the locality of Norumbega, and that from this he deduced positively its whereabouts, before looking for archæological remains, which might or might not be preserved. The above discussed assertions of Thevet, Allefonsce, and Ingram constitute the literature to which he refers. Certainly a considerable amount of the literature ascribed to two of those gentlemen belongs, as we think has been shown, to the realm of fiction. In Professor Horsford's pamphlet of 1885, in his argument touching the outline of the shore of the Charles near Stony Brook, where he locates Fort Norumbega, occurs a fallacy, so striking as hardly to be forgotten in an estimate of his later conclusions as to the topography of Watertown and vicinity. He says:

"Now we have already seen that this name, — Norumbegue, — means a *bay*, from the bottom of which rises a tongue — a divider — a Norum; and this involves a sheet of water with a somewhat peculiarly scalloped shore. There is but one sheet of water on the Charles where these conditions occur, and that lies between Riverside, on the Boston and Albany Railroad, and Waltham, the city of watch manufacture, two miles to the north. Along the shores of this sheet of water, some mile and a half in length and of vary-

ing width, from a few rods to half a mile, there are several Norumbegas — not *towns (or settlements of* to-day), but peculiar forms of the shore. The most striking are on the west side of the river, between the mouth of Stony Brook and Waltham."

One may, it seems to me, make short work of this argument, — viz., that Fort Norumbega must have been between Stony Brook and Waltham, because between those points lies the "one sheet of water on the Charles" where there are "Norumbegas," "dividers - of - the-bay," — as follows: The dam at Waltham is between eleven and twelve feet high; soundings show the bays in the vicinity of Stony Brook to be five, and five and a half, and in one instance six feet deep, and indicate beyond doubt that the river bed slopes gradually; evidently then before the Waltham dam (unquestionably modern) was built, said "bays" in the vicinity of Stony Brook were marsh land, and the "Norumbegas" are of recent formation.

That handsome structure which Professor Horsford has recently had built near Watertown may still be named, as it has been named, a "commemorative tower." In Canterbury Cathedral, over a stone coffin, pronounced by certain antiquaries to be the coffin of — the names escape my memory, but let us say Bertha, Queen of Ethelbert, is a commemorative tablet. That tablet is prudently inscribed somewhat as follows:

"To the remains of Bertha, queen of Ethelbert, whether here or elsewhere, may they rest in peace."

The testimony here adduced as to the location of Vinland and Norumbega suggests that the tablet on this commemorative tower might have been wisely inscribed: "To the Northmen, whether Vinland and Norumbega be here or elsewhere," instead of the actual inscription, which is as follows:

"A. D. 1000 A. D. 1889.

NORUMBEGA.

CITY: COUNTRY: FORT: RIVER.
NORUMBEGA — NOR'MBEGA.
INDIAN UTTERANCE OF NORBEGA, THE ANCIENT FORM
OF NORVEGA, NORWAY: TO WHICH THE
REGION OF VINLAND WAS SUBJECT.

CITY
AT AND NEAR WATERTOWN,
WHERE REMAIN TO-DAY
DOCKS, WHARVES, WALLS, DAMS, BASIN.

COUNTRY
EXTENDING FROM RHODE ISLAND TO THE ST. LAWRENCE.
FIRST SEEN BY BJARNI HERJULFSON, 985 A. D.
LANDFALL OF LEIF ERICSON ON CAPE COD, 1000 A. D.
NORSE CANALS, DAMS, WALLS, PAVEMENTS, FORTS, TERRACED PLACES OF ASSEMBLY, REMAIN TO-DAY.

FORT
AT BASE OF TOWER AND REGION ABOUT
WAS OCCUPIED BY THE BRETON FRENCH IN THE 15TH, 16TH, AND 17TH CENTURIES.

RIVER
THE CHARLES
DISCOVERED BY LEIF ERICSON 1000 A. D.
EXPLORED BY THORWALD, LEIF'S BROTHER, 1003 A. D.
COLONIZED BY THORFIUNK KARLSEFNI 1007 A. D.
FIRST BISHOP ERIK GUNPSON 1121 A. D.
INDUSTRIES FOR 350 YEARS.
MASUR–WOOD (BURRS) FISH, FURS, AGRICULTURE.

LATEST NORSE SHIP RETURNED TO ICELAND IN 1347."

Here are weighty points, which call for the support of evidence as sound as the solid masonry of the tower: that Norumbega was the Indian utterance of Norway; that the Northmen extensively transported mösurr wood from the Charles River region to Europe; that Fort Norumbega was near the mouth of Stony Brook; that at and near Watertown, and throughout the country from Rhode Island to the St. Lawrence, exist canals, dams, walls, pavements, forts, and terraces, which can be identified as Norse memorials; and that the Charles River is the river alluded to in the Vinland Sagas. In the pamphlet of 1885, after some discussion of the meaning of various syllables in different Indian dialects, Professor Horsford concludes:

"Norumbega = nahum beak-divider of the bay. It is obvious, therefore, that the meaning of Norumbega and its identity with Nahumbeak has made it at the best *probable* that the Nahumbeak of Salem Harbor is the Norumbega of Cabot. It has made it much more *probable* that the Norumbega of Cabot is to be found in that belt of latitude in which meet the terminal syllable bec which prevails north of the Merrimac, and the terminal syllable, its dialectic equivalent baug, which prevails south of the Charles."

Here we have the word composed of Indian syllables, and insisted on as presumptive evidence that Norumbega was in the forty-third degree!

In "The Discovery of the Ancient City of Norumbega," published January 1, 1890, Professor Horsford says:

"Vinland belonged to Norway, that is Norbega. . . . The Indians could not readily say Norbega, but said, because it was easier of utterance, Nor'm'bega. . . . So we had Norumbega; we had the u in it replaced by o, a, e, and i, and we had bega replaced by bec and bega, etc."

It seems that this word, Norumbega, proved so fascinating a subject for ingenious speculation, that Professor Horsford impeached the conclusiveness of his own arguments by shifting his ground.

"The Discovery of the Ancient City of Norumbega" was effected, as regarded exact location, thus, according to Professor Horsford:

"I found my guide to the city in a single paragraph in one of the Sagas of Thorfinn Karlsefni, which appears by an oversight of one of the scribes or copyists, possibly, attached to the story of Freydis. . . . As he [Thornfin] was ready to take his departure for Iceland, [from Norway] his future home, waiting at the wharf for a favorable wind, there came to the ship a Bremen merchant who wished to buy his *husa-snotra*. Thorfinn did not care to part with it. 'I will not sell,' said he. '*I offer you a pound of gold*,' [*Beamish says a half-mark of gold*], *said the Southerner. Karlsefni thought this a good offer, and closed the bargain. The German then went away with the husa-snotra. But Karlsefni knew not what wood was in it! It was mösurr from Vinland!*' Beamish estimated a half-mark of gold at £16 sterling or about $80 of our money. . . What could *mösurr wood* be? And what was a *husa-snotra?*"

Here follow Professor Horsford's reasons for believing the *husa-snotra* to be "a pair of house scales, the scale pans of which were of mösurr wood;" and he continues: 'Here is the significant sentence from the Sagas:

'Thorfinn had wood *felled* and *hewn* and *brought to the ship*, and the wood *piled* on the cliff to dry.'"

This is the revelation of the Sagas; and Professor Horsford argues that mösurr wood was the burrs which grow on oak, birch, hickory, maple, and ash trees, and was identical with the māsur wood used in the old world for communion vessels; that the mösurr wood industry of Vinland brought about the construction of canals, ditches, deltas, boom dams, ponds, fish ways, forts, dwellings, walls, and terraces of the theatre and amphitheatre, the remains of which he had in mind when he made the statement that "not a square mile draining into the Charles River lacked an incontestable monument of the presence of the Northmen," and — we are getting at the site of Norumbega now — "all these boom dams at the entrance to the Charles point to a larger boom-dam *across* the Charles, where the total harvest of blocks [mösurr wood], from all the basins might be drawn from the water and piled to dry. That must have been near the place where they were shipped.

"Do you ask now, Where did these blocks find place for shipment? When I answer that, I shall have turned aside the screen which has so long baffled the students of New England cartography, and shown you the site of the ancient Norumbega."

Professor Horsford's answer to the question, his solution of this problem which has so long baffled investigation, is, — the stone dam at Watertown. This dam, the ancient seaport (which he says underlies Watertown), the wharves, (islands), the docks (channels between the islands) were, he says, the work of Northmen; here was the seaport of Vinland, the city of Norumbega.

If the European demand for māsur wood were sufficiently great, the trade sufficiently profitable, to induce these seafaring Northmen to become woodchoppers, to collect bowlders and build dams, and miles long canals throughout the country from Rhode Island to the St. Lawrence, — if the industry were carried on thus extensively for three hundred and fifty years, why is there no record of it? Why do not the records or the literature of any European country refer to such trade with Northmen? Why is there no reference to the strange necessity of having recourse to the forests of Vinland for wood which the forests of all Europe could not furnish? Why have we no description, no suggestion, of such exceptional vessels as these Norse ships sufficiently large and well

built to carry these cargoes must have been? In default of such testimony as to the māsur industry, the dam, the docks, canals, etc., need to be veritably "incontestable memorials."

Professor Horsford is at some pains to prove that the dam at Watertown was not, so far as any record indicates, the work of the colonists. His point is that it was there when the colonists came. Are we then to conclude that the Northmen built it, that it is unquestionably a memorial of a māsur industry? Perhaps the dam was there when the Northmen came, if they did come. There has yet to be brought forward the slightest evidence of its being of Norse construction. Lacking this evidence, and proof of the Norse habitation of the country, the theory as to the Norse origin of the dam can claim little credence in the face of this simple and natural explanation. The dam is at the point where the current of the river is checked by the tide. The stones and bowlders rolled down at all seasons and especially during times of flood, and carried down by the ice in the spring, would naturally be arrested and tend to accumulate at this point. Such natural barriers are always in process of formation and are familiar to every geologist. Certain large stones are to be seen beyond the dam. The most obvious explanation of their being there is that when the barrier was still low they were carried over by the stream. They are unlike any stones to be found in the country near there now, and are very like such stones as would be brought down by the stream. Competent geologists assert that it is reasonable to consider this dam, that is, the debated portion of it, the foundation, the underlying structure, which is evidently not modern, to be the result of natural causes. The colonists might with little labor have raised the dam, already partly formed by nature, sufficiently high to run a mill with an undershot wheel. An undershot wheel can only be used with a low fall of water. And the record says that the colonists used an undershot wheel.

In a careful study of the region, geologists have failed to observe at the mouths of tributaries of the Charles any dams other than such natural accumulations of stones as that above described. Professor Horsford has yet to show that these formations are Norse rather than natural structures.

It may be remarked here that it is evident, even to a casual observer, that at low tide no vessel large enough to cross the ocean could go up the river as far as the dam, that even at high tide only a very light draught vessel could proceed so far, and that the so-called "docks" of this theory are very shallow and evidently inadequate to float any but small boats.

The Saga references to mösurr wood, above quoted, and the Watertown dam do not constitute a record, nor take from the realm of speculation the whereabouts of Vinland the Good.

The first question which an archæologist asks in this matter — and receiving a negative reply, it is likely to be his only question — is: Have any material archæological relics of the Norse occupation been discovered, such as remains of iron weapons and implements, bronze buckles and ornaments, spoons, and pottery made by the use of the potter's wheel, and well baked in kilns, which is practically indestructible? Similar objects dating from the same period in history were discovered in the excavation of a buried city on the island of Bjorko, in Sweden, by Stolpe, in 1872, — of which city, like Norumbega, no traces or record remained. These remains were described at an International Archæological Congress held at Stockholm in 1874, and the locality was visited at that time by all the members present. It can hardly be claimed that the stone mortar and the stone sinker, which Professor Horsford has found, are distinctively Norse and not Indian.

Another allegation of the inscription on the commemorative tower remains to be mentioned: the identity of the river discovered by Leif Ericson, and visited by Thorwald, and Thorfinn Karlsefni, according to the Sagas, with the Charles. In "The Problem of the Northmen" (1889) Professor Horsford says:

"I had traced the course of Leif in the Sagas, from his touching at Cape Cod, past Gurnet and Cohasset, to his grounding on soft bottom at ebb

tide between the site of Fanueil Hall and Noddle Island (East Boston), and his ascent of the Charles on the flood tide into and through the Back Bay to the first practicable landing-place. . . . Half a year later I announced the discovery of the landing-place of Leif. . . . Later, I determined the spot within a few square yards of where Thorfinn went on shore on his return after the search for Thorhall, and again mapped and photographed the result of my studies. . . . The terms of the Sagas were to the student as descriptive as a chart."

The terms of the Sagas were as descriptive as a chart! They must indeed be so, to contain an unquestionable portrait of Cape Cod, Gurnet, Cohasset, the topography between Fanueil Hall and Noddle's Island, and the best landing-places on the banks of the Charles. The question here is as to the reliability of Saga details, — an important point, because outside the Sagas there is little record of Leif Ericson's voyage to Vinland. The earliest authentic history of Iceland is found in the Heimskringla of Snorro Sturleson (b. 1178, d. 1241). From old stories and songs handed down by tradition he compiled this "Chronicle of the Kings of Norway." The original Icelandic text of this was first printed in 1697, when it was published by Peringskiöld. The "Historia Vinlandiae Antiquae" (1705) of Thormod Torfason, an eminent Danish antiquary, is authority for the statement that Peringskiöld interpolated in his edition eight chapters to be found in no authentic manuscript of Snorro's work. These eight chapters, from one hundred and five to one hundred and twelve inclusive, are undoubtedly the first eight chapters of the Saga of King Olaf Trygvesson. All that Snorro says of the voyage is:

"The same spring, King Olaf sent Leif Ericson to Greenland to proclaim Christianity there, and Leif went there that summer. . . . He also found Vinland the Good."

The details of the voyage are only to be found in the eight chapters added from the Sagas. The above citation, then, is all that the best and earliest record says of Vinland. It makes no conspicuous mention of Cape Cod.

The details of the Sagas can claim only the accuracy of a four hundred years' tradition. No Saga manuscript now existing bears an earlier date than the latter part of the fourteenth century. When one considers how in four hundred years the narratives of Leif and Karlsefni, however accurate originally, must have been altered and embellished in the telling by word of mouth, it is obvious that the Saga mention of here a headland, there an island, and yonder shallows, does not constitute a reliable chart.

According to the Sagas, Bjarni Herjulfson, in 986, sailing from Iceland to Greenland, came upon a level-coasted land; turning north, he sailed nine days before reaching Greenland. Fourteen years later, Leif Ericson, with thirty-five companions, sailed from Greenland in quest of this land, disembarked three times, the third time having sailed further south and westerly. Here is the Saga narrative of the discovery of Vinland the Good, the discovery of what Professor Horsford would have us believe was Cape Cod and the Charles:

. . . "They sailed into a sound which lay between the island and a promontory which ran out to the eastward of the land, then steered westward past the promontory. It was very shallow at ebb tide. . . . They ran at once on shore at a place where a river flows out of a lake. There was no lack of salmon. . . They thought cattle would not need house feeding in winter. . . And Leif called it Vinland."

"Karlsefni, with Snorro and Biarni, and one hundred and thirty-six companions, arrived at a place where a river falls into the sea from a lake. Opposite to the mouth of the river were large islands. . . On the low grounds they found fields of wheat, [here is a point for the believer in the accuracy of Saga details to explain, — fields of *wheat* growing wild on the Atlantic coast!] and on the rising ground they found vines."

Where in these passages are the conclusive landmarks, the indisputable lineaments of Cape Cod, Boston Harbor, Cohasset, and the Charles? Vinland, the "promontory," the "bay," the "river with islands at the mouth," may be almost any region, cape, bay, and river with islands at the mouth, in New England; the record which will take them from the category of *chateaux en Espagne* has yet to be discovered. Indications of the whereabouts of Vinland the Good and the lost Norumbega are such stuff as dreams are made of, — which is urged as some excuse if this disquisition be "rounded with a sleep."

THE EDITORS' TABLE.

THE death of General Sherman gives much more than a sn se of personal loss, the loss of a great and heroic figure from our public life; it marks the close of an epoch. General Sherman was the last of the great captains, the last survivor of the leaders of the first rank, who took hold of the imagination of the people and embodied the spirit of the war; and his death forcibly reminds the nation that the epoch of the war is a past epoch, fast slipping into distant history. A quarter of a century and more has passed between Appomattox and the death of the last great commander; there are men who to-day are leaders in letters, in science, in art, in education, in business, in the pulpit, at the bar, and in the legislative halls, who were born since Sherman marched to the sea. A new generation has arisen, and its control reminds the nation how far back are the stern issues with which Grant and Sherman dealt. Yet as history has gone, a quarter of a century is no long period with reference to momentous wars and their effects upon nations; and it is when we take the historical view, with reference especially to civil wars, the wars of the Roses and of the Stuart period in England, of the Huguenot time in France, of the seventeenth century in Germany, and remember the long life of the devastations, the hatreds, and the feuds which were the fruitage of those wars, that we realize the astonishing quickness with which our own wounds have healed. For, whatever heart-burnings and whatever political wrongs growing out of our great civil struggle we still have to reckon with, the issues are to-day, after the brief quarter of a century, substantially settled, there is loyalty everywhere, there is mutual respect and enthusiasm, and we are a firm nation from Maine to Texas. That, after a struggle so fierce, involving issues so great, is, as history has gone, remarkable; it is the witness to our vitality and our fundamental solidarity as a people, despite all disturbances. It is profitable to think of this as we lay the last great captain to rest.

A great and heroic figure General Sherman certainly was. There was no commander in the war, it is perhaps right to say, who was so intellectual, audacious, chivalric, and picturesque. There was no episode of the war so dramatic as Sherman's march to the sea. And the great war record was supplemented by the man's democracy and spirit of good fellowship, his free and easy mingling as a comrade with all the "boys" of the Grand Army, which made him the idol at all the reunions, and his sturdy, dutiful, unambitious citizenship, which endeared him to the whole country. The death of no other citizen could have so moved the popular heart.

Just as the great general is laid to rest, a new edition of his memoirs is announced. Already read by all thoughtful men belonging to the generation that carried on the war, it should now be read by the generation that has grown up since the war. Not so valuable a work as Grant's Autobiography, it is second only to that great work as a contribution to the history of the war by a leader in it, and it covers with special fulness just those great chapters in the last years of the war which Grant's work does not cover in detail. That we should have these two works by the two greatest commanders of the Union armies, and that they should both be in themselves works of such singular ability and charm, is a memorable thing. When, in connection with these notable records, we remember the history of Lincoln and his times, told with such thoroughness and fidelity by the two men who were his private secretaries, the men closest to him, in those momentous years of the war, we feel that no epoch was ever more fortunate than that in its literary memorials.

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THE project of a gallery illustrating the history of art suggests another use, immediately combining the beautiful and the practical, to which it would seem that many of the noble examples of the art of the past might be put to advantage in the present, and in America. We have especially in mind examples of architecture. We should be sorry to encourage any general policy of imitation that would discourage any worthy originality or that would fill the country with what is not appropriate to it, either in respect to time, place, climate, or practical requirement. But we should count it great gain if, instead of the ugly church that is planned for the town this summer, the committee would go to Wren for their plans and rear a duplicate of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook; if in New England cities the student might find city halls, the exact duplicates, so far at least as the matter of façade goes, of the beautiful Belgian town halls — Brussels, Ghent, Ypres — whose forms are in every way adapted to our needs. The college which is to build a new chapel next year would doubtless do far better to reproduce the Sainte Chapelle in Paris than to adopt what it is otherwise likely to do. The beautiful Temple of Vesta at Rome might well be copied for various purposes in many of our parks. Giotto's Tower, the Rialto, even the Doge's Palace and the Pantheon, — who does not think of most real and practical purposes, not fictitious or forced purposes, which duplicates of these might fill in Boston or Cambridge or Chicago, fill as well as anything it would be possible to devise for the places and the purposes, while at the same time placing things of beauty before the people and giving great object lessons in the history of art?

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IN his article on the Early History of Electricity, in our March number, Mr. Stockbridge touched upon the notable services of Moses G. Farmer. Mr. Farmer is the most conspicuous survivor of the older generation of great American electricians. With one hand he touches Morse; with the other, Edison and Thomson. It may be questioned whether any American electrician, of the old time or the new, has been gifted with

more imagination than Mr. Farmer; or, standing firmly upon the sure ground of science, had clearer or more sweeping vision of the future of electricity. Nearly forty years ago, when Bell's dreams of the telephone still lay far in the future, he predicted the possibility of talking between Boston and New Orleans, the speakers recognizing each other's voices. That prediction was then amazing. No prediction in the field of electricity is any longer amazing, for we have grown accustomed to new miracles each day. But it is interesting to find the veteran electrician still prophesying, and he prophesies in such a picturesque and vivacious manner that his latest prophesies should be rescued from the whirling newspaper current and given place here, where the readers of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE are having their attention especially called to electrical matters. These latest prophesies occur in an interview on the subject of an electric road for rapid transit in the city of New York. This is what Mr. Farmer said:

"You ask for my views on the subject of an electric road for the rapid transit of the city of New York. By all means build it underground. Build it large enough for many tracks. Build it so as to accommodate the trolley system for the present, but build it large enough for the storage battery system in the twentieth century, when the storage battery will be so reduced in weight that it will have to call in the aid of electricity to produce sufficient adhesion to be able to move empty cars on slippery rails. Build it large enough to accommodate many copper cables, which shall bring into the city from afar hundreds of thousands of horse-power and lay one horse-power down upon the mechanic's bench at the low sum of sixteen cents for the whole eight hours of his day's work. Build it for the twentieth century when Fourteenth Street will be farther down town than Canal Street was uptown in 1840 at the time of my first visit to New York, when the old United States tavern was in its prime and the aspiring Astor House was just budding into usefulness. Build it so that when the narrow streets shall have given way to broad magnificent avenues with eight, ten, and twelve stories of fire-proof buildings, it shall be the rule and not the exception. Build this tunnel and railroad so that its bonds and securities shall be more sought after by investors than any municipal or government bond is inquired for now. Build it so that ladies who leave Boston by the elevated railroad at 9 o'clock A. M., to do their shopping, may get through in season to return home and dress for dinner. Build it so that the mechanic and shop girl can come into town from twenty to thirty miles out of the town, can reach their place of labor in season to do a full day's work and get home in season for supper and not be tired either, but rather feel refreshed after their homeward ride. Build it in the belief that in the twentieth century sheet copper will be sold profitably at nine cents a pound; copper wire, sold profitably at twenty-five cents per pound; sheet iron and sheet steel, at prices so fabulously low that a merchant of the nineteenth century would sigh for the changes that come over the spirit of his dreams. Build it in the belief that the New Yorker of 2050 will be able to take his supper in New York and his next breakfast in San Francisco. Yes, by all means, let it be in a magnificent tunnel; let its cars be propelled by electricity alone. Discard cables entirely; dispense with steam, except at the outlying power stations; have its cars and stations brilliantly lighted by incandescent lamps, gorgeous in their effulgence. Build it so that it shall be the poor man's solace and comfort, giving him prospect of a good night's rest with his family. Build it so that thirty miles per hour shall be feasible and absolutely safe. Build it expecting the population of New York to outrun the present population of London, and not need to have the 'darkest spot' in it. Build it. Build it now."

Professor Farmer adds: "You may think me too sanguine, but when I look back to 1831, the time when I first saw a steam-engine, and that only a miniature locomotive with upright cylinder, and fired by an alcohol lamp, and now consider the thousands of locomotives traversing the hundreds of thousands of miles of rail, and absorbing millions of dollars, I cannot think that I am too much expectatious. Only forty-four years ago I built an electric locomotive and propelled it by forty-eight cups of Grove battery, and carried passengers on a little track laid down in the town hall of Dover, N. H., probably the first passengers carried by electricity 'on a rail' in this country, and now I see the electric railroad running every twenty minutes from Dover to Great Falls, N. H., the spot of my early prophecy, I am pretty sanguine in what I predict. No longer ago than 1852 I purchased some magnesium wire for the purpose of taking a photograph by its aid, and I paid at the rate of $3,000,000 per ton for it. I can now purchase it at less than $5 per pound. Again, in 1856, I was paying from $40 to $50 per pound for aluminum, with which to prepare alloys; I made some experiments in extracting it from Gay Head clay, and as the result of those experiments I then predicted that aluminum would yet be sold profitably for sixty-five cents per pound, and it can be purchased at this time for a little more; and I further predict that it will yet be sold at less than twenty-five cents per pound, and profitably, too. You are welcome to my predictions at what they are worth."

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THE tenth of April will be the hundredth anniversary of the signature of the first American patent law by George Washington. Surely it is a centennial of a significance that warrants the three days' observance at Washington, for which so interesting a program has been prepared. The celebration, which will be opened by the President of the United States, will consist of a series of meetings, April 8, 9, and 10, at which a score of valuable papers will be read by specialists from all parts of the country, illustrating the influence of invention and of the patent system upon almost every department of American life, from agriculture and warfare to surgery and household economy. This last subject will be treated by Edward Atkinson. Justice Blatchford of the Supreme Court will speak upon "A Century of Patent Law"; Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, upon "The Effect of our Patent System on the Material Development of the United States"; Hon. Carroll D. Wright,

on "The Relation of Invention to Labor"; Librarian Spofford of the Congressional Library, upon "The Copyright System of the United States"; Senator Daniel of Virginia, on "The New South as an Outgrowth of Invention and the American Patent Law"; Hon. Charles Eliot Mitchell, the Commissioner of Patents, on "The Birth and Growth of the American Patent System"; Hon. Robert S. Taylor, on "The Epoch-making Inventions of America," etc. There is to be one interesting variation of the program, in the shape of an excursion to Mount Vernon, where Dr. T. M. Toner of Washington will deliver an address upon "Washington as an Inventor and Promoter of Improvements." It has been remarked that all lines of our public policy are found leading back to Washington, as all roads lead to Rome. Interesting revelations may therefore be expected from Dr. Toner in this line. Lincoln was an inventor; at least one model of his lies stored in the Patent Office. We know not what we have to learn of Washington in this field.

A hundred years ago electricity, as affecting invention or as an appreciable factor in life, was an unknown thing. To-day there is no department with which the Patent Office has to deal, which is so important or which manifests so great activity. Two of the papers at the coming celebration will belong to this department: "The Effect of Invention upon the Progress of Electrical Science," by Professor Brackett of Princeton; and "The Inventors of the Telegraph and Telephone," by Professor Gray of the Terre Haute Polytechnic Institute. Mr. Stockbridge in the preceding pages touches upon the importance to the development of electrical industry and invention in the country, of generous patent laws and a wise administration of the patent system. The coming great meeting at Washington cannot but stimulate more energetic attention to every phase of this subject than has heretofore been given.

* * *

THE honor of having first suggested the erection at Delfthaven in Holland of an American memorial to the Pilgrim Fathers, belongs to Hon. Samuel R. Thayer, our minister at the Hague. His suggestion was embodied in a despatch to the State Department two years ago, urging the appropriateness of such a monument, and speaking of the striking advantages of the proposed site — on the shore of the Maas, just where the Delfthaven canal opens into it, in full view of the great stream of vessels ever passing to and from all corners of the earth. Secretary Blaine caused a copy of the despatch to be sent to the Governor of Massachusetts, to be laid before the Pilgrim Society. The New England Societies of New York and Philadelphia at once manifested warm interest in the scheme. Members of leading historical societies are equally interested. The Congregational Club of Boston has undertaken to give direction to the movement; and everywhere influential Americans are speaking in its support. Mr. Chauncey Depew took up the subject in his speech at the dinner of the New England Society in New York on Forefathers' Day. He said:

"In season and out of season for the last twenty-five years, I have pleaded with the Yankees to acknowledge the debt the Pilgrims owed to Holland. I did not ask for the payment of their twelve-years' board bill, with two hundred and thirty-three years' interest, but simply a general confession of judgment that nearly all the principles of civil and religious liberty which they have embedded in our institutions and planted in every new state were learned in Holland. The day of truth is dawning. As a New Yorker of New Yorkers, the rivers of Huguenot-Dutch blood in my veins call exultingly to the Yankee current in the same veins: 'The sons of the Pilgrims will rear a monument of commemoration and gratitude on the site at Delfthaven from which their forefathers embarked upon that perilous voyage, so insignificant with its little vessel and limited company, but fraught with such tremendous consequences in civilization and liberty.' This event demonstrates that, while the Yankee has been charged with claiming everything worth preserving in American freedom as having been contributed by himself, if you will only give him time he will come out all right in admitting the part which other races have played in our national drama. He is always slow in recognizing merit in others. But now the reproach that he never does, is removed — and we know how long it takes — he rises frankly and generously to the occasion, after two hundred and thirty years. The world is full of good memorials. But most of them are monuments of personal vanity or national pride. They teach no lesson and prompt no inspiration. Grecian temples tell us of religions which have vanished; Egyptian pyramids and obelisks, of dynasties which are dead; Roman remains, of empires dissolved. The Column in Trafalgar Square, London, perpetuates the victories of Nelson on the sea; and the Vendome in Paris, those of Napoleon upon the land. They signify limitless human misery and limited results. But the Pilgrim monuments at Plymouth, Massachusetts, and Delfthaven, Holland, are inspiration and aspiration. The mystic currents which unite them are the treasures of mankind and the hopes of humanity. They overtop all the monuments of ancient or modern time, and are seen by all men. They typify the union of all races in universal liberty, the demonstrated triumph of self-government in the new world and its possibilities in the old. Well might Dean Stanley as he stood in Leyden Street, Plymouth, and contemplated the majestic results of the combination of Puritan faith and pluck with Dutch liberty, exclaim with enthusiasm, 'Truly, this is the most historic street in the world.'"

The interest in Holland has also been marked. The minister of foreign affairs has spoken of the lively satisfaction with which the proposed memorial was learned of and discussed in the cabinet, and the project has had hearty indorsement in the Dutch newspapers.

Our obligations to Holland are great — not alone for her hospitality to our fathers when they were harried out of England, but also, to an extent which has as yet been most inadequately recognized, for direct influence upon our social and political institutions. One of the most salutary results of the present movement for the

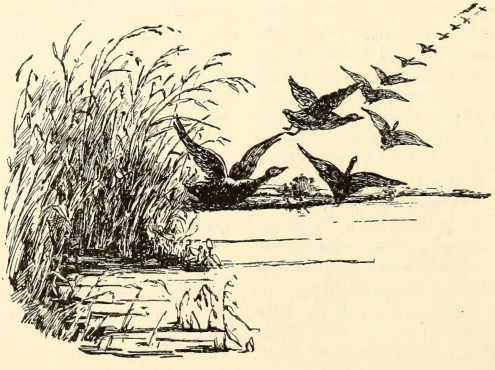
Delfthaven memorial will be the new studies of these influences which it will provoke, and is already provoking.

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In connection with the subject of art education in America, concerning which something has been said in these columns, a project for a national gallery of art, which has recently been presented in Washington by Mr. Franklin W. Smith, of Boston, and been the occasion of newspaper discussion, suggests features which are worthy of embodiment in much less pretentious schemes than that of Mr. Smith. Not that we should be sorry to see this ambitious scheme realized. Such a gallery as that proposed would be a most impressive addition to the attractions of our national capital and a distinct means of education for the whole country. Gallery seems a small word with which to describe the mammoth institution projected by Mr. Smith. The project involves buildings covering with their parks and courts two hundred and fifty acres, on and about a hill in the outskirts of Washington. This hill itself is to be worked over into resemblance to the Acropolis of Athens, crowned with an exact copy of the Parthenon; and the various buildings and courts are to be reproductions of famous architectural works, filled with reproductions of all the valuable sculptures and paintings in the world, appropriately arranged according to their schools, thus illustrating the whole history of art. Galleries are also to be devoted to the illustration of American history. All history indeed should be gradually covered by series of great frescoes, which should enlist the services and ambition of our American artists. Historical professors should be called on for data for the cartoons. There should be a publishing department, issuing cheap fac-similes of all the great pictures, with useful explanatory notes, thus furnishing text-books in art to the nation.

All this, we say, is good. It is a scheme which has been long in ripening in Mr. Smith's fertile brain. The beautiful Pompeiian villa which he has built at Saratoga, and the magnificent Spanish and Moorish hotels in Florida, which he suggested, show his ingenuity and energy in the matter of the reproduction of historic architectural forms. His enterprise and manifest business capacity warrant the belief that he will not find it impossible to raise the five million dollars which his experiment calls for; and we trust that 1892 may see the foundations laid — for all this is meant as a memorial of Columbus.

But the scheme suggests features, we have said, worthy of embodiment in much less pretentious schemes. Not many places can have an Acropolis and a Panthenon "as large as life," nor reproductions of Pompeiian villas or the Court of the Alhambra. But there is no large town which cannot have, and that without any remarkable exertion, a gallery in which the history of art can be well illustrated by the plaster casts and the large photographs now so accessible and so cheap. The popularizing arts have had in this time a wonderful development, and it will soon be, we believe, no greater reproach to a town to say that it has no public library than to say that it has no public art gallery, no place where the young man and woman can come into the presence of the Pyramids and the Sphinx, be at home with Phidias and Praxiteles, feel themselves fellow workers with the men who carved wood and stone at Nuremberg or reared the fanes of Sienna, Strasburg, and Westminster, catch the visions of Raphael, Rembrandt, Murillo, Turner, and Millet, and get into some sort of touch with Paris, Munich and South Kensington. This is no matter of acres and five million dollars; it is only a matter of five rooms and five thousand dollars — or where these are not at command, of one room and one thousand dollars. All that is necessary — but this *is* necessary — is a real love of beauty, hunger and thirst for beauty, a genuine appreciation on the part of somebody in the town of the function of art in education and in life. This, we say, is necessary; and any considerable town where this appreciation and demand do not exist in a degree to impel to any public or common action must, from now on, lie under reproach. No community can afford to live without Michael Angelo, any more than it can afford to live without Shakespeare.



THE OMNIBUS.

Pegasus Peddling.

Head in the air, eyes flashing fire;
Paths through the stars his heart's desire;
He must descend from the high track
Go here, go there, with laden back.

Here are ballads fine
Of a noble strain,
Where generous deeds
Are told again;
Here are love-songs light
As a cavalier's feather;
And verses salt
With the seas' wild weather.

Perhaps you like
('Though ' tis not clear)
A sonnet built
By rule severe —
In fourteen lines
An idea pent
And overlaid
With ornament, —

Or tinkling rondeau
Soft and fine, —
Through the light tune
One gay design, —
An airy thought,
A motive sweet
That ever doth
Itself repeat.

Perhaps a smooth
Didactic verse
Where virtues in
Full dress rehearse, —
Where rhythmic lines
In music fall
And point a moral
Plain to all.

So take your choice —
Time flies, alas!
Let my celestial
Peddler pass —
Reduced to ways
Of common hack, —
His swift wings hid
Beneath his pack.

— *Mary F. Butts.*

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"There's a curious case about a baby, down town."

"What is it?"

"Well, you see its mother was French and its father was German, so they will have to wait until it can speak before they can tell whether the child is French or German."

"Mamma, what will you give me if I'll be good all day?"

"You ought not to wish pay for doing what is right, my child."

"Oh, mamma! do you want me to be good for nothing?"

A pompous fellow entered a bank one day, and addressing the teller, who was something of a wag, inquired, "Is the cashier in?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New-England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."

"I suppose it will," said the teller.

"Very well, I will wait."

After sitting in a chair, with which the teller politely furnished him, for an hour and a half, the man finally said, "How soon do you think the cashier will be in?"

"Well, I don't know exactly," said the teller, "but I expect him in about eight weeks. He is taking his vacation at Lake Superior, but said he should be back in that time."

The peddler did not wait.

A priest had labored earnestly to convert a parishioner addicted to the use of liquor, and now regarded him as a sober and religious man. This convert knew the confessor closed his address to the penitent with the language "God bless you! I forgive you." A little while after his conversion was regarded as complete, he became intoxicated, and in that state called upon the priest, who met him at his door and, perceiving his condition, started back, exclaiming, "I am sorry, sorry, sorry!"

"Are you indeed truly sorry, father?" said the fallen convert.

"Yes, I am," said the priest.

"Well," said the other, "God bless you! I forgive you."

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Winding Up Time.

A wee, brown maid on the doorstep sat,
Her small face hid 'neath a wide-brimmed hat;
A broken clock on her baby knee,
She wound with an ancient, rusty key.
"What are you doing, my pretty one?
Playing with Time?" I asked in fun,
Large and wise were the dark, soft eyes,
Lifted to mine in grave surprise.
"I'se windin' him up to make him go,
For he's so dreadful pokey and slow."
Winding up Time? Ah, baby mine,
How crawl these lengthened moments of thine!
How sadly slow goes the staid old man!
But he has not changed since the world began,
He does not change; but in after years,
When he mingles our cup of joy with tears,
And duties are many and pleasures fleet,
And the way grows rough 'neath our tired feet.
When the day is too short for our crowd of cares,
And night surprises us unawares,
We do not wish to hurry his feet,
But find he is going all too fleet.
Ah baby mine, some future day
You will throw that rusted key away,
And to Phœbus' car will madly cling,
As it whirls along, like a winged thing,
And wonder how, years and years ago,
You could ever have thought that time was slow.

— *Harry James.*

THE "Bloody Monday" rushes between sophomores and freshmen at Harvard, on the first Monday night after the term opens, are all that remains of the custom in vogue thirty years ago of having a "football fight" between the two classes. This annual contest finally grew so savage, that the Faculty prohibited it, threatening severe punishment in case their mandates were disobeyed. Resistance was vain, so the students decided to give up the custom, and have a closing service. Accordingly, before night, an express wagon was seen carrying a drum, which was left at the upper end of Cambridge Common. After dark, it was noticed that the usual crowds of students in ragged attire had not gathered. Soon, however, the sound of a drum was heard, and a procession appeared, at the head of which was a drum-major with a huge bearskin cap and a baton, accompanied by assistants with craped staffs and torches, and followed by two bass-drummers; the elegist, with his Oxford cap and black gown, and brows and cheeks crocked to appear as if wearing huge goggles; four spade-bearers; six pall-bearers, with a six-foot coffin on their shoulders; and then the sophomore class in full ranks. Their hats were without brims, their apparel such as suited the tearing football fight, and their left legs wound with crape. The procession moved on in perfectly good order to the yard, and halted under the trees toward the upper end, where a circle was formed, and the coffin passed around for the friends to take a last look at the contents, — simply a football with painted frill fastened into the head of the coffin; while the spade-bearers plied their instruments vigorously in digging the grave. Then the elegist, in excessively sanctimonious manner, amid sighs, sobs, groans and lamentations, the noise of which might have been heard for a mile, read by torch-light the following address and poem, —

DEARLY BELOVED: — We have met together upon this mournful occasion to perform the sad offices over one whose long and honored life was put to an end in a sudden and violent manner. Last year, at this very time, in this very place, our poor friend's round, jovial appearance (slightly swollen perhaps) and the *elasticity* of his movements gave promise of many years more to be added to a long life which even then eclipsed the oldest graduate's. When he rose exultingly in the air, looking like the war-angel sounding the onset and hovering over the mingling fray, we little thought, then, that to-night he would lie so low, surrounded by weeping Sophs. Exult, ye freshmen, and clap your hands! The wise men who make big laws around a little table have stretched out their arms to encircle you, and for this once, at least, your eyes and noses are protected; you are shielded behind the ægis of Minerva. But for us there is naught but sorrow, the sweet associations and tender memories of eyes "bunged up," of noses distended, of battered shins, the many blows anteriorly and posteriorly received and delivered, the rush, the struggle, the victory! They call forth our deep regret and unaffected tears. The enthusiastic cheers, the "Auld Lang Syne," each student grasping a brother's hand, — all, all have passed away, and will soon be buried with the football beneath the sod, to live hereafter only as a dream in our memories and in the college annals. Brothers, pardon my emotion, and if I have already kept you too long, pardon me this also. On such an occasion as this, but few words can be spoken, but those must be spoken, for they are the outburst of grieved spirits and sad hearts. What remains for me to say is short, and in the words of a well-known poem."

He then read the following parody on the "*Burial of Sir John Moore*":

But one drum we had, with its funeral note,
As the coffin we hitherward hurried,
And in crape we are decked, for proudly we dote
On the football that's soon to be buried.

We'll bury him sadly at dim twilight,
As day into night is just turning,
With a solemn dirge, by the dismal light
Of the torches dimly burning.

With pall and bier that's borne by the crew,
And a headstone carried behind them,
His corpse shall ride with becoming pride,
With martial music before him.

'Gainst the faculty let not a word be said,
Though we cannot but speak our sorrow;
We'll steadfastly gaze on the face of the dead,
And bitterly think on the morrow.

We think, as we hollow the narrow bed,
And fasten the humble foot-board,
That to-morrow at chapel we'll see no black eyes,
Or noses that show they've been hit hard.

The faculty talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
And little we'll care if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a sophomore laid him.

'Tis time that our heavy task was done,
And I would advise our retiring,
Or we'll hear the voice of some savage one
For the ringleader gruffly inquiring.

The coffin was then lowered into the grave, which the sexton filled, and at the head was now placed the following epitaph in white letters on a black board:

Hic jacet
FOOTBALL FIGHTUM
Obiit July 2, 1860
Æt. LX. years
Resurgat.

On the foot-piece the words,

"IN MEMORIAM"

were inscribed over a winged skull.

While they were filling the grave, the class sang, to the air of "Auld Lang Syne," the following

DIRGE.

AH! woe betide the luckless time
When manly sports decay,
And football, stigmatized as crime,
Must sadly pass away.

Chorus: Shall Sixty-three submit to see
Such cruel murder done
And not proclaim the deed of shame?
No! let's unite as one!

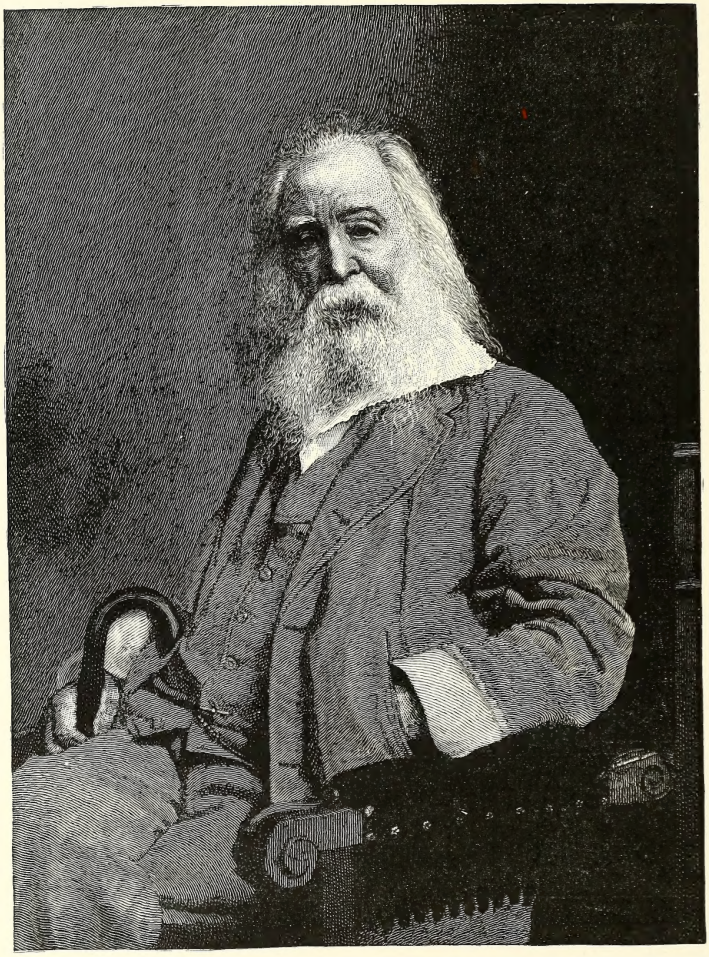
O hapless ball, you little knew,
When last upon the air
You lightly o'er the Delta flew,
Your grave was measured here.

Chorus: But Sixty-three will never see
Your noble spirit fly,
And not unite in funeral rite,
And swell your dirge's cry.

Beneath this sod we lay you down,
This scene of glorious fight;
With dismal groans and yells we'll drown
Your mournful burial rite.

Chorus: For Sixty-three will never see
Such cruel murder done,
And not proclaim the deed of shame,
No! let's unite as one!

Cheers for the various classes and groans for the faculty were then given, and the students dispersed, having gone through all the ceremonies with a laughable mock gravity, good humor, and good order.



WALT WHITMAN

THE

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NEW SERIES. MAY, 1891. VOL. IV. NO. 3.

WALT WHITMAN AT DATE.

By Horace L. Traubel.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS has recently said: "'Leaves of Grass,' which I first read at the age of twenty-five, influenced me more, perhaps, than any other book has done, except the Bible; more than Plato, more than Goethe." Such emphatic frankness, so exalted an estimate, by such a man, commands attention.

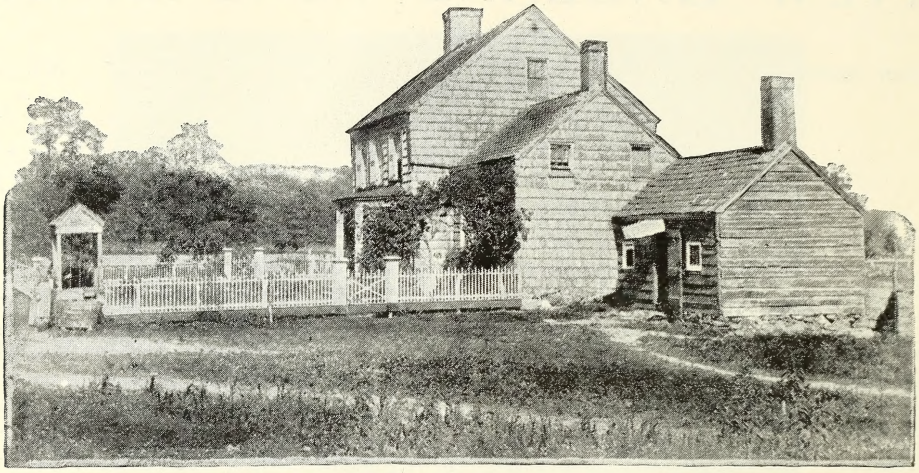
While the world knows Walt Whitman by name, or from the controversies he has aroused, it is often strangely ignorant of the simple principles for which he stands as a writer, of the gifts which distinguish him as a man, and of the splendid courage with which he has passed triumphantly through a generation of abuse and misunderstanding. My purpose here is to take up chiefly the personality of the man. How stands he among his friends, and in the street, how is his philosophy lived out, into what runs the red flood of his everyday life? We have known him showered with defamation on the one hand, and on the other hand ignored. Yet he has always proved to be a man with whom a policy of avoidance was not wise, and a policy of brutality futile. His great friend O'Connor loved to describe, as he passionately described to me not long before his death, the simple power that Whitman asserted in the merely casual deeds of his life in Washington. O'Connor would tell of his unstudied majesty — of the betrayal of this in the carriage of the head, the swing of the body, the ease and confidence of his step. He would say that some looked to applaud, some to disdain, but all looked, and all realized in some way his unusual personality.

There have been discussions of the form of his work, of his disregard and dislike of traditions, of his philosophy as developed in religious, political or other directions. Critics have doubted his art, even his integrity, have stood aghast at his "impurity," been dismayed by his lusty first-hand power, and shaken wise heads over the alleged downward tendency of his realism. Yet the earlier shock yields in almost every vigorous person to healthier influences. There is no quality of his individuality without a similar history, running the thread of enmity to conquest and unswerving loyalty. Some to whom at this moment he stands pre-eminent for poetic genius were not long ago among the deniers that such a guerilla could meet the first test of poetic force. It is this change of feeling, and the quality of those who have come to love the poet, that create new reasons for desiring to know the habits and humors of the man.

When I once asked Whitman what three or four names of absolute greatness he thought America had so far offered, he answered interrogatively: "What would you say to Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and Emerson?" I have frequently heard from him the highest mention of Cooper in the same connection. To these, or to whatever others might be insisted

upon, I do not hesitate to add his own name.

But abating here all question of greatness, I wish to jot roughly something of Walt Whitman, the man, as I know him, in these later years. I assume that he is greatly great, — and that as time absorbs these details of days, these throbs of passing loss and gain, the color which the daily life of the poet has worn will be increasingly question of interest.



Walt Whitman's Birthplace, West Hills, Suffolk Co., L. I.

Walt Whitman came to Camden in 1873, and I have known him ever since. It is one of the pleasant mysteries of our intercourse how our ways first crossed, for neither of us has remembrance. The history of the years preceding this change of habitat are well known or easily accessible. Whitman's life has now covered seventy-one years. From 1819 to 1855, at which last date "Leaves of Grass" was first published, Whitman's experience had been most varied, always in the line of the preservation of those primary rugged qualities which are the background of great events or great persons. He had been builder, type-setter, reporter, teacher, editor; and through the associations thus brought had penetrated the shallows and deeps of American character. Losing any part of these, of travels North and South, of contact with class and mass, would have meant loss to the great poem and to its prevailing spirit. If you speak to him about these potent influences, he will speak to you of the importance of things which history forgets.

Whitman's immediate touch with our democracy in the making must be remembered, if any picture of the man is to be gained.

When Whitman was born (1819), Walter Scott was at the meridian of his fame; "Ivanhoe" was just out, and not long after "Quentin Durward" appeared. Scott has been throughout a great and attractive character to Walt Whitman, especially in his personality and in his "Border Minstrelsy" ballads. Whitman has been fed, as Dr. Bucke has remarked, first on Long Island scenery and the real seashore, then on New York and Brooklyn city life, superadding the southern journeys, the secession war, and western travel. But books have had not a little to do with his initiative; and those "Border Minstrelsy" ballads were the first start of all.

He has said to me that "the special designs, either of the artist to make a fine work from æsthetic or poetic or imaginative or intellectual points of view, or of the moralist or religioso from his, sinks into quite a subordinate position," in the scheme of "Leaves of Grass."

Walt Whitman is often spoken of as a man of details; but, after all, "Leaves of

Grass" is a spirit, not a statistical rehearsal, as nature is a spirit and not a count of the leaves of her forests. Out of a so expansive life, a life which, while careless of subtleties, has turned unfailing reverence upon the play of sympathy in man, came the liberal figure known in Camden these sixteen years past.

My earliest memory of Whitman leads me back to boyhood, when, sitting together on his doorsteps, we spent many a late afternoon or evening in review of books we had read. I am quite clear about the dread I experienced in the face of his subtle questions. Once I took him my copy of Castelar's "Lord Byron and Other Sketches," and he expressed himself freely in applause. He had already imbibed a genuine love and admiration for the great Spaniard, and this sentiment he still feels. These were my first years with Emerson, and the questions provoked by this would startle me by their directness. At this time Whitman lived with his brother, Colonel George Whitman. The house they occupied was capacious, a plain brick house, finely shadowed at the front with trees. It was Whitman's habit in milder weather to spend the early evening out of doors. I often happened upon him, as he sat there in the shade, heroic in port and word to all who passed. His living-room was in the third story front, which faced south. But I was as apt to meet him strolling along the street, or on the boat, as at his home. On cold days he wore his long gray coat; in very hot weather he might be observed on his way without coat, vest, or suspenders, distinguished from afar by the glimpse of a spotless white shirt, open always at the throat. I recall many such approaches. My nebulous impression then was of a large man, of generous nature, magnetic beyond speech. All my earlier views tended to recognize him as man, rather than as prophet, as a summing-up of singular personal power. Although I was not ignorant of his books, or inclined to underestimate their gravity, what he had written seemed dwarfed by the quality of this attractiveness. He rarely spoke to me of his work. Copious in narrative,



Mickle St, Camden, N. J.

frank and clear in comment upon current affairs, especially lingering upon the details of the life of the streets, Whitman's spoken word or speechless presence was to me a high and incessant resource. I can recall how vividly he would touch upon the then more recent hospital experience. He had not the least arrogance of speech: his attention when I spoke, his curiosity to grasp the pith of what I said, was unfailing.

I have been fortunate to hear Whitman describe the circumstance of his sickness and certain consequences of it which led to his settlement in Camden. It appears that while in Washington, from 1864 to 1870, he suffered several partial paralytic attacks, the influence of which he succeeded in temporarily throwing off, by medical counsel, but mainly by drafts upon that private reserve of wisdom which in all later perils has secured him; he thus stayed what afterwards was proved to be an inevitable, if impeded, work. But finally, after 1870, a culminating severe spell, in the form of the rupture of a small blood vessel at the back of the head, prostrated him. The trouble was complicated by the death of his mother and a sister. He had seemed to be recovering, but the sad conflux of sorrows produced a relapse. Furthermore, the hot weather was approaching. His doctor, W. B. Drinkard, of whose wisdom and noble manhood Whitman frequently speaks, peremptorily ordered a change of *locale*. Starting for the New Jersey seacoast, he broke down badly in Philadelphia. He was taken to Camden.



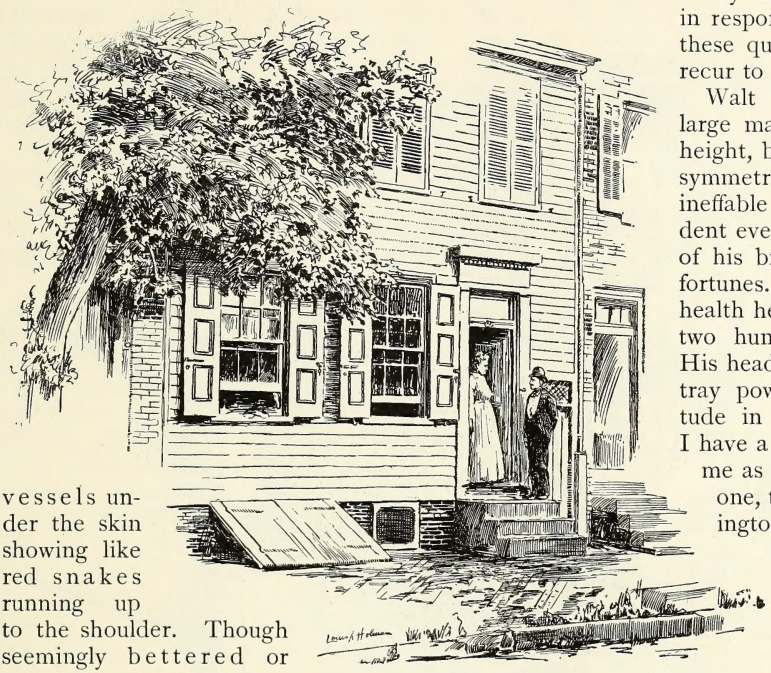
Warren Fritzinger, Walt Whitman's Nurse.

His friends and family, hardly less than Whitman himself, anticipated an early and fatal termination. Nevertheless, in a few months he again rallied, going off into the country as soon as able, staying there under plain conditions, having no conference with doctors nor welcome for medicine, making love with open-air influences, and healing himself by intuitions that superbly suited method to man. Thence back to Camden and permanent settlement. The years since have been marked by acute physical trials. "I have closely grazed death more than once," he says. Back of repeated recoveries stands the fact of his great rock-ribbed heredity and constitution. Drinkard wrote from Washington to a Philadelphia doctor, detailing Whitman's case, that here was a man with "the most natural habits, bases, and organization" he had "ever met with or ever saw." Dr. Bucke, whose authority is grounded both in friendship and professional insight, lays stress upon Whitman's exceptional physical qualities, his stature, his build, the nobility of his form and features, his splendid constitution, the remarkable acuteness of his senses, as well as the depth of his moral intuition, and the subtlety and truth of his instincts.

Whitman at times describes the phases of his trouble. His prostration arose

from a poisoned wound in the right hand, received while assisting at the amputation of the gangrened limb of a Virginia Union soldier, to whom he was much attached. Hand and arm inflamed and swelled, the vessels under the skin showing like red snakes running up to the shoulder. Though seemingly bettered or cured, the excessive labors and worriments of that period, with the saturation of hospital malaria, through those hot summers, no doubt in a measure sapped even his almost perfect organization. "Nothing overmuch" had in earlier times been his self-counsel. But in the presence of a great necessity, such mottoes must be thrown to the winds. He once said to me: "Perhaps only one who has seen the fearful suffering and wholesale death of those days, for mere lack of care and aid, can understand or sympathize with my impulses and acts." He ministered to fully a hundred thousand persons, cheering all, making no distinction of North or South, alleviating where he could the red overflow of discord and dismay. All his speech upon this topic is subdued. He never vaunts his choice and participation. He never sets up for sainthood.

I will not linger upon this earlier history. The transition through the first years of our acquaintance to the later intimacy was gradual and never broken. Since this intimacy has become known, the questions put to me by letter and speech have been multitudinous. What I say here is largely in response to such of these questions as now recur to me.



Walt Whitman's House.

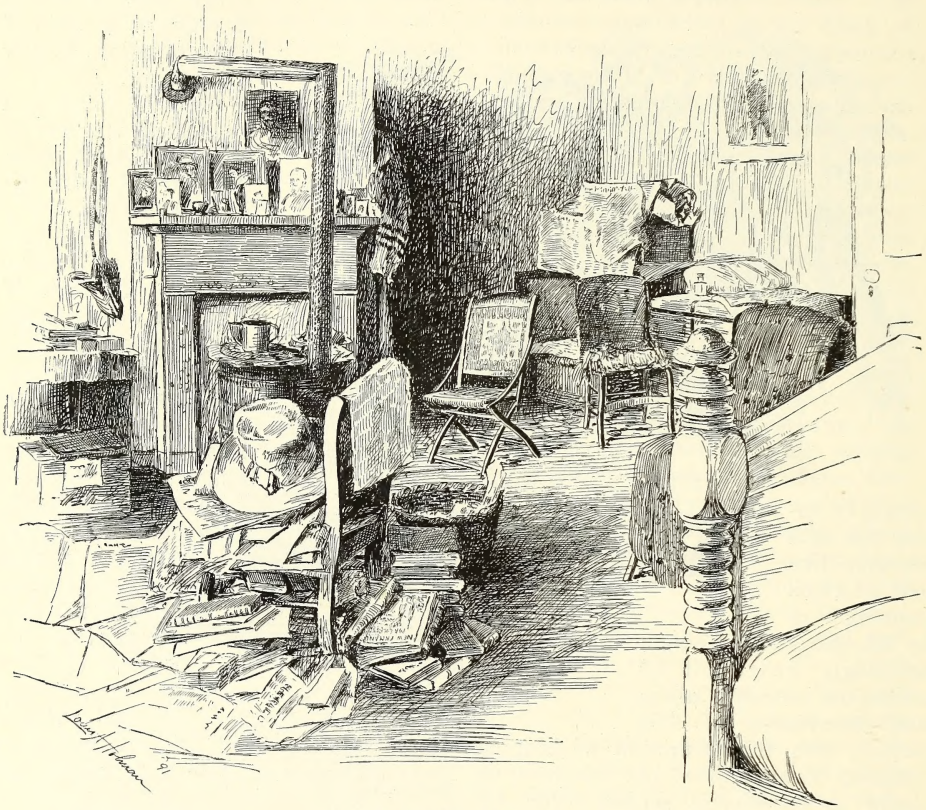
Walt Whitman is a large man, six feet in height, broad of build, symmetrical, with an ineffable freedom evident even in these days of his broken physical fortunes. In years of health he weighed fully two hundred pounds. His head and face betray power and fortitude in high degree.[1] I have a picture before me as I write, a rare one, taken at Washington in 1863, which reveals phases which no later portraits discover. The beard, cropped rather close, and the head, with its elevation and unshadowed energy, express im-

[1] His head, phrenologically considered, may be a study to many. Here is the chart of an expert, who was probably in his day the best in America, taken at Clinton Hall, New York, July, 1849. Whitman was then in his thirty-first year, and was already beginning to put his "Leaves" in shape. The following, written by Mr. Fowler, is extracted from a larger and very deliberate schedule. The organs are marked by figures from 1 to 7 indicating their degrees of development, 1 meaning very small, 2 small, 3 moderate, 4 average, 5 full, 6 large, and 7 very large.

"This man has a grand physical constitution, and power to live to a good old age. He is undoubtedly descended from the soundest and hardiest stock. Size of brain large, twenty-three inches round the head. Leading traits of character appear to be Friendship, Sympathy, Sublimity, and Self-Esteem, and markedly among his combinations the dangerous faults of Indolence, a tendency to the pleasure of Voluptuousness and Alimentiveness, and a certain reckless swing of animal will, too unmindful, probably, of the convictions of others. Amativeness 6, Philoprogenitiveness 6, Adhesiveness 6, Inhabitiveness 6, Concentrativeness 4, Combativeness 6, Destructiveness 5 to 6, Alimentiveness 6, Acquisitiveness 4, Secretiveness 3, Cautiousness 6, Approbativeness 4, Self-Esteem 6 to 7, Firmness 6 to 7, Conscientiousness 6, Hope 4, Marvellousness 3, Veneration 4, Benevolence 6 to 7, Constructiveness 5, Ideality 5 to 6, Sublimity 6 to 7, Imitation 5, Mirthfulness 5, Individuality 6, Form 6, Size 6, Weight 6, Color 3, Order 5, Calculation 5, Locality 6, Eventuality 6, Time 3, Tune 4, Language 5, Causality 5 to 6, Comparison 6, Suavitiveness 4, Intuitiveness or Human Nature 6."

mense virility, mingled with the most delicate evidences of emotion and sympathy. His complexion, while still fine, is nowadays somewhat paled; and yet it has the same marvellous purity and transparency, which of old had showed its unpolluted origin. The rosy pink tint of the skin, of body as of face, and its peculiar softness and richness of texture are unlike that of any man I have known. His eye is dull — one realizes how dull when he is seen sitting face to face with his friend Dr. Bucke, who has an eagle's orb. Twenty years, with their history of physical disaster, have dimmed and troubled his sight and not infrequently, through painful symptoms, aroused his fear and lament.

His voice has been strong and resonant. Full of music — a rich tenor — it charms ear and heart. It has high tones not so sweet. In ordinary talk it may give out the defects, with the virtues, of monotone. But for depiction of event or repetition of poetic lines or prophetic utterance he gives it curious and exquisite modulations. Its range is simple, like the simplicity of the language itself. I have heard him raise his speech in argument till it was as shrill and imperative as a bugle, and talk to babes in tones that cooed like a cradle song. His gestures are few and effective. He has an extraordinarily large ear, set at an unusual line. His hand is the hand of laborer and scribe, large in bone and sinew and shaped for liberal ends. In all the years of my knowledge of him he has been lamed below the hips, so that I have never seen him in halcyon vigor. His paralysis from the first deprived him of effective locomotive power, and the sad strokes in 1888 almost utterly deprived him of the old certainty of support. The



Walt Whitman's Bedroom.

severest shock has been on the left side. To-day he possesses perhaps nowhere actual power apart from the right arm, which, better than the other limbs, has withstood assault.

It is almost superfluous to add that "the good gray poet" is no misnomer; the silvered hair and beard, the customary suit of gray, the wide-brimmed gray wool hat, combining to preserve the integrity of the term.

Whitman does not, either at first glance or finally, suggest the intellectual type. He never overwhelms by a show of the knowledge which the schools propound. He suggests power, mass, repose — carrying a train of qualities which might be called Greek. I went to him once with William M. Salter. On our exit the visitor exclaimed: "What a beautiful face! and his voice, too, how grand! I have, perhaps, in no one else known such a presence." Everybody I take there is first of all moved by the mere port and odor — the magnetic mystery of his person. I never heard any one remark initially the brains, smartness, erudition, of the man, as they do of others, though these, too, are unmistakably present. Group him with the happiest selection of men, and he easily looms above them, however in special ways any one might be regarded as his superior. I have been present under such circumstances in his bedroom and elsewhere — when he was the central figure by right which no one could dispute.

In his parlor, one cold night, I said: "You are an open-air god — this does not seem your place! It is as if we plumped an oak down in your parlor, and said, 'There — get life!'" He laughed and said: "However I ought to be, here I am — here is the oak!" But the oak keeps its grandeur, outspreading threshold and roof-tree to the latest day.

Whitman's first years in Camden were spent boarding with his brother and sister-in-law, in Stevens Street. The Boston persecution (the threatened lawsuit against the Osgood edition) for a year or two excited the usual curiosity-sale of his books. The resultant income, combined with certain generous and accepted tenders of George W. Childs, enabled him to purchase the little wooden house in which he has now for eight years dispensed a modest hospitality. It is a plain, box-like building, with two simple stories and a slanting loft, divided into six rooms and a bathroom. Up to June, 1888, the parlor was both workroom and reception-room, though it may have occurred at times that he wrote or read in the room above. Of late the latter has received all the honors of occupancy. It is but rarely that he goes downstairs during the day. All his meals are eaten in his "workshop." Special visitors are received in the parlor. In the evening he will in some seasons sit at one of the lower windows, often after his trip in the wheeled chair, often if not going out at all. He will wave his hands to friends as they pass. With hat and coat at careless ease, and hair stirred by gentle breezes, he haloes the spot. Not infrequently will he remain an hour or more in his chair out on the sidewalk.

There have been long periods since June, 1888, during which he has not left his room except for his bath. Self-helpful, gently forbidding even minor attentions, he is yet infallibly cautious. The trips he takes about the house are possibly more painful and toilsome to those who watch than to him. The wheeled chair was one outcome of the dinner fund in 1889, in addition to a surplus in cash. It has been a great boon. The horse and buggy — the historic gift of a group of loving friends — were sold in 1888, in the conviction that they would never be needed again. They had been a lease of larger life. Sometimes he was willing to be driven, sometimes he would prefer to be alone. He would cover good stretches of the flat but fertile country, delighting in every evidence of thrift and prosperity. Though often in Philadelphia, his main driving was done on the good pikes running out of Camden. The landscape, the farms, the crops were a never-failing exhilaration. I have lounged by his carriage on the boat, and had his greeting as he rushed past me on the road, the head erect and beard flowing in the wind. I remember how one recognition impressed me in the bustle of Philadelphia life, a summer's day, years

ago — the contrast of his serenity with the impatience of everything about him.

Whitman's birthday in 1888, May 31, was marked by a reception tendered him at Thomas B. Harned's residence. It was a simple, domestic occasion, which he much enjoyed. A supper, the dropping-in of a few friends, informal talk, a little music, was all. That night I took him the first proofs of "November Boughs." Within the few days that followed, June 2d and 3d, occurred those several slight paralytic shocks which left such serious results. He was with us at Harned's for dinner on Sunday, the second. In the afternoon, Dr. Bucke surprised us. We had supposed him in Canada, but he had come into the States with a sanitary delegation. Later, when Whitman's carriage drove up, he apologized to Clifford, "I had intended giving you this trip," and went off with Dr. Bucke, who had but a brief space to remain. He left Bucke at the ferry and hastened off, now alone, into the country, northward, to what is called Pea Shore. Here his horse was urged into the water, and Whitman — the haughty Delaware at his feet, a speckless sky overhead — spent what he described as an unspeakable hour in contemplation of the sunset. Whether because of this daring, or because of something else, a chill, and with it signs of paralysis, appeared in the evening. Suffering this initial shock in his room when alone, he stubbornly refrained from calling assistance. He told us subsequently that he had determined to fight the battle out single-handed. The next forenoon he sustained another shock, and toward noon a third. I had come over that day with proofs, and found him upon the lounge, Harned at his side, Mrs. Davis, his invaluable friend and housekeeper, near, he unable to speak, for the first time affected in this way, though he had suffered many similar shocks. Yet his resilience was so positive that before I left he looked cursorily at all the proofs, and answered all my questions. On Saturday night he appeared to be down to the border line of collapse, and there were hours on Sunday when we all felt that he had come to his end. Recovery from this attack was tedious and never absolute; Whitman always attributed the recovery to Dr. Bucke's presence and skill. He called it "pulling safely from a close call."

In the mean time we proceeded with our schemes, producing "November Boughs" and the thousand-paged autograph edition of his complete works. In 1889 we printed an edition of "Leaves of Grass," in celebration of his birthday. "November Boughs" was slow in the making. I was daily with its author. Spells of illness made continuous work impossible; but he heroically persevered. I left proof with him each evening on my return from Philadelphia, and he would examine them the following day. He had a keen eye for mistakes in the types, his corrections were always clear, and his determination to have things his own way was absolute. "November Boughs" contained both prose and verse, the latter grouped as "Sands at Seventy" and so arranged as to be incorporated with all later editions of "Leaves of Grass." I remember our discussion of this headline at Harned's table, one Sunday. Whitman had an alternate, and then an alternate for the alternate — and we voted for the words he adopted. There was plan and plan, till the last touch was secured. I never found him working at random or throwing his works together. Neither did he build in any formal sense. He set his streams free and let them find their natural union. Stedman classes Whitman's Lincoln poem with Lowell's ode — but there is every difference between them, as between a cloud or a brook that floats or flows in the humor of freedom, and a stately arch that is deliberately built.

Whitman likes a handsome page. He is averse, for example, to a full, black closing page; would rather cut off a precious paragraph, as he did, in "A Backward Glance," than leave the eye offended. So, too, would he accommodate the poems to the circumstance. A line too much or too little did not worry him. His insertions were circumspect, and his blue-pencilled excisions were made without compunction. The little poem, "Memories," was written on the

margin of a proof sheet, to fill up a page. He always had a noble line ready. Two or three of the poems were written in this time of his great illness, to run in on page 403. He was most patient with the printers. When anything pleased him, he always wished to send some book or coin or portrait, in recognition, for instance, to the boy who took his proofs, to the foreman who anticipated his desires and realized his taste, to the binder who forecast or confirmed his design.

Whitman's caution is a quality to be noted. I never knew him do a thing in a hurry. The printer could not get a snap "yes" or "no" in any question. He would insist on full time to weigh every problem. Some of his friends thought he ought to give the books into other hands. He would not do it. He liked counsel well, but liked better the privilege to refuse it. But he was always gentle. His nays were sweeter than the yeas of other men. He had such a fascinating way of following his notions, after having listened to all that could be said in criticism, you were not sure he had not absorbed your own. "November Boughs" threw up numerous questions. One of them attached to the fate of the essay on Elias Hicks. It was only after much persuasion, and after the development of the fact that our book was to lack in bulk, that he decided to include it. The piece was not really finished, was not all that Whitman intended, but he patched it together, smoothed the rough joints, wrote a prefatory note, and there it stands.

We followed this volume with the "complete" Whitman, containing all in poetry or prose to that day printed. The "Note at Beginning," and "Note at End," in the big volume, and the title page, are new, and were the subject of much debate. Both notes were quite impromptu. We pursued the new task under much the same anxiety. Whitman was vigilant, however much it cost his body. Errors that had passed into earlier editions, trifles of punctuation or spelling, were adjusted. Whitman always keeps copies of his books, in which to indicate the discoveries of successive readings. With each new edition he makes some change. He always says that, though the earlier volumes may have a "curio" value, the latest have the only full, intrinsic worth. He owns the plates of "Leaves of Grass," and "November Boughs." "Specimen Days" belongs to McKay. But the "complete" Whitman and the birthday edition appear without the name of a publisher. Whitman sells them from time to time, either through McKay, or direct from the box in the corner of his room to the customer. Orders come from the most distant points, in Europe and America, in Australia and, perhaps, in Asia. Usually, in sending off a book, he writes to the purchaser to acknowledge its arrival. Books and portraits are sent in numbers for his autograph, and he is certainly as generous as he ought to be in complying with these requests.

Whitman loves children, though at first contact they seem in these later days to shrink from him. John Burroughs recites one memorable instance in which Whitman inspired confidence from the beginning, and which would seem to show that what I note might not always have been true. The great figure and long, shaggy beard are formidable obstacles to immediate intimacy. But his voice, gestures, and touch are quick to reassure; and once children know him, they never fear again. He will reach for them as they pass him in the street, will place them on his knee when they come to see him, will question them as gently as a mother — and when they go will give them banana or apple or flower or any little token which the moment yields to his hand. This simple response to the life of children characterizes his contact with all things. Age, fame, wealth, poverty, do not seem to affect his demeanor. The same dress that carries him to the shop, fits him for the reception. He does not like to be questioned, yet is himself much given to questioning others. He wants the vivid event and terminology of industrial life, the minutiæ of banks, the inside facts of great enterprises — those intimate minor streams which vivify and explain the hour. He likes to talk to theatrical men, to reporters, to editors. I have never seen him embarrassed. He is the only person I know of whom I can say

this. I have never seen him put on a show of knowledge or seem ashamed to confess an ignorance. His phraseology is never complex, nor always as the schools go. He daringly imputes new meanings to words, calmly adopts new words, serenely illustrates by peculiar combinations. He is justifiably proud of his "Presidentiad" and thinks it belongs in the Century dictionary. He is quick to concede the use of slang, apprehending what of value it contributes to the fund of expression.

But even casual visitors perceive that his simplest talk issues from a generous background. He has his reserves. Vulgar familiarity would never be essayed with him. Literary foppishness is never welcome. Men or women who go to interest him in special causes, philanthropies, to debate with him, to persuade him to read their books or listen to their theories, find him cold and untalkative. People who take advantage and would stay too long or vociferate too much, discover by and by that he has retired within himself, and can hardly be drawn to say a word. Those who have tact accept the lessons; others wonder or are angry. Reporters will ask, "What are your politics?" and he will reply, "I should be glad to have you tell me"; and will retort in kind to questions that touch his religion. I have been frequently asked if Whitman in his recent affliction shows any sign of relenting from his radical notions; and when I say that his affirmations are as strong and serene as ever, some go away disappointed, and some rejoicing. He does not like controversy, yet will on occasion fling out the most unmistakable rebuttals. He has decided impressions of things, rather than "views," and never hides them. His hospitality to the thought of others is warm. He will listen patiently to an opposing view, and be quite likely to admit that "there is much to be said for it," — at the same time conditioning his concession, as if to protect his private integrity: "But back of that is another and another fact, and to them I appeal." He shows deference to opinions for what their weight intrinsically brings, not because fame or eloquence conveys them. His attention is respectful to prophet and to laborer.

He likes free people, incidents fresh from man's instincts, principles that leave man unhampered, governments and systems that put on no shackles. He is an ultra free-trader. His way of stating himself is, that the common classes of all civilized countries are essentially one in their prosperity and means of development, and that inter-trade, mails, travel, commerce, should be free, and that America especially, standing for all these demands, should legislate and illustrate them. He likes William Legget's formula, that "the world is governed too much." He insists that *noblesse oblige* is not only a good motto for superior individuals, but for nations, for America. He condemns the Anti-Chinese law, dislikes restrictions of whatever character put upon the masses. He thinks our age and the United States full of bad elements, but full of good, too, affording ampler eligibilities ("eligibility" being one of his special words) to the good and for the lower classes than have been heretofore known. "Our ship," he says to me, "is the best built possible, and has all the charts of seas, and is the best manned that can be. Are we to go through some bad weather? No doubt. But we'll get through. It will have to be pretty tough to be worse than the storms behind us; and here we are, better than ever."

The spontaneity he would exact of society at large he exemplifies in himself. All his habits are informal. One Sunday evening, at Harned's table, when an unusually large group of us were gathered, I happened to make some allusion to Fitz Greene Halleck. This attracted Whitman, who said he had known and liked Halleck, and that more than once they had sat together over their wine. Some impulse led from this to his vigorous quotation of the opening lines of "Marco Bozzaris." His fork was half raised to his mouth. A bit of bread and meat were nicely balanced on it; and now, as the first lines seemed to take down any barrier, he recited the whole poem, with infinite fire, to the joy of us all. When he was done, the fork and its cargo completed their voyage. I have heard him recite, under

similar circumstances, the one poem from Murger of which he is so fond. Sitting opposite a picture of Lincoln, he would often raise his glass, "Here is to you," once or twice on special days inviting the whole table to pay this reverence. One of these days was with Thomas H. Dudley, Felix Adler, John H. Clifford, and S. Burns Weston present. Dudley and Whitman got into a debate on the tariff, Adler sharing in Whitman's support. At the table, Whitman said: "Our talk should have been reported — it was too good to be wholly lost. . . . You, Dudley, — I am sure I have never heard that side so plausibly put before." He had a way of spending at least a part of his Sundays with the Harneds, — Mr. Harned married a sister of the writer's, — if not appearing for dinner, coming in the wind-up of a drive in the afternoon, to tea. Many men, distinguished and obscure, met him on these visits. He was a guest thus for some years, till the calamity in 1888, — and Harned's is the only strange house at which a few exceptional meals have since been taken. I remember a Christmas dinner at which Ernest Rhys, one of Whitman's London admirers, was present. Whitman's appetite was invariably good; but his eating and drinking were alike temperate. He always talked easily at Harned's, whether in the parlor or at meals. The children discovered in him a natural companion. In his aversion to drugs and regimen, Whitman is as positive to-day as in days of best health. He has never used tobacco in any form, is only a moderate partaker of good wines and whiskies, and is studiedly abstemious with coffee and tea.

It was the night of Washington's birthday, 1887, that Whitman appeared before the Contemporary Club, in Philadelphia. I conveyed the invitation to him weeks previous, and I remember his consent as he sat by the winter fire in his parlor. We tried to get him to write some few brief notes or passages which he might read and then let go (a precious historic manuscript) into the archives of the Club; but in the end no word was obtained or written.

Professor Brinton came over to see me one evening, and we went down to Whitman's together. He happened to be in the kitchen talking to Mrs. Davis, and there received us, neither apologizing nor offering to take us elsewhere. Some chance question in the course of our talk caused his digression to Greek art and poetry; and his confident comment flowed without stint, and in tones straight from the forces he described. I walked to the ferry with Brinton, who said as he was leaving me: "That was a great talk. Why shouldn't he go over just such ground for the Club? It is the very thing we want." Next day I repeated this to Whitman, who asked in wonder: "What did I talk about? I don't remember a word of it."

The night of the meeting I had a carriage ready and made the trip over with him. Cold as it was, he threw every window open. He saluted all the ferrymen, had quite a talk with one of the deck hands, was soon on easy terms with our driver. The stars were so clear, the air so racy, he said at one moment: "It is like a new grant of health and freedom." When we reached Gerard Street (the meeting was in the New Century Club rooms) half a dozen men who stood about offered to help him. He was readily got upstairs, into the already crowded and not capacious room. We took his overcoat and hat. First, he sat among the irregular clusters of members and their friends. There was a platform raised about a foot at one end of the room. Would he take that? He responded, "I am in your hands, now," adding, "but, first, can't we get more air into this room?" He was helped to the platform. The scene was unique and impressive. The contrast of his simple, massive exterior — his voice, élan, and smile — and the literary, intellectual, often elegant pomp of the group about him, was great. Some of us sat along the edge of the platform at his feet, others stood behind him. He was practically surrounded. But whatever the contrast, the doubt, the critical feeling, his own bearing shamed all assertion. His freedom and spontaneity were, in fact, almost exasperating. He would not, for instance, talk of poetry, of philosophy, of art, or of anything which

would inaugurate controversy. Subtle inquiries were advanced and passed. He took some printed sheets from his breast-pocket, reading "The Mystic Trumpeter" and "A Voice from the Sea," repeated Murger's "Midnight Visitor," and answered one or two of the more innocent questions that were put. One response, that method did not trouble him, his own method or that of others, provided he or they "got there," excited much amusement. His reading was solemn and impressive. There was some further program, in which he apparently took little interest. He chose his own time to whisper to me his desire to go; and he was led out as he had been led in. On the step he turned to me — I had one arm — and made some remark about the glory of the stars and how good it was to be free with them again.

The Contemporary Club has since given him a second reception, on April 15th, 1890. This time he read his Lincoln address. He volunteered it, through me, casually, one night. He had missed 1889, because the early months of that year were full of doubt and disaster. But now he felt able to venture and inspired to speak. He was prompted by what he described as a sentiment of religious duty. There was that in his love for Lincoln which set him this sad yet joyous task. But in the mean time he suffered a return of the grippe, and for a few days it seemed that it would be impossible for him to go out. He said to me a number of times: "I hate to give this up — hate to be baulked; none of my friends, not you, not Dr. Bucke, know the full measure of my stubbornness." But the Tuesday night was in every respect auspicious, and four of us went over in the carriage together. Whitman afterward described this voyage to the Boston *Transcript*. The ride was very much as the previous one had been. But the exertion of ascending a long flight of stairs, which he insisted upon, nearly overcame him. He was led to the platform, read his new introductory words, and got along without great difficulty. His voice was melodious, almost as strong as years before. He would not be introduced, saying to the president or to some others that he desired no preliminaries. His manner was indefinably easy. He wore his glasses, often gesticulated appropriately, now and then left his manuscript to add a sentence or to look across the room, as if into some infinite significance of phrase or thought. There were passages in the recital of which he threw his great body back in his chair, spoke with great vehemence, raising head and tone and eye in perfect accord. He patiently remained until Dr. Furness had finished his remarks, and then retired as unostentatiously as he had come. He said laughingly the next day, "The victory was, that I did not 'flunk' altogether." The victory was, likewise, that he had again borne testimony to the one of two or three or the one single man in America with whom he recognized a consanguinity of purpose.

I have been asked whether Whitman does not lack humor, whether his manners are not uncouth, and kindred things, of which the absurdity is apparent to anyone who meets him face to face. Whitman's composure is usually perfect. Dr. Bucke attributes his recovery, such as it has been, from his last severe sickness, to his moral strength and calmness — to the fact that in seasons of crisis he has never been mastered by, but has always mastered, all depressing emotions. I have known incidents which would have angered or roused the laughter of any other man, to pass by him unnoticed. I have never seen his composure shocked but once, and that under extraordinary circumstances against which no human being has defence. His passion, when it explodes, has a Lear-like intensity. He seems equally frank in welcome of praise or condemnation. Persons come to him deliberately for the purpose of debate, either about his work or theirs. He shows no deference to such purpose, no matter in whom. But courtly and noble welcome, under all proper conditions, never fails. He will rarely debate his own work with his intimates. But he is always disposed to assert his right to question. After he publishes a piece, he will ask: "Is it clear sailing?" or, "Is it up to standard?" or some similar inquiry which does not commit him, and yet

elicits the frank judgment of the person addressed.

He told me that he had been familiar and well-used in the various departments of a New York daily paper, and that one of the men at one time, during his illness, came on to see him, to bear back authentic word as to his condition. "Give them all my best respects and love," said he, on the emissary's departure. "Tell them I still hold the fort, after a sort. Tell them my spirits are good; I eat, drink, assimilate, sleep, and digest pretty well. I remember every one of them perfectly, and would like to be with them this moment." I have carried many such messages, to printers, mechanics, writers, men in all occupations.

He always has a good word and welcome for Southerners. He has lived much in the South, from Virginia to Texas, and might in ways be taken (and sometimes has been taken) for a Carolina or Alabama planter. He likes visitors who bring laughter and joy, cheer and good-nature, thinking the latter quality the best, the most promising, the most national, of all that distinguish our democracy.

No man more delights in revelations of revolt against rigid rules, in spontaneity and individuality. Take a stranger there, and if he is the echo of a god, the odor of his pretence is detected. Whitman, as I have said, has a way of lapsing when a stranger becomes obtrusive. He will retire within himself, close the door, emit not a word except in aboriginal monosylables. He will give his own farewell: if he is weary, will extend his hand, make a natural transition, saying, perhaps, "Well, good-by! I am glad you came; when you get back to New York give my love to the boys," — the dismissal accomplished in gentlest way, so that the stranger may take all as compliment rather than rebuke. I have known Whitman use this defence with distinguished men as frankly as with obscure men.

He has a way of seeing himself objectively. He will speak of his work as if it were another man's, will see his principles as a cause, will use "we" in place of "I," as signifying that others participate in his purposes and achievements. He frankly owns mistakes. His hospitality and love know no abatement with the years. "If I were to write my 'Leaves' over again," he says, "I should put in more toleration and even receptivity for those we call bad, or the criminal."

His frankness has opened him to all sorts of attacks. There are pestilential reporters — I have at least two particular offenders in mind — who have repeatedly misrepresented him, violating friendship and honor in the interest simply of gain and notoriety. A column of "Sayings" printed in the New York *Herald*, a year or two ago, into which Stedman, Holmes and others were dragged, was full of idiotic falsehood. One note in particular, in caustic disparagement of Stedman, between whom and Whitman there is the happiest affection, was sorrowfully false, and was to both men painful. Any one who knows Whitman, knows that detraction or bitterness in criticism is impossible to him. Woodbury's recent "Talks with Emerson" and Edward Emerson's book about his father contain most unjust things concerning Whitman. He lets all these things take their course. He will not go into the prints with denials, nor will he counsel his friends to do so. He feels that his position makes the evil almost inevitable, and that his books must at last assure him right understanding.

I am often asked, "Is Walt Whitman a reader?" Some curious literalists have got the notion that he does not read at all, or despises books. We know well how familiar he is with the Bible, Homer, Shakspere, copies of which are always kept within reach. I know, also, that there is a cluster of other books frequently consulted. A random remembrance takes in Felton's "Greece," a large volume containing all of Walter Scott's poetry, Ellis's old metrical abstracts, Hedge's "Prose Writers and Poets of Germany," Voltaire's Dictionary, volumes of George Sand, Volney, Virgil, Tennyson, the eleven volumes of Stedman's "Library of American Literature," Emerson, Ingersoll, Ossian, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Ticknor's "Spanish Literature," various translations of the classics, Dante,

Hafiz, Saadi, Omar Khayjam, Symonds. This is to mention only a part. Yet he has no collection except of usable books.

He reads the papers. Avoiding discussions of religion and politics, he seeks those items which out of the daily history of a time are its contributions to the permanent. He still gets the *Long Islander*, his own child, continuing since about 1839. I notice that a copy of this paper looks us in the face from the confusion of his workroom, as photographed by Dr. Johnston. He reads the Camden local papers, the *Critic*, foreign papers, the Philadelphia dailies, besides fugitive New York, Boston, and other sheets that come this way. But he does not read in long stretches, or books that bore him. His friends everywhere forward matter which they think will be of interest. He enjoys the illustrated papers, and what they are doing to democratize art. He likes to examine all periodicals. Going there with a magazine under my arm, or a paper in my pocket, he is pretty sure to ask me to show it to him or to leave it for a day. His printer's eye is as fresh as in its morning, and his heart responds to all effective pictures. He reads current books. He likes to look into all that appears about his special favorites, Carlyle, Emerson, and a few others. He does not read Ruskin. Religious and political controversy he eschews altogether. Religious newspapers are ignored. Yet he will sometimes read significant things in religious controversy, as Ingersoll's discussion with Gladstone, or Huxley on the Pentateuch. He has had varied impulses for and against Tolstoï. He thought "Sebastopol" a masterpiece, while the introspection of "My Confession" and "My Religion" offended him. The "Kreutzer Sonata" elicited his applause. Amiel was a sin-hunter and palled on him. He has read in Ibsen somewhat, but is not attracted by him. He admits that the meagreness of his knowledge of Browning prevents judgment; but I believe he would soon have that larger knowledge if he were drawn to the man. Though he reads stories and novels least of all, he is frank and young even with these, and perfectly willing to try a new light. He likes to hear of new books, new actors, new artists. He looks upon himself as only a forerunner, at the best. Why therefore may not any day be the day of best arrival? He is a new-old man in the greatest sense. His boyhood still commands, and his enthusiasms ascend the dizziest heights. He never will discuss a book save as it asserts a human apotheosis and serves human ends. He sees no literary greatness but through the vision of the race. No man has a more penetrating eye for shams. John Burroughs once told me that he thought Whitman the best critic in America. I know myself the marvellous complexities of style and subject through which he will pierce a straight path to the central purpose. He always expresses admiration for the great jurists, who cannot be distracted by multitudes of detail. How many fledgeling poets send their songs to him! I find he cuts a few pages — enough to free the first evidences of music, if there be any; and that pause and silence tell the rest.

Whitman is a great reformer, — in everything non-conventional, — yet never reads "reform" books. All the modern reformers find themselves reflected in "Leaves of Grass," and each reformer thinks his the only reflection. But, including all, — anarchist, socialist, democrat, aristocrat, — Whitman eludes the claims of all. He does this in his person as in his books. Men are angered because no label will stick to him. A distinguished Irish clergyman came in one summer evening, and his very preliminary — that he had travelled three thousand miles to question Whitman about certain philosophies in "Leaves of Grass" — was an offence, and made the interview ridiculously brief. Whitman knows little or nothing of the detail of industrial movements — of special reforms and social ideals — yet there is to-day no more sympathetic appeal than his, spoken freely at all times to his rich as to his poor friends, for the sancity and elevation of the fireside, for the meting of justice to the masses, for the extinction of tyrannous circumstances. He recognizes the vicious tendencies of our monopolistic civilization, and with a free hand sketches its dangers.

Whitman never forgets his debt, and that of his ancesters, to Elias Hicks. He abounds in reference to George Sand, a paper-covered translation of whose "Consuelo," belonging to his mother, is a continual object of affection. He dwells upon the scientific spirit, seeing in Darwin and typical men of his character the clearest eyes of our generation. His slightest reference to motherhood is a picture of household, babe and man. His friendships have been the greatest. The valorous history of O'Connor remains yet to be told in that sure outline and full color which it demands. Whitman repeats again and again that, whatever his receptivity, his friend O'Connor, at least in literature, was vastly greater. There are warm personal relations between him and Tennyson, though they have never seen each other. I remember a letter from Tennyson, surrounded by its rib of black, redolent with savor of wind and water, a strain of poetry in itself, which Whitman for a long time carried in his vest pocket. What he has been to John Burroughs, that writer has often told; but what John Burroughs has been to him in years of national and personal war and peace is unwritten history. New years bring new lovers. Dr. Bucke, whose book was published about 1883, Dowden, Symonds, Kennedy, Sarrazin, and Bertz are regular or occasional correspondents. Whitman writes them his postals or brief letters in a style simple, frank, and full of affection. He is not in the least demonstrative, never excessively applauding, never making superfluous calls for devotion. He never apologizes. He is not afraid to discuss the weaknesses of his friends. He treats his household as by a holy law. Mrs. Davis, his housekeeper, never finds him indifferent, condescending, or morose. His spirit ignores all petty household worries. Warren Fritzinger, who attends upon Whitman, provided through a fund statedly replenished by a group of lovers, and who finds his service a delight, attests that in whatever hour or necessity, Whitman's most intimate humor is to the last degree composed and hopeful. In his relations with his neighbors, Whitman is homely and affectionate. He sends the sick among them offerings of fruit, or of reading matter. One of his delights is in the liberal distribution of the papers, pamphlets and books that are left at his door. To England, to Germany, to Australia, to our own West, to institutions of charity, to Bucke, to Burroughs, to Kennedy, to Mrs. O'Connor, go the informal reminders of his remembrance, always the particular paper to the one in whom he thinks it will find the best response. Often he will, through me, bestow this or that upon some of the "boys" in Philadelphia. He will get his magazine pieces duplicated, in order that he may send copies to his sisters and relatives; and he will similarly use large numbers of newspapers containing significant references to himself.

Whatever the clouds that gather, — the spiritual Whitman remains undisturbed. His criticism is as keen as when it gave its first word. He remarks a break in visual clearness, that his memory has recently been less faithful, and that his ear is no longer so sensitive. The quality of his work defies the charge of deterioration, but he can by no means do as much, or work with the same fire and intensity as in the past. Application wearies him. Yet he is occupied the larger part of every day. Though he outlines and discusses many unaccomplished plans, I notice that the defect is not in his plans, but that the body will not readily respond. He is taken out regularly in his chair, led to-day to the outskirts of the town, where he may scan the free sky, the shifting clouds, watch the boys at base-ball, or breathe in drowsily — "for reasons," he would say — the refreshing air; to-morrow to the river, with its boats and tides and revelation of sunset. In winter his sensitiveness to the cold is apt to house him, or force his goings-forth into the earlier hours, near mid-day. There was a time when he spent many noons and evenings on the ferry-boats, but their crowds and the friendly questions inevitable persuade him into less-travelled ways.

Whitman's life is practically spent in one room of his house. I have already alluded to it: a second-story room, twenty feet square. He likens it to "some big

old cabin for a kinky sailor — captain of a ship." There are two old tables — one a Whitman heirloom, having more than a century of years back of it, and another made in Brooklyn by his father. There is scarcely a modern piece of furniture in the room. There is a wood stove, in which he keeps up a rousing fire in cold seasons, a solid, uncreaking bed, plain and old, some heavy boxes, in which he stores copies of his own books, an ample rattan-seated chair with rockers and arms, large as ship's spars, and the wolf-skin thrown over its back when winter appears. He sits here — reads, scribbles, ruminates. His writing is always done on his knee. a tablet being his constant companion. Around him are the books which have been named and others, spread upon chairs, tables, and the floor. Letters, papers, magazines, manuscripts, memoranda slips, are scattered in greatest confusion. There are certain volumes here of which he says he "reads lingeringly and never tires." His tables are never without flowers. As he can walk only by the aid of furniture, cane, and wall, he has abandoned any attempt at apparent order and what strict housekeepers would call neatness. But he likes his room well ventilated. His tastes, habits, looks, show more plainly in old age his farmer and Holland ancestry, with their unartificial and Quaker tendencies.

He constantly asserts that no sketch of him would hit the mark that left out the principal object of his whole life, namely, to compose and finish his *magnum opus*, the poems, consistently with their own plan. This has been his aim, work and thought from boyhood, and the proper finish of it remains still the joy and resolve of his old age. All the later poems show how snugly this purpose controls. Read the concluding poems in "November Boughs," which we thought would be the last, then "Old Age's Ship and Crafty Death's," "To my 71st year," "The Voice of Death," latest and perhaps most wonderful of all, "To the Sunset Breeze," as indicating how this giant man, sitting here in the freedom which no physical disorder can destroy, is establishing a very heaven of purposeful stars. He has pictures of his friends about him. The mantelpiece, the walls, even the tables, have these reminders. Several pictures of Whitman, made in oil, by Sidney H. Morse, are, or have been, upon the walls. Dr. Johnston took one of them home with him to England. In the hall are copies of the two Morse busts. Upon the door, or sofa, against the wall, on nails and under papers, are his clothes. An elegant, never-used, dusty, brass lamp is set in the corner. His evening light is either from the broken chimneyed drop on one of the tables, or from a jet in the other part of the room. The room adjoining, in which his attendant sleeps, has likewise its loaded bookshelves and overflowing boxes. Friends are surprised to find him living in such simplicity. But this room, with its homely liberty, gives him all there is of household sacredness and content. There is probably no other study like it in the world. It is rather the *den* of a newspaper office — the odd and end of a household — yet a royal chamber. The world seeks him in this spot, to forget instantly all the environing humbleness, and to know the soul by which the place is inhabited.

All the features of Whitman's face suggest inception and amplitude. Hence the failure of Alexander to make of his pinched and formalized Whitman anything which can have value. Hence the explanation why Eakins, in that glorious head found in Whitman's parlor, expressed by so many hints the life of the man. Whitman has been photographed as often perhaps as any public man who ever lived, and the photographs are in the main better than any oil or crayon portrait. The Gutekunst picture produced with this paper is the very latest (taken within a year), and satisfies Whitman as fully, perhaps, as any. Morse's clay, uniting what Eakins caught with something more has noble power and faithfulness. There are a couple of crayons, the work of my father, which are strongly handled. Whitman is generous with the artists, giving them all the sittings they desire. All that picture can do for any man has been done for him.[1]

[1] Dr. Bucke has what is practically a complete collection of Whitman portraits. Their number and range are enormous. Almost every photographer of note in the East has been drawn by the great figure into some trial.

Whitman is eminently loved as a man. He keeps on gaining friends, and these friends are marked men. He has pleasant messages from Australia. A group of Lancashire disciples has just been discovered; one of the group has within a few months paid him a visit, made the photographs of house, street, room, and nurse used for this article, passed a night in the house in which Whitman was born, has visited Gilchrist at Centreport, Long Island, and Burroughs at West Park, on the Hudson — and has since his return published an account of his novel pilgrimage.

The dinner given Whitman on his last birthday had remarkable features apart from Ingersoll's great speech, which Whitman thought the most powerful extempore utterance he had ever known. The later lecture by Ingersoll on Whitman was also significant. The utterance itself Whitman regards as in many respects the most significant in the stormy career of "Leaves of Grass." Symonds always addresses him as "Master," writing him the warmest letters. The host of his callers is great — every day some. John Burroughs comes down once a year, in the fall, from his estate, to spend several days in Camden. Whitman's family are all more or less distant. He has a sister in Vermont, another on Long Island, a brother, George, at Burlington, New Jersey. His brother "Jeff," who recently died at St. Louis, was an engineer of note, dear to Whitman, who travelled with him in earlier years, of whom record may be found in "Specimen Days," and of whom Whitman has since his death written loving words for an engineering journal.

Whitman has instinctive reverence for women, always addressing and approaching them with gentle courtesy. And women reciprocate the tender respect. No man is so loved of strong women. It is happiness to hear him talk of "the mothers of America," how our future is involved with their symmetrical development and high faith. His atmosphere breathes composure, power, sweetness, reverence, the background of all moral force. He rarely speaks of morality, yet is profoundly moral in all that he does and says. He puts the brightest face on all he sees. His discussion of current events is strong and denunciatory — yet unfailing in its look forward.

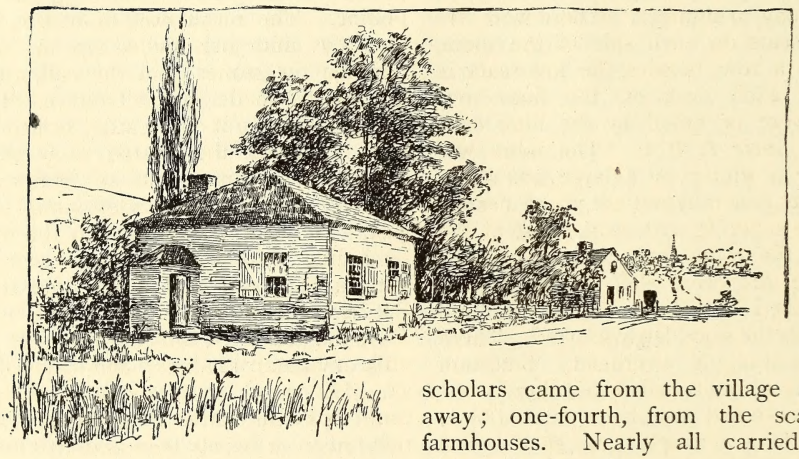
Whitman is often spoken of as "queer" or "eccentric." He is neither, except in the sense that must always distinguish individuality. He delights in free speech, cleanliness, and purity. He has the clean instincts which prevail over and explain grossness and squalor, whether of life or speech — evil narrative or cheerless philosophy. He delights to tell and to hear stories. His sense of the humorous is strong. I know no great event to pass by him unnoticed. All the world's affairs are his affairs. He loves the transactions of big conferences, of scientists, mechanics, laborers, engineers. He enjoys in this all that tends toward enlarging the scope of man's hope, anything that adds to the generosity of our national example, anything that in religion or society or politics is for breadth and solidarity. He disdains patriotism in the common sense — looks to America to lead new ways, not to halt till all are ready to come. He is lame, he suffers pain and physical decadence, he knows that by gradual retreats life is leaving him; yet this light that burns on the height, and this loving and capacious dream and carol for America and for the world, are strong as in youth.

Day by day he sends forth some new message to the world — some poem, some bit of penetrating prose — written on the oddest pieces of paper utilized in the history of literature. He writes a large hand, uses a mammoth Falcon pen, will dip in none but the blackest ink; he will not punctuate by the rule of schools, will not adopt the phraseology of taste, will not rhyme like the poets, will not carpet his study, will not reverence the mechanic in man more than the king in man, but only the man in man, will not repulse the criminal, will not travel the polite earth for fame or gain. What men need to know of him is his wonderful simplicity and capaciousness — that manuscript, house, room, nurse, pen, chirography, friendships, speech, all point to impulses, means, and ends, unusual and great. It is the mark of a new entrance upon

the stage. It is the sign of man to men that they must come from the cover of goods, — that the hideous mockeries of society carry death and dishonor in their plausible splendor — that the summoner himself is the first to demonstrate that possessions, which the world mistakes for the necessity of power, are simple leaves on the wind when a strong man arrives. Whitman is not America except as America is universal. He is democracy — and democracy has no geographical word. He has taught literature that it is not to tell a life, but to be one; and when priest and prophet, editor and lawyer, mechanic and tradesman, have learned this lesson, equity will prevail, and the now obscure stars in the moral heavens will stand forth in honor of the restoration.

THE OLD RED SCHOOLHOUSE.

By Helen Lee.



THIRTY years ago there stood on the old country road, as near the centre of District No. 3 as surveyor's chain could make it, this old, square, red schoolhouse. It had once been sanded. Here and there, at recess, could be seen some girl sharpening her slate pencil against its rough surface. It was perched on a side hill, bleak and cold. The doorstep was a rough flat stone from the roadside. There were broad shutters like those seen on country stores, which were always getting loose and slamming against the sash. Broken windows were quite prevalent. No shade trees grew around the schoolhouse — only one poor solitary ash that was so destitute of foliage that it could not cast a shadow. Three-fourths of the scholars came from the village a mile away; one-fourth, from the scattered farmhouses. Nearly all carried their dinners in tin pails.

In summer time there was a good show of bare feet. Those who did not go barefoot were shod with Uncle Jerry's hand-made shoes, all from the same last with a few alterations, very unlike the "Red Schoolhouse Shoe" which one finds in shops to-day, and which, it is worth stating, was named after this same dear old schoolhouse by one who attended there in early life. Good, strong, broad soles had Uncle Jerry's shoes, with rolled leather strings. It took a vigorous boy to start a seam on those thorough made articles. How busy the old gentleman used to be in his little shop near the village in "the fall of the year!" His fame for the durability of his shoes spread for miles around. His taps —

the like of them were never seen before and will never be seen again.

The entry to the schoolhouse was packed with wood. A few nails for outside garments were driven in a row upon one side. As you opened the door to the schoolroom, the teacher's desk was opposite, raised upon a platform a foot from the floor. Space under the desk was used by the teacher to store away unruly culprits until the time came to chastise them. Back of the desk was the blackboard, — the big blackboard; there was another small one near the door. At the left, as you entered, there was a three-cornered shelf, which held the water pail with its tin dipper. It was considered a great honor to pass the water. The proceeding usually took place twice a day in summer. There were five rows of seats on each side of the room, three in a row, besides the low seats in front of each desk on the floor row. These were occupied by the little ones learning their A B C. The room was warmed in winter by a large box stove, which was generally red hot, those nearest the stove suffering with heat, those at the back of the room with cold. The seats near the fire were well blistered; the pitch oozed out here and there, and sometimes the wood fairly smoked. There was a scuttlehole overhead. Tradition said many a tramp had rested there.

The desks had once been painted blue. The inside — a simple pine shelf — had never felt the brush. All the desks bore marks of the former industry of their occupants in rude carvings and caricatures, fly traps and puzzles. Frequent scourings given the night before examination day had removed all paint from the tops. What fun we had, cleaning up! We brought our supper, the teacher directed, and we worked with a will. After the scouring we decorated the room with garlands of leaves and flowers. The blackboard bore the map of South America — what a coast line it had! — drawn by Alice Stone, now a good parson's wife. For many terms her handiwork adorned the board. The boys had all the water to bring, no well being near the premises. On cleaning day they formed into a tandem team, and with a rail from a neighboring fence brought several pails at once. Those end boys had the worst of it. It was quite a way to Mr. Smith's well, which had a windlass with chain and bucket attached.

On the right of the schoolhouse lived a farmer intensely disliked by the scholars. There grew on the roadside, between the little red schoolhouse and his door, a few straggling red rose bushes, interspersed here and there with creepers and "bouncing Bets," which the boys and girls were wont to gather — though strictly forbidden by this same farmer — to adorn their desks. He occasionally fired white beans at us from an old shotgun, while we were gathering the flowers. The stone wall befriended us, and only the poor "bouncing Bets" and roses got the pelting. The result was, of course, that the boys and girls pulled up his corn, tumbled the stones from the wall, ate up his turnips, made Jack o'Lanterns of his pumpkins, let out the cattle, stoned the hens whenever they dared show themselves on our lines, did all manner of mischief that the ringleaders could suggest. He took his revenge in the dark, by hiding our ball clubs, and even by putting dead cats and rats in our seats. But he was a cranky fellow.

At the left lived a man brimful of the milk of human kindness, and beloved by all. His good motherly wife many a time took the butter from out the well, that fifteen or twenty boys and girls might get a drink from that old, moss-covered well. Surely no water since was ever so cold or clear as that. We never stoned this man's hens, or pulled his corn.

Nearly opposite his place was a pile of logs against the wall, and sheltered by some friendly maples the girls played at housekeeping there, and had tea parties with bits of crockery, made mud pies and cakes and sundry refreshing drinks, had cook-books compiled by Mary Jane Newhall, hid in clefts of the wall, — which would not match Miss Parloa's perhaps, but to which a high value was attached.

We had a postoffice which Jim Green made. What excitement when the bell rang and Jim distributed the mail! On Valentine's day what peals of laughter

went up, with those hats tossed high in air! In pleasant weather the boys played marbles, quoits, barn tick. In stormy weather, the big ones sometimes, but not often, surprised us by locking most of us into the schoolhouse and putting a plank over the chimney. Such a bedlam then, smoke and tears, pushing and scolding! In summer, boys and girls could be seen going in squads after checkerberries, the beautiful arbutus, June pinks, the wild strawberry, and that most delicious of all morsels, flag-tops. Who that has once tasted ever forgets?

Nearly every desk on the girl's side had its broken pitcher or bottle, filled with flowers. The teacher's desk was especially well remembered with floral offerings.

The meadow back of the house was the abode of countless turtles, water-snakes, and such frogs! Voices that would penetrate through every crack and crevice and would be heard! This swamp had great attractions for the boys, and was regarded with horror by the girls.

Tom Mills, a great favorite with the girls, took out the partition in his seat near the wood-room, stored a barrel of rosy apples, and re-placed the partition, leaving a small slide to put his hand through. What a favorite Tom was that winter!

Joe Walker, not to be outdone, one Saturday afternoon put in an Æolian harp, known only to himself and his seat-mate, and had holes bored through the wall so that on a windy day, by sliding out a panel with his foot, most ghostly and weird sounds were produced, now low, now high. How often had the teacher called for the boy who made the disturbance to walk down the aisle to the desk, where a good show of birch switches were stored, of all strengths and sizes! Noon came. She stood there a baffled woman, with scarlet cheek and flashing eye. They were loyal rogues.

Some will remember the famous spelling-schools once held in the old schoolhouse. What lusty cheers went up from the well-filled lines of the victor, and how well the thin ranks bore defeat!

Back of the schoolhouse was a very steep, round hill, called the Bunker. At its base was an old tumbledown stone wall which separated it from the meadow beyond. Bunker was a rare place for coasting. As one went at lightning speed down the gap in the wall into the meadow beyond, the speed attained would compare with that of the famous toboggan slides of Montreal. Many a torn dress and coat and tearful eye came from old Bunker. Uncle Jerry's shoes were well tested here.

On good old-fashioned election day, (now, alas, extinct,) Jim, the post-master, got up a basket picnic in the schoolhouse. As we neared the building, what amazement to see a banner with these words in large red letters:

"GENERAL SCOTT'S LEVEE."

What a quickening of steps! It was Jim's great master stroke, and all felt it could not be outdone. We bowed to his superior wisdom on the great occasion. With what alacrity we gathered oak leaves to make garlands worthy of Scott's Levee! What sandwiches! And shall we ever forget the taste of that good old election cake the Jones girls brought! their mother could not be beaten in that department. Such a spicy flavor! What rounds and hearts, cakes of all kinds, green blueberry tarts, and lemonade compounded by the hero Jim! And to crown all there was a whole box of lozenges. Jim's patriotism cropped out then, never to leave him. In after years he, with six loyal brothers, fought for the slave. All returned save one fellow, who yielded up his life at Roanoke. They had the same sterling qualities that old John Brown of Harper's Ferry had.

Late in the summer, one afternoon, a strange-looking vehicle was seen approaching the door. It was an object about nine feet square, with roof and sides, on wheels. The like was never seen before. It was drawn by an old bay horse, spavined in one leg, and afflicted with "the heaves." The driver dismounted, and after some talk about terms with the teacher agreed to let us see the "Greatest show on earth," at half price. He fastened the old horse to the bars, and with the help of the big boys lifted

off the roof and sides of his vehicle. Wonder of wonders! There was Mount Vernon in miniature,— house and grounds, green lawns and terraces on which the flowers ever bloomed, orange trees laden with their golden fruit, parks, lakes with swans and small boats, soldiers and citizens, boys and girls, scattered through the grounds. The Potomac River, Chesapeake Bay all were there, even the tomb of Washington with a weeping willow on each side. A wonderful piece of Yankee ingenuity and enterprise! After we had looked to our heart's content, the boys put the horse into the shafts, helped put the roof and sides on again to keep Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac all right, and the man mounted the seat under the roof, cracked the whip, and moved on. I wonder if those fortunate comrades who have looked upon Mount Vernon since in reality felt the awe and wonder which they felt when, on that summer day, those barefooted boys and girls stood around that pictured Mount Vernon and listened to that wonderful lecture.

Our good fathers and mothers early instilled it into our minds that poverty was no disgrace, and the boy or girl with the threadbare suit shared equally in our rank and file. Poverty and wealth sat side by side; respectability was all our code of laws required.

The little red schoolhouse has long since passed. Many of the scholars sleep in "God's acre" on the hillside. Old Bunker is there, and the desolate ash still stands with its storm-beaten arms outstretched to heaven, — all that is left save memory to tell of the boys and girls who many years ago made dandelion and daisy chains at its feet.

FARMER MORRISON'S WIFE.

By Kate Putnam Osgood.

DOWN at the farmhouse below the hill,
The blinds were closed, and the wheel was still.

The swirl of the stream and the blue-fly's drone
Troubled the preacher's voice alone,

Where, by the open door he stood,
And talked, to the gathered neighborhood,

Of Earth and Heaven, and the grave between,
The visible world and the world unseen;

Glancing aside, with solemn air,
To the dead who lay in her coffin there.

Every breath of the soft May breeze
Shook the blossoming lilac trees,

And sent a quiver of light and bloom
Into the hushed and darkened room.

It touched with a gleam the shadowed wall,
It flickered over the funeral pall,

And circled about the tremulous head
Of the nearest mourner beside the dead:

Farmer Morrison, old and gray,
Bent and helpless for many a day.

Up and down, with a dull surprise,
Restlessly wandered his sunken eyes,

Seeking, it seemed, in that crowded place,
The one familiar, missing face,

The face that, stony and set, lay hid
Just out of sight 'neath the coffin-lid.

Never a day, till the day she died,
Had the wife been gone from her husband's side:

Thus were the twain asunder reft,
The helpful taken, the helpless left.

And the preacher spoke to the people there
Of the Will divine, in his simple prayer:

The Lord, who giveth and taketh away, —
Praised be the name of the Lord for aye!

Now, when the last Amen was said,
And the mourners rose to follow the dead,

Farmer Morrison, gaunt and tall,
Stood up straight in the sight of all,

Suddenly steady of eye and limb,
While the people gazed aghast at him.

He laid his hand on the coffin-lid,
He stooped to kiss the face it hid,

Then, spent with that one strong, sudden breath,
Life's latest flicker went out in death.

Thus were the twain again made one:
Trial over and trouble done.

And the preacher said, in his solemn speech:
"The ways of the Lord man may not reach.

Lo! He hath given and taken again!
Praised be the name of the Lord! Amen."

·ROYAL·ARMS·IN·THE·
·OLD·STATE·HOUSE·IN
·BOSTON·BEFORE·THE·R
EVOLUTION·NOW·IN·TRI
NITY·CHURCH·SAINT·JO
HN·NEW·BRUNSWICK·



"They (Lyon & Unicorn) were constant members of the council at Boston — (by mandamus) — ran away when the others did — have suffered — are of course Refugees & have a claim for residence at New Brunswick." — [Extract from letter to Ward Chipman, Esq., March 25, 1785.]

THE LOYALISTS.

By James Hannay.

NEARLY all the histories of the great revolutionary contest, which ended in the independence of the thirteen colonies, are singularly deficient in their information regarding the men who took the side of the crown during the war. Yet the share of these men in the revolutionary struggle, and their subsequent banishment, are matters of deep interest, not only because of their influence on the character of the contest, but also in consequence of the results which have flowed from the proceedings taken against them by the successful party. The expulsion of the Acadians has been a subject both for the poet and the historian; but the banishment of the Loyalists has passed with but scant notice, and has evoked very little sympathy. Yet the exiled Acadians were merely a band of ignorant peasants, whose sole claim to attention was on the score of our common humanity, while the exiled Loyalists included in their ranks some of the brightest and ablest minds in the thirteen colonies.

Writers on the Revolution frequently commit the serious error of leading their readers to believe that the rising against British authority was universal, or nearly so. That this is a mistake could be easily established if that subject formed the theme of this article; but it is sufficient to say, for the present, that the people of the colonies, at the time of the imposition of the obnoxious duties by the British government, were divided into three parties. One of these parties, a minority, but a strong minority, was determined to sever the connection between the colonies and Great Britain. Another party, a minority, smaller in numbers but influential from the wealth and ability of its members, was equally determined that the connection should be maintained; while the majority of the whole people stood in an attitude of expectancy, without any very definite views either one way or the other. In the course of time the minority in favor of separation obtained the ascendancy; but we have the testimony of Franklin, John



Market Slip, St. John.

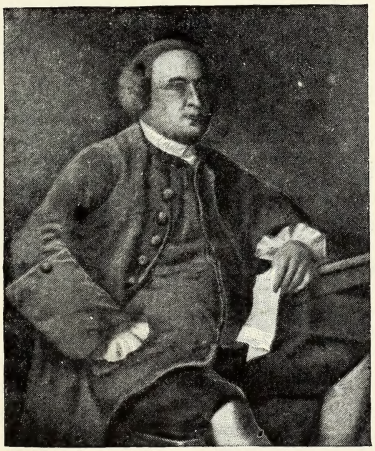
"HERE THE EXILE LOYALISTS LANDED ON THE 18TH OF MAY, 1783."

Adams, and even of Washington himself that the final steps towards separation from the mother country were taken with the greatest reluctance, and were not originally contemplated at all by the leaders of the Revolution.

In New England the Loyalists were never so numerous as in New York and some of the other colonies, but this arose mainly from the character which the contest assumed. New York City, during the whole of the revolutionary struggle, formed a rallying point for the British forces, and gave the Loyalists a place of shelter and refuge where they could sustain themselves against the revolutionary armies. New England formed no such rallying point for them. The evacuation of Boston by the British forces, which took place in 1776, resulted in more than fourteen hundred of the inhabitants of Massachusetts being carried into a voluntary exile by embarking for Halifax with the British army. It is estimated that altogether some two thousand of the inhabitants of Massachusetts permanently left their native state about this time, and ended their days in the British dominions. Among these men were some of the most eminent in the colony, lawyers, like Putnam and Sewell; clergymen, like Byles and Bailey, distinguished for their piety and talents; soldiers who had given good service to the crown in the French wars, and who afterwards served against their own countrymen in the revolutionary contest. Among them were representatives of some of the oldest blood in New England, the Winslows, the Tilleys, and others, descendants of the men who came over in the *Mayflower*. The Loyalists included in their ranks Sir William Pepperell, whose title was won by his father as a reward for the greatest martial achievement in the annals of the New England colonies, the capture of Louisburg in 1745. During the war many corps of Loyalists were formed in

support of the British arms. It is estimated by Sabine, who has made the subject a special study, that at least twenty thousand Loyalists entered the service of the crown between 1775 and 1783. New England furnished a number of regiments, but none of any great efficiency. Among these may be mentioned the Loyal New Englanders, who were chiefly recruited in Rhode Island, Wentworth's Volunteers and other corps, some of which were more distinguished for their marauding disposition than for any real ability which they displayed on the field of battle.

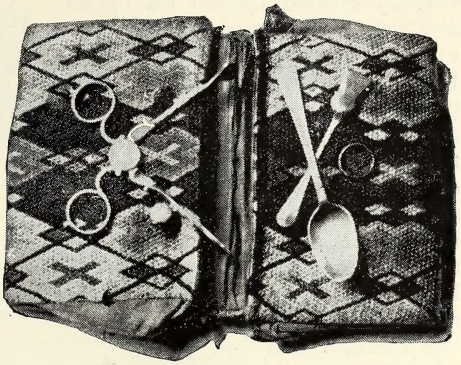
The character of the contest which separated Great Britain from her colonies furnishes a singular illustration of the manner in which families were broken up by the war. Benjamin Franklin was, perhaps, the most prominent and bold of all those who assisted to bring about separation, while his son, William Franklin, governor of New Jersey, was a Loyalist. It is quite possible that if William Franklin had not held an official position, he might have gone with his father; and perhaps this consideration will explain why so many of the officials of the government became Loyalists, and fought on the British side during the war. They naturally took the side of authority, and regarded themselves as justified in standing for the ancient order of things and resisting change. Many who would have stood neutral, or who might have become adherents of the revolutionary party, were driven into an attitude of hostility to the revolutionary movement by the violence of the Whig mobs, which did many deeds that are by no means worthy of commendation, and which injured the cause for which the fathers of the Revolution fought, in the eyes of right-thinking men.



Colonel Murray.

FROM A PAINTING BY COPLEY, IN POSSESSION OF MR. J. DOUGLAS HAZEN, ST. JOHN.

It is not the purpose of this article to dwell on the revolutionary struggle or the services of the Loyalists to the crown in that contest. No one, however, who reads the history of that time carefully, can fail to perceive that a serious mistake was made during the war, and at its close, in the treatment of those who differed in opinion from the majority. While the war lasted, very severe measures were taken against those who refused to adhere to the cause of the Congress of the United Colonies; and after the war ended, the bitterness which had existed was intensified by continuing upon the statute book, acts of confiscation and banishment against the Loyalists, which compelled them to leave their homes and country behind them, and seek shelter in the territory remaining under the British flag.

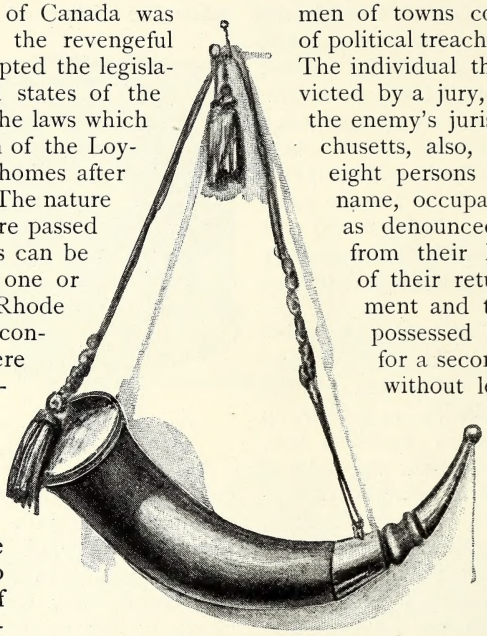


Letter Case, Sugar Tongs, Spoons, and Wedding Ring.

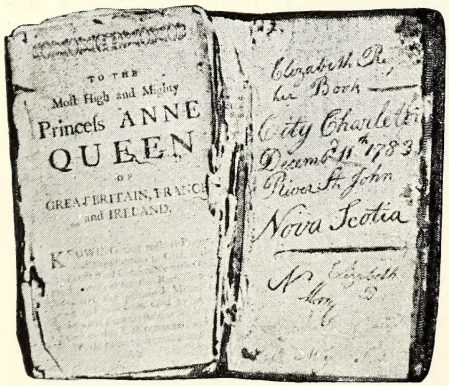
IN POSSESSION OF MISS ALLEN, FREDERICTON.

It was in this way that Nova Scotia, which now forms the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, received the largest part of its population. It was in the same manner that western Canada came into prominence as a British colony; and even the province of Quebec was indebted to no small extent to the Loyalists for additions to its population,

whose value was not so much to be estimated in numbers as in the character of the men who composed it. Thus what is now the Dominion of Canada was virtually created by the revengeful feelings which prompted the legislatures of the several states of the Union to continue the laws which prevented the return of the Loyalists to their own homes after the war was ended. The nature of the laws that were passed against the Loyalists can be best ascertained by one or two illustrations. In Rhode Island, death and confiscation of estate were the penalties provided for any person who communicated with the British ministry or its agents, or who offered supplies to the British forces and to the armed ships of the King. The offences of enlisting, or procuring others to enlist, in the royal army or navy, or of piloting or assisting naval vessels, were punished with loss of estate, or of personal liberty not exceeding three years. To speak or write or act against the doings of Congress or of the Assembly of Connecticut was punishable by disqualification for office and imprisonment. In Massachusetts a person suspected of enmity to the Whig cause could be arrested under warrant and banished, unless he would swear fealty to the friends of liberty; and the selectmen of towns could prefer charges of political treachery in town meeting. The individual thus accused, if convicted by a jury, could be sent into the enemy's jurisdiction. In Massachusetts, also, three hundred and eight persons were designated by name, occupation, and residence as denounced, and having fled from their homes, the penalty of their return being imprisonment and transport to a place possessed by the British, and for a second voluntary return, without leave, death, without benefit of clergy. In New Hampshire similar acts were passed. Thus it will be seen that in a general way forfeiture of estate, confiscation of property, loss of personal liberty, and, in some cases, death, were the penalties to which Loyalists were subjected for their adherence to a cause which a few years before had been upheld by all the people of the thirteen colonies.



A Relic of the Revolution.
IN POSSESSION OF MR. J. DOUGLAS HAZEN.



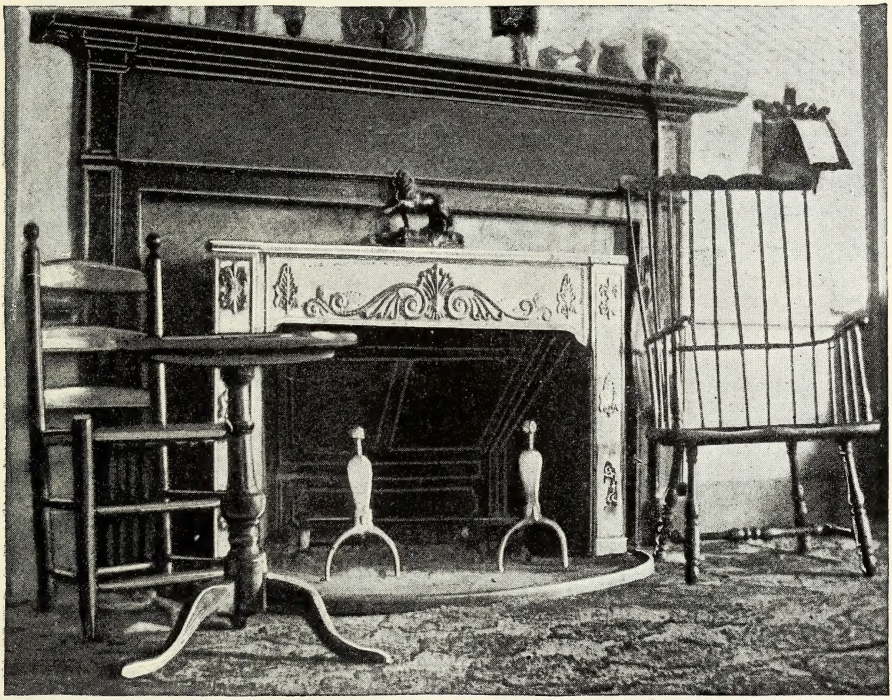
"Elizabeth Regan—her Book."
IN POSSESSION OF THE HOLMAN FAMILY, ST. JOHN.

In the treaty of peace which was made between the British government and the United States, by which the independence of the latter was acknowledged, three articles were inserted relating to the Loyalists. First, it was agreed that the creditors on either side should meet with no lawful impediments for the recovery of all *bona fide* debts. It was also agreed that Congress should earnestly recommend the legislatures of the respective states to provide compensation for all estates that had been confiscated belonging to British subjects, and also of the estates of those persons residing in territories in possession of his majesty's armies, who have not borne arms against the United States; and that all other persons should have free liberty to go to any part of the thirteen United States and there remain twelve months, unmolested in their endeavors to obtain the restitution of such

of their estates and properties as might have been confiscated. Congress was also to recommend that the states have a reconsideration and revision of all acts or laws regarding this matter, and that the estates, rights and properties of such persons should be restored to them, they refunding to any persons who might have gained possession, the *bona fide* price which had been paid for the purchase of the properties in question. It was also agreed that there should be neither confiscations nor any prosecutions commenced against any person by reason of the part he had taken in the war.

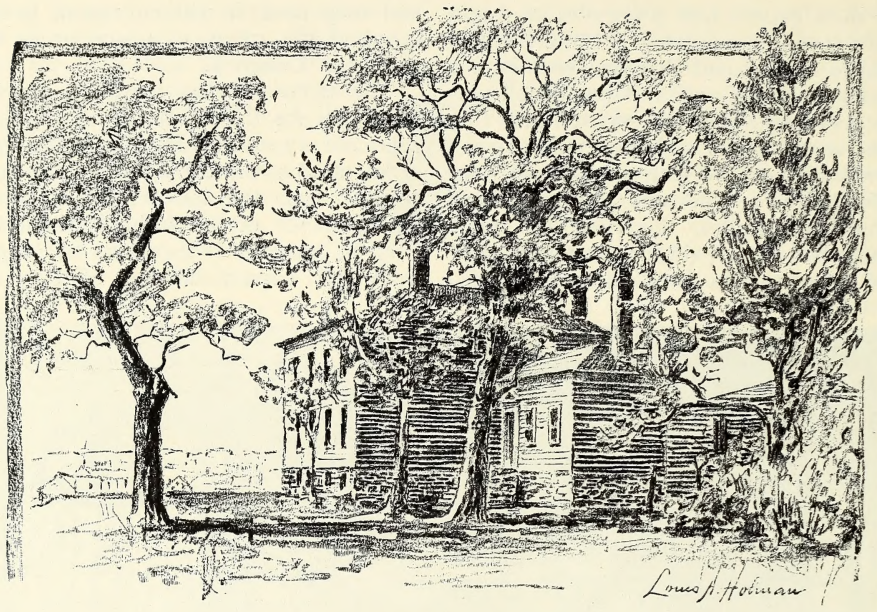
Congress carried out its agreement, and passed a resolution recommending the states to conform to the terms of the treaty. But this recommendation was utterly disregarded, and some of the Loyalists who ventured into the United States to claim restitution of their estates were imprisoned and banished. The states had the power in their own hands and they used it without regard to the terms of the treaty of peace or to the wishes of Congress.

The failure of the treaty to provide effectually for the safety of the Loyalists rendered it necessary for the British government to make arrangements for their removal from the independent colonies. The violence of the feelings which existed in reference to them may be judged from the correspondence of Sir Guy Carleton in the early part of 1785. That general, who held command in New York at the close of the war, in a letter written to Elias Boudinot of New Jersey says:



Some Ante-Revolutionary Lares.
BELONGING TO THE CURRIE FAMILY, GAGETOWN.

"The violence of the Americans, which broke out soon after the cessation of hostilities, increased the number of their countrymen who looked to me for escape from threatened destruction; but these terrors have of late been so considerably augmented, that almost all within these lines conceive the safety both of their property and of their lives to depend upon their being removed by me, which renders it impossible to say when the evacuation can be completed. The daily *Gazette* and publications furnish repeated proofs, not



Ward Chipman's House.

"LONG REGARDED AS THE FINEST IN ST. JOHN."

only of a disregard to the articles of peace, but of barbarous menaces from committees formed at various towns, and even at Philadelphia, which the Congress has chosen for their seat."

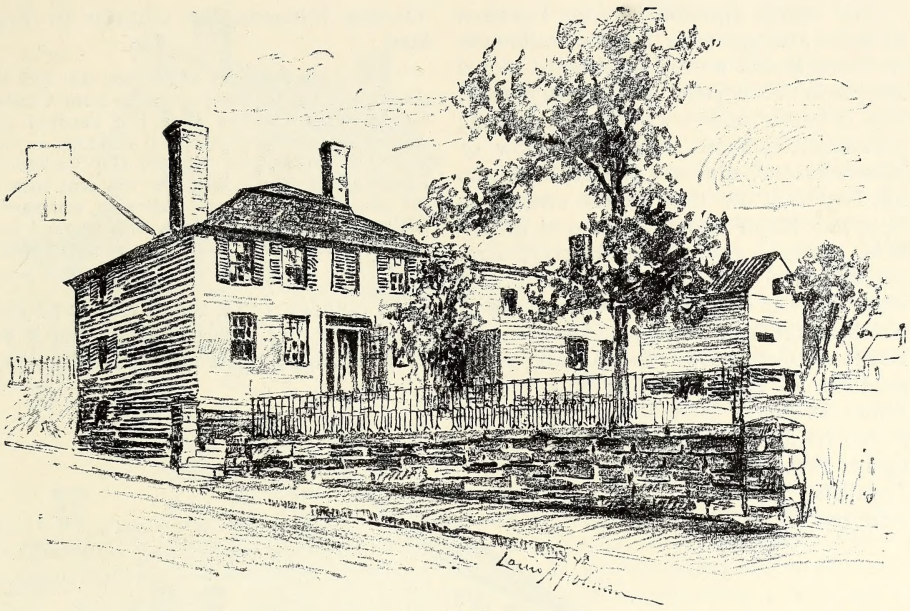
Some idea of the treatment which the Loyalists were likely to experience in New York, notwithstanding the treaty, the moment the British troops were withdrawn, can be gathered from two letters, both written on the 22d of October, 1783, the first from a gentleman in Newburg to a friend in Boston, and the second from a gentleman in Fishkill to another in New Jersey. The first letter says:

"The British are leaving New York every day. Last week there came one of the damned refugees from New York to a place called Walkill, in order to tarry with his parents, where he was taken into custody immediately. His head and eyebrows were shaved, he was then tarred and feathered, and a huge yoke put on his neck and a cow bell on it. Upon his head a very high cap of feathers was set, well plumed with soft tar, and a sheet of paper in front with a man drawn with two faces, representing Arnold and the devil's imps, and on the back of it a card with the refugee or Tory driving her off."

The other letter says:

"By our last accounts from New York we understand that the Tories are in great perplexity and fear of the associations which are formed and are daily forming by the Whigs. They could expect nothing but rough handling the moment the citizens were assembled. Such of the old Tory party who remain will be the first objects of the popular rage, and the apostates who signed the association in 1775 and afterwards joined the British with the traitors and other supporters who have gone into New York in the course of the war will be noticed in their order. Such, as I am informed, is the intention of the other citizens and that if it is necessary that they will be supported by their friends from the country; so that if any considerable number of the obnoxious characters continue in the city after the British give it up there will be great confusion for awhile, but no more than all things considered might be expected."

The result of these severe measures against the Loyalists was an emigration compared to which the exile of the Acadians appears but a very small affair. It is estimated by some authorities that as many as one hundred thousand persons were driven out of the thirteen colonies at the close of the Revolutionary contest; and it is at all events certain that between thirty-five and forty thousand Loyalists from the old colonies settled in Nova Scotia, which then had its boundary at the St. Croix. The British government had undertaken to provide



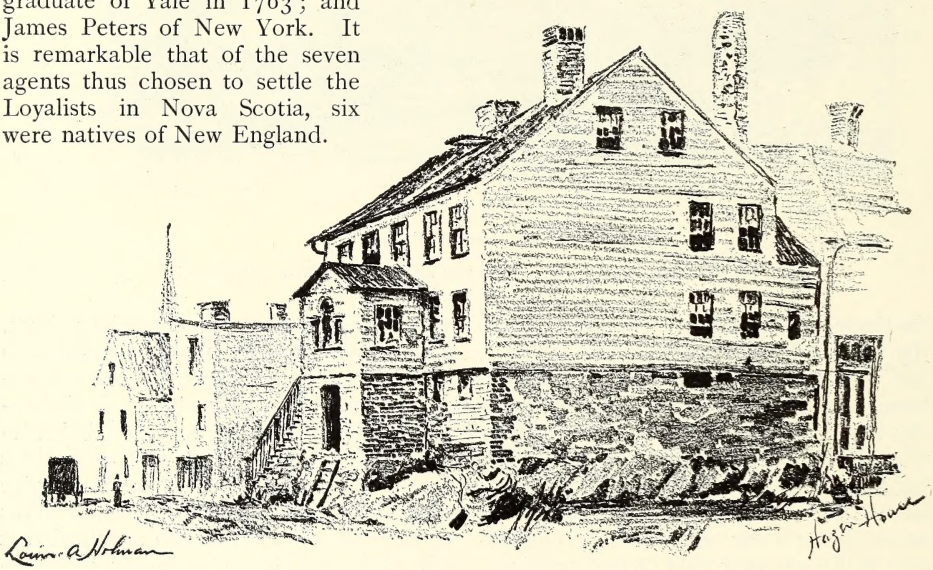
The Crookshank House.

"THE OLDEST IN ST. JOHN, — ONCE THE ABODE OF LUXURY AND WEALTH."

for those of its subjects who adhered to the cause of the crown during the war, not only by recompensing them for the losses they had suffered, but also by making some provision for their immediate needs. Sir Guy Carleton was the chief instrument in this great exodus of Loyalists to Nova Scotia, and the arrangements he made for their settlement, in connection with Governor Parr of that province, were such that the amount of suffering which the Loyalists had to endure was lessened as much as possible. It was arranged that the Loyalists leaving the thirteen colonies should be provided with proper vessels to carry them and their horses and cattle as near as possible to the place appointed in Nova Scotia where they were to settle. Besides provisions for the voyage, they were allowed one year's provisions in their new homes, or money to enable them to purchase the same. They were also to have an allowance of warm clothing, in proportion to the wants of each family, and an allowance of medicine. They were to be granted pairs of millstones, necessary ironwork for grist mills, and other necessary articles for saw mills. They were to receive a quantity of nails, spikes, hoes, axes, spades, shovels, plowirons, and such other farming utensils as appeared necessary, and also a proportion of window-glass. They were to be provided with tracts of land free from disputed titles and conveniently situated, so as to give from three hundred to six hundred acres to each family. It was also arranged that two thousand acres in every township were to be allowed for the support of a clergyman, and one thousand acres for the support of a school, and that these lands should be inalienable forever.

They were also to receive a sufficient number of muskets and cannon, with a proper quantity of powder and ball for their use. These terms which were originally agreed upon, liberal as they were, were considerably extended; for the Loyalists who came to Nova Scotia were allowed not only full provisions for the first year, but two-thirds provisions for the second, and one-third for the third year. Thus they started with all the advantages possible in their new homes, and subject only to such necessary privations and hardships as were inseparable from the settlement of a new and wild country.

The agents appointed by the Loyalists to make arrangements for the settlement in Nova Scotia were, Lieutenant-Colonel Benjamin Thompson of Massachusetts, who is better known as Count Rumford; Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Winslow of Massachusetts, who was one of those who left Boston at the time of the evacuation in 1776; Major Joshua Upham of Brookfield, Mass., a graduate of Harvard University in 1763; the Rev. John Sayre, who when the war commenced was rector of Trinity Church in Fairfield, Conn.; Amos Botsford of Newtown, Conn., who was a graduate of Yale in 1763; and James Peters of New York. It is remarkable that of the seven agents thus chosen to settle the Loyalists in Nova Scotia, six were natives of New England.

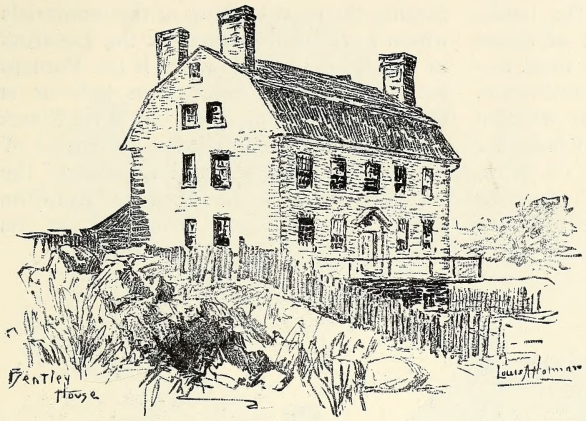


The Hazen House, St. John.

The emigration of Loyalists to Nova Scotia began as early as 1782, three hundred having arrived at Annapolis Royal in September of that year from New York. At the same time Sir Guy Carleton notified Governor Hammond of Nova Scotia that above six hundred refugees were to embark at New York for Nova Scotia that autumn, and a much larger number in the spring, but that he could not find shipping just then for more than three hundred. The next arrivals in Nova Scotia were some of the unfortunate Carolina Loyalists, who fled from Charleston at its evacuation. Says the governor in a despatch of December 7, 1782, from Halifax, to the Right Hon. Thomas Johnston, the minister in England:

"I have the honor to inform you that with the arrival here of the heavy ordnance from Charleston in South Carolina came five hundred and one refugees, men, women, and children, in consequence of directions from Sir Guy Carleton to Lieutenant-General Leslie, who has sent them to the care of Major-General Patterson, commander of the troops in this province, with whom I have concurred as far as in my power to afford them a reception."

In January, 1783, the governor notified the minister of future arrivals, but it was in the spring of 1783 that the real emigration commenced. In April of that year a fleet of twenty vessels left New York for the River St. John, having on board three thousand Loyalists, men, women, and children. They landed at that place on the 18th of May, and the day of their arrival has since been held sacred to their memory by their descendants. St. John at that time contained not more than a few dozen inhabitants, who were engaged in fishing and burning lime. The site of what is now a fine city of fifty thousand inhabitants was then a rude mass of rock, covered for the most part with scrubby pine and cedar. The whole number of inhabitants in what is now called the province of New Brunswick did not at

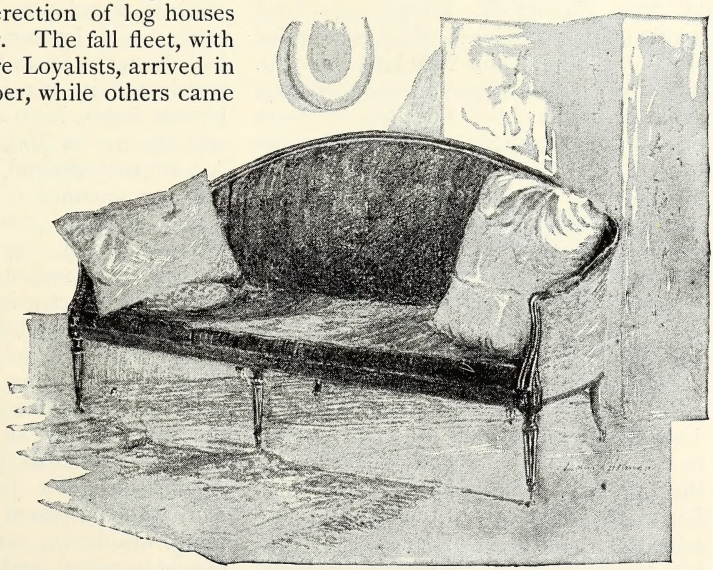


The Bentley House, St. John.

ONCE THE RESIDENCE OF SIR HOWARD DOUGLAS.

that time exceed one thousand, of whom five hundred resided on the river at Mangerville, Burton, and Gagetown, most of these people being settlers who had reached the river St. John from Massachusetts in 1763, long before the beginning of the revolutionary troubles.

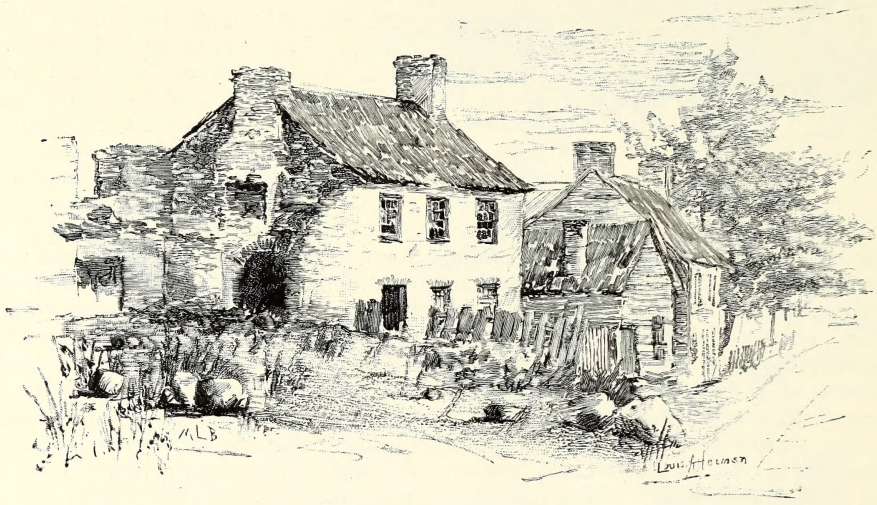
The season that year was late, and when the Loyalists landed, the ground was covered with snow. For a time they lived in tents and huts hastily erected, but as speedily as possible arrangements were made for the erection of log houses to give them shelter. The fall fleet, with twelve hundred more Loyalists, arrived in the month of October, while others came in single vessels; so that it is estimated that the number who wintered on the site of the city of St. John in 1783–84 was at least five thousand. These people were provided with the necessary provisions, and with boards and shingles for the roofing of their log houses, and with such other materials and implements as their situation demanded. Although poor in the world's goods, the Loyalists who came to St. John were rich in intellect and in experience. They lost no time in lamenting over their forlorn condition, but addressed themselves immediately to the work of making a proper provision for their families. The city of St. John was laid out, and the different lots composing it were distributed among the arriving Loyalists. Many who remained at St. John during that winter were afterwards drafted to other parts of the province, where they received lots for farms. St. John, in fact, for a year or two was a sort of distributing point for the Loyalists; and while its population was large during the period of immigration, it soon fell to a low point as the immigrants scattered themselves all over the country for the purpose of making a living. Smaller Loyalist settlements were formed and founded at Annapolis, Shelbourne, and other districts in Nova Scotia; but the St. John settlement, in consequence of the



Benedict Arnold's Sofa.

OWNED BY MR. W. C. DRURY, ST. JOHN.

great fertility of the land on the banks of that river and the abundance of scope for immigrants, was always the most important, and early assumed a prominence. This no doubt was the reason why an agitation about this time commenced for the division of the province of Nova Scotia into two parts; in 1786 this was effected by the creation of the province of New Brunswick, leaving to Nova Scotia only the peninsula which is bounded on the north of the Misseguash River. The British government expended vast sums in settling the Loyalists in Nova Scotia, and it pensioned a large number of them who had served in the war. It also gave by way of recompense to those who had lost their property the sum of £3,292,455 sterling, which may well be described as an unparalleled instance of generosity on the part of a nation which had already expended one hundred and sixty millions in carrying on a fruitless contest.



Officers' Old Quarters, St. John.

St. John, which is pre-eminently the Loyalist city, is a place of great interest to whose who would study the story of the Loyalists. The old graveyard, which lies in the very heart of the city and contains some four acres of land, is the resting place of many thousands of them, some of whom were men of great eminence in their day in the old colonies. Among the most striking of the memorials which have been erected to the Loyalists in that place of the dead is the Putnam tomb, which the inscription tells us is sacred to the memory of the Hon. James Putnam, who was appointed a member of his majesty's council and a judge of the supreme court in the organization of the government of New Brunswick at its original foundation in 1784. We are further told by the inscription that he had, for many years before the war which terminated in the independence of the United States, been an eminent barrister and attorney at law, and that he was the last attorney-general under his majesty in the late province of Massachusetts Bay. Judge Putnam died on the 23d of October, 1789, aged sixty-four years. Putnam was regarded as the greatest lawyer of his day in Massachusetts, and it was in his office that John Adams, the future president of the United States, studied law, being at the same time resident in his family. Putnam was of the same family as General Isaac Putnam, the soldier of the Revolution. John Adams describes Judge Putnam "as a man who possessed great acuteness of mind, who had a very extensive and successful practice, and who was eminent in his profession."

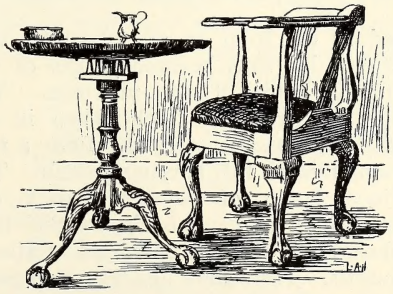
The same vault contains the remains



The Old Loyalist Graveyard, St. John.

of Jonathan Sewall, who died in 1796. Sewall also was attorney-general of Massachusetts, a graduate of Harvard University of 1748, and a close friend of John Adams. Sewall and Adams frequently lived together, and often slept in the same chamber, and sometimes in the same bed. It was in 1767 that Sewall was appointed attorney-general; and of him Adams remarks that his influence with judges and juries was as great as was consistent with an impartial administration of justice; that he was a gentleman and a scholar; that he possessed a lively wit, a brilliant imagination, a great solidity of reasoning, and an insinuating eloquence. Sewall was an addresser of Hutchinson in 1774, and in September of that year his elegant house at Cambridge was attacked by a mob and much injured. His name appears among the proscribed and banished, and among those whose estates were confiscated. Sewall attempted to dissuade John Adams from attending the first continental Congress, and it was in reply to his arguments as they walked on the great hill at Portland that Adams used the memorable words, "The die is now cast; I have now passed the Rubicon; sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, with my country, is my unalterable determination." They parted and met no more until 1788, long after the great contest had closed. Sewall's wife was Esther, a daughter of Edmund Quincy, and a sister of the wife of John Hancock. His son, Jonathan Sewall, rose to distinction, and became chief-justice of Lower Canada. The Putnam tomb therefore contains the remains of two men who occupied the most distinguished positions in the Massachusetts colony.

Another family that is represented in the old graveyard is that of Bliss, so well-known throughout Massachusetts. Jonathan Bliss, whose wife and son are buried here, was a native of Springfield, Mass., and a graduate of Harvard of 1763. He was a member of the general committee of Massachusetts in 1768, and one of the seventeen rescinders. He was proscribed under the act of 1778. He rose to be chief justice of New Brunswick, and died

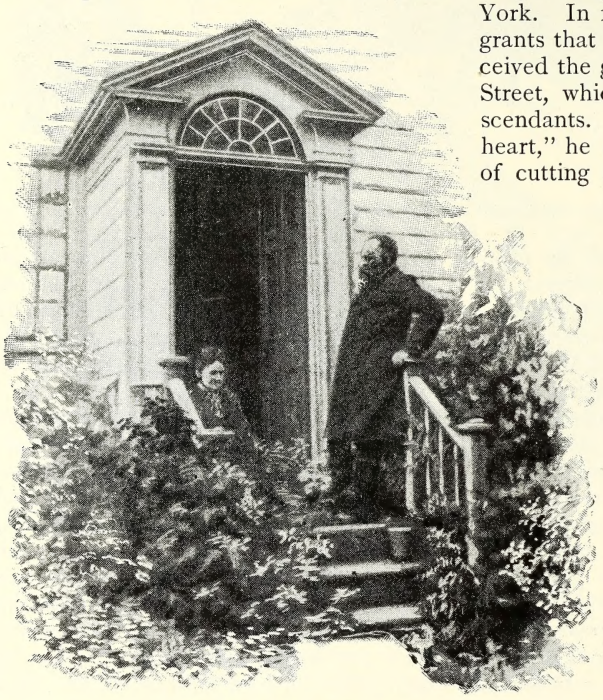


Some Claw-Foot Furniture of 1783.
OWNED BY MR. R. P. STARR, ST. JOHN.

at Fredericton in 1822, aged eighty years. His wife was a daughter of the Hon. John Worthington of Springfield, Mass.

At another place in this graveyard a stone records the fact that underneath it

lie interred the bodies of Colonel Chaloner, who was high sheriff of Newport in the British colony of Rhode Island, and afterwards one of his majesty's justices of the peace for King's County, N. B., and of his wife, Ann Chaloner. Here also lies interred Robert Parker, a Massachusetts Loyalist who became a storekeeper of the province of New Brunswick, and

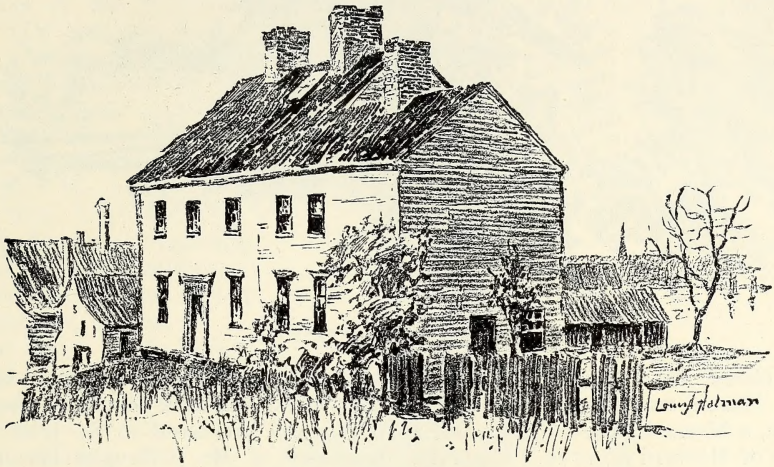


The Rectory Porch, Kingston.

died at St. John at an advanced age. Two of his sons became judges of the supreme court of the province. The name of Prince, so well-known in the annals of Massachusetts, also finds a representative in this burying ground. The Prince family of New Brunswick can trace their descent back to the Rev. John Prince, the first historian of Massachusetts. Here also lies Thatcher Sears of Connecticut, who died in St. John in 1819, aged sixty-seven. Thatcher Sears was descended from the Rev. Peter Thatcher of Boston, and was the second son of Nathaniel Sears of Norwich, Conn. The noted whig, King Sears, as he was called, of New York, was his father's brother. In early life Thatcher Sears was much employed in the Mohawk country, under the patronage of Sir John Johnston, in the purchase of furs. His pecuniary affairs were injured by the burning of Norwich, and were otherwise deranged in consequence of his adherence to the fortunes of the crown. He was finally forced to leave home, when he sought refuge with the royal army in New York. In 1783, he was one of the emigrants that went to St. John, and he received the grant of a lot of land in King Street, which is still owned by his descendants. "With a sorrowful and heavy heart," he said, "I commenced the task of cutting down and hewing the timber for the building which was to be the shelter and abode of myself and family in our exile in the wilderness." Thatcher Sears enjoyed the distinction of being the only man of his family who was a Loyalist. His descendants still reside in St. John. Here also is the tomb of David Waterbury, who was born in Stamford, Conn., in 1758, and who died in St. John in 1813. The name of Garrison, so well-known in Massachusetts, is also represented here. A stone records the death of Nathan Garrison, who, we are told, departed this life suddenly, February 18, 1817, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. Nathan Garrison was a brother of Abijah Garrison, the father of William Lloyd Garrison, the great Anti-Slavery apostle. Abijah Garrison was born in New Brunswick, and probably died there, but there is no stone to mark his grave.

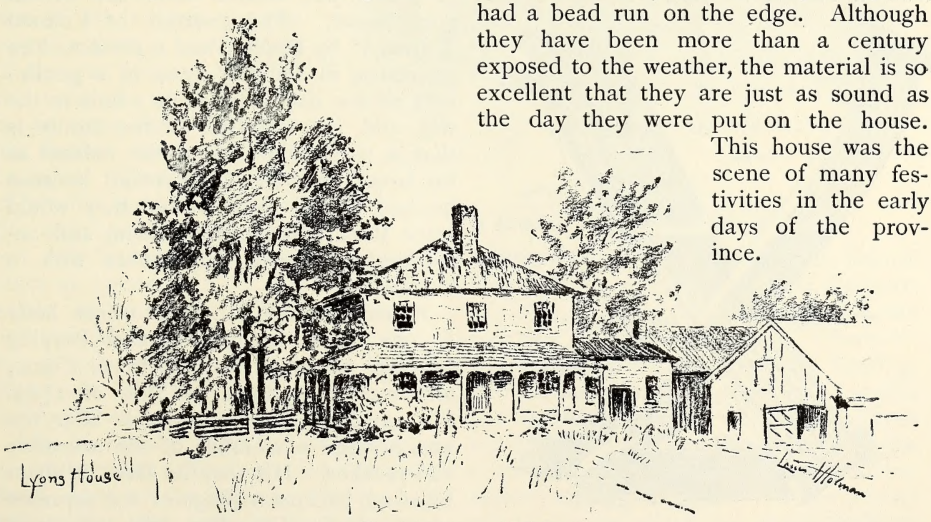
The old graveyard was closed in 1848, and since then many of the monuments erected to the Loyalists have disappeared. Others have been removed to the rural cemetery, which is situated about two miles from the city. Among those who were originally buried in the Old Burying-ground and afterwards removed were the Hon. William Hazen and his family, Isaiah Chandler, and Amos Botsford. The Hon. William Hazen was a resident

of Newburyport, Mass., which he left in 1775, removing to St. John, where he was engaged in business with James Simonds and James White. When the close of the war, about the year 1777. It is a typical specimen of the old style of mansion of that day, its rooms being very large, and its general arrangements

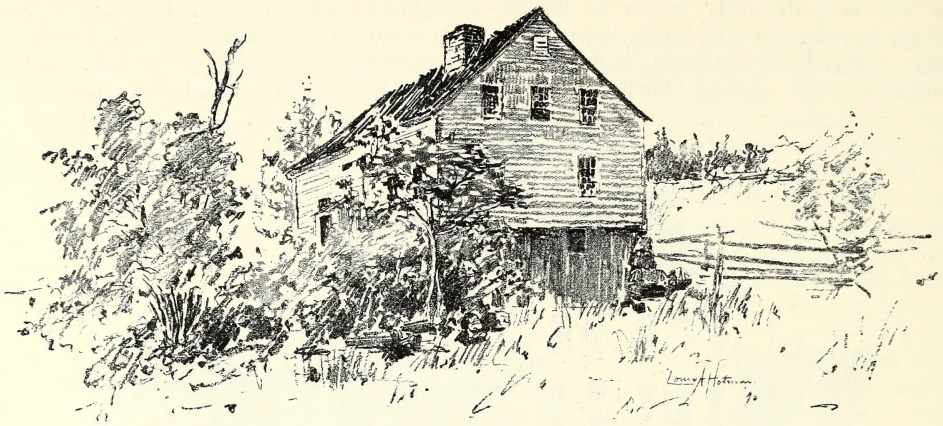


The Old Government House, St. John.

Colonel John Allan made his raid on the St. John River during the Revolutionary war, Hazen was taken prisoner, but escaped and made his way to Halifax, and gave the royal forces the warning that led to troops being sent to St. John. The house which he erected is still standing in that part of the city of St. John formerly known as Portland. It is situated at the corner of Simonds and Brook Streets, and was erected prior to exceedingly comfortable. The frame and other materials probably came from New England, the frame being of oak, which is not found in abundance in New Brunswick. The clapboards on it are of a style not often seen at the present day, some of them being thirty-five or forty feet long. They are of clear pine, and appear to have been cut out of the log full length, by hand, with a whip-saw, after which they had been planed, and had a bead run on the edge. Although they have been more than a century exposed to the weather, the material is so excellent that they are just as sound as the day they were put on the house. This house was the scene of many festivities in the early days of the province.



The Lyon House, Kingston.



The Raymond House, Kingston.

The eldest daughter of the Hon. William Hazen was married to Ward Chipman, a Massachusetts Loyalist, and a graduate of Harvard of 1770. Chipman left Boston at the evacuation in 1776, and went to Halifax, but afterwards returned to New York, where he served with the King's troops. He rose to distinction in New Brunswick and became a recorder of the city of St. John, solicitor-general, and afterwards judge of the supreme court. Ward Chipman's son Ward was also a man of distinction in New Brunswick, and became chief justice. He was likewise a graduate of Harvard, of the year 1805. Another daughter of the Hon. William Hazen married Thomas Peters Murray, the son of John Murray of Rutland, Mass. Colonel Murray, whose portrait is still preserved in St. John at the residence of Mr. J. Douglas Hazen, was a colonel in the Massachusetts militia. Before the war, in 1774, he was appointed a mandamus councillor. Owing to his political principles he was compelled to abandon his house and fly to Boston, and he went with the royal army to Halifax in 1776. In 1778 he was proscribed and banished, and the following year lost his estates under the conspiracy act. These estates were valued at £23,367 sterling. As an indemnity Colonel Murray was allowed a pension of £200 per annum from the British government. The portrait of Colonel Murray is by Copley, and represents him as sitting in the full dress of a gentleman of the day. There is a hole in the wig, and the tradition in the family is that a party who sought the colonel at his house after his flight, vexed because he had eluded them, vowed they would leave their mark behind them, and accordingly pierced the canvas with a bayonet.



IN POSSESSION OF MR. I. ALLEN JACK, ST. JOHN.

Amos Botsford, a Loyalist whose body at one time lay in the Old Burying Ground, belonged to Newtown, Conn., and was a graduate of Yale of 1763. He came to New Brunswick after the war, became a member of the assembly and speaker. His son, the Hon. William Botsford, became a judge of the supreme court. Isaac Chandler, who was also

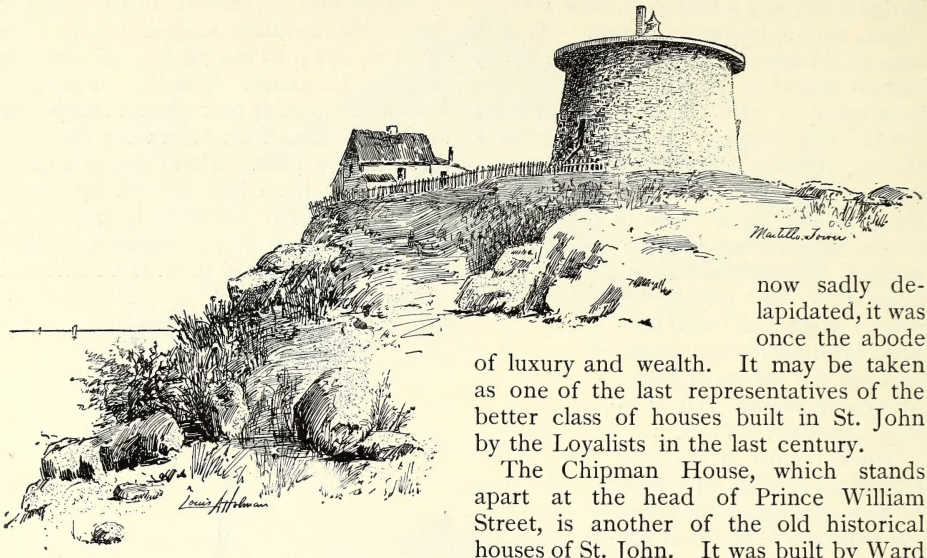
buried here, was a native of New Haven, Conn., and a barrister at law. He was born in Woodstock in that state in 1728, and graduated at Yale in 1747. He was a member of the General Assembly in 1775. His property in and near New Haven, which he valued at £30,000 sterling, was confiscated in March, 1787. He perished while crossing the Bay of Fundy in a snowstorm, the vessel being wrecked on Musquash Point, about nine miles from the city of St. John. With him also perished his daughter Elizabeth, who was the widow of Major Alexander Grant, and William Chandler, his son.

These details of the New England Loyalists who went to New Brunswick after the war will sufficiently show the intimate relations that existed between the old colonies of Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island and Connecticut and the new provinces which were founded by the Loyalists. In many cases members of the same family took different sides in the contest and were separated from each other forever. The heart-breakings which resulted from these partings must be left to the imagination of the reader, who can scarcely form a conception of the gulf which separated the men who went to Nova Scotia from those who were left behind in the thirteen colonies. Frequently, ties of kinship were forgotten in the animosities of the contest, and brothers who parted from each other as enemies in the war never afterwards became reconciled. Whatever political animosities now exist between the people of Canada and the United States may be traced back to the date of the Loyalist emigration.

The Marketslip bears the same relation to the Loyalists of St. John that Plymouth Rock does to the Pilgrim Fathers. It was on the spot seen in the foreground of the picture given with this paper that the exiled Loyalists landed on the 18th of May, 1783, to the number of upwards of three thousand. The day chanced to be Sunday, and at that period everything about the site of St. John wore the most forbidding aspect. There are few cities which have been less favored by nature in the matter of site than the city of St. John; and when the Loyalists saw their future home many of them lost heart and sighed for the land they had left behind them. Tents were erected near the landing place; and in one of them Ann, the daughter of Thatcher Sears of Connecticut, was born shortly after the landing, she being the first child of Loyalist parents born in that city. The whole region about the landing place of the Loyalists is full of historical associations. Market Square, of which it forms a part, was for many years the chief business



The First Loyalist Church erected in New Brunswick.

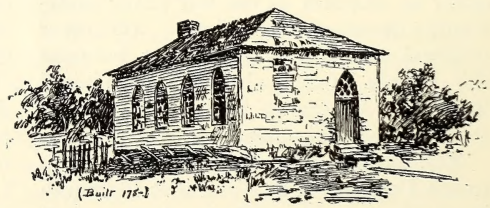


A Picturesque Bit of St. John.

centre of the city, and contained the old City Hall, which was used for many years as a market, a court house, a council chamber and a lock-up. It was in this building that in 1828 a boy eighteen years of age, named Patrick Durgen, was tried and found guilty of entering the dwelling of his master at night and robbing the till of a quarter of a dollar. For this offence he was condemned to death and executed. Such was justice as administered in New Brunswick sixty-three years ago.

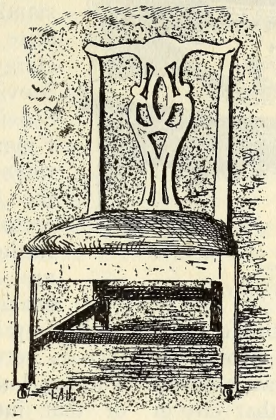
The Crookshank House, is the oldest in St. John, and stands within a hundred feet of the Market Square. The lot upon which it stands was drawn by James Codner, a native of New England, who was a lieutenant in the 2d American regiment. He became a magistrate of St. John, was one of the first merchants of that city, and for many years filled the office of chamberlain. The Crookshank House was erected by a merchant named John Colville, who died in it upwards of eighty-three years ago. His wife was the daughter of Captain George Crookshank, a Scotchman, who sailed out of New York during the Revolutionary War. The old house has changed but little in its outward aspect since it was first built, and although now sadly delapidated, it was once the abode of luxury and wealth. It may be taken as one of the last representatives of the better class of houses built in St. John by the Loyalists in the last century.

The Chipman House, which stands apart at the head of Prince William Street, is another of the old historical houses of St. John. It was built by Ward Chipman, who as has already been stated, was a Massachusetts Loyalist and a distinguished lawyer both in Massachusetts and in New Brunswick. Ward Chipman, who became a judge of the supreme court in 1809, resided in this house until his death in 1824, and his son, Ward Chipman, who became chief justice of the province, occupied it until 1851, when he died. From that time it was inhabited by the widow of the chief justice, who was childless, and who lived until the 4th of July, 1876, the hundredth anniversary of American independence. The Chipman House was long regarded as the finest in St. John, and many distinguished visitors were entertained there from time to time. The most notable of these was the Prince of Wales, who visited St. John in 1860, and who took up his residence in the old house, which was expressly fitted up for his reception. The original Ward Chipman was a friend



The old Grammar School, Gagetown.

and correspondent of Benedict Arnold, who resided in St. John for a number of years after the close of the revolutionary war. The old house is now completely overshadowed by more pretentious buildings, but it is well worthy of a visit as a relic of the past.



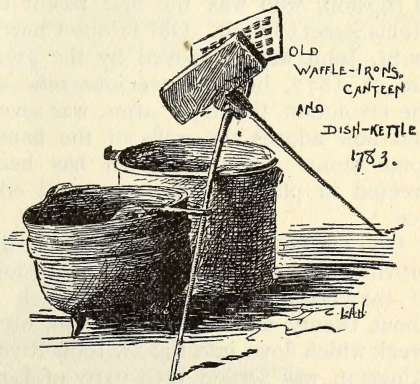
Chair in Possession of Mr. I. Allen Jack, St. John.

An interesting reminder of Arnold's residence in St. John is an old sofa which belonged to him, and formed a portion of his household effects, which were sold at auction in 1791, at the time of his departure from St. John. This sofa is now the property of Ward Chipman Drury, registrar of deeds for the county of St. John, and is in an excellent state of repair, being little the worse for its century of usefulness. It is curious to read the advertisement of the sale of General Arnold's effects, which was held on the 22d of September, 1791, by John Chaloner, auctioneer. Among the articles advertised for sale were "excellent feather beds, mahogany four-post bedsteads, a suite of elegant cabriole chairs covered with blue damask, sofas, and curtains to match." There were also sold "card, tea, and other tables, looking-glasses, a secretary desk and bookcase, fire-screens, and girandoles, lustres, an easy and sedan chair, an elegant set of wedgewood gilt ware, two tea-table sets of Nankeen china, a variety of glassware, a terrestrial globe, a double wheel-jack, and a great quantity of kitchen furniture. Also a lady's elegant saddle and bridle."

General Arnold appears to have lived in a considerable degree of luxury in St. John, notwithstanding the fact that he was looked down upon by its loyal inhabitants as a double traitor. His house was on the east side of King Street at the corner of Canterbury, but it has long since been swept away, and the site is now occupied by a large dry goods store.

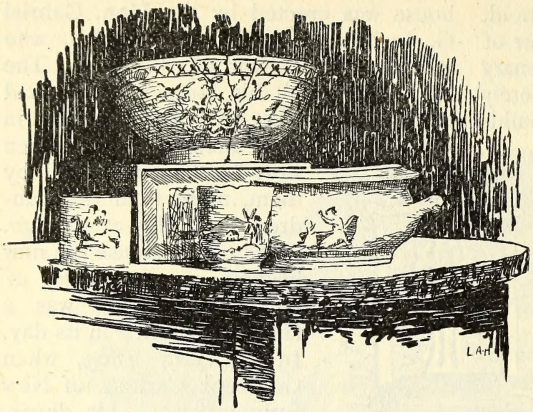
Carlton, which is on the west side of the St. John Harbor, contains a famous old house which was built immediately after the landing of the Loyalists. This house was erected by the Hon. Gabriel G. Ludlow, a New York Loyalist, who was the first mayor of St. John. The spot upon which his house was built had been used by the French as a garden in the ancient times when Fort La Tour was held by them, more than two hundred and fifty years ago. The Ludlow House has now become a mere house of tenements, but it was a famous residence in its day. In the year 1803, when Governor Carlton of New Brunswick took his departure for England, Colonel Ludlow, as senior councillor, was sworn in as president and commander-in-chief of the province. He administered the government of the province until his death in 1808, and the building which was formerly his residence for that reason is still known as the old government house.

In the North End of St. John there is another old government house, which was occupied by Sir Howard Douglas after the fire had consumed the government house at Fredericton in the year 1825. This structure is now known as the Bentley Building, and has been converted into a public school.



Loyalist Relics owned by the De Veber Family, Gagetown.

Perhaps the most interesting relic of the revolutionary period now in St. John is the Royal coat of arms, which at one



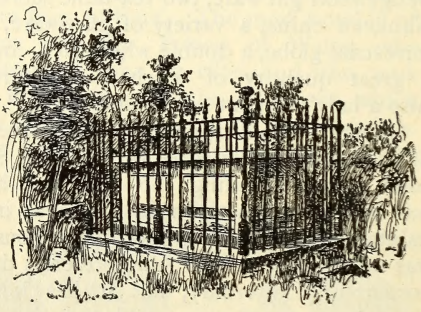
Old Chaloner China.

IN POSSESSION OF THE CALHOUN FAMILY, ST. JOHN.

time hung on the walls of the council chamber of the Old State House in Boston. This coat of arms was removed when the British evacuated that city in 1776, and was taken to Halifax and afterwards to St. John, N. B. It was placed in the first church erected in St. John by the Loyalists, which was Trinity, and of which the Rev. George Bisset was rector. The Rev. George Bisset was an Episcopal minister of Newport, R. I. He died in St. John in 1788, and his body was placed in the Putnam tomb. The second rector of Trinity Church was the Rev. Mather Byles, Jr., who was the last rector of Christ Church, Boston, and who was a son of the Rev. Mather Byles, also of Boston, who was the first pastor of Hollis Street Church. Old Trinity Church in St. John was destroyed by the great fire of 1877, but the precious relic of the revolution, the royal arms, was saved and now adorns the walls of the handsome stone structure which has been erected in place of the consumed edifice.

One of the most romantic spots in the province in connection with the history of the Loyalists is Kingston, which is about twenty miles from St. John, on a creek which flows into the St. John River. Kingston was settled by a party of Loyalists who came from Connecticut, the majority of them being passengers on board the Union Transport, which arrived in St. John in the spring of 1783. Among the names of the Kingston Loyalists, were Lyon, Pickett, Hendrickson, Hait, Raymond, Chick, Bates, and Scribner, all New England names. The old church, which they erected shortly after they formed their settlement, is still standing, and is in an excellent state of preservation. The first clergyman was the Rev. James Scovil, of Waterbury, Conn. Mr. Scovil continued to be rector of Kingston until the year 1809, when he was succeeded by his son, the Rev. Elias Scovil, who was rector of the church until his death in the year 1841. About Kingston are gathered some of the most striking traditions of the early times of the Loyalists, and no place in the province is better worthy of a visit by those who are looking for traces of the history of that interesting period. The Raymond house, is one of the oldest houses in Kingston, having been erected in 1787, by the late Silas Raymond, who came from Norwalk, Conn., and whose ancestors were among the earliest settlers of New England, having come to Portsmouth, N. H., in 1630.

Gagetown, which is on the River St. John about fifty miles from St. John, is also a spot of great interest in connection with the early history of the Loyalists. Gagetown was settled prior to the Loyalist immigration, by a number of families from Massachusetts, most of them from Rowley, who arrived there in



The Putnam Tomb, St. John.

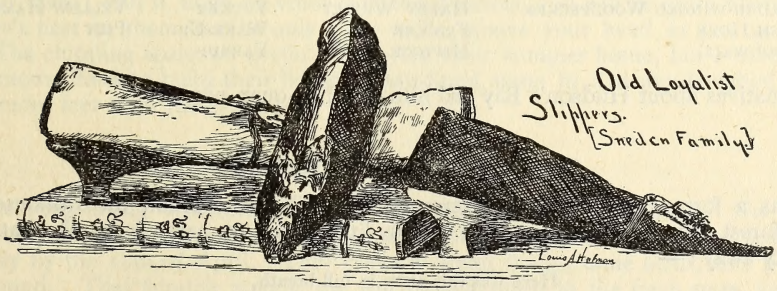
1763. These people, for the most part, sympathized with their brethren in the old colonies in the struggle with the British government; but they were over-

awed, and when the Loyalists came in 1783 they were, to some extent, crowded out by the new-comers. Gagetown is a beautiful spot, having all the picturesque features of river and valley scenery which delight the eye, but it has rather fallen into decay of late years owing to the business formerly done on the river having been largely transferred to the railways. Still it is well worthy of the attention of the lover of the picturesque, and nothing can be more charming than its air of calm and quiet. There are many relics of the Loyalists to be found at Gagetown, among others an old chair, a table, and a pair of andirons, now in the possession of Mr. J. R. Currey. The chair belonged to Molly Brown, who in the year 1765 married Zebulon Estey, and soon afterwards came to New Brunswick, where her descendants are now very numerous. The andirons are typical of a time when the business of warming houses was conducted in a very different manner from that which prevails at the present day.

The province of New Brunswick is full of relics of the ante-revolutionary period, in the shape of old bibles, spinning wheels, antique furniture, household utensils and other articles of domestic use which have been preserved to the present day. There is hardly an ancient house in the province but contains one or more of these reminders of a past age, and of a state of things which has long since ceased to be.

The political effects of the emigration of the Loyalists have been already referred to. No one who studies the history of that age can fail to be convinced that the punishment of the Loyalists had as its final result the severance of the North American continent into two nations. The people who inhabited Nova Scotia prior to the revolution were largely drawn from New England, and for the most part they sympathized with the revolutionary movement. But for the banishment of the Loyalists, Nova Scotia would long have remained without a population, and certainly could never have hoped to obtain so enterprising, active, and energetic a set of inhabitants as those who were supplied to it by the acts of the several states hostile to the Loyalists. The hold of the British government upon the British provinces of North America which remained to the crown would have been but slight indeed, but for the active hostility of the Loyalists. They created the state of affairs which consolidated British power on this continent and built it up into the Dominion of Canada. To the short-sighted policy which banished them may be traced nearly all the political troubles of this continent, since that date, in which the British crown has been involved. Sabine says, in his excellent work on the Loyalists:

"Dearly enough have the people of the United States paid for this exile and the violent wars of the revolution; for to the Loyalists who were driven away, and to their descendants, we owe almost entirely the long and bitter controversy relating to our northeastern boundary and the dispute about our right to the fisheries in the colonial seas."



THE NOTES OF SOME NEW ENGLAND BIRDS.

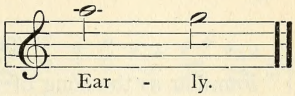
By Simeon Pease Cheney.

THE GOLDEN-WINGED WOODPECKER.

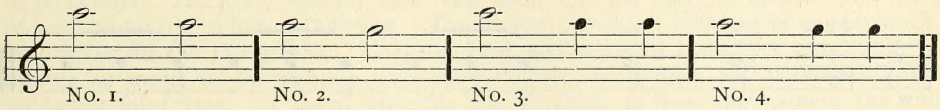
THE loud, monotonous vocalizing of this handsome bird is hardly song; still we often hear it said, "The woodwall is singing; we are going to have rain." The two-toned "rain-call" is his song, if he have one. The performance is long enough for a song, but rather narrow.


Wet, wet, " " "

The chickadees make very free with us in frosty weather; coming about our homes, they help themselves without question. If driven from the bit of meat hung up to "keep" in the cold, they utter a few "chick-a-dee-dee-dees," and fall to again as if nothing had happened. The "chickadee" notes, however, are their chat, not their song, though sometimes the song immediately follows. One clear, cold, March morning before sunrise, I was greeted with two tones, —

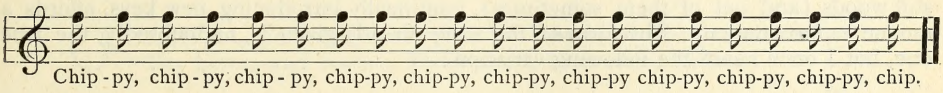


They thrilled me; never were purer tones heard on earth. Presently they were repeated, when I discovered a pair of chickadees on the limb of a small tree. The song came from one of them; and when he shot up and away, he left me with a new understanding of the value of purity of tone. Nearly all small birds sing rapidly, too rapidly for appreciative hearing; but this little songster somehow has found out that one pure minim is worth a whole strain of staccato demi-semi-quavers. The chickadees sometimes employ a delightful form of response in their singing: —



THE CHIPPING SPARROW.

This trim little bird, one of the least of the sparrows, is not so great a singer as some others of the family, but none of them equal him in song devotion. At the close of day he may be heard from the house-top, from the ridge-pole of the barn, from the fence or the grass stubble. Dr. Coues says he has "at times a song quite different from the sharp, monotonous trill so characteristic of springtime"; and without doubt he has, but the monotonous "trill," being a succession of rapid tones upon the same degree, can hardly be called a "trill."



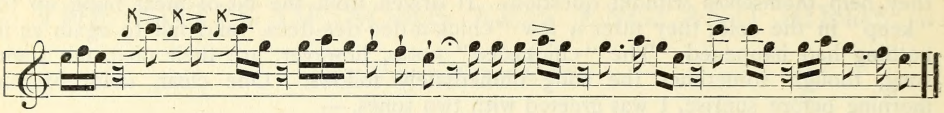
To look at these notes, it would seem impossible that any performance of them could be made acceptable; the hearing of them, however, relieved by the delicate accent and fervor of the singer, never fails to touch the heart of the listener.

The chipping sparrow sings at all hours, sometimes waking in the dead of night to perform his staccato serenade; but the evening twilight hour is his favorite time. If we have a vesper sparrow, it is he. None of our birds is more social and confiding. He comes for the crumbs about the door, and with little coaxing will light on your hand for them; and if there be vines over the doorway, you will be quite likely to find the lady's nest in them, maybe only a few inches above your head as you go in and out. The chipping sparrows prefer a bush for their summer home, but I have several times known them to build their beautiful hair-lined nests in a heavy-boughed spruce, ten or more feet from the ground.

THE FOX-COLORED SPARROW.

These song-loving sparrows have sweet voices and a pleasing song. No sparrow sings with a better quality of tone. They reach Massachusetts, on their journey North, generally by the 10th of April. They come in small flocks, tame birds, and partial to the ground. They scratch among the low bushes, often in the fresh snow, rising frequently a few feet to sit and sing; they also sing upon the ground. They are our largest sparrows, fine-looking birds, with reddish backs somewhat like those of the brown thrush.

Song of the Fox-colored Sparrow : —



THE WHITE-THROATED SPARROW.

Familiar as the song of this bird is, few listeners suspect that it is sung by a sparrow. In an extreme northern town of Vermont, I often heard the song when a boy, but never the name of the singer ; and I have rarely heard him named since. The knowing ones used to say the words of the song were, " All day long fid-dle-in', fid-dle-in', fid-dle-in' ! " The little twelve-toned melody of this sparrow is a flash of inspiration — one of those lucky finds, such as the poets have — the charm of which lies in its rhythm. Let us look at it : —

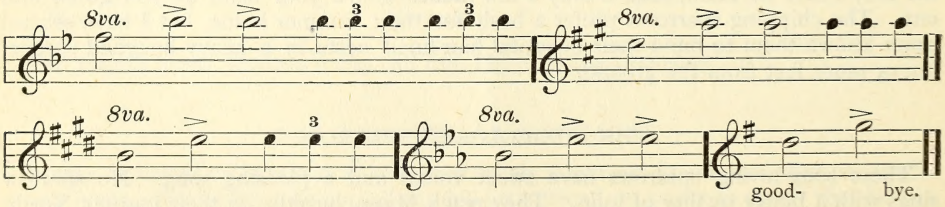


First come three long tones of equal length, forming together one-half of the song entire ; then three clusters of three short tones, triplets, each cluster being equal to one of the long tones, and each of the short tones being equal to one-third of one of the long tones. How simple the construction for so pleasing a performance !

The white-throat sings moderately and with exactness, singing often, and usually with several of his fellows, each piping away in a key of his own. Heedless of pitch, striking in just as it happens, this independent little songster sometimes finds himself at the top of his voice and at a height of sound rarely reached by any other bird. The whistling quality of the white-throat's voice, and his deliberate method, make his song very distinct and distinctive. The responsive singing of several performers in the still woods (and out of them sometimes), continually introducing new keys, affords a unique entertainment. The form of the song already given is, undoubtedly, the true one, but I once heard the following variation : —



When the season is well advanced, the singers, seemingly grown weary of their song, begin to shorten it. At first they omit the last triplets ; further on, they drop the second group, then the first group, then the third long note, till, finally, only the first two long notes remain. There is a touch of the comic in this farewell performance, as though the singer said, " There ; you know the rest."



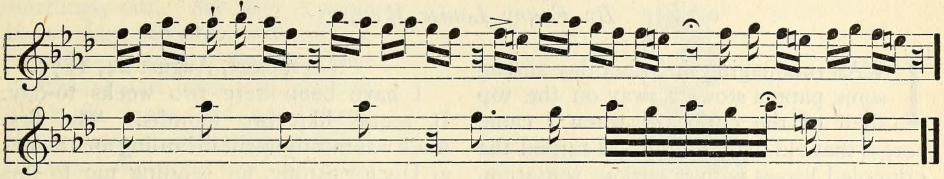
THE LINNET: PURPLE FINCH: PURPLE GROSBEAK.

The linnet (this is the popular name) is a very spirited and charming singer, especially during the mating-season. A careful observer tells me he has seen him fly from the side of his mate directly upward fifteen or twenty feet, singing every instant in the

most excited manner till he dropped to the point of starting. The yellow-breasted chat has a like performance, and so has the woodcock. The linnet's style of singing is a warble, but his song is not short like the songs of the "warblers"; it is often a protracted extemporizing, difficult to represent.

Some of the notes of the linnet: —

Rapid and spirited.



The linnet has been described as "red" and also as "purple"; but really, he seems to be neither. He has a reddish back and neck, and his head is almost red. The female has no red in her complexion. The linnets are social, building in our orchards, but oftener in the evergreens. They are kind and peaceful birds, yet ever ready to avenge an insult to the death. The males do not reach their full plumage till the second or third year. If caged, after the first moulting in their confinement the wild colors do not return; the reddish tint is exchanged for a yellowish cast, and so remains.

THE MOUNTAIN AND BRAHMA.

(A Legend from the Vedas.)

By Abbie M. Gannett.

O BRAHMA, glorious Source of Life!" the lordly mountain cried;
"Thy bloom and beauty, freely given, I am alone denied;

"The verdure of the glittering mead, the blossom of the sheltering tree,
The grace of lightly flying cloud, the grand voice of the sea,

"The charm of softly falling rain, the sparkle of the rivulet, —
Oh, none of all these gracious gifts in my stern life are set.

"My hoary head is capped with snow, and all adown my craggy sides
Deep chasms yawn and torrents break; no joy with me abides.

"I bring no beauty to the world, and beauty that around I see,
Fills me with ever vain regret for that denied to me."

Then, smiling, spoke the Lord of Life: "O mountain, set in rock and snow,
Let thy unrestful heart be stilled, a greater truth to know.

"Beauty, and bloom, and grace, and song, pass quickly, aye, they pass away;
But of the eternal things art thou, not of the fleeting day;

"The type of an endurance strong, unchanging, — how the grand word thrills!
Even frail man hath writ of thee: 'The everlasting hills!'"

O thou in lonely places set! let this old legend tell to thee,
Who in himself doth nobly stand, of restless longings free,

Though reft of beauty, love, and joy, shall, in his own enduring strength,
Find in the long years of the soul, infinite peace at length.

POOR LITTLE MISS SEVERANCE.

A STORY OF NANTUCKET.

By Fanny Louise Weaver.

I WAS rummaging the other day among some papers stowed away on the top shelf of the cupboard, when I came across that old diary of mine. I turned the crumpled leaves with a curious sensation. It was not much of a diary; it contained little beside the story of poor little Miss Severance; but it brought back to mind a great deal. It was written at Nantucket, in the summer of 1875. I was at that time a struggling young lawyer in Judge Holbrooke's office. Moreover and chiefly, I was in love with Helen Campbell, whose father was worth half a million. It is needless to say that I was poor; otherwise, everything would have been different; certain events that happened would not have happened; and this particular story would never have been written.

The chief cause of my misery during that year 1875 lay in my inability to convince Helen's father of my eligibility as a son-in-law. He would not consent to our engagement till I had "proved my mettle"; and in spite of Helen's tears and protestations that she could never love any one else, he took her off for a year's travel in Europe, — "to change the current of her thoughts," he said.

They sailed in June. We had a very difficult case just then, and I worked at it night and day with a feverish unrest. The result was that I came down with typhoid fever. When I was on my feet again, which was by the middle of August, I was sent down to Nantucket, to be built up. How it all came back to me, as I held that little book, the chronicle of those Nantucket days, in my hand!

Helen always wanted to see this diary. Now she should have her wish granted, after all these years that it had eluded us. I placed her in the little rocking-chair with a hassock at her feet, and settled myself to read:

NANTUCKET, August 24, 1875.

I have been here two weeks to-day. It seems like two months. The first week was mostly spent in hurling anathemas at Doctor Strong, for sending me to this out-of-the-way place; but I guess the old fellow knew what he was about. The air is delicious, and I am gradually yielding to the soothing effects of the quaint town. Have carried out the doctor's prescription to the letter. Have lounged on the wharves and whittled, whole mornings, watching the sail-boats, and staring at the light-house on Brant Point. Have eaten and slept, slept and eaten, and lived an oyster-like existence. Have made friends already with two or three regular "old salts." They are getting used to seeing me in my snug corner at the end of Straight Wharf, and are very ready to chat with me. The glory of the old whaling days creeps inevitably into all their talk. They only need an appreciative listener, to spin yarns by the hour. Afternoons, I stroll about the straggling streets with grass between the cobble-stones, or ride horseback over the moors which are now covered with a ripe profusion of wild flowers. I watch the surf at the South Shore, and wonder if Helen is thinking of me over among the Alps.

August 27th. — Went out fishing this morning with Captain Bunker, a hearty, weatherbeaten old mariner, who has been round the world twice and followed the sea for over forty years. He likes to talk when once he gets started, but at first his short, gruff answers rather keep one at bay. It needs a little diplomacy to draw him out. Caught two blue-fish. It is very exciting. My muscle is coming back under it.

September 2d. — The days have gone on much as usual till yesterday. Then something happened. I was sitting in

my sunny nook on Straight Wharf, reading "Henry Esmond," when looking up suddenly I beheld the queerest little old lady tripping along towards me with an alert air, as if she expected to meet some one she knew. Her dress was startlingly odd. She wore a scant brown skirt, and a blue watered-silk mantilla — I believe they call it — of ancient date, with long knotted black silk fringe, and her bonnet was a queer combination of faded ribbons, flowers, and feathers. She came quite near to me, and stood looking off upon the water. She wore little soft gray curls tucked behind her ears, which the fresh breeze toyed with. Her little withered face had a very peaceful expression — the look was almost sunny with which she gazed out to sea. She turned to me soon with a smile, and said —

"Are you waiting, too?"

"Waiting?" I replied, a little puzzled. "Oh, no, I'm only sunning myself and enjoying this delicious air. I spend most of my morning here."

"Oh! Then you will probably see the 'Zone' come in," she said in a glad voice.

I was about to ask what the "Zone" was, when one of the men at work unloading a vessel of lumber at the other side of the wharf came over, bringing an empty wooden box. It was Peleg Folger, and he evidently knew all about my strange companion.

"Good morning, Miss Severance," he said cordially. "So you're down lookin' out for the 'Zone,' are you? Doubt if she'll git in ter day. She ain't ben sighted yet. You'd better set an' rest a spell, an' make yerself comf'table while yer stay;" and he placed the box bottom upwards where she could lean back against one of the huge posts supporting the pier. As he stood a moment behind her, he looked at me, tapped his forehead with one finger, and shook his head significantly. I understood then what the matter was. I tried to talk on general topics, — the weather, Nantucket, the pretty sail-boats skimming about the harbor, but every little while she would come back to the same question.

"Did you say you were waiting for the 'Zone'?" "Have you some one on the 'Zone' too, whom you are waiting for?" she would ask, again and again.



"I beheld the queerest little old lady tripping along towards me."

I explained to her as if I were talking to a child, that I was a stranger in Nantucket and knew nothing about the "Zone." She would seem to take it in for awhile, but would soon forget and go back to the absorbing subject.

She has a way of tipping her little head on one side when she talks, and fastening her round brown eyes upon you, just as a little bird does. The corners of the mouth slant upward when she smiles, and her brisk look and little timid starts make her resemblance to a timid bird more complete.

About twelve o'clock, Captain Bunker's sail-boat came dancing around Brant

Point on the crests of the waves. He had been out with a sailing party. As soon as they landed, my little old lady ran up to the captain and asked excitedly if he had seen anything of the "Zone" as he came in.

"Hullo! Miss Mary, is that you?" he answered in his cheery way. "The 'Zone,' did you say? Bless my stars! I've just come in from Tuckermuck, and there ain't a vessel in sight. She won't be in for several days yet, sure. You go right along home and rest easy, and just as soon as she's sighted I'll send you word so as you can get down here plenty time enough."

The little woman hesitated a moment, then came back to me and put out her hand slowly for good-by, then turned and went briskly up the long wharf; and soon the odd little figure was lost to view. I turned to Captain Bunker, and asked him to tell me about her.

"Poor soul! poor soul!" he said. "She's been waiting forty years for the 'Zone' to come in and bring her lover, Philip Coffin. He went out in her as first mate in the spring of 1834. She came back somewhere about the middle of September, 1837, but poor Philip wasn't with her. He was lost overboard during a heavy gale of wind off New Zealand. They sent a letter home telling about it; but in those days letters didn't always fetch up here from those foreign ports, — and the ship, she come in, and there was pretty Mollie Severance (there isn't a prettier girl anywheres than she was then), down on the wharf with the rest of the crowd. They were to be married in a week after he got home, and she had got all her fixin's ready. My youngest brother Sam was one of the crew, and he caught sight of Mollie, and he came up to me, and says he:

"'For God's sake, some of you get Mollie Severance home before she finds out. Ain't you heard that Phil was swept overboard off New Zealand?' But 'twas too late. She caught the words that were being whispered about from one to another, and the frightened looks that they cast at her, and she just shrieked out once, and then sank down in a heap and fainted dead away.

"Well, she had a long fit of sickness, brain fever, they called it, and she was raving crazy for weeks and weeks. After awhile she began to come out of it little by little, and finally settled down into the harmless state she's been in ever since. Eliphalet Severance, her father, left a snug little sum when he died, so she's had a plenty to live on. After her mother died, she took old Mrs. Coffin, Philip's mother, to live with her, and they two had a cosey time of it together for years. Now she's gone too, and poor Miss Mary's all alone. Her friends got her to set up a little store, thinking 'twould take up her mind. She's quiet and contented all the year round till September comes, and then she's just as you see her now. The old time comes back and she thinks she's a young girl again, and spends most of her time down here looking out for the 'Zone.' It's queer, she never misses the day or makes a mistake, but always appears the first of September."

"But how does she get over her disappointment each year as the month passes and still no 'Zone'?" I asked.

"Oh, toward the last of September her spirits flag a little, and she generally winds up with being sick; and then the doctor, or the minister, and her cousins set to and coax her to give up watching for Philip any more. And she goes on again with her little store, and nobody hears any more from her till the next September. So it goes — so it goes;" and the old captain turned to his fishing tackle as if he had told over a commonplace story. I suppose it is but one of many sad histories that belong to Nantucket, but it haunted me all the rest of the day.

September 12th. — I see my new acquaintance, poor little Miss Severance, every day now. She is almost always down on the wharf when I get there. I have stopped in to see her at her little thread and needle store several times as I have passed that way. It is up at the head of Main Street — one tiny room built on to her little cottage; and there she sells tape, pins, and buttons, babies' sacks and socks, a lot of odds and ends and knick-knacks. I always find her

cheerful and busy at her crocheting. She looks more like a little bird than ever, without her bonnet. She seems delighted to see me whenever I appear, and we have become great friends. I am glad if I can make these dark days a shade brighter for the poor little thing.

September 18th. — A glorious day. Strolled down to the wharf this afternoon to sit and drink in the beauty of the sea and sky, and the warm tints painting the old town. I found little Miss Severance sitting upon her box in her habitual patient attitude. She grows more pensive as the days go on, and a sad look steals into her face often now. We were all alone upon the wharf this afternoon. I tried to talk and brighten her up as I usually do, but she seemed to prefer to gaze off upon the water silently, with a far-away look in her eyes. Once she turned to me and said gently:

"You don't know what a comfort you are to me, Mr. Thorndyke. It helps to make it easier, to know you are waiting too."

Waiting! yes, she was right! I was waiting too, and for my love to come from over the sea. The sudden fancy seized me to tell her about Helen. A foolish whim it may have been, but I could not help it. I was lonely and sad. I must talk of my darling to some one. So I told her the whole story, and described Helen's beauty and her sweet ways, and confided to her the great fear of my life, — that some one will win her heart away from me. At this my little friend exclaimed:

"Oh, but did you say she really loved you?"

"Yes, she did when we parted," I replied.

"Then you can be sure that her heart will not change," she said warmly. "Do you think I could forget my Philip, no matter how many years it should be before he comes back? Oh, no, she will not forget, but come back to you some day, all yours — just as my own will come to me. But it is hard to wait so long, I know, and I feel so sorry for you;" and she moved up close to my side and took one of my hands between her two little wrinkled ones and patted it. I swallowed a big lump in my throat, pulled my hat brim over my eyes, and stared steadily at the light-house. (No one shall ever see this diary unless it be Helen; she would understand all — and I'm not ashamed to write what I felt.)

What a fool I am! I thought. What would the fellows in the office have said, could they have heard me unburdening my heart to this queer little specimen of humanity, and accepting comfort from her? For it did comfort me strangely, — her soft touch upon my hand, and the true ring of the words she spoke. Somehow, I felt surer of Helen's constancy for this poor little creature, whose whole life from nineteen to sixty had held but one idea, that of reunion with the one she loved, when the "Zone" came in.

We sat some time, my hand clasped between her's, thinking our own thoughts: she dreaming of the lover whose bones have been lying at the bottom of the deep for forty years; and I, of my young, warm, living love, whom God grant I may clasp in my arms soon, and know that she is mine forever.

I walked home with little Miss Severance to-night, for she seemed so sad and tired. I made her take my arm, and as we went up Main Street there were many quizzical glances bent upon us. But I did not care.

September 20th. — A cold northeast storm. Wind blowing a regular gale all day. I can hear the bell on the buoy just outside the outer harbor, moaning and moaning in its sad, hopeless monotone. Had a fire in my room at the Ocean House; stayed in all the morning and wrote a long letter to Helen. In the afternoon took it into my head to go down on Straight Wharf and see the breakers dash over the end of the pier. I tried to make myself believe this was what I was going for, but at bottom a presentiment that little Miss Severance was down there in the storm drove me forth. I met Peleg Folger coming up the wharf. With a backward jerk of his thumb over his shoulders he said:

"She's there. P'raps you can git her ter go home. She was down this morning, too, but I sent her off and thought she wouldn't try it agin ter day. I'm

afraid she'll git her death in this drenchin' rain."

I found her, a little bedrabbled figure, crouching under some projecting boards in a pile of lumber, — the old patient, wistful look in her face. She did not seem at all surprised to see me.

"I thought it would be such a pity, if the 'Zone' should come in to-day, for me not to be down to meet Philip. I don't mind a little wetting," she said cheerfully.

I succeeded after a while in persuading her to let me take her home. Night closed in early, it has been such a dark day. I went in to see if I could brighten up her kitchen fire and make her change her wet clothes for dry ones, which I feared she would neglect to do if left to herself. We went through the little shop into the kitchen beyond, a cosey, cheery room as neat as wax. The tea-table was set with dainty, old-fashioned china, for two. Spread over the back of a chair was a gentleman's dressing-gown of dark gray, lined with quilted crimson silk, and upon the hearth was a pair of embroidered slippers, the once gorgeous flower pattern dimmed by time. In the corner stood a little spindle-legged table with a well-worn Bible lying upon it. Ah, I could easily imagine how often its leaves had been turned on stormy nights like this, and her head bowed upon it while she poured out her prayers to the Almighty to keep the "Zone" safe amid the tempests, and bring her sailor-lad home to her! I stirred up the fire and put on more wood, while Miss Severance went to change her dress. When she came out of the bedroom, which opened out of the kitchen, she called my attention to the table.

"You see I have two plates on," she said. "I always set Philip's place now, for you see he may come any day, and I want he should feel that he was expected. This is his only home now; his mother's gone, you know, since he sailed. And I keep out his dressing-gown and slippers that I made for him, so as they will be all warm and ready to put right on. I really think he must come soon, don't you?" she asked with a pitiful little break in her voice, — and for the first time I saw her wipe away a tear. Poor stricken little woman! she makes my heart ache. I stayed till I saw her warmed up by a hot cup of tea, and then strode home in the blinding rain, meditating on the difference in human lots.

September 21st. — Storm not over yet. No Miss Severance down on the wharf to-day. I went up to the house and found her sick in bed. She has taken a violent cold, which has settled upon her lungs. There is a pleasant, mild old lady there, taking care of her, a cousin, who lives next door. She insisted upon my going in to see Miss Severance a few moments, so I did.

"Have you been down this morning?" was her first question, as I sat down and took the little dry, feverish hand she held out to me.

"Yes, I have been down," I answered.

"Did you see any signs of the 'Zone?'"

"No, no signs."

"You will watch for me too now, won't you, while I'm sick, and come and let me know the news every day?"

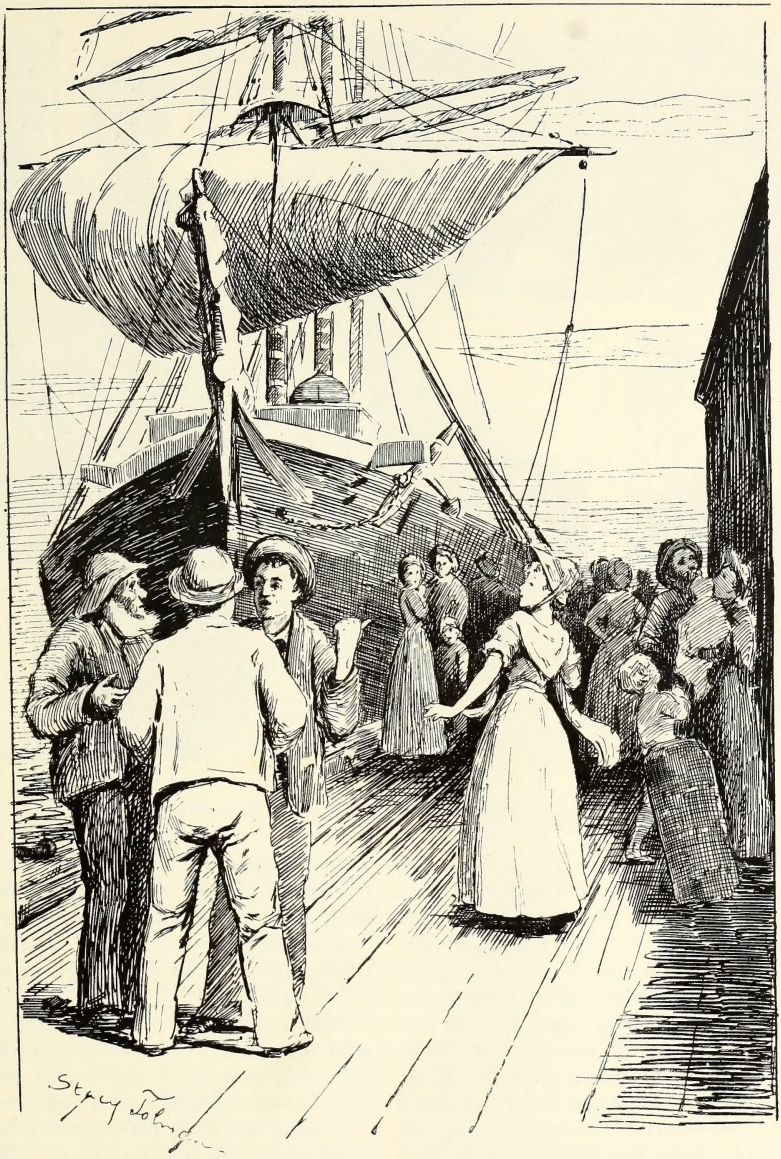
I promised to keep faithful watch, and to come and report to her twice a day. I saw that it would be a comfort to her; and what better use can I put my time to, I should like to know!

September 22d. — Poor little Miss Severance is very sick. The doctor calls it congestion of the lungs. I fear she will never get down to the old wharf again.

September 24th. — The wind has veered to the westward, and we are going to have lovely weather again. I go down to Straight Wharf every morning now, and from there up to the little house on Main Street; and again in the afternoon I repeat the performance. She is so glad to see me each time, and after the usual question has been asked and answered, she lies there passively like a happy little child, while I hold her hand and talk to her, and tell her stories about my boyhood.

September 26th. — She is failing fast, and cannot live many days. Peleg Folger and the other old seamen down on the wharf, who have known her so long, showed a good deal of feeling this morning when I told them she was dying.

September 27th. — She was sleeping



"For God's sake, some of you get Mollie Severance home."

this morning when I went up, so I did not see her. The neighbors and her relatives are doing all they can to make her comfortable. She seems to cling to me, though, more than to any one else. They promised to send for me if she asks for me when she awakes.

September 28th. — It is all over. She died at nine o'clock last night, while the curfew was ringing. I had just finished tea when a messenger came for me. I found Captain Bunker and his wife in the kitchen, with several other neighbors. In a small bedroom three or four women were grouped around the bed. At the foot, upon his knees, was Mr. Befford, the minister, — praying aloud energetically. The dying woman lay back upon her



"I always set Philip's place now. He may come any day."

pillows breathing with difficulty, and would open her eyes now and then and look about the room in a bewildered way. I think the minister's voice disturbed her. It seemed such a pity, — but I suppose they thought it was the right thing to do. I went straight to the head of the bed and took a chair, and, leaning over so as to shut out the minister from her view, I took both her hands in mine and held them. She looked straight at me an instant, till clear recognition came into her eyes, — then such a restful expression stole over her face!

"I'm so glad you have come," she whispered hoarsely. "I shall not be afraid now. You will stay and take care of me, won't you?"

I assured her that I would not leave her, and soon she sank into a light sleep, while the minister went on vigorously, calling on the Lord "to remove the dark cloud which his afflicting hand had seen fit to lay upon our sister, and let the light of reason shine, if only for a moment, that she might consciously confess her Saviour as she descended into the dark valley, and not be left to grope alone in outer darkness."

How could he, — in the face of that soul that had lived out its pitifully bare little life with such gentleness, such patience, such childlikeness, and trust?

Finally the poor man got through, and went out, and still she slept. Suddenly she started, opened her eyes wide with a a surprised look, and, gazing upward, stretched out her arms feebly, and uttered one glad, satisfied cry:

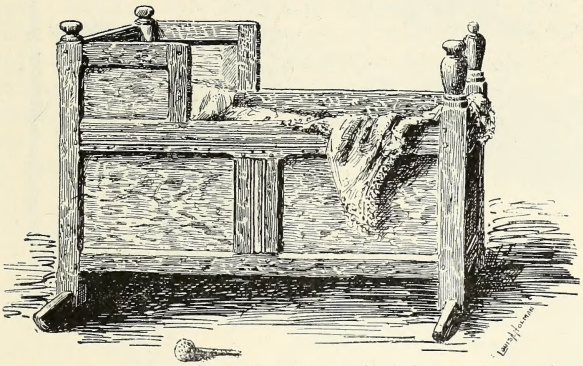
"Philip!"

Then she sank back and we thought she had gone. She opened her eyes once more and looked straight into mine, — then moved her lips. I bent down close.

"The 'Zone' 's got in, and Philip's come, at last."

EARLY DORCHESTER.

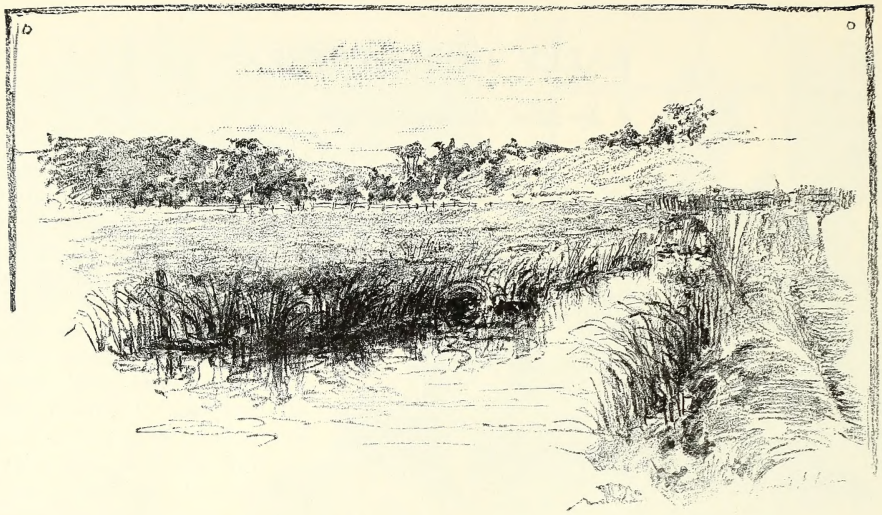
By Mrs. Bernard Whitman.



IT was only an oaken cradle that attracted my attention; but two hundred and fifty-nine years ago the old oaken cradle made a voyage in the good ship "Mary and John" from Dorchester in England to what is now Dorchester in New England; and from that day to this, the babies of the Minot family have been rocked to sleep in the old cradle. It is battered and worn; solid, but rude in its best days; the knobs at the corners whittled, perhaps gnawed by the wee toddlers who, steadying themselves in their uncertain steps, followed the savage instinct of humanity and strengthened their little jaws on the oaken balls which must have seemed providentially placed within their reach. But the interest of the cradle is not the interest of the babyhood of humanity alone. Those worn knobs, the solid rockers, the panelled sides and the ancient hood rouse thrilling memories of the infancy of our country, of the men who came and settled in the wilds of New England, who fought and toiled and prayed for her welfare, and made sacrifices we little dream of, that we should reap the harvest where they sowed the seed.

Rev. John White of Trinity Parish, Dorchester, England, was most zealous in promoting the colonization of the new country. He was interested in the experiment of the Pilgrims who, ten years before, had landed and made their settlement at Plymouth; and notwithstanding some discouragements which he had met in later attempts at colonization, he threw all his energy and great executive ability into the scheme of the Puritans of the Bay colony. Of the fleet of fifteen ships led by Winthrop, with a charter from the king, the "Mary and John" was the first to arrive. One of its passengers, Roger Clap, afterwards Captain Roger Clap, has left us in the quaint language of the day, an account of the voyage and the landing:

* * * "There came *many Godly Families* in that Ship; We were of Passengers *many in number* (besides Sea-men) of *good Rank;* Two of our *Magistrates* came with us, viz. Mr. *Rossiter* and Mr. *Ludlow*. These godly People resolved to live together; and therefore as they had made choice of those Revd. Servants of God, Mr. John *Warham* and Mr. John *Maverick* to be their Ministers, so they kept a solemn *Day of Fasting* in the *New Hospital* in *Plymouth*, in *England*, spending it in Preaching and Praying; where that worthy Man of God, Mr. *John White* of *Dorchester* in *Dorset*, was present and Preached unto us the Word of God, in the fore-part of the Day; and in the latter part of the Day, as the People did solemnly make Choice of, and call those godly ministers to be their *Officers*, so also the Revd. Mr. *Warham* and Mr. *Maverick* did *accept* thereof and expressed the same. So we came by the good Hand of the Lord through the Deeps comfortably; having Preaching or Expounding of the Word of God *every Day* for *Ten Weeks* together, by our Ministers. When we came to *Nantasket*, Captain *Squib*, who was Captain of that great Ship of *Four Hundred* Tons would not bring us into *Charles River*, as he was bound to do; but, put us ashore and our Goods on Nantasket Point, and left us to shift for ourselves in a forlorn Place in this Wilderness. But, as it pleased God, we got a Boat of some old Planters, and laded her with Goods; and some able Men well Armed went in her unto *Charlestown;* where we found *some Wigwams* and *one House*, and in the House there was a Man which had a boiled *Bass* but no *Bread* that we see; but we did eat of his Bass, and then went up Charles River, until the River grew narrower and shallow, and there we landed our Goods with much Labour



"Even at this date, it is surprising how little change meets the eye."

and Toil, the Bank being steep. And Night coming on, we were informed that there were hard by us *Three Hundred Indians;* One *English Man* that could speak the *Indian Language*, (an old Planter) went to them and advised them not to come near us in the Night; and they hearkened to his Counsel and came not. I my self was one of the Centinels that first night; Our Captain was a Low Country Souldier, one Mr. *Southcot*, a brave Souldier. In the Morning, some of the Indians came and stood at a distance off, looking at us, but came not near us; but when they had been a great while in view, some of them came and held out a great *Bass* towards us; so we sent a Man with a Bisket, and changed the cake for the Bass. Afterwards they supplied us with Bass, exchanging a Bass for a Bisket-Cake, and were *very friendly* to us.

Oh, *Dear Children!* Forget not what Care God has over his dear Servants, to watch over us, and protect us in our weak beginnings. Captain *Squib* turned ashore Us and our Goods, like a mercylus Man; but God, even *our merciful* God took pity on us; so that we were supplied, first with a Boat, and then caused many *Indians* (some *Hundreds*) to be ruled by the advice of *one Man* not to come near us; Alas, had they come upon us, how soon might they have destroyed us! I think *We* were not above *Ten* in Number. But God caused the *Indians* to help us with Fish at very cheap Rates. We had not been there many Days, (although by our Diligence we had got up a kind of Shelter to save our Goods in) but we had Order to come away from that Place, (which was about *Watertown*) unto a place called *Mattapan*, (now *Dorchester*) because there was a *Neck of Land* fit to keep our Cattle on; so we removed and came to *Mattapan;* The *Indians* there also were kind unto us."

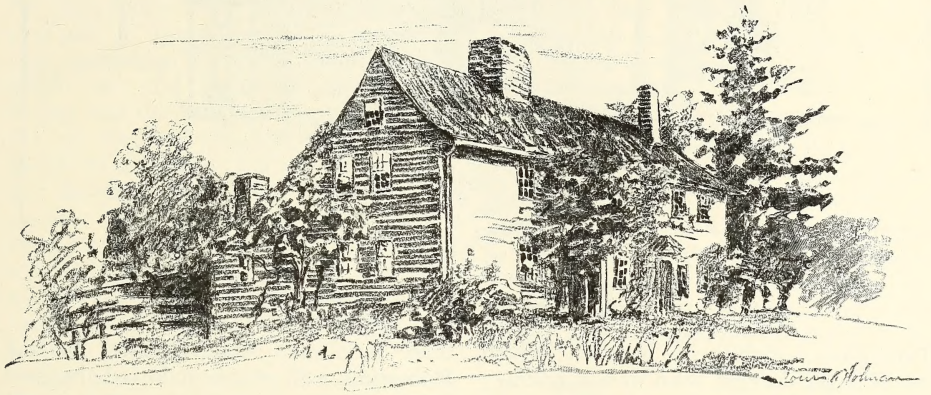
Although Captain Clap, who was perhaps, quick-tempered, has stigmatized poor Captain Squib as a "mercylus man," yet later historians, with calmer mind, have attributed the landing at Nantasket to Captain Squib's ignorance of the channel, and fear to trust his ship of four hundred tons, and the "many godly families" on board, in an unknown region.

In the year 1634 was printed a book called "New England Prospects," in which the writer, Mr. William Wood, thus describes the entrance to the harbor. Perhaps after reading it, posterity may be inclined to deal kindlier with the memory of the "mercylus man."

"It is a safe and pleasant Harbour within, having but one common and safe entrance, and that not very broad, there scarce being roome for 3 ships to come in board and board at a time. This Harbour is made by a great Company of Islands, whose high Cliffs shoulder out the boisterous Seas, yet may easily deceive any unskilfull Pilote; presenting many faire openings and broad sounds, which afford too shallow waters for any Ships, though navigable for Boates and small pinnaces. The entrance into the great Haven is called *Nantasket*, which is two leagues from *Boston;* this place of itselfe is a very good Haven, where Ships commonly cast Anchor, until Winde and Tyde serve them for other places; from hence they may sayle to the River of *Wessagus-cus*, *Naponset*, *Charles* River, and *Misticke* River, on which Rivers bee seated many Townes."

After the exploring party had returned to the "Mary and John," they re-embarked; and the south side of Dorchester Neck, now South Boston, is supposed

to have been the first landing-place. Doubtless they were attracted by the salt marshes for grazing. The colonists did not settle, however, in one spot, but their farms stretched from South Boston along Dorchester Bay to Neponset and Mattapan. Even at this date, it is surprising how little change meets the eye, as standing on the Neponset marshes one gazes up through Minot's woods, where stood the old ferry house of Bray Wilkins. On the right to be sure, is a group of houses, and a puff of smoke marks the winding rail-



The old Pierce House.

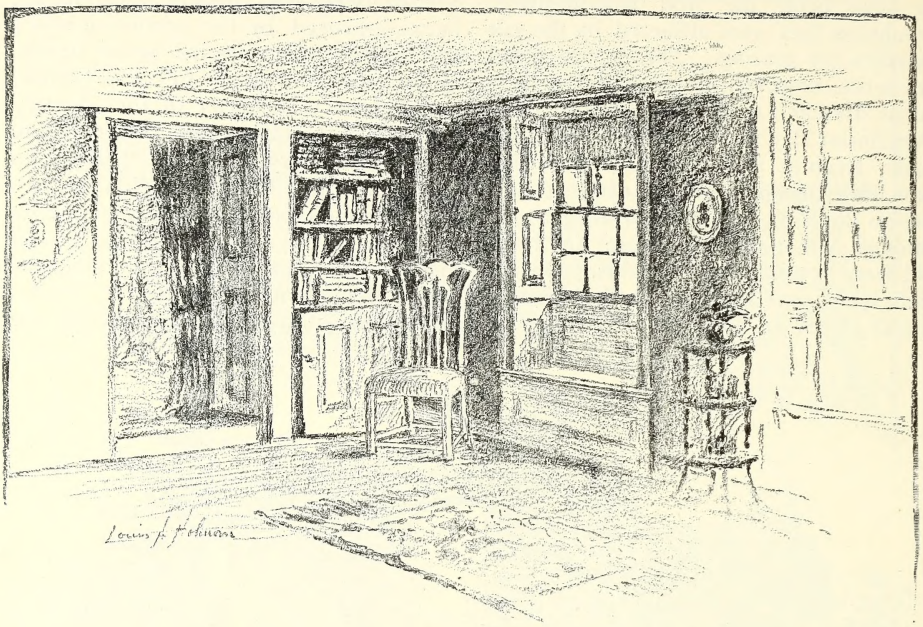
road. But turn the back slightly to it, and the dense groove of trees, with the Milton hills stretching far away to the left in a blue haze, show little that the Dorchester Minots and Pierces and other worthies did not see when, on that bright May morning, at high tide, they pushed their little boats through the creek, and made the huts which served them for dwellings until, some years after, they built the first houses.

Winthrop and his friends, who sailed in the "Arabella" at the same time as the "Mary and John," did not arrive at Salem until two weeks later; and it is said to be due to Winthrop's efforts that a reconciliation was finally brought about between Captain Squib and his irate passengers.

The Indians, as we have seen from Captain Clap's memoirs, were not unfriendly to the new comers. Indeed, the Dorchester settlers suffered much less than those of the more inland parts of Massachusetts. Our forefathers found comparatively few Indians, many having been destroyed by the pestilence which had visited them twelve years before. Much effort was made to convert them, and indeed the charter of the Puritans stated that the main object of coming to the new country was the "desire to propagate the Christian religion to such as live in darkness, and to bring savages to human civility." The Indians readily made friends, and parted with much of their land for a small return. Sixteen years later, John Eliot was preaching the gospel to the Indians in Dorchester; and in the vestry of the meeting-house of the First Parish of Dorchester stands now the chair of the "Apostle Eliot," as all New Englanders love to call him.

Mr. Eliot became convinced that the Indians were better off removed from the immediate neighborhood of the white people, and finally, the town, in 1656, granted six thousand acres to them at Punkapog. There they removed. In 1690, good John Eliot died, and was buried in the old Roxbury burying-ground by Eustis Street, where in later years a stone now standing was erected to his memory.

Dorchester was, then, the first settlement in what is now Suffolk County; but it did not receive its name until four months later, when the Court of Assistants ordered that "Trimountaine shall be called Boston; Mattapan, Dorchester; and the towne upon Charles Ryver, Watertown." Three years later, in 1633, a second shipload of passengers came to



A corner in the Pierce House.

Dorchester, eighty in number, which made it the largest town in the colony; and we find from the records that it must have been the wealthiest town. That same year Dorchester was assessed for £80, while the neighboring towns were assessed for £48 only.

In October of this year, the "Dorchester Plantation," for as yet it had no special town government, feeling the necessity of something of the kind, met and issued the following order:

"An agreement made by the whole Consent and vote of the Plantation, made Mooneday, 8th of October, 1633.

"*Imprimis.* It is ordered that for the generall good and well ordering of the assayers of the plantation, there shall be every Mooneday before the Court by eight of the clocke in the morning, and presently upon the *beating of the drum*, a generall meeting of the inhabitants of the plantation at the *Meeting House*,[1] there to settle and sett downe such orders as may tend to the generall good as aforesayed, and every man to be bound thereby without gainsaying or resistance."

Twelve selectmen were then appointed to hold monthly meetings. Orders of these selectmen were referred to the Plantation, and when indorsed became laws. Here we see our first town-meetings of New England, an example copied soon after by the other towns.

Dorchester was not only the largest and richest town, but the most progressive in many matters. The meeting-house was the first in the Bay and for a year the people of Roxbury worshipped in the Dorchester Meeting-house. Evidently, churches suffered then as now from dissensions, for at the end of fourteen years it was agreed, "for peace and love's sake, that there should be a new meeting-house," and the large sum of £240 was appropriated for that purpose. But it was not until 1670 that the site of the meeting-house was changed to what is now known as Meeting House Hill. Here the First Parish of Dorchester has worshipped for two hundred and twenty years.

Dorchester showed from the beginning a true democratic spirit. The people should rule; and, until the union of Dorchester and Boston in 1870, there was no town which showed more strongly this characteristic. Their church was a

[1] The meeting-house referred to in the order, was built in 1631, the year after the arrival of the "Mary and John," and stood on what is now called Cottage Street, near the corner of Pleasant Street.

church ruled by the congregation. When a division came, it came because the needs of the people called for yet a second meeting-house. No religious controversies divided the church. Another and yet another society was formed, each using the congregational government; and it was not until 1817 that this form of government was broken in upon by the formation of a Methodist Episcopal Church. In the matter of schools, Dorchester, too, took an early interest. In 1639, a tax was laid upon the proprietors "for the maintenance of a school in Dorchester." It was, however, undecided "whether maydes shalbe taught wth the boyes or not." The feeling that the good of the people, and not of the few, was concerned in this matter of schools, as well as government, was shown in the order to the schoolmaster: He "shall equally and impartially receive and instruct such as shalbe sent and Committed to him for that end, whither there parents bee poore or rich, not refusing any who have Right and Interest in the School."

One hundred and forty-five years after, the town voted "that such girls as can read in the Psalter be allowed to go to the Grammar School from the first day of June to the first day of October."

An English traveller and writer in the latter part of the century says:

"Election, Commencement and Training days are their only Holy-days. They keep no Saint's days, nor will they allow the Apostles to be Saints, yet they assume that Sacred Dignity to themselves; and say, in the Title Page of their Psalm Book, *Printed for the Edification of the Saints in* Old *and* New-England."

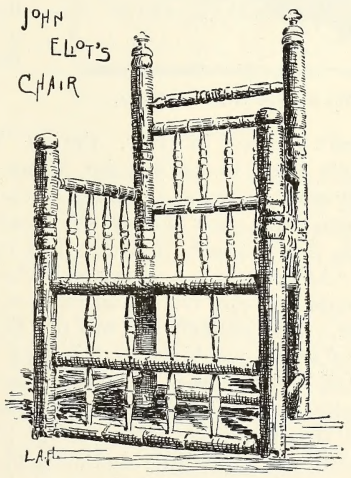
And who were the sturdy, God-fearing men and women who settled Dorchester, and with their just and public-spirited acts left an imprint still strongly visible in the old town? Alas! since annexation to Boston, the quaint old characteristics which lingered around the old town are fast disappearing with the rush of a new people, who have no interest in the Dorchester of the olden time, and its historic associations.

Among those early settlers we find the Minots, Pierces, Claps, Humphreys, Wilkinses, Blakes and many others, whose descendants may still be found among the most respected and public-spirited inhabitants of the town. Many of them live on the land their ancestors held, and a few of the early houses are still standing.

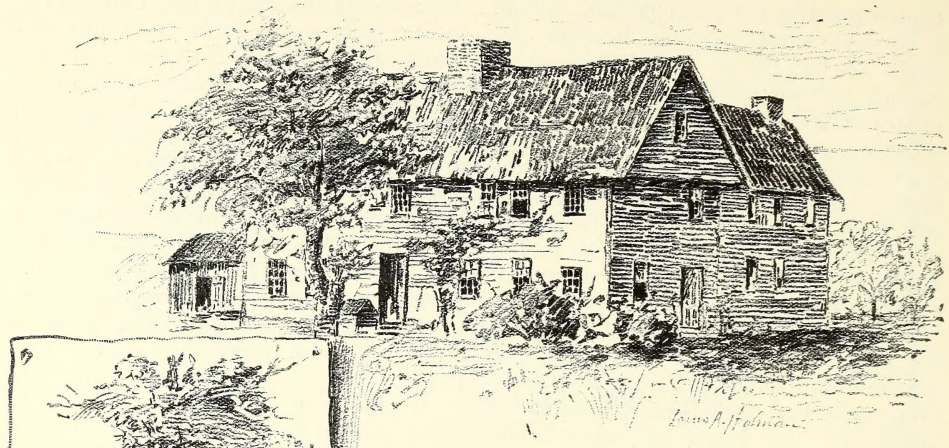
George Minot was for thirty years a ruling elder of the church. "His death," say the records, "was much lamented by the town, whose weal he sought and liberties defended." Contemporary with him was Elder Humphrey; and in the ancient burying-ground of Dorchester, it is said, once stood a stone with these lines:

"Here lies the bodies of Unite Humphrey and
Shining Minot.
Such names as these they never die not."

Brave George Minot landed on the Neponset upland with his family; and a short distance behind the Minot woods are still the remains of the old house which he built and which was destroyed by fire in 1874. The date of the building of the house is a little uncertain. It was the first house of which we have record, and was built during the first ten



years which followed his landing. Here the old oaken cradle was brought, and rocked the children of the worthy Elder, descending to his eldest son, John, and in turn to his son. Four years after George Minot's death, while the children of John were babies in the old cradle, occurred the incident of a girl's heroism, which shows the courage of the time.



George Minot's House — "the first of which we have record."



The Remains of the old House.

One Sunday in July, during King Philip's War, in 1675, John Minot and family went, as was the custom, to church. We can even now follow the road by which they walked, that hot July morning. At home was a young girl, who had the care of the two children and the house. Not unlikely she was the daughter of some neighbor, but history does not tell us her name. The Indians were friendly to the Dorchester settlers, and John Minot and his wife went up to the house of the Lord, little dreaming of what was transpiring in their home. As the girl looked from the window, she spied an Indian coming toward the house. She had little fear of Indians, but the actions of this one led her to take the precaution to bolt the door. As the Indian approached, she seized the two children from the cradle, and placing them on the floor, hastily covered them with two huge brass kettles. She then ran upstairs for a musket. The Indian fired his gun, and the girl returned the fire, wounding the Indian in the shoulder. Enraged, the Indian rushed for the window, and endeavored to force an entrance; but the brave girl seized a shovel of hot coals and threw them in his face, setting fire to his blanket, and the Indian retreated. He was afterwards found dead some five miles away in the wood. Tradition says that the government of Massachusetts Bay, pleased with the girl's bravery, presented her with a silver bracelet on which her name was inscribed, and this motto: "She slew the Narragansett hunter." But the statement lacks confirmation. No such entry is found, and the bracelet is not among the heirlooms of Dorchester.

Prettier, indeed, would it be to trace the road from Plymouth, where some young man, winding his way on horseback from the Pilgrim colony, came at last to the Neponset River. Here Bray Wilkins, who in 1638, had liberty from the General Court "to set up a house and keepe a ferry over Neponset Ryver, and to have a penny a person, to bee directed by Mr. Stoughton and Mr. Glover," ferried him across to his house in the Minot woods. The cellar of the old ferry-house may yet be seen. Picture the young man in quaint dress of the time, — Hopetill by name, perhaps, or Waitstill. He winds his way through the Minot woods, till suddenly he came to an open space, — a house shaded by an old apple-tree, a well of water at its door, a

long sweep of rising pasture, and the beautiful blue haze of the hills. He sings as he comes through the woods, but the word on his lips as he gains the open is "Truecroise," the name of the brave girl who has defended the children so courageously. Better that history should have left us such a tale as this, and the name of our heroine, than the story of the mythical bracelet.

About this time small-pox was prevalent in the town, and Mr. Flint desired that some one should be provided to preach for him in case any of his family should have the small-pox. There were wars about them, and though the Indians were not unfriendly to the Dorchester settlers, yet there was constant fear from stragglers. So great were the troubles from fear, enemies, sickness, and misfortune, that Cotton Mather said: "Great numbers merely took New England in their way to Heaven;" and he said truly. Mr. James Minot, a graduate of Harvard College, was procured to preach once a fortnight at a salary of twenty pounds. A hundred years later we find in the diary of Col. Samuel Pierce of Dorchester, this entry:

"1778, May 14. Mr. John Minot Enoculated his family with the small-pox, much against the minds of his neighbors."

The adjoining farm to that of George Minot was owned by his fellow voyager, Robert Pierce. The house he built certainly as early as 1640, still stands, with but few changes, and is inhabited by a direct descendant of Robert Pierce. The work of the old Puritans was thorough and honest. The Pierce house has thick walls still filled with the dried seaweed that Robert, with perhaps the assistance of his neighbor, George Minot, brought up over the Neponset marshes at low-tide. The windows are deep, admitting a window seat, and closed with the same wooden shutters which defended the first settlers from their dreaded foes. Huge beams stretch across the rooms, running lengthwise of the house on the first floor and crosswise above; so that now two hundred and fifty years since it was built, the wildest storm cannot shake it. It stands firm as a rock.

When the "Mary and John" landed her passengers, it was too late to plant for the coming winter. Provisions began to be scarce, and great care was taken of the ship bread. So it came about that two bits of bread, brought over in the "Mary and John," were preserved, and to-day may be seen in the old Pierce house. Here, too, is a chest of drawers, which did duty for two boxes on the ship, and a light-stand, which held the old Bible.

The "Old Burying Ground" of Dorchester was agreed upon in 1633; and in March, 1634, the town voted to lay it out, "five rods square." It is believed that no burial-ground in the United States, unless it be that at Jamestown, Va., has such ancient inscriptions. The oldest stone covers the grave of two persons, whose names are not known. Neither can antiquarians gain any clue to them.

ABEL · HIS · OFFERING · ACCEPTED IS ·
HIS · BODY · TO · THE · GRAVE · HIS · SOVLE · TO · BLIS ·
ON · OCTOBERS · TWENTYE · AND · NO · MORE ·
IN · THE · YEARE · SIXTEEN · HUNDRED · 44 ·

SVBMITE · SVBMITTED · TO · HER · HEAVENLY · KING
BEING · A · FLOWER · OF · THAT · AETERNAL · SPRING
NEARE · 3 · YEARS · OLD · SHE · DYED · IN · HEAVEN TO · WAITE ·
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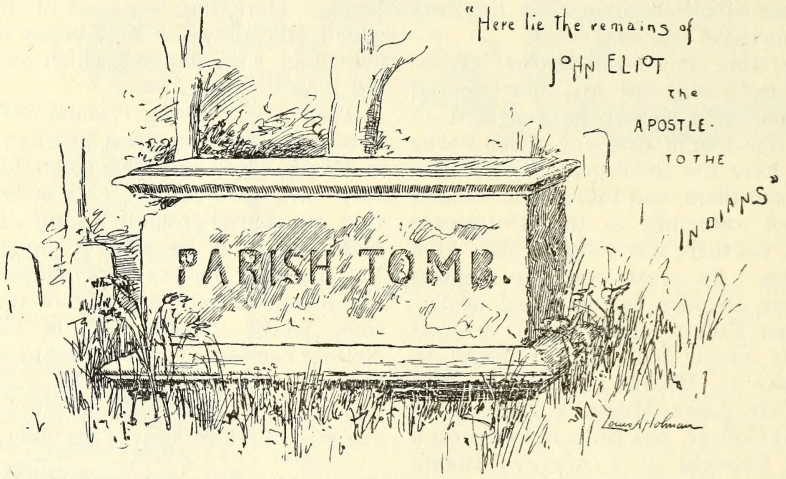
Although Edward Ward, in his account of New England, does not specify Dorchester, it is curious to note his comments on the country and early settlement.

"Plimouth Plantation was the first *English* Colony that settled in *New England*, in the yeare 1618; their Habitations, at their going onshore, being empty Hogsheads, which they whelm'd over their heads to defend themselves from the Cold Damps and falling Mischiefs of the Night. Each house having but one window, and that's the Bung-hole, requiring a *Cooper* instead of a *Carpenter* to keep their Houses in repair. Their Provision (till better acquainted with the Country), being only *Pumpkin*, which they Cook'd as many several ways as you may Dress Venson; And is continued to this Day as a great Dish amongst the *English*, *Pumpkin Porridge* being as much in Esteem to *New-England* Saints *as* *Jelly Broth* with *Old-England* Sinners.

"Ten Years expired before any other Colonies were Planted; since which time the Provisions of the *English* are so greatly improv'd, that in all their Colonies they have above a Hundred and Twenty Towns, and is at this Time (1699) one

of the most flourishing Plantations belonging to the *English Empire*."

Mr. Ward is entertaining, though, like many of our modern travellers, he is not always reliable. He looked at things from a prejudiced point of view, and often sacrificed truth in order to be witty. Whatever the faults of our forefathers, they "leaned to virtue's side," and, we, their children, have just cause to be grateful to them for the foundation they laid. They were honest, straightforward, self-sacrificing and God-fearing men, who "builded better than they knew."



A FAIR EXCHANGE.

By Dorothy Prescott.

III.

"I met your friend, Miss Ellery, the other day, coming from Springfield," said Sam to Ethel, on whom he was calling a week after, for lack of some more acceptable way to pass his evening; and he related part of their adventure.

"Anna is such a lovely girl, is she not?" asked Ethel gushingly. "Have you called there since."

"No. She's an uncommon nice girl, but she has a most peculiar family. I called on her once or twice, but that brother of her's is too much for me. He has the worst manners I ever came across in all my life."

"He's always been perfectly charming to me," said Ethel, modestly fluttered.

"Very likely," responded Sam with a bow.

"He's very fastidious, I suppose. You know they move in the very best society."

"They may keep in it, then; I shall not trouble them with mine again."

Ethel's plans had worked to admiration so far, with the least possible amount of trouble on her part; nor had she, until now, found it necessary to tell a single direct untruth. She felt that Providence had signally favored her schemes by this meeting on the journey; would it not be a proper return on her part to give Providence a helping hand at so critical a juncture? She paused a moment, and then made the plunge.

"You will be very silly if you *don't* go Sam," she said with mysterious emphasis.

"Why?"

"Because — because there's a very good reason why you should."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I know Anna particularly wants you to."

"How? did she say anything about it?"

"I don't know that I ought to tell you, but — "

"But what?"

"But I don't know, on the whole, but that I ought; only you must never, never let Anna, or any one else, know that I told you."

"Well, let us hear what all this mystery is about!"

"Well — " said Ethel slowly, and endeavoring to shape her thoughts coherently, "why, the fact is that she is very much in love with you."

"Nonsense!"

"It's as true as that I stand here."

"How do you know?"

"That I have no right to tell you. Anna would kill me if she knew I had said as much as I have."

"You can have no right to say such things of Miss Ellery. She seems to me the last girl I ever knew who would fall in love with any one before she was asked."

"Well, but do recollect how secluded a life she leads, and how little she sees of young men. Her mother doesn't want her to be married, and keeps her shut up like a nun. I don't think she is a bit to blame."

"Who said she was? Not I, even if I believed it. But she does not act a bit like it."

"How can you know how a girl acts when she's in love?"

"I think I know a little about how she acts when she isn't."

"Anna is so proud — she would die rather than let you or any one else suspect it."

"How did you find it out, then?"

"It was told me in confidence — part of it — part I found out myself; but I am sure of it."

"Who told you?"

"You really mustn't ask," said Ethel, dropping her eyes and blushing naturally enough, while she heaved a sigh intended to convey to Sam's mind the idea that she had her own private interests in the matter.

"If that brother of her's did, he's a meaner sneak even than I thought him. He was as disagreeable to me as he knew how to be, but I shouldn't have dreamed that he was shabby enough to imagine such a thing, much less to tell you."

"Oh, you are mistaken — his motives — but mind, I didn't tell you it was him; the motives of the person who told me were good, and so were mine, Sam, I'm sure;" and Ethel wiped her eyes. "It's a matter of life and death with poor Anna; her father, you know, died of consumption, and they have always been anxious about her lungs; if anything of that sort should go wrong with her, her chance would be small."

"I never saw a healthier girl in my life, nor one that minded a wetting less," said Sam stubbornly.

"These cases are so deceptive; and I don't suppose she has anything really the matter. Very likely they keep it from her; only I know they feel anxious. Perhaps that's the reason why they keep her so secluded; but if they were sure you wanted to marry each other, I don't believe they would object. You are not angry with me, are you, Sam? You see I saw no other chance of your meeting her again, so I felt" —

"I suppose you ought to say what you did, if you really felt so; but I don't want you to think that I am going to believe it."

"Oh, but, Sam, I could tell you things — things I have seen myself, that I could not be mistaken in."

"Well, you needn't, then. Look here, Ethel, I dare say you mean very kindly, but if what you think is true, I ought not to hear it from any third person, and if it is not, I have no business to hear it at all. You were right, perhaps, feeling as you do about it, to tell me what you have, but you've said enough. You have put the notion into my head, and that's as far as any one has any right to go in such a matter."

Ethel wisely said no more; but conversation languished, and would not revive on other topics, and Sam was soon on his way home, feeling amused and

indignant by turns. The tale seemed to him too improbable to credit, but yet, too improbable not to have some grain of truth in it; and he suspected that Ethel had repeated, perhaps exaggerated, some hints thrown out by Evan Ellery's ill-humor.

"The idea," he thought angrily, "of a man with a sister like that talking to Ethel Moore about her! The idea of a man with a sister like that thinking of Ethel Moore at all!"

But, as he had said, "the thing was in his head, and would not go out of it." It must be present in all his intercourse with Miss Ellery, past or future, and again and again he went over all their few interviews, now standing out with startling distinctness in his mind. He did not know but that if he had not heard Ethel's tale, he might have called to inquire how she was after the exposure of their wet walk together. Perhaps she might think it strange if he did not; but now he had a secret consciousness that made him dislike to face the old lady's "crossness" and Evan's "airs." It was awkward, calling so near Christmas, when every one was so busy; and yet, if he put it off till afterwards, he would have no reason to offer. Again and again he wondered what he ought to do, without finding enough encouragement in his recollections of the past to prompt him to do anything. However, he was as lucky as Anna thought herself unlucky in the little accidents of daily life, and only the very next afternoon but one, as he was walking on Beacon Street, he came suddenly on Miss Ellery coming down the white steps of a charming old house high up on the hill, and with an outlook through its little purple window panes clear across the now leafless Common. She looked so bright and blooming, that the ideas of consumption or hopeless love seemed equally impertinent in connection with her, and he felt unusually shy as he removed his hat with:

"I hope you did not take cold the other night, Miss Ellery. You don't look as if you had."

"Oh, no, thank you; and I hope you did not, either."

"No, indeed, ma'am! I hope I'm proof against that sort of thing. Won't you let me carry some of your bundles? You seem to have a good many."

"It is Christmas time," said Anna laughing, "and one doesn't mind them: but perhaps you may take the big one, for though I promised my grandfather I would carry it home myself, I think it will be safer in your hands than in mine. It is *very* brittle."

"It weighs precious little for its size — and it has a most extraordinary shape; nothing but acute angles."

"It is the very largest kind of a toy cow for Zefita — my little niece. She will break it, I am afraid, as soon as she gets it, or her little brother Evan will break it for her; but grandpapas are privileged, you know. The only trouble is that I must pack it with our things that are going to Washington."

"I wish I could help you," said Sam, eagerly; "I'm a splendid packer."

"I think you must be," said the young lady, smiling, with the very slightest emphasis. They walked along sociably chatting, as acquaintances of all degrees will at Christmas time. Anna's manner was markedly cordial, but, withal, there was a sort of glacial sweetness about her, that reminded Sam of that delight of his boyhood, a strawberry ice, repelling while it tempted, and sending cold chills down your back if you unwarily took too large a mouthful.

A stout middle-aged lady, with her ruddy complexion blending with a flame-colored bonnet, met them, and beamed all over as she nodded familiarly to Sam.

"That's Miss Nettie Nettleton of the Varieties," he explained proudly. "I dare say you saw her in 'Iolanthe?'"

Anna dimly remembered having done so, and slightly wondered at the discrepancy between the stage goddess and her representative; but her mind was full of another and yet more puzzling topic; and when she had ascended her mother's doorsteps, and the door had opened, and Lina had come forward to take her smaller parcels, and she herself had carefully taken from Sam the precious cow, she said, a little confusedly:

"Mamma was so grateful to you for all your kind attentions to me the other

evening — I am sure she would like to see and thank you herself. Will you not come some time? I mean if you have time, when things are not quite as hurried as they are now? Mamma doesn't see many people, but I know she wouldn't — I am sure she would be pleased to see you."

Anna was glad to get safely through her little speech, and into the house. She was frightened at her own daring, but she thought it would have been too ungrateful not to say anything, and Mrs. Ellery, indeed, had grudgingly allowed that the young man seemed to have been very kind; it was unpleasant to be so much obliged to him, to be sure, but when he and Ethel were married, Anna might choose them a nice present, and pay them off once for all; and then she dismissed the whole matter from her mind. But Anna could not rest content with a prospect so distant, and so unwelcome. She was afraid he would think it odd that she did not ask him to walk in then and there; but that she could not venture on, with her mother waiting for her; and she gave her general invitation all the more warmly. But she never guessed what a world of hopes and dreams the pleading tone of her few words, the wistful look in her eyes, had raised in the young man's heart. He would come now if there were a dozen brothers in his path, rather than that she should ask in vain.

"Miss Moore is in the drawing-room, and wants to see you, Miss Anna."

Anna, in her morning wrapper, was contemplating the big Christmas box she had just packed for Washington, almost too tired for satisfaction.

"Dear me! I thought I told you, Lina, to say that I was very much engaged if any one called."

"You did, Miss, but Mrs. Ellery had gone out with Miss Kimball, and left word that she wanted you to see any one who came. But," said Lina, pitying her young mistress's evident weariness, "she will not care about your seeing Miss Moore, I suppose, Miss, if you don't want to, and I can tell her that you are lying down, and that I did not like to disturb you."

"Oh, no!" said Anna, who was as incapable of sending away unseen, any person who had once been admitted to the house, as she was of picking their pockets; "that will not do! Ask her to excuse me for keeping her waiting a moment, Lina, please!" Her hands shook a little nervously as she smoothed her hair, and adjusted her dress. She was very tired, and she hated to keep any one waiting, but she entered the drawing-room serene and stately as usual, and after quietly stating the cause of her delay, made no unnecessary apologies.

"I'm afraid I've called at a very queer hour," said Ethel.

"Not at all — I am very glad to see you."

"I wanted to see you very much, and I thought, as I was in this part of the town, that you wouldn't mind my running in —." Ethel was fidgety and ill at ease, as one who has something on her mind which she wishes yet fears to disclose. The idea rushed suddenly upon Anna, that it must be that she had come to announce her engagement to Sam Colman. What was there in the thought which was so repugnant? She was afraid to investigate her own motives too closely. Why should she care if a young man who was and who could be nothing to her chose to marry a girl whom she did not think his equal? She was ashamed of her own dog-in-the-manger spirit, and resolutely crushing it down, said:

"I met your friend, Mr. Colman, in the street yesterday. I was very glad to have the chance of thanking him for his kindness to me. I asked him to call, for I knew mamma would wish to do so, too; and I intended to say that I hoped you would perhaps come in with him some evening — but perhaps it escaped me at the time."

"His kindness? what was it?" said Ethel interrogatively.

"I thought you might have heard that I met him in the train, coming from Northampton that very stormy day last week; but I do not suppose he told you how kind and helpful he was to me."

"Oh, yes — Sam spoke of having met you there, and the train being blocked; but he did not tell me that he had done anything particular for you."

"I don't think that he knew that he was doing anything in particular," said Anna smiling, "but I shall never forget his kindness."

"Sam is a first-rate fellow," assented Ethel; and then, in a conscious tone, "he will make the very best of husbands for any girl."

"I am sure he will," said Anna; and then, determined to get at the truth without any more beating about the bush, "and I am sure he is very fortunate to have you think so."

"Who? me?" said Ethel. "Oh, no, there is — there never can be anything of that kind between me and Sam!"

"Oh, I do beg your pardon!" cried Anna, coloring scarlet up to the very roots of her hair with mortification at having committed what was to her the unpardonable sin of alluding to another girl's love affairs before she had been regularly and properly informed that such existed.

"Oh, you needn't feel so badly about it!" said Ethel, who could now afford to be gracious, in a patronizing tone; "it's very natural you should think so, seeing us so intimate; but the fact is, Sam and I have been brought up together like brother and sister, and we are exactly on that footing;" (Ethel had been introduced to Mr. Colman precisely a year and a half ago, at a "hop" at the Rockland House, Nantasket.) "I don't deny," with a sentimental air, "that Sam may have had some idea at one time that we might have been on a warmer footing, though I could never have returned the feeling — but I am sure you must have seen that ever since you met, he has been over head and ears in love with you!"

"Oh, you must be mistaken!" said Anna, seeming to stiffen all over, though with her cheeks still on fire.

"Not a bit of it," said Ethel, "he's perfectly infatuated about you, and talks of nothing else; he spends hours with me, just to rave about you." Ethel had passed glibly through the successive stages of producing a false impression without an actual falsehood, of telling an untruth when it seemed to be absolutely necessary, to the wild delight of untrammelled fiction, and as is customary at that point, she was now in most danger from laying on her colors too thickly. She was aware of this, and aware too that with Sam she had the advantage of some knowledge, or fancied knowledge, of his character; while Miss Ellery's had always been more or less of an enigma to her; but she could only trust to her ideas of feminine nature in general, deduced from her own in particular.

"It is not right to say such things about him," said Anna.

"Why not? there's nothing wrong in being in love with you, is there? And you said yourself that he would make a good husband for any girl."

"For any girl who loved him well enough to marry him, I have no doubt."

"And couldn't you?"

"Miss Moore!"

"Oh, I suppose you are offended with me, because you don't think Sam in a good enough position to think of you — you look down upon him."

"Oh, no, indeed! you must not attribute such ideas to me!" said Anna warmly. "I took an interest at first in Mr. Colman entirely for your sake; how could I ever have thought it possible that he — thought anything about me? I must say — excuse me — that you are taking rather a liberty with his character. I am sure you *meant* it well."

"Well!" said Ethel, "I did it for his sake, for I am sure he never will, no matter how unhappy he is. He knows your mother and brother would very much disapprove of him, and he's too proud to thrust himself where he isn't wanted, though if you would give him a little encouragement, he would soon get over that, I know."

"Miss Moore, please say no more," said Anna, more distantly, "I have the highest respect for Mr. Colman, but I do not think we should be at all suited to each other, and I think he sees that too; I trust your ideas about him are mistaken."

"There's no idea about it," said Ethel sturdily; "it's as true as the gospel, and I've heard him say so a hundred times."

"Then," said Anna, "you would do him a kindness if you would decidedly discourage any such wishes — hopes —

that he may have; not that he has any reason to have any, and I think him too sensible to have any without reason."

"It isn't a matter of hopes or wishes," said Ethel solemnly; "It's a matter of life and death to him;" and as her hearer looked politely incredulous, "If he should actually propose to you, I suppose you would be convinced he meant something;" and as Anna still said nothing, "do you mean to say that if he did, you should refuse him?"

"That is a question you have no right to put. You really must not say anything more about it. I am sure he has no such intentions, and it would be insulting him to answer the question in any way."

"We will not discuss the point as to whether I am right or not," went on the pertinacious Ethel, who felt that she had burned her ships behind her; "but I feel it my duty to tell you, that if you do let it come to that, and then refuse him, it will be his ruin. I am sure I find it quite as disagreeable to talk about as you can, but my conscience won't be satisfied unless I let you know, and then you must settle it for yourself, for it will be off my mind."

As Ethel's earnestness increased, so did Anna's indifference, and now the faintest trace of an incredulous smile began to play about the corners of her mouth. Ethel, nettled, plunged on: "I don't like to mention it, but Sam — he's the very best of fellows, always goes to church, and works in the Christian Union, and all that; but you know the temptations young men are exposed to when they live alone in town, and he's unfortunately made the acquaintance of an actress — Oh, I don't mean to say there's anything wrong about it," as Anna looked frightened; "only, she's over head and ears in love with him, and he's so honorable and all that, that I know his family are awfully afraid she may get him to marry her. She's a great deal older than he, and awfully attractive, as all those women are; a dreadful person, like those you read about in novels. She'll stick at nothing, and if you should drive him to despair, she might get hold of him, and then there would be an end of his ever coming to anything, — and he has so much promise. It all depends on you, for you have only to say a word of encouragement, and if he thought he had the slightest, the very slightest chance, he would, I know, never dream of anything else. Why, even if you couldn't marry him, I think it would be right to use your influence over him. Just try that; and you will see if what I told you isn't true!"

A ring at the door, and the entrance of another guest, no other than the Miss Train of Jeffrey memory, cut Ethel short, and she took her leave, glad to get out of the house before her really cleverly devised plot became entangled in a mass of contradictory details. Anna was as glad to see the last of her; and so was Miss Train, for she hated to talk before any one, and especially a comparative and uncongenial stranger. But no one minded saying anything to Anna Ellery, and she now began to tell, with unwonted fluency, about the dolls which were to be dressed for the "tramps" Christmas tree for small Italians. Anna produced her own contribution to the task, and listened with sweetness to Miss Train's thanks and admiration, only tempered by doubts as to whether they were not too pretty — prettier than any one else's — they had to be very much on a par, or the children would quarrel over them, you know — while her heart was beating and her cheeks were burning, and she longed to be alone and making up her mind as to how much of Ethel's story she believed, and how much she wished to believe, and how much she ought to wish to believe. It is hard to say what sentiment was uppermost in her mind; but on the whole it may be said to have been a hearty dislike of Ethel Moore — a vulgar, forward, prying girl! For a few moments poor Sam shared in her feelings of aversion; what business had he, even if he were in love with her, to confide it to Ethel? But he was soon acquitted on the ground of being a "man," and therefore incomprehensible by the feminine mind; while as to their meeting with that dreadful woman, whose familiar nod seemed to confirm the worst of Ethel's tales, Anna, though she knew but little, even from novels, of the sirens of the

stage, dimly felt that such a bonnet as that might indeed cover crimes to her unknown, and was sure that if there were anybody to blame in the matter, it could not be Sam. (Poor Miss Nettie Nettleton was in reality a respectable married woman, struggling to support a crippled husband and a family of growing boys. She had liked the fresh young fellow who had been so polite and attentive to her when she had gone with her oldest son, a little office-boy of sixteen, to an entertainment at the Christmas Union, and would have been sorry indeed to have known she was figuring as a dragon before the pretty maiden who had seemed to her so fitting a mate for him.)

Anna had never had even a possible lover before, or known any young man intimately. She had no contemporary first cousins, and had only met others in the most formal way; but she knew that she was not in love with Sam Colman, and could hardly believe that he was in love with her. His manner gave her the idea that he liked her, perhaps admired her; it had the little tinge of tenderness which some men put into their relations with every woman; but she could not honestly say that she had ever seen anything more in it. At the same time her sense of justice made her acknowledge that there would have been no such terrible overthrow of all social distinctions if, supposing the case for the sake of argument, they had wanted to marry each other, and that very likely the world at large, outside of a very limited set, would have seen nothing out of the way in it; while something else, which she would not acknowledge, told her that it might not have been unpleasant for themselves. But she hoped he would not propose to her, for if he did of course she must refuse him, and it would be the most disagreeable duty she had ever performed.

She knew he would call again now, once, if no more, and thought she should be glad to see him, as it might settle some of her uncertainties; but when, a day or two after New Years', she heard his ring, she felt rather frightened at the knowledge that her mother was dining at her aunt Helen's with a party of old friends, and that Evan was in New York; more frightened still when she could not but perceive a very decided difference in his manner, a consciousness which she much feared was reflected in her. Their conversation alternately languished and revived with an effort, and she asked him to sing, hoping to get over the awkwardness of the situation by means of music. He had never before been in such good voice, and she had never played with such life; she even ventured to join in the singing now and then, and taste the joy of feeling her little voice, weak, but clear and sweet as in speaking, borne aloft on his like a wren on the back of an eagle. They spent the next hour turning over old music-books, and trying snatches with keen enjoyment. Just as they had got through "When Stars are in the Quiet Skies" with wonderful success, there was a low tap at the door, and Anna, starting, rose and opened it.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, miss!" it was Sarah, the cook, who stood there; "but Lina has gone out, and I forgot to ask her whether Mr. Evan was coming home or not. Shall I get supper ready for him?"

"No, thank you, Sarah, Evan telegraphed that he should take the late train, and told us not to sit up. Lina can leave the front door unlocked, and he can let himself in."

"Very well, miss," said Sarah, retiring triumphant. She could lie, upon occasion, as well as her betters, and she had devised an unnecessary errand to obtain a sight of "Miss Anna's young man," the object of warm interest in the kitchen assembly, whose best wishes he had. She was able to report that things were going to admiration, and Lina and Lucy believed her, when the music gave place to an earnest murmur of voices, only broken now and then as Anna's wandering fingers struck an odd jarring chord from the keys. Sarah, too, had lent her little aid.

At half past ten that evening a happy but utterly amazed young man left the Ellery house. That he should have mustered up courage to propose to Miss Ellery was startling enough, but that he should have been accepted with so little demur by the very nicest girl he had ever seen was almost overpowering; for Sam,

confident in friendship, was modest enough where love was concerned. But he left behind him some one more surprised than himself, and less happily so. Anna was half pleased, half frightened; by turns glad to know that she was really loved, and ashamed to think how easily the knowledge had won a response; by no means sure that she loved Sam well enough to marry him, yet sure that she loved him a great deal too well to make him unhappy. The sole idea that never crossed her mind was that of giving him up. Her word had been given. Sam had kissed her before he went away, and that in her mind made her absolutely and forever his. She was ready enough to apologize to her family for the offence to their dignity she was about to commit, but she had no conscientious scruples as to any duties deeper than those due to a prejudice, nor any romantic notions of remaining single for her mother's sake. She knew that Mrs. Ellery had means to secure a good paid companion, and that she would get along quite as well with one less submissive to all her moods than her daughter. She meant to live near her mother, and felt sure that as a daily visitor, with an independent place of her own in the world, she would give and receive more pleasure than as a mere necessary appendage. As to her own happiness, that always came last in her calculations, and she imagined that if Sam were satisfied, and her mother and Evan did not mind it too much, she would be quite as happy as she deserved. She did not see why she must be doomed to celibacy because her sister was a beauty and had made a great match, and she knew that if that were all, she could be content with a humbler lot than Josephine's; and her future looked bright enough to send her happily off to sleep at last, though she would much rather have got the announcement to her mother over before going to bed. But Mrs. Ellery was so subject to insomnia that all exciting topics were forbidden of an evening, and Anna was obliged to wait till next morning at the breakfast table, when, to make it worse, Evan was present. He was running through the pile of letters he had found awaiting him, while Mrs. Ellery was reading the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, when, after the servant had left the room, Anna screwed her courage to the sticking point, and began. She had to say once or twice, "Mamma, there is something I should like to say to you," before Mrs. Ellery turned a three-quarter view of her face toward her, while Evan tore open another envelope.

"Mamma, Mr. Colman called here last night."

"Colman! oh, that young man — that friend of Ethel Moore's! what did he want? Did you see the Tildens in New York, Evan?" asked Mrs. Ellery of her son, while a slight frown at Anna gave her to understand that this was a subject that need not be dwelt upon. Evan did not reply, and it threw open too good a chance to Anna not to be improved, so she answered her mother's question to herself with sublime and reckless sincerity.

"He wanted to ask me to marry him."

"What!" shouted Evan, words failing him, as they usually did at a critical juncture.

"Really, Anna, you have behaved very badly to him," said her mother. "There is no need of ever letting a man go so far as to propose, when you don't mean to accept him, that is, except in exceptional cases. Of course Josephine could not prevent Mr. Henderson's proposing when he had only seen her once at the opera; nor Charlie Middlebrook — nor — "

Any further list was cut short by Evan, who condescendingly remarked, "I don't suppose that Anna was so much to blame. I should say that that young man was pushing enough to propose with precious little encouragement; and I think it's a good thing it's over. At any rate, he will hardly come here again in a hurry."

"But I think he will come, and that this very afternoon," said Anna, desperately distinct. The very peril of her situation gave her courage, and though in her, as in all her family, the sense of humor was chiefly conspicuous by its absence, she could not but faintly appreciate the comicality of the scene. "He will probably wish to do so, as I have accepted him."

"What could you have been thinking of?" exclaimed her mother, while Evan sat speechless.

"I thought — I felt, as if I had no right to refuse him if I had let him ask me."

"That was very foolish in you; as if a woman were bound to marry every man who asks her."

"No one ever did ask me before."

"I did not think you were so childishly silly, so underbred, as to be so overcome with your first offer, that you did not know how to say no to it."

"I suppose I shall have the pleasing task of telling him that you did not know your own mind, and making your apologies," said Evan, who could talk when he was angry.

"Yes, it will be very trying for Evan; you ought to have thought of that, Anna," said Mrs. Ellery.

"Evan need not trouble himself," said Anna, driven to bay; "I knew perfectly well what I was about when I accepted Mr. Colman."

"Then why in thunder did you?" growled Evan.

"Because I wanted to," replied his sister, rising and leaving the room with dignity, of course to break down as soon as she was safe in her own. A bang of the front door, and a tap at hers, soon announced that Evan had gone out, and that her mother demanded admittance. Mrs. Ellery, who had received a scolding on her own account from the master of the house, was now tearful and entreating, and when her mother was in this mood, Anna melted too, and the interview ended in mutual concessions. Mrs. Ellery allowed that if there were nothing against the young man, she might eventually give her consent, and begged of Anna, in return, that, considering how short the attachment was, it should be kept a secret for the present, to which Anna was almost as ready to consent as her mother to insist; and Mrs. Ellery withdrew to her chamber, to try and sleep off her excitement, slightly allayed by the prospect of this respite, during which, as she phrased it, "much might happen." Anna settled her mother on her sofa, with the extra amount of petting which the situation demanded, and then, as church-going was a second nature to her, like early rising, or any other virtuous habit, she put on her bonnet, and walked sadly off alone to King's Chapel.

As she entered the dark porch of the old church, a bright young fellow in his best suit, with a rosebud in his buttonhole, stood all expectation, and came forward with the air of taking possession at once. How could she help it? — and then she reflected that she might ask any chance acquaintance into their pew, and that probably no one would suspect anything more; so with only a few whispered words they moved on to the old square pew, in which Anna had sat Sunday after Sunday all through her childhood, in the corner behind a pillar, with her pastor quite out of sight and hearing. It had always seemed to her like a prison, but to-day its seclusion was grateful. As they stood, or sat, or blended their voices together, and Anna glanced now and then furtively at her lover, she began to feel some of the pride and pleasure of ownership which dawns on a girl when she has gotten over the first fright of being owned. He was a lover no girl need be ashamed to show; and she felt she had done no more than her duty in rescuing so fine a specimen of manhood from the distant possibilities of an elderly actress, or the more definite and nearly equally alarming probabilities of an Ethel Moore for a wife.

Sam's state of mind must be, she thought, patent to all observers. As to getting him to leave her at the church door to go home alone, the thing was simply impossible, and it seemed to her that by the time they had got to Chestnut Street, every man, woman, and child in Boston must know all about it. It was impossible also to keep him from coming in with her, though she had not intended that he should appear till tea-time. Evan had taken himself off, leaving word that he had gone out to Milton, and should dine at the Kirby's; so Mrs. Ellery, as she descended in a despondent frame of mind to her early Sunday dinner, found her daughter sitting in the most suspicious proximity to a very satisfied looking young man, who, as she entered,

jumped up, and before she knew what he was about had embraced her, and excused the disapprobation which she tried to make evident, with "Yes, of course you must feel badly at first. Nannie" (whom could he mean?) "is such a darling; but then, I won't take her far off; that would be too bad when she's your only girl left. We'll find a nice little house near by, it will be pleasant to have us running in and out. And then, you see, Mrs. Ellery," he wound up triumphantly, "if Nannie hadn't married me, of course she must have married some one else, and you mightn't have liked *him* nearly as well!"

Poor Mrs. Ellery led a divided life for the next few weeks. In Sam's sunny presence she could not help liking him — no woman could; but when he was away, and Evan had possession of her ear, she saw vividly all the dangers and difficulties that threatened her from such a son-in-law. Evan had but little to say to Sam or his sister either, regarding his dignity as in danger in any open quarrel, and considering the tacit disapproval of sulkiness to be the safest course for his own convenience. He reserved all his arguments for his mother in private; "Who, and what was this young man?" was the most frequent and forcible of them, — and she felt it to be unanswerable; but she could not urge it, or any other, with Sam. It would have been of no use to try to make him understand why she objected to him, or indeed that she could object at all, and she was reduced to the feeble compromise of begging for delay in the announcement of their engagement, and induced Anna to persuade him, with great difficulty, to "wait awhile." It is not clear what meaning Mrs. Ellery attached to this elastic term, but Sam thought of a week, and remained for that period honorably quiescent, "to give," as he said, "time for the old lady to get accustomed to it;" but at the end of the week to a moment he entered an energetic protest. Where was the use of being engaged, if he were only to be allowed in the house at certain hours, and smuggled in and out like stolen goods if a relation happened to be in the way? if he were never to be allowed to take Anna to the theatre, or even to the innocent entertainments the Christian Union provided for "members and ladies?" and if a bouquet from him were regarded as compromising? He exercised his privileges by bringing Anna a very nice diamond ring, — a much handsomer one, she thought, than his position warranted; but as he remarked "It is just as well to get a good thing when you will have to wear it all your life." Anna looked down thoughtfully at her slender little hand, and wondered how it would look when it had worn Sam Colman's ring for fifty years; but she shook her head:

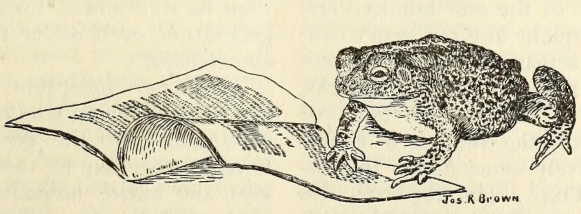
"Oh, but Sam — thank you — but I can't wear it yet, you know?"

"Can't wear it? and pray do you ever intend to wear it at all?"

"Oh, yes; I hope so," said Anna demurely.

This was no answer for Sam, who now showed himself hurt and angry; but Anna, woman-like, was not ill-pleased, if a little alarmed, at his vehemence, and made the apologies which she felt he merited all the more sweetly, so much so that he was brought to listen with more patience than she had expected to her mother's last condition, and even, after some remonstrances, to assent to it on her promise that it should really and truly be the last.

(To be continued.)



THE ORIGIN COURSES, AND ETHNOGRAPHY OF THE ALASKAN FUR TRADE.

By Charles Hallock.

THE prominence given to Alaska and Siberia by recent politico-economic questions, as well as by the contributions of popular authors, will render interesting any information bearing directly upon the commercial associations of those two vast regions, especially in view of the possible union of Asia and America in the near future by transcontinental railroad and telegraph. Under this belief, the following history is submitted, with the remark that the route of the government railroad now under construction from St. Petersburg to Bering Strait follows very nearly the course of the fur trade, as outlined by the writer, in its gradual extension eastward through Siberia to the territory once known as Russian-America, but now called Alaska.

The empire of Russia is an aggregation of many diverse nations and peoples wrested from two continents. Contributory levies have been exacted in the course of time from Turkey, Tartary, Circassia, Persia, China, and the entire domain of Siberia. The chief acquisitions have been secured since the year 1552, chiefly through the instrumentality of the Cossacks, those indomitable and constant allies of the Muscovites, who, from the very beginning of their predatory incursions have constantly pushed their way into new territory until they finally overran the whole immense region which stretches from the northern boundary of China to the Arctic Ocean and eastward from the Ural Mountains to Bering Sea.

In the course of the one hundred and fifty years subsequent to Czar Ivan's conquests on the Caspian, the Ostiaks, Samoides, Tungusi, Buraits, Yakouts, Koriaks, Tchuktchi, all of them inhabitants of Siberia, and finally the dwellers in Kamschatka, successively came under the dominion of the Ozai. The Russians also took possession of the Amoor River, in northeastern China, and held it for forty years (1639 to 1680), during which occupation a very considerable intercourse was maintained with the Chinese subjects of Manchuria. Meanwhile, discovering the marvellous wealth of the Siberian wilderness, and the value of the fur trade which, in the course of time, came to yield three and a half million of silver roubles per annum, the Russian government located "ostrogs" or fortified trading posts all over the country, opened commercial thoroughfares between the principal depots, and established a continuous line of communication from St. Petersburg to Bering Sea, with lateral ramifications into China, *via* the Amoor, and through Kiachta, the central gateway of the Great Altai mountain range.

Tempted by the emoluments which the constantly increasing fur trade promised, the great body of the invading army, with its motley following, remained in Siberia, and were distributed permanently throughout the country. By the exigencies of war, many of the native tribes were scattered; some were almost extirpated, and others were driven to the antipodes of their homes. But analogous pursuits and a common struggle for subsistence brought them all, aliens and aborigines, into close personal contact; and therefore it is easy to see how continual association during the three supervening centuries might naturally result in essential modifications of race characteristics. At the same time the strongest types would remain constant, and generic peculiarities and customs be transmitted lineally to the latest generation, even under most adverse circumstances.

At the very inception of the fur trade, a system of annual fairs or exchanges was inaugurated by the government, which brought together to the ostrogs once a year the entire nomadic population of fur-hunters, and a considerable portion

of the permanent shore-dwellers, for the purposes of barter. The principal fairs were, and are, held at Ostrownoje, the easternmost and remotest trading post of the Old World; Ochotsk, on the sea of that name; Yakoutsk, on the Lena river; Irkutsk, on Lake Baikal; Kiachta, at the central gateway of the Celestial Empire; Irbit; Tobolsk; and Nishne-Novgorod; whence the bales of fur and the miscellaneous products of the Arctic Seas find their way eventually through regular channels, to St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Pekin, and at last to markets far beyond. There is also at the present day a very considerable trade to the Amoor, which, being ceded to the Russians in 1858, was again occupied by them after an interval of almost two hundred years. Yakoutsk is the focal point and *entrepôt* of eastern Siberia, lying on the border-line which separates the countries of the Yakouts and Tungusi — the latter occupying the centre of Siberia, and the Yakouts the country north of them up to the Arctic ocean. Originally, the Yakouts, or Jakuts, occupied as far south and west as the Baikal and Angora, but were driven thence by the more powerful hordes of Tungusi; who were, in turn, subjugated by the Russians in 1640, about the time when the Manchus conquered the Chinese Empire. Although *the Manchus and Tungusi come from the same stock*, the difference in their fate is accounted for by the fact that the Manchus were better armed and disciplined than the Chinese, while the Tungusi had only bows and arrows to oppose to the fire-arms of the Cossacks. The Manchu tongue is now the court language of Pekin, while the Tungusi are nomads, sunk in poverty and ignorance.

It was a bad day for eastern Siberia when the Yakouts were crowded up to the Lena by the victorious Tungusi, for they in turn dispossessed the weaker tribes which they found in possession of the country, and established themselves as far eastward as the Kolyma River, on the frontier of the Tchuktchi, the most eastern tribe of Asia, whose ultimate boundary is the Arctic Ocean and Bering Sea. The Yakouts, or Jakuts, have always possessed a higher civilization than is found elsewhere in the same latitude, except in Iceland, Finland, and Norway; and by their superior intelligence and force of character they have stamped their impress upon all with whom they have come in contact. Their's is the dominant language from the basin of the Lena to the extreme eastern coast of Siberia. All the Tungusi speak Jakut. Russian is scarcely known in two-thirds of its Asiatic possessions. For centuries the Jakuts have been the common carriers for all the peoples with whom they have had commercial intercourse. "Without the Jakut and his horse," says Middendorf, the eminent naturalist and Siberian explorer, "the Russians would never have been able to penetrate to the Sea of Ochotsk, and from thence to the Aleutian chain; but for him they never would have settled on the Kalyma, nor have opened commercial intercourse with the Tchuktchi and the eastern Esquimaux. . . . Before the possession of the Amoor had opened a new road to commerce [1640] thousands of pack horses used annually to go to Ochotsk."

Jakutsh merchants were the pioneers of trade with Kamschatka, and many hundreds of them settled on that peninsula, and remained until the forests of the New World became the ultimate quest of the insatiable fur hunters. When pursuit was pushed to the adjacent continent, they were the first to venture in crazy craft across the Sea of Kamschatka (now called Bering), discovering the island of Kadiak in the Aleutian Archipelago, and opening barter with the natives; so that three centuries at least have elapsed since the infusion of Asiatic elements into the Aleutian composition.

But there are shorter routes than this from Asia to America, and there must have been, from a period long anterior, intercommunication between land and land, whose approximate shores are so contiguous as to be discernible from a boat in mid passage, and whose inhabitants are constantly afloat in pursuit of a livelihood. Nevertheless, there was little to invite barter between neighboring peoples whose products were as homogeneous as themselves; for traffic in

tobacco, sugar, and iron implements had not begun thus early. Such tangible intimations of a superior civilization had not so soon penetrated the interminable versts of wilderness which intervened.

There can be but little doubt that Asiatic blood and Asiatic customs, transmitted through the Manchus and Tungusi, with the Jakut predominating, are deeply engrafted into the coast-dwellers of western Alaska and the Aleutian Islands; and furthermore, inasmuch as all the shore tribes intermarry promiscuously, that they have permeated southeastern Alaska and the Alexandrian Archipelago. Geo. Wm. Stellar, one of the most distinguished ethnologists of the early part of the past century, who accompanied Bering on his second voyage of discovery in 1741, and landed at Kaiak Island, on the Alaskan coast, noticed such race similarities, and he immediately conjectured that the aborigines of that part of the American coast must be of the "same origin as the Kamschatkans." But the Kamschatkans had then been intimate with the Jakuts for a century, and a thousand of the latter were settled at Petropovolsk, imparting their dominant traits to the natives, after having been amalgamated for a still longer previous period with the Tungusi, who are of Manchu stock. The Jakuts have a Mongolian cast of features, but Middendorf says there is a tradition that they are of Turkish extraction. They are very shrewd, and "beat the Jews" for trading. They are keen of vision, very hardy, great hunters well versed in woodcraft, pursuing the fur-bearing animals with great persistence. Their memory is remarkable, and their bump of locality well developed. Like the Alaskans, they are ingenious artificers and artisans. In manual dexterity they surpass all other Siberian nations. Long before the Russian conquest, they made use of iron ore to manufacture their own knives and axes, in the use of which they are very expert. They are acquainted with the art of striking fire with flint and steel. Their women make carpets of white and colored skins. Their only domestic animals are the dog and horse. Houses are built of slabs or logs placed upright, with sleeping berths ranged along the sides on a raised dais or platform, the centre of the earthen floor being occupied by a hearth, the smoke of which issues through an aperture in the roof. They are gross feeders, and celebrate weddings and special events by feasting, after the fashion of the Alaskan "potlatek." This, for the most part, seems literally descriptive of what we see in Alaska. It is identical.

Stellar, when he landed at Kaiak in 1741, found a wooden tray hollowed from a trunk of a tree, into which hot stones were placed to heat water for boiling meat. He also found a cellar filled with smoked fish and covered with a platform made of strips of bark laid on poles, and numerous implements "like those used by the inhabitants of Kamschatka," all of which will be at once recognized by anybody familiar with Alaskan domestic economy.

The Jakuts call themselves Christians, having doubtless been absorbed into the Greco-Roman church at the time of the conquest, but they all believe in shamanism, which is a sort of barbarous faith cure, and have an abject fear of evil spirits. Shaman is the name applied to the sorcerer or magician among many of the tribes of northern Asia, and shaman and shamanism are alike prevalent along pretty nearly the entire coast of Alaska up to the Arctic ocean. The Jakuts are generally reserved in manner, small in stature, with broad shoulders, prominent cheek bones, noses small, lips very full, hair black, complexion dark-brown, or sometimes yellow — a description which answers very well for some of the Alaskan natives. The men sometimes have full beards, and the women paint their faces with black and red pigments mixed with fat.

Some conspicuous peculiarities of the Alaskan natives seem to have been borrowed directly from the Tongusi. For instance, the Tongusi are divided into clans according to their occupations, or to the domestic animals which they employ, or to those which they have killed in the chase, notably the horse, dog, reindeer, and bear, and are distinguished

by their respective names. This peculiarity is illustrated in the Alexandrian Archipelago by the heraldic totem poles which are such striking objects of interest to tourists. The Tongusi have also evidently transmitted the superstition of the raven; they do not bury the dead, but place them in large chests on platforms, or in the forks of trees; they hold slaves, and traffic in women; brides are bought for merchandise, or earned by long periods of service; cannibalism and human sacrifices are not unknown: all of which conditions were prevalent in Alaska at a period not remote.

The strangely composite Chinook jargon in use along the entire North Pacific coast, which was invented by the early traders to facilitate business intercourse, represents very well the ethnography of the people, for it was formulated from all the spoken languages and dialects of the associated inhabitants; and we shall find by analysis that a moiety of the words are of Asiatic origin, while we observe at once a prevalent substitution of the letter *l* for *r*, as in China. Some importance should attach to collateral testimony of this character. It is at least a link in the chain of evidence. Sir George Simpson, in his "Overland Journey Around the World," tells how the bales of fur which arrive at Kiachta, on the Chinese frontier, are covered with walrus hide from the Arctic coasts, the same being forthwith utilized to protect the tea chests which are shipped thence to Moscow, whereby a perfect continuity of overland traffic is "blazed" half way round the globe. By the same token we can readily trace the lineage of representative peoples employed along the line of traffic.

It is quite as easy to follow the races, through their commercial connection, across the Strait of Bering into what was so long known as Russian-America. By the year 1769, a very large area of that vast country had been so thoroughly prospected by fur hunters and explorers that it was intelligently though rudely charted. Up to the time of the accession of the consolidated Russian Fur Company in 1779, no less than sixty distinct trading companies had been established. Posts were scattered all over the interior, as well as along the coast. The pursuit of the seal, sea otter, ice bear, whale, walrus, and other hunting operations, extended over three thousand miles, from Kadiak in the Aleutian chain over to the Kurile Islands of Japan, and up to the extreme north coasts of Asia and America. In the course of the great monopoly there came to be no less than one hundred and thirty of these trading posts in Russian-America, nearly all of which are extant at the present day.

The Russians continued the same commercial system which they had inaugurated in Siberia long before. Trails and thoroughfares were established along the principal watercourses and across the divides which separated their headwaters, and brigades annually packed their furs and supplies over them to designated depots.

Precisely the same system was prosecuted by the contemporaneous Hudson Bay Company, whose outposts by that time, had been pushed to the sources of the Mackenzie River, and were beyond the Rocky Mountains to the Yukon. The headwaters of the Yukon interlock with those of the Mackenzie, and there was regular traffic over an eighty-mile portage between the two, to points where forty-feet barges, drawing two feet of water, could float. Again, there was an established thoroughfare, and now is, all along the continental coast line, west from the mouth of the Mackenzie to the mouth of the Colville, where an Esquimaux coast brigade meets a brigade which comes up from Kotzebue Sound *via* the Noatak River and across a portage to the Colville River, which it descends, there exchanging tobacco and iron implements for seal products. When the barter is over, the Point Barrow Esquimaux journey eastward to Barter Reef, where they obtain, from eastern Esquimaux, lamps, knives, beads, guns, and ammunition (brought from the Mackenzie River), which they exchange the following year for Kotzebue goods at the Colville rendezvous. There is also a shore route from Icy Cape on the Arctic coast, over which furs and walrus teeth are sent from hand to hand as far as

Gwosdew Islands, in Bering Strait, where they are bartered for tobacco, knives, and iron kettles of the Tchuktchi, who obtain them from Sledge Island on East Cape, to which they have previously been shipped from Ostrownoje. Thus did the early articles of Russian manufacture gradually find their way along the American coast as far east as Repulse Bay, there competing among the tribes of the Mackenzie district with articles from Sheffield or Birmingham, in England. By this hyperborean transit and line of connection, it may be possible to establish an old-time relationship with the Esquimaux of the entire circumpolar region. Matiuschin, who was Baron Wrangell's companion, says that "the Tchuktchi belong to the widespread Esquimaux family and live in the same way. They are of Chinese origin, hardened by acclimatation."

The Esquimaux of the Arctic belt occupy their isolated geographical position from sheer necessity, compelled no less by the exigencies of subsistence, than fear of coterminous hostile tribes. They are never found far from the coast line, because the sea amply supplies their wants. Deer and wild fowl come to them in summer, and in winter there is no occasion for them to leave the coast, for the adjacent country to the southward is an inhospitable ice plain, barely covered with lichens and sphagnum, and utterly destitute of life. Nature has interposed it as a neutral and uninhabitable belt to separate them from the Red Indians who are their hereditary enemies, and merciless.

Thus restricted to the Arctic Zone, they can migrate only on east and west lines. Their hazardous pursuits require an association of labor, so that they are obliged to dwell in communities. Exigencies of the chase — some dearth or superabundance of salmon, seals, whales, or other creatures upon which they depend for subsistence — sometimes drive or attract them to new regions, and stimulate the planting of new communities, so that it seems easy to account for the continuous extension of Esquimaux settlement from Bering Sea to Smith Sound, and also for the persistence of the Mongolian type, with unaltered habits and manners, whether they be independent, or under Russian, Danish, or British rule. Only on the Pacific Coast do they venture into lower latitudes, ranging southward as far as the Alaskan peninsula in latitude fifty-eight degrees, where they meet and fraternize with their congeners from Asia, no longer deterred by fear of hostile aliens, but by their presence bearing significant testimony to their common origin.

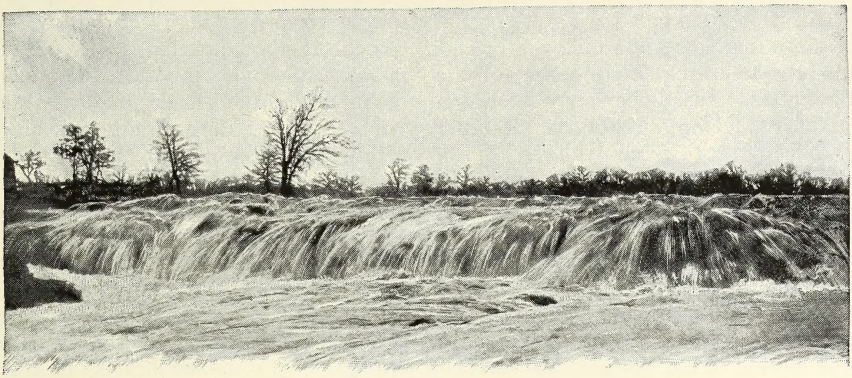
BIRD ON THE GREENING BOUGH.

By Clinton Scollard.

BIRD on the greening bough,
With folded wing,
The matin vow
That thou dost softly sing,

Is what I would repeat,
With loving art,
To tell my sweet
What lies within my heart.

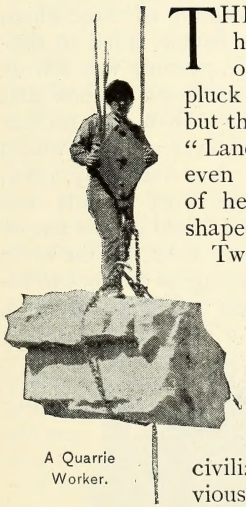
Fly to her, tell it, thou
Clear voice of spring,
On greening bough,
Bird with the folded wing!



The Falls of the Sioux.

THE DAKOTA METROPOLIS.[1]

I.



A Quarrie Worker.

THE name "Dakota" has become a synonym for western pluck and enterprise; but the poets sang of the "Land of the Dacotahs" even before the energy of her inhabitants had shaped her destiny.

Twenty years ago a military post — old Fort Dakota — was about the only artificial mark on all the landscape about Sioux Falls. The antennæ of civilization had previously been reaching out to this point, but it was yet too early for even western rush to linger long — and the town-lot, that harbinger of western progress, was not known in the land until 1871.

The first attempt at settlement in what is now the state of South Dakota was at Sioux Falls, toward the close of 1856, by a land company formed at Dubuque, Iowa, by Dr. Geo. M. Staples and others, called the Western Town-site Company. They employed two men to find the falls of the "Te-han-kas-da-ta" or "Thick-Wooded River," and to locate a town site near it. Hardly had their long search been rewarded with a view of the beautiful falls when a band of Indians made them retrace their steps. Six weeks later another party visited the scene, took possession of three hundred and twenty acres of land in the name of the Western Town-site Company, and built a log hut on the island at the head of the falls. About the same time, representatives of a rival company, chartered by the legislature of Minnesota and called the Dakota Land Company, reached Sioux Falls and made claim to three hundred and twenty acres of land just south of the Western Town-site Company's claim.

The "Te-han-kas-an-da-ta," became the Big Sioux. The shelves formed by the ledges of granite stretching across the path of the waters had led to the locality being generally dubbed "The Falls," and when it was necessary to formally christen the infant, the falls of the Sioux of course directly suggested

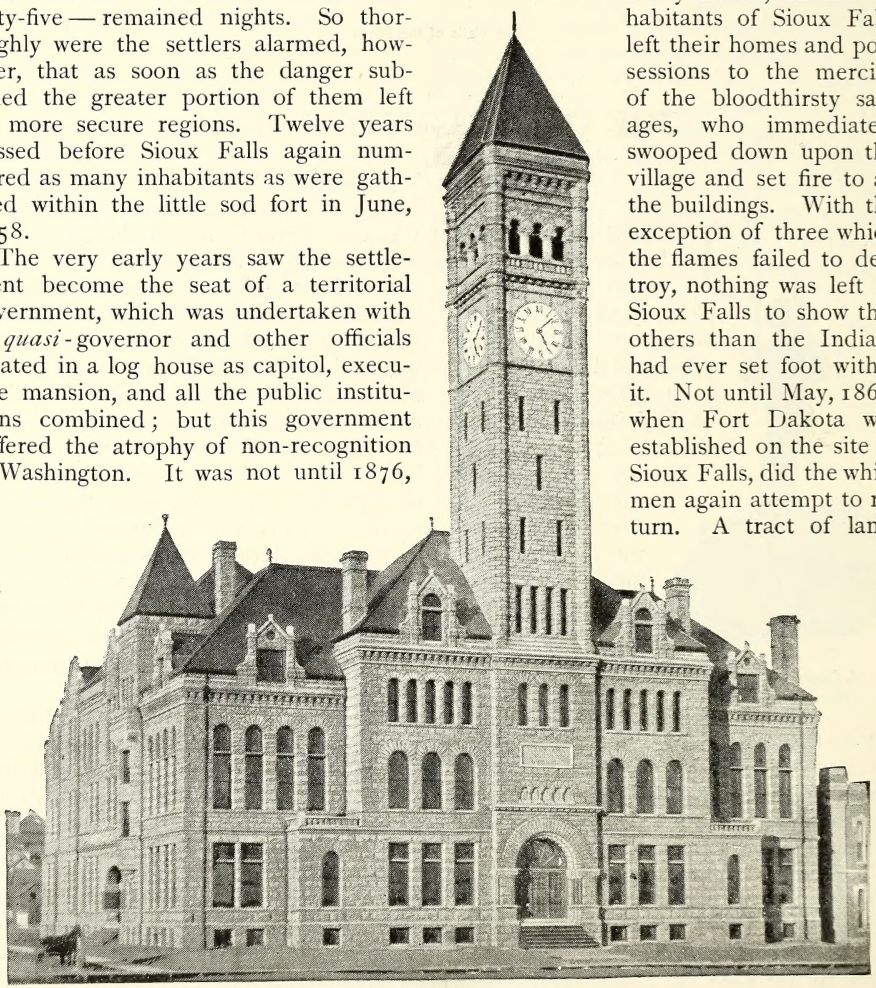
[1] The first section of this article, giving a historical view of Dakota, is by Mr. Arthur C. Phillips. Section II., on the present condition of Sioux Falls, is by Mr. E. W. Caldwell. Section III. gives the impressions of Henry Austin, the poet, now resident in Dakota.

"Sioux Falls." Rather, it was first called "Sioux Falls City" — for in those days what western hamlet could hope for distinction, if it wasn't called a city! But soon the tadpole shed its tail.

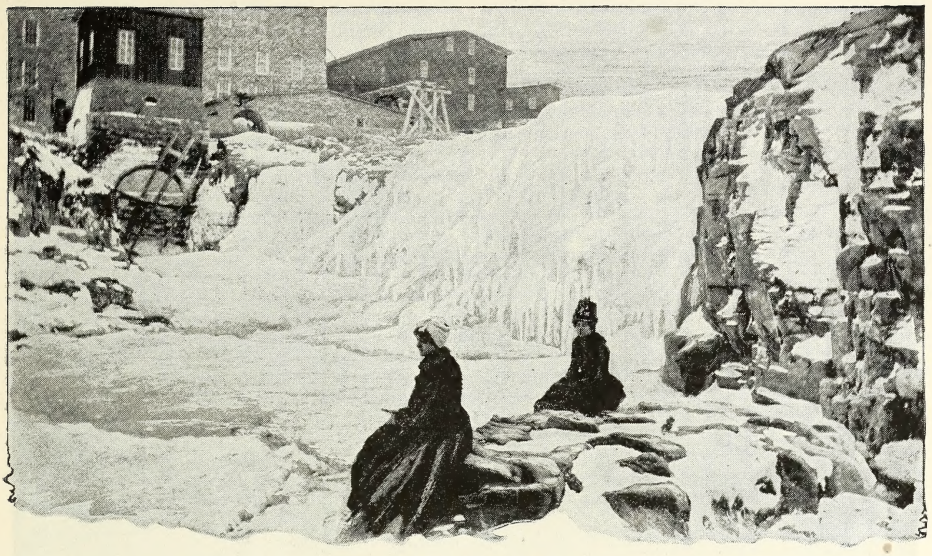
In July following, an uprising of the Sioux Indians caused the complete evacuation of the claim, as well as all other settlements in the Sioux valley. A few weeks later another band of pioneers reached the site of Sioux Falls. During the fearful Indian excitement which was experienced in June, 1858, the Sioux Falls settlers bravely decided to disregard the orders of the Indians to vacate, and erected a sod fort for their defence, in which all the inhabitants — about seventy-five — remained nights. So thoroughly were the settlers alarmed, however, that as soon as the danger subsided the greater portion of them left for more secure regions. Twelve years passed before Sioux Falls again numbered as many inhabitants as were gathered within the little sod fort in June, 1858.

The very early years saw the settlement become the seat of a territorial government, which was undertaken with a *quasi*-governor and other officials located in a log house as capitol, executive mansion, and all the public institutions combined; but this government suffered the atrophy of non-recognition at Washington. It was not until 1876, after the Indian scare had subsided, that the settlement was properly established. From that time on, Sioux Falls has swept rapidly toward its manifest destiny.

In 1862–63 the Indians again succeeded in almost depopulating the settlement, and in August of the latter year they massacred Judge J. B. Amidon and his son within the present limits of the city. Just prior to that startling occurrence news had been received of the fearful wholesale massacre at New Ulm, Minn.; and the two terrible events so disheartened the little band of pioneers, that it was decided to again abandon the village. Accordingly, as soon as possible, but with heavy hearts, all the inhabitants of Sioux Falls left their homes and possessions to the mercies of the bloodthirsty savages, who immediately swooped down upon the village and set fire to all the buildings. With the exception of three which the flames failed to destroy, nothing was left of Sioux Falls to show that others than the Indians had ever set foot within it. Not until May, 1865, when Fort Dakota was established on the site of Sioux Falls, did the white men again attempt to return. A tract of land,



County Court House.



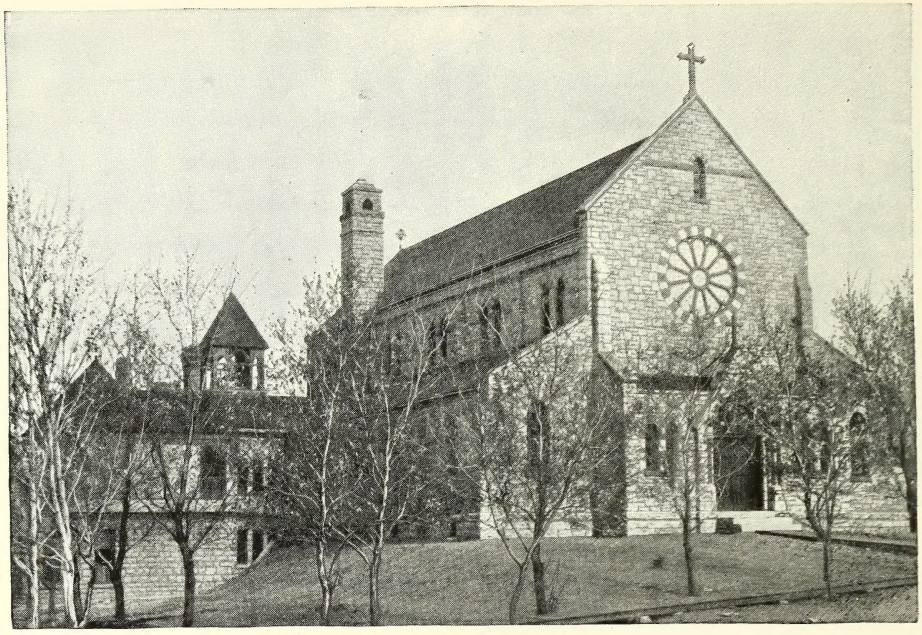
Falls of the Sioux in Winter.

five miles square, including the present city limits, was at that time set apart for a military reservation, and a log barrack was erected near the present site of the Cataract House. During the next two or three years settlers again began to arrive. In 1870, the military post was vacated, and the land pre-empted from the government.

The phenomenal growth of Sioux Falls can be dated from about 1873, although the fearful grasshopper plague of the following year came near putting a quietus upon every enterprise. The destiny of Sioux Falls, however, was written; it was to be; and although the fates at times seemed to frown upon the plucky pioneers, to-day a proud city of 15,000 people pays homage to their persistent energy and courage.

The first newspaper printed in the territory, as early as 1857, the *Dakota Democrat*, was published at Sioux Falls. During the four years of its existence it exerted a considerable influence in shaping the embryotic politics of the section. Sioux Falls' second newspaper enterprise was the *Pantagraph*, in 1871, upon which Editor Caldwell, now of the *Press*, took his earlier lessons. The *Independent* and other lesser lights afterwards illuminated the minds of the people of Sioux Falls. In 1882 a company purchased the *Times* and *Pantagraph*, and merged them into the *Weekly Press*, placing E. W. Caldwell at the editorial helm. The following year Mr. Caldwell, in company with W. H. D. Bliss, one of the brightest men who has graced the western press, launched the first daily paper of Sioux Falls, the *Daily Press*. The paper was greeted with ominous head-shakes; but, like the city of its birth, its success has surpassed the most sanguine hopes, and to-day it is the leading Republican paper of the state. Mr. Caldwell stands without a peer in the newspaper fraternity of the state. The *Daily Argus-Leader*, an evening paper, held for some years the same place in the ranks of the state Democratic newspapers that the *Press* occupies in the Republican ranks. In the fall of 1889, it passed into the hands of Messrs. Tomlinson & Day, the present proprietors, and in politics became Independent. Mr. J. Tomlinson, Jr., the senior proprietor and editor, is a Yale graduate, and a man of large experience.

The first railroad into Sioux Falls was completed August 1, 1878, — the Chicago and Northwestern. In 1879 and 1880 the Dakota Southern and Southern Minnesota lines were built into Sioux Falls; both of them were soon after ab-



Episcopal Cathedral — Astor Memorial.

sorbed by the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul system. The next road to reach the city was the Burlington, in 1886, followed by the Illinois Central in 1887, and the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba in 1888. The Burlington and Illinois Central companies have both erected magnificent stone passenger and freight depots, and the other roads are contemplating similar enterprises.

On August 9th, 1871, Dr. Josiah L. Phillips had recorded the original townsite plat, called "J. L. Phillips' Sioux Falls." It consisted of nine blocks, the main business street (now, as then), being named Phillips Avenue. Subsequent additions to the village and city are "too numerous to mention," the present city limits covering about twenty-six square miles. The village of Sioux Falls was incorporated in January, 1877, with a population of six hundred, and the city in 1883, with four thousand.

The big Sioux River, from which the city derives its name and water power, flows south on the west side of the city; then, in its sinuous windings, it makes a *détour* and runs north through the centre of the city, with a succession of rapids and falls, when, by another *détour*, it regains its original course. Prof. F. V. Hayden, after his survey of the Territory of Dakota in 1867, wrote in his report to the government:

> "The Falls of the Sioux fall one hundred and ten feet in the distance of half a mile and form the finest water power I have ever seen in the West, which will some day be of immense value."

The water power has so far been utilized by two flouring mills, an electric light plant, and stone polishing works. Several islands of from three to fourteen acres each, heavily wooded and within the city limits, furnish fine pleasure grounds.

Sioux Falls has been most appropriately termed a city of fine homes. It is doubtful if a city of its size can be found possessing more costly and elegant residences. Its numerous rich and massive business blocks command the admiration of strangers, but the chief admiration is felt in a ride through the residence portions of the city.

The great Sioux reservation, which has for years been the cynosure of intending settlers, in the event of its being thrown open for settlement by the government,

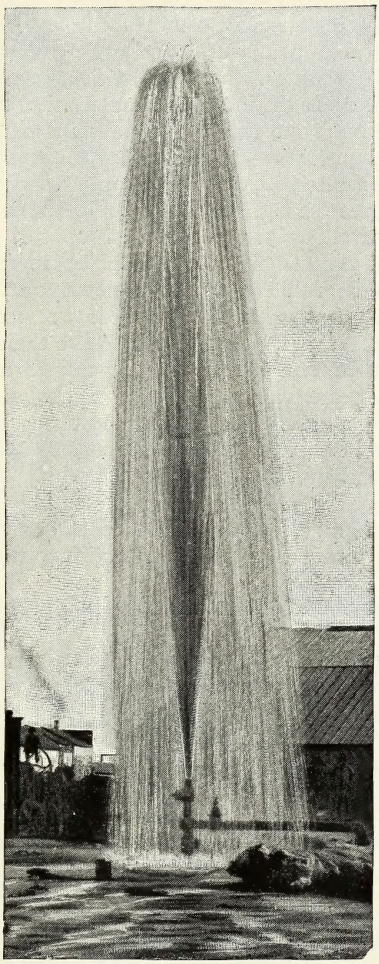
includes the entire state west of the Missouri river except the Black Hills counties. It comprises 22,000,000 acres, or nearly one half the total area of the state, the greater portion of which is very fertile. It is watered by the Missouri, Grand, Moreau, Sheyenne, Bad, White, Keyapaha, and Ponca rivers, six of which are large streams with numerous tributaries.

II.

WHAT wonder that the place should prosper? Every dollar which the world ever had has come from one or the other of four sources — agriculture, mining, manufacture, and commerce. Any town or city must touch at least two of these sources in order to insure permanency. Some have three. Sioux Falls has all four.

The city is in the valley of the Big Sioux River, which has an area of three million acres, the richest belt of soil in the world outside of China. The tests made in the agricultural department at Washington show that the soil is similar in every respect to that of the valley of the Yellow River in the "flowery kingdom," which statistics show supports the densest population in the world. Far outside of the "arid belt," with its occasional seasons of drouth, the Sioux Valley has wholly escaped crop failures, and the thousands of successful farmers up and down its course constitute one of the factors which have made the city what it is. The drought from which the people of the small sub-humid belt on the North and West have occasionally suffered has been grossly exaggerated.

One great advantage which nature has provided to prevent the possibility of future droughts is the artesian basin which underlies the entire state east of the Missouri River. While for many years the state has been known to possess this priceless boon, its development has awaited the present necessity. A large number of wells have already been sunk, from Yankton on the extreme southern border of the state to almost the northern limit, with marvellous results. Wells at Woonsocket, Yankton, Miller, Wolsey, and many other points, with diameters not exceeding six inches, have pressures varying from fifty to two hundred pounds to the square inch. One well at the first named place discharges over four thousand gallons of water per minute, and sends a four-inch stream seventy-one feet into the air. It can be confidently asserted that never again will South Dakota experience a general drought whether the rainfall is plentiful or not.



Woonsocket Artesian Well.

The soil of the state is a deep black loam. The prairies are gently rolling, the long undulations rising and sinking so gradually as to leave no impression of ascending or descending to one who is travelling over them. The general slope of the country is southerly. Rivers and lakes are numerous. Of the latter, Lake Kampeska at Watertown, Lake Madison at Madison, and several other beautiful sheets of water are becoming well known as summer resorts. All rivers are heavily

wooded, as in fact is every locality which has a natural protection from prairie fires.

Nothing connected with the state of South Dakota is the subject of more misconception and error among the people of the East and South than its climate. Let one in those sections mention a contemplated removal to our state, and knowing friends at once suggest blizzards, cyclones, and other disagreeable freaks of nature, with all attendant calamities.

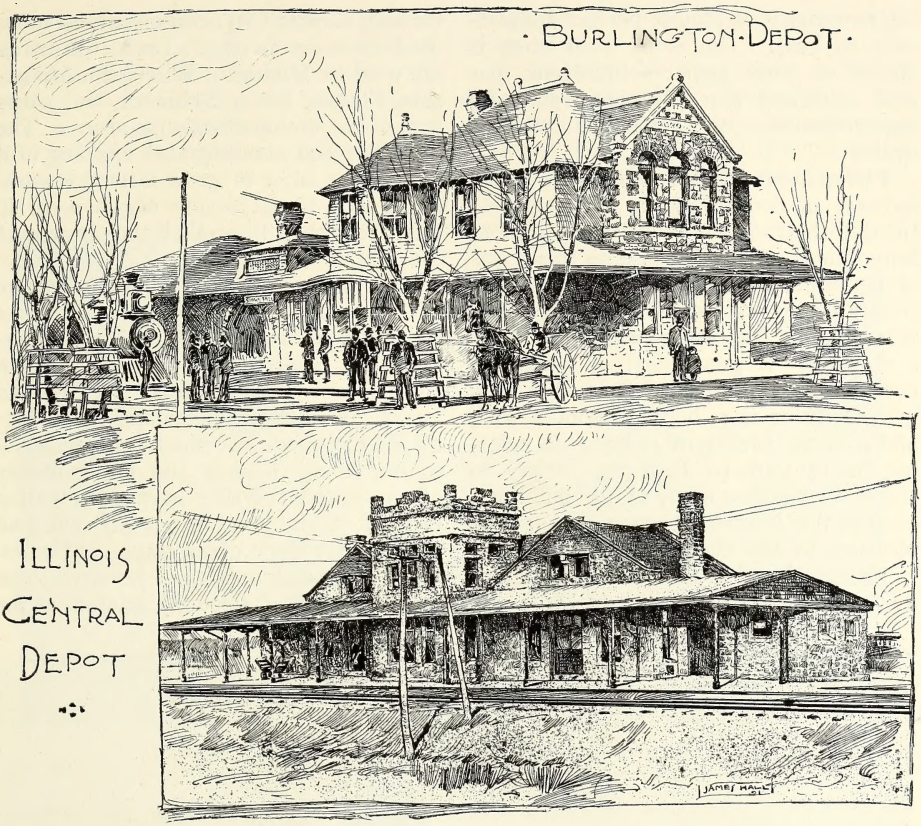
The great West altogether is distinctively an agricultural section; but there is no part of it that for all purposes — the production of cereals and root crops, and the growth of cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs — can equal this marvellous garden valley, with its rich black loam from two to twenty feet deep, with its rolling surface, with its creeks and lakes, with its freedom from stumps and stones. And there is no area of equal extent better supplied with markets, for the valley is gridironed with railroads, and the producer can sell his surplus and buy his supplies without missing a day or a night from home. The city which is the "metropolis" of such a valley, and already as large as any other three towns together in the entire state, has a lead which guarantees its permanent pre-eminence.

As the very hardships which men encounter in the settling of a new country accrue to their ultimate advantage, so some things which in their first exploration seem to them too hard to utilize or of no intrinsic value often turn out to be mines of wealth, when the right intelligence is brought to bear upon them. Probably the earliest settlers of this valley never suspected that the hard red stone cropping out in many places, and apparently spoiling their pastures, would some day be the very thing that should chiefly contribute to make Sioux City the commercial entrepot of the Sioux Valley.

The comparatively chalky stone of terra-cotta tint, which is found in the Minnesota region and from which the Indians carve their pipes, undergoes a surprising transformation at the Dakota end of the bed, where it emerges in the shape of almost pure quartzite or jasper, forty per cent as hard as diamond, and in hue a remarkable pink. At East Sioux Falls, this stone for the last half dozen years has been quarried with great success; and a visit to this place, which is reached



Ashland Park.



by a motor line running every hour from the heart of the city, is full of intense interest. East Sioux Falls has recently become a separate town; and in some respects it is a realization of the ideas of Donnelly and Bellamy as to the way in which things should be arranged. The entire town, which comprises about eight hundred inhabitants, is owned by the Sioux Falls Granite Company. The company pays handsome wages, furnishes the men with houses and food, all of the necessaries and some of the luxuries of life, at strictly co-operative prices; the majority of laborers in Boston, or any other place, would envy these English, Scotch, and Scandinavian quarrymen the comforts which the Sioux Falls Granite Company, applying wisely the principle of co-operation, has been able to give its employees. The quarries are operated about nine months of the year, and are a very interesting sight. At first glance, the principal quarry looks like a rather ghastly gap cut in the face of Mother Earth, but as you near it and see the jasper precipices of pink, with ledges of lilac, here and there shading into blue and chocolate, you are impressed with the exceeding beauty of the stone, even before it is cut and polished. The prevailing shade is nearly "peach-blow," and in some places in the quarries it shades off to a purple. Now and then it crops up almost as deep as cherry, and the surface, smooth and hard as plate glass, shows a grain of almost porphyrian fineness. Its hardness is even more remarkable than its beauty. In the scale of density in which feldspar ranks at five, glass at six, and agate at seven and a half, this Sioux Falls Granite, as it has been improperly called, for it should have been called syenite, quartzite, or jasper, ranks at seven and a fifth. Another point of importance in its value as build-

ing material is its almost perfect indifference to heat. The Sioux Falls stone is almost a pure jasper — ninety-six per cent silica and four per cent iron. Its imperviousness to acids is another quality.

I have dwelt on this remarkable infant industry of South Dakota, which is destined to become an industry of eminent importance, chiefly because to this stone is due in great measure the architectural beauty of the city of Sioux Falls, which is one of the first things which impresses a stranger. A great deal of praise of course is due to the architects, but form without color is a body without a soul, and it is the variety of richness in coloring, more perhaps than the variety in shape, that makes many of the buildings, even in the business portion, a perpetual pleasure to the eye.

Thousands of carloads of this granite are hauled annually to Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City, and elsewhere to be used for street paving. Large quantities are used in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, and other states for architectural purposes. The quarrying and handling and shipping of it require the labor of great forces of workmen; it is to increasing employment in this and other lines that the growth of the city is largely due.

The hardness and peculiar texture of the quartzite have resulted in a secondary mineral industry here. Carloads of chalcedony or agatized wood have been brought from a petrified forest in Arizona — stumps and logs of it, the faces of which are polished so that their richness and the brilliancy of variegated coloring have a fascinating beauty. Thin slabs of it are cut and polished for clock cases, trays, card cases, inlaid work and articles of jewelry. The exhibit of this chalcedony product at the

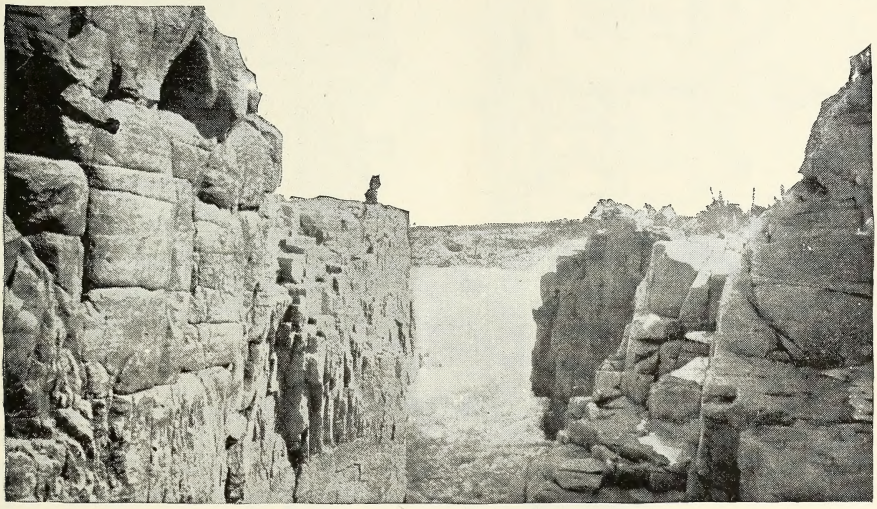


Masonic Temple.

last Paris exposition attracted marked attention. The results which have been achieved with it have been possible only because of the fact that the jasper found here was hard enough to be used for the preliminary work of shaping and dressing it.

inaugurated which are supplied with steam power.

In addition to enterprises in actual operation, many of importance are approaching completion: the Chicago Machine Works, with its fifty thousand square feet of floor space, the principal

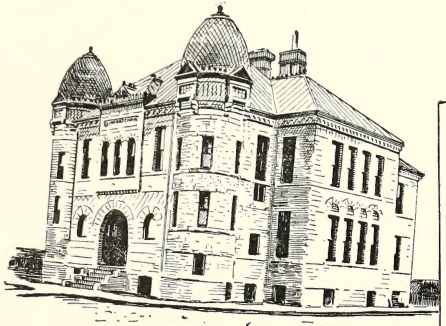


Canyon at the Falls.

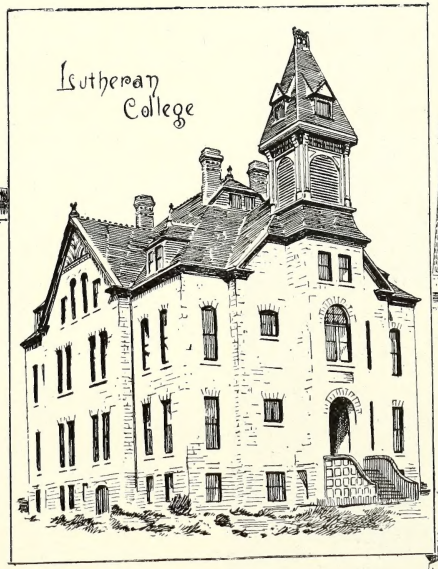
The falls of the Sioux early marked Sioux Falls as a point for the location of manufactures. The river tumbles over the upheaval of granite in a series of cascades, the highest being about thirty-five feet, and the total plunge nearly one hundred feet in half a mile. The power is improved at three points — first, an eight-foot head by the Cascade Milling Company and electric light and power works; second, a fifty-four foot head by the Queen Bee Milling Company, whose granite mill, eighty by one hundred feet, eight stories high, with a capacity of 1,200 barrels of flour per day, is one of the finest structures of its kind in the world; and third, a fourteen foot head by the Drake Polishing Works, for the polishing of granite pillars, entablatures fillets, architraves, etc., for architectural use, and for the production of monuments and memorial tablets. While the water power was the original impetus of manufacturing enterprise in Sioux Falls, a large number of factories have been

product of which will be a chain-mortising machine; a pork-packing house, which will slaughter and pack two thousand five hundred hogs daily; a starch Works, which will consume five hundred bushels of corn per day. There are also already secured an oatmeal mill, a mill for making building and wrapping papers, and a flax mill for the manufacture of fibre, experiments conducted in New York and in Europe having demonstrated the especial fitness of South Dakota flax for this purpose.

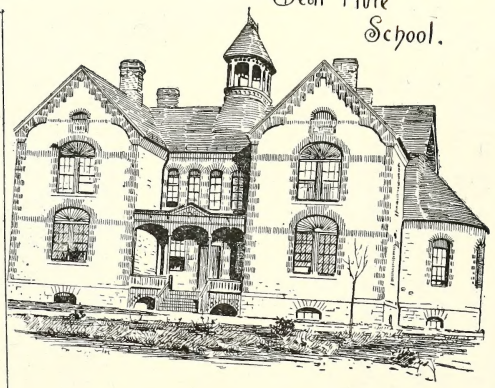
The necessities of a brand new country, inheriting nothing but acres from its preceding occupants, and having to buy and haul in almost everything that could not be grown in a single season, made, of course, great demands upon commerce even in the beginning; and the teamster, the stage driver, and the general seller and buyer were early characters here. After a while, the wagon trains were inadequate for hauling out the produce and hauling in what it had bought, and a few



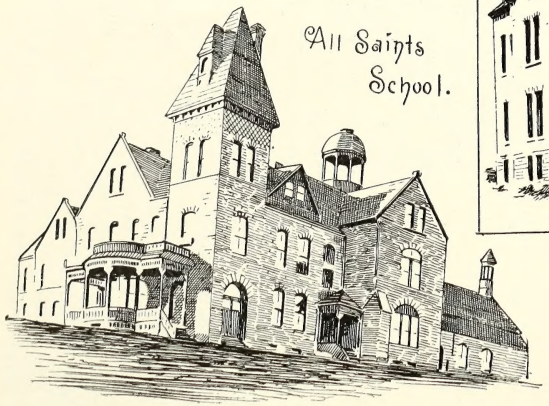
Lincoln School



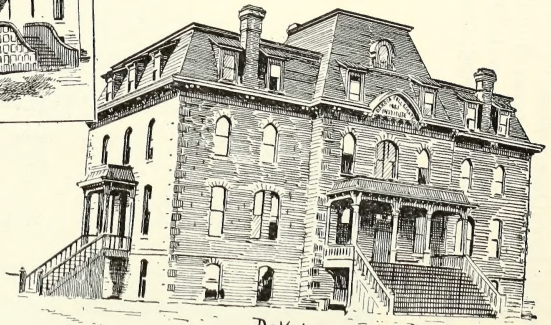
Lutheran College



Deaf Mute School.

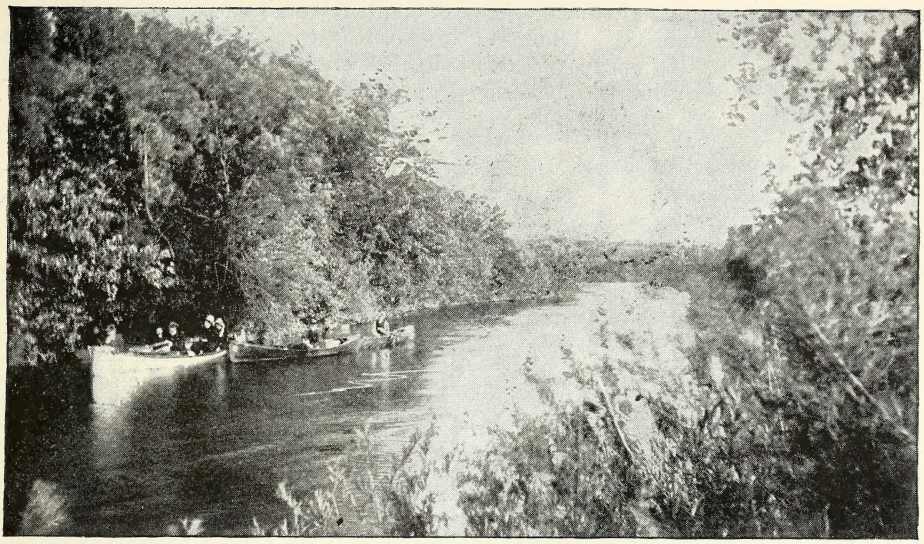


All Saints School.



Dakota Collegiate Institute.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS AT SIOUX FALLS.



On the Sioux.

of the citizens got together and hauled in a railroad in 1878. Another came the next year, and another the next; then there was a break for five years, when the habit of getting a new railroad every year reasserted itself and kept up for three years again — and there are indications of its breaking out afresh very shortly. There are now in regular operation into Sioux Falls the following lines, which include most of the principal railway systems of the Great West: The Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul (represented by two lines), up and down the valley; the Chicago and Northwestern, from the east to the west; the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific, from the southeast; the Illinois Central, from Chicago and the Gulf of Mexico; the Great Northern (formerly the Manitoba), from Duluth at the head of the Great Lakes. With such a supply of routes it would seem that the ambition of even a western community might be appeased; but already there has been a survey made for the Midland Pacific from Sioux Falls to Puget Sound, shortening the distance from Chicago to the Pacific nearly two hundred miles — and a few miles of track have been laid, over which runs a locomotive labelled "Midland Pacific — No. 1." Other surveys have likewise been made, and it will be no matter of surprise to wake up some morning and see dirt being thrown for a new line.

In the mean time, during the evolution from the freight wagon and the stage coach up to the railroad, the sutler's store in the old barracks of the military post had been buttressed by other "emporiums" where everything was sold — that is what they were generally called in this grandiloquent region, where everything grew by the large, where fields were fenced by the horizon, and language took on the expansiveness of men's aspirations and environment — or lack of environment. There are to be found in Sioux Falls as fine stores as can be seen in New England towns and cities. The great agricultural implement factories make Sioux Falls the distributing point for this region; the Consolidated Tank Line Company, the great distributor of kerosene oil, has immense granite warehouses here, at which it receives the oil in bulk, and then barrels it for distribution throughout South Dakota and adjacent sections. The financial institutions of Sioux Falls include three national banks, six private banks of exchange and deposit, a savings bank and five loan and trust companies.

So much for the material development

of the city. In other directions the progress has been equally marked. While the people were establishing many varieties of business, they were likewise building schools and churches, and encouraging the conditions of culture and refinement. Sioux Falls has been denominated a college town. Four private institutions for the higher education are already in operation: All Saints, under the Episcopal bishop of the diocese, who resides here; St. Rose's, under the Catholic bishop, also resident; Sioux Fall University, under the auspices of the Baptists of South Dakota; and the Normal School of the Norwegian Lutherans of the entire Northwest. Here also is located the State Institution for the instruction of deaf mutes.



Lover's Lane, (within the city limits).

The public school buildings are fine and commodious, many of them being constructed of granite or brick. Twenty religious denominations have built churches in Sioux Falls, an average of one church for each six hundred inhabitants. Sioux Falls is the see city for both Catholic and Episcopal dioceses. The Young Mens' Christian Association maintains a reading room, library and gymnasium, and is soon to have a new building of jasper for its exclusive use. A free public library has been established by private enterprise, and the same liberality which founded it is now working for the construction of a granite building for its accommodation and further extension. There is also a law library containing several thousand volumes. The fraternal societies are well represented. The Masons, the Odd Fellows, and other benefit organizations have fine halls and offices here. A host of societies organized for reform work, for literary and scientific culture, and for social enjoyment, also exist. The principal business organization is the Commercial Club.

There are street-car lines connecting the various parts of the city, and steam and electric motor lines running to different suburban points. There are gas and electric light plants which furnish public and private illumination. There are waterworks with mains laid throughout the city, supplied with hydrants for fire protection, and connecting with private residences, business blocks, and public buildings, supplying

pure water from a series of wells tapping the great reservoir underlying this region. The streets are paved with granite ; there are boulevards lined with trees ; and there is a driving park with a mile track.

III.

"A CITY with a great future" is a phrase which has became so common in the West as almost to dismay the traveller. But there has been no "boom" in Sioux Falls. The growth of the city, although rapid, has been steady, and the general feeling of the people is that a boom is the thing most to be avoided. The collapse which has visited so many western cities is the inevitable result of the wild speculations which follow artificial development.

The climate of South Dakota has been greatly maligned in the East. The climate, as a rule, partakes of the character of the land, — it is level, even. If it be cold, it is a steady cold, and for three successive winters it has been warm. During February of the present year the writer wrote letters many days beside an open window. Evenness is not the only peculiarity of the climate. There is something in the atmosphere strangely exhilarating.

It is an egregious error to suppose that South Dakota is so arid as to seriously interfere with agricultural pursuits. The normal rainfall is less than in the lower latitudes, but the soil requires much less moisture. It is true that severe droughts have been experienced during the past three seasons. The stories of destitution in the state are not without foundation, but circumstances other than the drought are equally chargeable with the condition of those who have reached the limit of absolute want. The country is new, and a large majority of the tillers of the soil are new-comers, with little or no means, possessing but few of the bare necessities of life. Upon their arrival in their anticipated Eldorado, without experience and with none of the facilities for successful farming, is it any wonder that even a moderately arid season should reduce them to destitution?

I have alluded to the drought from which indirectly this fertile and prosperous valley has been suffering and which for nearly two years has unquestionably checked immigration. There is a cure for this. It lies in man's power "to make the earth rain when the sky fails" ; and with the immense supply of water underlying this country the problem should be solved by artesian irrigation. Some of the government experts who first examined the water brought up by artesian wells in this region entertained an opinion that the alkali in it would poison the ground in a few years and make matters worse than before ; but later investigations have shown the erroneousness of this view, and this year will unquestionably see the dawn of a new agricultural era in this country contiguous to the Sioux Valley.

The Dakotans have been pitied for their periodical encounters in the past with the dread blizzard. They have therefore taken a certain grim satisfaction in recent years in their security, while New York and Boston have been disturbed by such storms as that which New England had in January of the present year. It was amusing to pick up at that time the Sioux Falls *Press*, and read the following sarcastic headlines :

REGULAR THING NOW
The East Visited by Another of
Those Terrible Bliz-
zards.

No doubt at times the climate has been severe, and no doubt in the future there will be some severe seasons, because the comparatively treeless plains of Dakota allow free sweep to the winds ; but as the miniature forests that have been set out grow up, and as the face of the country changes from time to time, the climate, like the climate of Utah, will no doubt be much modified.

A most interesting portion of South Dakota, naturally, is that comprising the famous Black Hills. Wilder scenes than those which were constantly occurring there during the gold and Indian excitement, from 1873 to about 1877, weer never experienced. In 1876 the gold fever was at its height, and thousands of men were expending their energies and carrying their lives in their hands while seeking after the coveted treas-

ure. In 1876, Custer City, (the present centre of the great tin mining district) was the largest town in the Hills, its population numbering upwards of seven thousand. Suddenly there came reports of fabulous gold discoveries in the vicinity of Deadwood, and almost simultaneously with that report came the news of the Indian outbreak, which resulted in the death of the gallant Custer. A stampede followed, and in two weeks but fourteen people were left in possession of the city. The natural beauties of the Hills rival those of the Santa Fé, and every species of mineral can be found within their fastnesses. Deadwood, the best known city in the Hills, has just been reached by two of the greatest railroad systems of the country — the Northwestern and the Burlington — and the growth of that and adjacent towns will be marvellously accelerated in consequence. Lead, the largest city of the Hills, and the location of the famous "Homestake" gold mines, is but six miles distant from Deadwood.

Among other valuable possessions of South Dakota is the health resort of Hot Springs, in the extreme southern portion of the Black Hills. The wonderful thermal springs from which the town derives its name, were always guarded with watchful care by the Indians, who originally possessed them. According to traditional history, some two hundred and sixty years ago an epidemic of great virulence attacked all the Indian tribes of North America, which threatened the total anihilation of the race. During their vain endeavors to stay the march of the fell destroyer, it became known that in the great West was a wonderful spring of warm water which had been blessed by the Great Spirit, a contact with the waters of which would heal all manner of diseases. Upon hearing the report, the Indians repaired to the springs by thousands and were saved. Since that time they have believed that the Black Hills is the especial earthly abode of the Great Spirit. Many years after that event the Cheyennes gained possession of the springs and built an immense city near them, the remains of which are still plainly apparent. When the Sioux nation reached the climax of its power, a continuous warfare was waged against the Cheyennes just to gain possession of these springs. In 1841 they began a fearful battle against them on a hill near the springs, now called "Battle Mountain," in which the Sioux were victorious. They retained sole possession of the springs, which they named "Wi-wi-la-ka-ta" (Springs-hot) until 1877, when, by treaty, they ceded the entire tract to the United States. The region about the springs they called "Minnekahta" (Hot-water) which name has since been given to the springs. So fearful were the Indians that they might lose the springs, that not until after the signing of the treaty in 1877 was a white man ever allowed to approach them. One of the present curiosities of the locality is a large bath tub which the Indians had hewn out of the solid rock in the shape of a moccasin. The chief spring retains a regular temperature of ninety-six degrees, even in the coldest weather, and other adjoining springs have lower temperatures ranging down to normal. All possess wonderful curative powers, which have been successfully tested in hundreds of cases. A beautifully picturesque and rapidly growing village, possessing fine hotels, adds to the popularity of the waters, and the future national fame of the Springs is assured.

The death rate in South Dakota is comparatively low. Fever and ague and malaria are unknown, and the climate is especially favorable for those having a tendency toward pulmonary complaints. The air is so dry that it never chills, as does the atmosphere of many other states, and a very low temperature is scarcely noticeable unless a north wind prevails. The average temperature may be a trifle lower than in the New England states, but the comparative snowfall is nothing in comparison. Continuous good sleighing is of rare occurrence, and the railroads experience less trouble from snow blockades than in any other locality of the same latitude. The autumns are invariably delightful, and periods of wet, murky weather in spring and fall are comparatively rare. Winter weather abruptly follows the close of the autumn

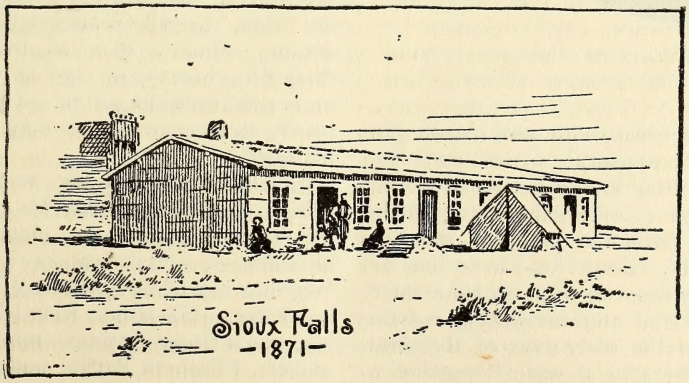
season, and when in March spring opens, it is generally without alternate slush and mud. One of the most pleasing features of the climate is the coolness which invariably follows the hottest day of summer.

It is no idle dream that this city, so well equipped with water power, already possessed of important manufacturing plants, and with increasing manufacturing tendencies, should become in the near future a great manufacturing centre of supplies for a vast region. If South Dakota is to have a future, there is only one thing necessary to keep the city of Sioux Falls far in the front of all possible rivals and to make her a city which shall be the pride of the state, — and this is a hearty and continuous co-operation on the part of the leading citizens. If such co-operation is made the watchword for the next few years, I see no reason why Sioux Falls should not begin the next century with a population of fifty thousand. Men have made great towns where there were not half the natural helps one finds here.

While what has been accomplished in the material, religious, educational and social progress of Sioux Falls has been brought about within a comparatively short time, the growth has not been, in any particular, of a mushroom character. The town, as we have said, never had a "boom." There are, of course, remarkable individual instances, when, by some specially lucky turn, men have made fortunes in two or three years; but much the larger part of the money made has been by the natural, legitimate development of the city. Lots which sold for $125 when the village was plotted have sold recently for $20,000, the purchasers being men who have lived here all the intervening time. Real estate has advanced in value because the growth of the city gave it value. As an index to the growth, the following figures are reproduced, showing the number of inhabitants at successive enumerations:

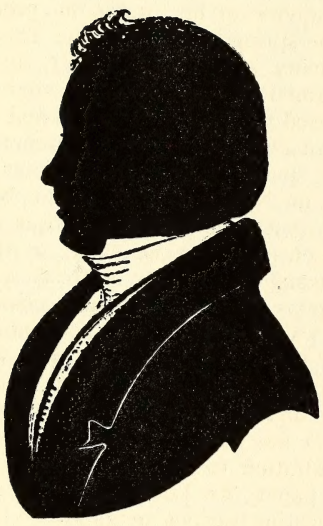
1873	593
1878	697
1880	2,164
1885	7,205
1890	12,154

Construction of many manufactories and business blocks, the erection of a government building, as provided for by the last Congress, for the accommodation of the United States circuit and district courts, and other federal interests, and the building of many elegant residences, — these will make the current season interesting in the history of Sioux Falls.



LOVEJOY — HERO AND MARTYR.

By Thomas Dimmock.



FROM THE SILHOUETTE IN POSSESSION OF HIS NIECE, MRS. FRENCH, OF CHICAGO.

THE man who, with nothing to gain but the approval of conscience, and everything to lose but honor, stands forth against overwhelming odds in defence of a great and precious principle, and finally lays down his life in that defence, surely deserves from his fellow-men, at least, grateful and everlasting remembrance. In the early days of the Anti-Slavery movement it was attempting to stem a torrent to argue for the rights of a common humanity. The man who appealed to the Church and the religious sense of the people was openly reviled as a renegade and sensation-monger, who tried to bring discredit upon "respectable" religion by this means. The Church was supported by the aristocracy of slave-holders; and cotton, the product of the slave labor, formed the basis of the whole foreign commerce of the country. On the one side was bigotry, prejudice, and the money power of two thousand millions of dollars, as the prices of slaves then ranged; on the other, a comparative handful of hated Abolitionists, whose sole capital was their convictions and their lives. The times were too vehement, and the popular feeling too tense for constitutional law to be much respected. The men with whom principle was stronger than expediency, and who could not be silent, spoke and wrote at the peril of their lives. In the van of every reform are men to whom conviction means action. Such a man so lived and so died fifty-three years ago in Alton, and he is practically forgotten. I purpose, as briefly and accurately as may be, to tell his story.

Elijah Parish Lovejoy was born at Albion, Kennebec County, Me., November 8, 1802. He was the oldest of nine children — seven sons and two daughters. Whether any of them are still living I do not know. His father, Rev. Daniel Lovejoy, was a Congregational minister. His mother, Elizabeth Pattee, was the daughter of respectable parents, in one of the adjoining counties. The early life of young Lovejoy was passed on the parental farm, and marked by nothing beyond the ordinary round of rural New England life.

He seems to have shown, almost from infancy, an earnest desire for knowledge, and at four years of age could read the Bible with perfect ease and correctness. As he grew older, whatever time could be spared from the labors, of which he was required to perform his full share, was employed in study; and, being blessed with talents far above the average and an unusually retentive memory, he made rapid progress in the elementary branches, and, after passing a short season at Monmouth and China academies, he entered the sophomore class at Waterville College in September, 1823, and was graduated with highest honors in 1826. On that occasion he delivered a poem of considerable merit, entitled "Inspirations of the Muse," which, together with other compositions of various kinds in prose and verse found in his memoirs, prove him the possessor of a brilliant fancy, a mind keenly alive to the beauties of nature, and an ardent love for true nobility and manly virtue. For several months after leaving college he taught school in his native state, and then, like thousands of others in that section of the Union, was seized with the mania for emigration, and, abandoning home and kindred for the then comparatively unknown regions of the great valley, turned his face westward, and arrived in St. Louis in the latter part of 1827. He immediately began school teaching; and one at least of his pupils, a lady, still survives. His leisure moments were spent in reading, correspondence, and occasional writing for the press, — for which he seems to have had a natural taste and talent. One of his earliest efforts in the last named direction was a poetic contribution to the *Missouri Republican*, addressed to his mother, and breathing the tenderest affection for her whom he never ceased to love and reverence while he lived. An anecdote is related of him at this time, which illustrates his phenomenal powers of memory. Returning from church one evening, his companion said to him:

"Well Lovejoy, I don't believe you heard a word of that sermon; you looked as if you were asleep." "Asleep or not," replied Lovejoy, "I think I can repeat everything that was said."

And he did — beginning with text and ending with final paragraph. In 1828 he was connected with the *Times* newspaper, then advocating the claims of Henry Clay to the presidency. The reputation thus acquired as a journalist made him popular with the Whig party, and might have procured him material advancement in the political field; but during a religious revival, which occurred in the winter of 1831–32, his feelings and purposes underwent an entire change, and he united with the First Presbyterian Church, then under the pastoral charge of Rev. Dr. W. S. Potts.

Believing it his imperative duty to aid in the promulgation of the faith he had professed, and acting in accordance with the advice of his pastor, he proceeded, in the spring of 1832, to the Theological seminary at Princeton, N. J., and there remained until April, 1833, when he was licensed to preach by the Second Presbytery of Philadelphia. The summer months were spent in temporarily supplying pulpits in New York City and Newport, R. I., but autumn saw him back again in St. Louis, whither he came, at the wish of many friends, to establish a weekly religious newspaper. The necessary capital was furnished by a few individuals, and the whole editorial and business management was placed in his hands. The first number of the St. Louis *Observer* was published November 22, 1833. In addition to the duties connected with the paper, Mr. Lovejoy was in the habit of visiting various neighborhoods in the vicinity, on week days as well as Sundays, and holding religious services. It was not until the summer of 1834 that he formally announced himself an Anti-Slavery man, and thereby began the conflict which at last cost him his life. The editorials on the subject in the *Observer*, though they then created not a little excitement in the city and state, read exceedingly mild now, and are not particularly remarkable either for novelty of idea or felicity of expression. One point, however, they clearly establish, which has been almost overlooked, or, at least, ignored, and which should have due consideration in estimating the man and his subsequent course. Lovejoy was not, in

any proper sense of the word, as that word was then and afterward understood, an Abolitionist. He was, from principle, a determined and uncompromising opponent of slavery, and strongly desired to see it extinguished; but the manner of extinguishment he preferred was very different from that advocated then and later by Anti-Slavery men in New England and elsewhere. Here is an extract from an editorial published April 30, 1835, which sets forth his views very distinctly:

"Gradual emancipation is the remedy we propose. This we look upon as the only feasible and, indeed, the only desirable way of effecting our release from the thraldom in which we are held. In the mean time the rights of all classes of our citizens should be respected, and the work be proposed, carried on and finished as one in which all classes are alike interested, and in which all may be called upon to make sacrifices of individual interests to the general welfare of the community."

To these and similar views is undoubtedly due the fact — stated in Lovejoy's first speech in Alton — that he was "not in full fellowship with some of the leading Abolitionists of the East, and had had spirited discussions with them."

At a later day he said in answer to the question, "How and by whom is emancipation to be effected?" "By the masters themselves and by no others. No others can effect it, nor is it desirable that they should, even if they could. Emancipation, to be of any value to the slave, must be the free, voluntary act of the master, performed from a conviction of its propriety."

In other words, Lovejoy, while hating slavery with all his might, appreciated the position, and, to a certain extent, the feelings of the slaveholders. He considered slavery as ruinous to the whites as to the blacks, and thought the former had almost as much to gain by its removal as the latter. In his estimation it was a *national*, not merely *sectional*, sin; North, as well as South was responsible for its introduction, establishment and maintenance — and, therefore, the Nation, in governmental or other capacity, should share whatever burdens emancipation imposed upon those most directly concerned. His eight years' residence in a slave state enabled him to see, to a certain extent, at least, both sides of a case which, even now, is rarely seen but from one side.

But the time even for such moderate doctrine as this had not yet come, nor was the soil of a slave state the most favorable locality for its reception, or toleration. While the less reputable classes of the community openly declared themselves in favor of violent measures of suppression, the opinion of leading citizens was expressed in the following letter:

ST. LOUIS, October 5, 1835.

To the Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, Editor of the Observer:

SIR — The undersigned, friends and supporters of the *Observer*, beg leave to suggest that the present temper of the times requires a change in the manner of conducting that print in relation to the subject of domestic slavery. The public mind is greatly excited, and owing to the unjustifiable interference of our Northern brethren in our social relations, the community are, perhaps, not in a situation to endure sound doctrine on this subject. Indeed, we have reason to believe that violence is already meditated against the *Observer* office, and we do believe that true policy and the interests of religion require that the discussion of this exciting question should be at least postponed in this state. Although we do not claim the right to prescribe your course as an editor, we hope that the concurring opinion of so many persons having the interests of your paper and of religion both at heart, may induce you to distrust your own judgment, and so far change the character of the *Observer* as to pass over in silence everything connected with the subject of slavery, and we would like you to announce in your paper your intention to do so. We shall be glad to be informed of your determination in relation to this matter.

Respectfully your obedient servants,

ARCHIBALD GAMBLE, G. W. CALL,
NATHAN RANNEY, H. R. GAMBLE,
WILLIAM S. POTTS, HEZEKIAH KING,
JOHN KERR.

I concur in the object intended by this communication.

BEVERLY ALLEN.

I concur in the foregoing.

J. B. BRANT.

Among the signers will be noticed the name of Dr. Potts, Lovejoy's pastor and friend; and I think that all, or most of them, were members of the same church. St. Louis never has had more respectable and respected citizens than these gentlemen.

The written reply to this letter, if there was any, has not been preserved, but the following indorsement upon it — made

just two weeks before his death — tells his decision:

"I did not yield to the wishes here expressed, and in consequence have been persecuted ever since. But I have kept a good conscience, and that repays me for all I have suffered, or can suffer. I have sworn eternal opposition to slavery, and by the blessing of God, I will never go back.

"October 24, 1837. E. P. L."

In response, however, to the letter, the next number of the *Observer* contained an appeal "To My Fellow-Citizens." In this article Lovejoy repeated his views concerning slavery, and claimed his right to express them in whatever way he saw fit, basing this claim upon the following clause in the Constitution of the State of Missouri:

"That the free communication of thoughts and opinions is one of the invaluable rights of man, and that every person may freely speak, write and print on any subject — being responsible for the abuse of that liberty."

The deliberate determination is announced in one of the closing paragraphs of the appeal:

"I do, therefore, as an American citizen and Christian patriot, and in the name of liberty, law and religion, solemnly protest against all these attempts, howsoever and by whomsoever made, to frown down the liberty of the press and forbid the free expression of opinion. Under a deep sense of my obligations to my country, the church and my God, I declare it to be my fixed purpose to submit to no such dictation. And I am prepared to abide by the consequences. I have appealed to the constitution and laws of my country; if they fail to protect me, I appeal to God, and with Him I cheerfully rest my cause."

It will be observed that in this, as in later utterances, he apparently attaches less importance to the wrong of slavery (though no man ever felt that wrong more keenly) than he does to the right of free speech and free press. And few will deny that this comparative estimate of the wrong and the right is true.

Popular excitement continuing to increase, the owners of the *Observer* requested Lovejoy to resign the editorship, which he willingly consented to do, and thought his work and responsibility at an end. But it was not so to be. The paper was in debt and the proprietors gladly gave up the press and material to a Mr. Moore, the indorser on a note soon to fall due. This gentleman insisted upon Lovejoy's continuance as editor, with the single condition that the paper should be removed to Alton, twenty-five miles distant, in Illinois. The citizens of that place seemed more than agreeable to the transfer, but while the necessary arrangements were in progress, he received a letter from Mr. Moore and others in St. Louis, urging him "by all means" to come back. The proposed removal was therefore temporarily abandoned, and for some months there was a lull in the storm.

But in the latter part of April, 1836, a negro was lynched in St. Louis under peculiarly atrocious circumstances — though the provocation was sufficiently horrible. This negro, named McIntosh, resisted the officers who were attempting to arrest two boatmen for breach of the peace, and in consequence was himself arrested. On the way from the Justice's office to the jail, he inquired what would probably be his punishment, and being told that it would not be less than five years in the penitentiary, he broke away from the officers, and drawing a knife, stabbed Constable Mull in the side severely, and Deputy Sheriff Hammond in the neck — cutting the jugular vein and causing almost instant death. The murderer was promptly lodged in prison, but that night was taken out by an infuriated mob and burned alive.

The *Observer*, while speaking with all needful severity of the crime and the criminal, strongly condemned the lynching, and the mob spirit of which it was the product. The *color* of the victim did not enter into the argument at all; and the mob which burned the Catholic Convent at Charlestown, Mass., and others at Baltimore and Vicksburg, were equally denounced. A month or two later Judge Lawless, in his charge to the Grand Jury upon the McIntosh affair, said:

"If the lynching was the act of the multitude, not the act of numerable and ascertainable malefactors, but of congregated thousands, seized upon and impelled by that mysterious, metaphysical and almost electric frenzy which, in all ages and nations, has hurried on the multitude to deeds of death and destruction — then, I say, act not at all in the matter; the case then transcends your jurisdiction — it is beyond the reach of human law."

The *Observer* condemned this charge even more strongly than it had the lynching, on the ground that such utterances from the bench were naturally calculated to foster and encourage mob law, with all the disgraceful and demoralizing consequences thereof.

Popular excitement was again aroused, and evidently not allayed by the announcement (in the same issue with the criticism upon Judge Lawless)[1] that the paper would be removed to Alton. This was in July, and a few days later the *Observer* office was entered by persons unknown, and much of the material, including a portion of the editor's furniture, broken up or thrown into the river. The press, however, was not seriously damaged, and was shipped to Alton by boat, arriving Sunday morning. Before the next morning it was destroyed by persons unknown, and the fragments flung into the river. Lovejoy was already in Alton with his family. He had married, in 1835, Miss Celia Ann French, of St. Charles, Missouri, and had an infant son. She died many years ago, in great poverty, never having entirely recovered from the effects of the terrible events of 1836–37. The son I knew as a boy, but, after diligent inquiry, have been unable to obtain any trace of him. He is probably dead.

The citizens of Alton immediately called a public meeting and passed resolutions which, while strongly condemnatory of Abolitionism, expressed disapprobation of mob outrage, and promised to make good the loss of the press. Lovejoy was present at this meeting, and made some remarks wherein, it has been said, he pledged himself to cease the discussion of slavery in the columns of his paper. That he was so understood by some who heard him is quite possible, but what he really did say is stated in the following certificate, published after his death and signed by prominent gentlemen of Alton, several of whom I afterwards knew personally, and can vouch for their truthfulness. Only three or four of the signers, so far as known, had any sympathy with the Anti-Slavery cause, though all of them were opposed to mob violence.

WHEREAS, It has been frequently represented that the Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, late editor of the Alton *Observer*, solemnly pledged himself at a public meeting called for the purpose of taking measures to bring to justice the persons engaged in the destruction of the first press brought to Alton by said Lovejoy, not to discuss the subject of slavery, we the undersigned declare the following to be his language in substance: "My principal object in coming to Alton is to establish a religious newspaper. When I was in St. Louis I felt myself called upon to treat at large the subject of slavery, as I was in a state where the evil existed; and as a citizen of that state I felt it my duty to devote a part of my columns to that subject. But, gentlemen, I am not, and never was, in full fellowship with the Abolitionists; but, on the contrary, have had spirited discussions with some of the leading Abolitionists of the East, and am not now considered by them as one of them. And, now, having come into a free state where the evil does not exist, I feel myself *less* called upon to discuss the subject than when I was in St. Louis."

The above, as we have stated, was his language in substance; the following, we are willing to testify, to be his words in conclusion:

"But, gentlemen, as long as I am an American citizen, and as long as American blood runs in these veins, I shall hold myself at liberty to speak, to write, and to publish whatever I please on any subject — being amenable to the laws of my country for the same."

GEORGE H. WALWORTH,	SOLOMON E. MOORE,
JOHN W. CHICKERING,	F. W. GRAVES,
A. ALEXANDER,	A. B. ROFF,
EFFINGHAM COCK,	JAMES MORSE, JR.,
W. L. CHAPPELL,	CHARLES W. HUNTER.

A new press having been procured, the publication of the *Observer* was resumed on the 8th of September, 1836, and continued without interruption until the 17th of August following. A fair proportion of the editorials were devoted to the subject of slavery, leaving no room for doubt in the minds of any, that if this subject was not so urgent to him in Alton as it had been in St. Louis, Lovejoy had nevertheless deliberately resolved to stand firmly upon what he considered his constitutional and inalienable rights, regardless of consequences to himself. He fully realized the principle at stake in his action, recognized its inestimable value, and was ready to maintain it at any cost and at all hazards. Meantime, the pressure of journalistic duties, and the peculiarly trying circumstances under which he was compelled to discharge them, did not prevent him from taking an active and prominent part in religious work of various kinds; and the estimation in

which his services were held by those most competent to judge may be inferred from the fact that at the time of his death he was Moderator of the Alton Presbytery.

To this period, probably, belongs an incident related to me by a venerable gentleman still living. He was present at a meeting held in the Presbyterian Church of Upper Alton, for the formation of an Anti-Slavery society — though not in sympathy with the object. Lovejoy, of course, took a prominent part in the discussion; and being asked when and where he wanted an organized effort for the extinguishment of slavery to begin, stepped forward into the aisle in front of the pulpit, stamped his foot, and exclaimed, "Here and now!"

The same excitement manifested in St. Louis speedily showed itself in Alton, and on the 11th of July, 1837, a public meeting was held in the Market House, at which resolutions were passed condemning the course of the *Observer*, and a committee of five appointed to present them to the editor. His reply was couched in calm and dignified language, but clearly declared an unalterable purpose. Believing, *knowing*, that he held the right, Lovejoy was brave enough to defend it; and so went forward steadily along the rugged road (the end of which he must have foreseen), which to him was the only road he could follow consistently with the demands of duty and of conscience. The trouble culminated in the usual manner on the night of the 21st of August, when a mob of some fifteen or twenty persons broke into the *Observer* office, and completely destroyed the press and printing material. The same evening occurred an event which has been related in various ways, but which I prefer to tell as it was told me many years ago by the late Col. George T. M. Davis of New York City, who was, at the time of the incident, a prominent member of the Alton bar. He was afterwards aide-de-camp to Gen. James Shields in the Mexican war, and secretary to General Quitman when the latter was military governor of the City of Mexico. As nearly as memory permits, this was his story:

He had retired for the night, but was awakened and called downstairs at a late hour by two persons who desired to see him on important business. These persons — whom he knew well — were a Dr. Horace Beall and a Dr. James Jennings, both of them young physicians, the former from Maryland and the latter from Virginia, and both of them open enemies of Lovejoy and his cause. They told Colonel Davis that, having made up their minds that the editor of the *Observer* was a public nuisance requiring summary abatement, they had, on that evening, in company with a dozen others of like mind, started in search of Lovejoy, with the deliberate intention to tar and feather him, and then set him adrift in a skiff down the Mississippi. They met him at a then secluded spot on the road — I know it well — some distance from his residence, and three-quarters of a mile, perhaps, from the town. He was alone. Jennings, who acted as spokesman of the party, halted him and explained their business. Lovejoy listened quietly, and then said:

"Gentlemen, I am in your hands, with neither the power nor the disposition to resist. I have, however, one request to make. My wife is dangerously ill, and I was on my way to town to have a prescription filled. If one of you will pledge his word to take it, have the medicine prepared, and deliver it at my house, *without letting my wife know what has become of me*, you may do with me what you wish."

There was silence for a moment. Then some one called out, "Well, Jennings, what are you going to do about it?" The response was emphatic: "By God, I can't touch him! He's too brave a man!" And he was permitted to depart in peace. The object of the night call upon Colonel Davis was to retain his professional services in case Lovejoy should prosecute the two leaders; but as the matter ended with the threat, there was no prosecution.

On the 21st of September, the third press arrived in Alton and was placed in a warehouse on Second Street, between State and Piasa. The same night it was taken out by persons unknown, partially disguised by handkerchiefs tied over their faces, carried to the bank of the river, and there broken to pieces and

thrown in. This press Lovejoy had ordered on his own account, and he was not then fully decided whether to continue the *Observer* in Alton or remove it to Quincy, where strong inducements and assurances of protection had been offered. He himself was perfectly convinced that the paper ought to remain in Alton; his friends and sympathizers — few, but stanch — agreed with him; and so a fourth press was ordered to take the place of the three already destroyed. When this was known, popular feeling rose to fever heat, and a public meeting was held on Thursday, November 2, which, after brief discussion, adjourned to the following day. At that meeting the usual condemnatory resolutions were passed; but before the passage, Lovejoy, who was present, made a short speech — his last speech, his dying appeal. He said:

"Mr. Chairman, it is not true, as has been charged upon me, that I hold in contempt the feelings and sentiments of this community in reference to the question which is now agitating it. I respect and appreciate the feelings and opinions of my fellow-citizens, and it is one of the most painful and unpleasant duties of my life that I am called upon to act in opposition to them. If you suppose, sir, that I have published sentiments contrary to those generally held in this community because I delighted in differing from them or in occasioning disturbance, you have entirely misapprehended me. But, sir, while I value the good opinion of my fellow-citizens as highly as any one, I may be permitted to say that I am governed by higher considerations than either the favor or the fear of man. I am impelled to the course I have taken because I fear God, and, as I shall have to answer to my God at the last great day, I dare not abandon my sentiments or cease in all proper ways to propagate them. I, Mr. Chairman, have not desired or asked any *compromise*. I have asked for nothing but to be protected in my rights as a citizen — rights which God has given me, and which are guaranteed to me by the Constitution of my Country. Have I, sir, been guilty of any infraction of the laws? Whose good name have I injured? When and where have I published anything injurious to the reputation of Alton? Have I not, on the other hand, labored, in common with the rest of my fellow-citizens, to promote the reputation and the interests of this city? What, sir, I ask, has been my offence? Put your finger upon it — define it — and I stand ready to answer for it. If I have committed any crime, you can easily convict me. You have public sentiment in your favor. You have your juries, and you have your attorney (looking at the Attorney-General), and I have *no doubt* you can *convict* me. But if I have been guilty of no violation of the law, why am I hunted up and down continually, like a partridge upon the mountains? Why am I threatened with the *tar barrel?* Why am I waylaid every day, and from night to night, and my life in jeopardy every hour? You have, sir, made up, as the lawyers say, a false issue. There are not two parties between whom there can be a *compromise*. I plant myself down upon my unquestionable *rights*, and the question to be decided is whether I shall be protected in the enjoyment of these rights — *that is the question, sir;* whether my property shall be protected, whether I shall be suffered to go home to my family at night without being assailed, threatened with tar and feathers and assassination — whether my afflicted wife, whose life has been in jeopardy from continued alarm and excitement, shall night after night be driven from a sick bed into the garret to save herself from the brickbats and violence of the mob? *That, sir, is the question!* [Here the speaker burst into tears, but in a moment recovered himself and went on.] Forgive me, sir, that I have thus betrayed my weakness. It was the allusion to my family that thus overcame my feelings — not, sir, I assure you, from any fears on my part. I have no personal fears. Not that I feel able to contest the matter with the whole community. I know perfectly well I am not. I know, sir, that you can tar and feather me, hang me, or put me in the Mississippi without the least difficulty. But what then? *Where shall I go?* I have been made to feel that I am not safe in Alton. I shall not be safe anywhere. I recently visited St. Charles to bring home my family, and was torn from their frantic embrace by a mob. I have been beset night and day in Alton. And now, if I leave here to go elsewhere, violence may overtake me in my retreat, and I have no more claim upon any other community than I have upon this, and I have concluded, after consultation with my friends, and earnestly seeking counsel of God, *to remain in Alton*, and here insist on protection in the exercise of my rights. If the civil authorities refuse to protect me, I must look to God, and if I die, I am determined to make my grave in Alton."

Some one present, whose name I am unable to give, says:

"His [Lovejoy's] *manner* — I cannot attempt to describe it. He was calm and serious, but firm and decided. Not an epithet or an unkind allusion escaped his lips. . . . He and his friends had prayed earnestly that God would overrule the deliberations of that meeting for good. He had been all day communing with God. His countenance, the subdued tones of his voice, and whole appearance, indicated a mind in a peculiarly heavenly frame, and ready to acquiesce in the will of God, whatever that might be. I confess that I regarded him at the time, in view of all the circumstances, as presenting a spectacle of moral sublimity such as I had never before witnessed, and such as the world seldom affords."

For myself, I know of no more pathetic figure in all history than this man, standing up alone among a host of opponents,

some of whom were bitter enemies, with tears streaming from his eyes — tears, not for himself, but for those nearest and dearest to him — pleading for that liberty of speech and of the press which is the foundation of all other liberty; with the shadow of death already gathering about him, yet ready and willing to die rather than yield the highest and noblest right of citizenship — rather than refuse to obey the voice of God speaking in his heart. It reminds me of another scene, three hundred years earlier — the little German monk before the Diet of Worms, facing Charles V. and the imperial court, one hand holding the open Bible, the other upon his breast — as we see him in Cranach's picture — and crying, with voice that rings through the centuries: "Here I take my stand. I can do no otherwise, so help me God. Amen!"

Lovejoy's words were not altogether lost upon the assembly, which, it should be remembered, was largely composed of citizens, men who, while opposed to the agitation of the slavery question, were, nominally at least, in favor of free speech and free press, and therefore opposed, more or less strongly, to any violent measures for the suppression of such freedom. Dr. Benjamin K. Hart of Alton, long since deceased, my family physician for many years, and one of the best specimens of the Christian gentleman I have ever known, was present at the meeting. He told me what I now relate. Dr. Hart said:

"The speech made a deep impression, and the sympathies of the audience were evidently roused in favor of Lovejoy. I saw this and felt it, and was on the point of rising to say something that would help the turn of the tide. But I was young then, and, as you know, have always been rather deficient in self-confidence. So I hesitated — and hesitated a moment too long. John Hogan got up and made one of his characteristic harangues on the other side; the sympathies were swept away, the old sentiments of the audience returned in full force — and you know the result. I have never forgiven myself for my hesitation. I have always felt that if I had promptly said what I wanted and intended to say, the meeting might have had a different conclusion, and Lovejoy might have been saved."

John Hogan is (February, 1891) still living, at the age of eighty-six. He was in 1837, and is now, a minister in good standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and represented St. Louis in the Congress of the United States from December 4, 1865, to March 3, 1867.

I now mention a circumstance which has been omitted from all the memoirs and biographical notices of Lovejoy, except an article written by myself, and published in the *Missouri Republican* of July 23, 1871. I repeat it here, because it is a fact of interest, if not of importance.

A day or two after the meeting of November 3d, Lovejoy called upon the late Judge John Bailhache, editor and proprietor of the Alton *Telegraph*, then a weekly paper, and handed him a card for publication in the next issue. This card said in substance — according to the statement of Judge Bailhache, published June 28, 1845, and never, so far as I know, denied — that he, Lovejoy, was weary of contention, and that, in order to contribute all in his power to the restoration of harmony and good feeling in the community, he had determined to discontinue his connection with the *Observer*. The card was put in the hands of the compositor, but before it could be set up, Rev. F. W. Graves, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Alton, called at the office, and asked for and obtained the manuscript — saying it should be returned in a few minutes; it never was returned, and of course the card never appeared. Some may regard this proposed publication as a sign of weakness on the part of Lovejoy. Perhaps it was; but the weakness does not lessen in the least my respect and affection for the man. For himself, as he said in that dying speech, he had no fears. He was brave as a lion, but tender as a woman. Is it any wonder that this tenderness made him think of the wife and child dependent upon him, and whom his death — which he must have anticipated — would rob of husband and father? Would he not have been more, or less, than man, if such thoughts had not given him momentary pause before he challenged the irrevocable fate? To me, that pause, that little interval of indecision, lends — if it be possible — a deeper pathos to the picture.

Before touching the climax of my story I desire to say a few words in behalf of the city where I passed more than thirty years of my life, bound to me by the dear memories of childhood, youth, and manhood — where my kindred live and where the dust of my dead reposes. It has been, and is still, assumed by nearly all writers and speakers on the subject, that Alton was an exception to the then prevailing rule in her treatment of Lovejoy, and should be judged accordingly. She has been so judged, to her incalculable shame and loss — and that judgment is as unjust as it has been destructive. Lovejoy was, indeed, killed in Alton; but there is abundant reason for believing that if he had remained in St. Louis or settled in St. Charles — as he once thought of doing — he would eventually have met the same fate. For, as we have seen, his office was mobbed in St. Louis, and he himself assailed by a mob in St. Charles. It is my own deliberate opinion that there was not, at that time, a single town or city in the northern states — saying nothing of the southern — in which he, or anybody else, would have been permitted to publish such views on slavery unmolested. Remember that *now* is not *then*. In Boston, in 1835 — but two years before the Alton tragedy — William Lloyd Garrison was saved from hanging by a Massachusetts mob, only by being committed to jail on the Mayor's order as "a disturber of the peace." In 1837 Abraham Lincoln was twenty-eight years old, a rising lawyer and a popular politician in Springfield, only seventy-five miles away. Yet when, for his opposition to slavery and his advocacy of gradual emancipation, free press and free speech were struck down in the person of Lovejoy on the soil of a free state, not one word of protest or of pity, so far as I am aware, came from the lips or pen of the man whom history will canonize as the great champion of human liberty! Even Lincoln was dumb in the presence of events which, as they look to us now, should have made the very stones in the streets cry out. We need not blame him for being no wiser, no braver, than the rest of his generation. The majority of the people of Alton at that day held the same views upon slavery as he did, and as did the vast majority of northern people. To them, as to others, it was morally and economically wrong, and they wanted none of it for themselves. But its existence was recognized and guaranteed by the Federal constitution, and the organic law of the land was then only less sacred than the law proclaimed from Sinai. Slavery could not be abolished peacefully, and force was not thought of. It might disappear somehow in the course of time, and it was to be hoped it would; but meanwhile agitation did more harm than good to all concerned, and all agitators were regarded as disturbers, if not enemies, of the public peace. If you care to see how delicately "the peculiar institution" was handled, even as late as 1858, by one avowedly unfriendly to it, read Lincoln's speeches in his joint debate with Douglas. I do not suppose there were, in 1837, fifty respectable people in Alton who favored mob violence of any kind in the case of Lovejoy — much less indorsed "the deep damnation of his taking off." The mob, from the first to last, had very few respectable people in it, and, I have been told by those who ought to know, was largely composed of lawless characters from St. Louis and St. Charles, and the ruffians who infested the river towns, and were always ready to participate in any movement promising violence. It was the misfortune, far more than the fault, of Alton to be the scene of a great crime which might and probably would have occurred anywhere else in the country under similar circumstances. It is time this single scapegoat ceased to bear the sins of the whole people.

Lovejoy, and the principle he represented, had friends in Alton; friends, not merely in the sense of not being enemies, but outspoken and active in their friendship. From among these, sixty volunteers had enrolled themselves, and tendered their services, as guardians of peace, to the Mayor, John M. Krum, afterwards Mayor of St. Louis. They were on duty at the warehouse of Godfrey, Gilman & Co., on the night of November 6, when the fourth press was landed; and saw it safely stored on one of the upper floors. Mayor Krum was present, with Mr. Gil-

man, and superintended the work — and all the precautions against unlawful interference were taken with his knowledge and sanction. Alton then had no police force whatever. The volunteer guard remained in and about the building all the next day — the fatal seventh — and drilled there as late as nine o'clock in the evening. Then, as everything was quiet, and there was no indication of coming trouble, they were all on the point of going home. Mr. Gilman, however, requested a few of them to stay on the premises, as protection against possible attack. Nineteen did so, making with Mr. Gilman twenty. These are the names of the good and true men, who, working wiser than they knew, made immortal history on that November night:

Elijah P. Lovejoy,	Amos B. Roff,
Royal Weller,	William Harned,
James Morse, Jr.,	John S. Noble,
Edward Breath,	George H. Walworth,
J. C. Woods,	George H. Whitney.
Reuben Gerry,	Winthrop S. Gilman,
Enoch Long,	George T. Brown,
Saml. J. Thompson,	H. D. Davis,
D. F. Randall,	D. Burt Loomis,
Thad. B. Hurlbut,	Henry Tanner.

All, I think, are dead except Tanner, residing in Buffalo, N. Y., and Loomis, whose home is in Minnesota. The twenty elected Enoch Long as their captain, mainly on account of supposed valuable experience gained in the war of 1812–15; but even then there was no anticipation that their services would be needed. Very soon, however, there were unmistakable signs of a hostile gathering outside, and these were speedily confirmed by the appearance of two citizens, Edward Keating and Henry West, who asked to see Mr. Gilman. They were admitted, and in the interview told him that unless the press was given up, the house would be burned and all within put in peril of their lives. The demand was refused, and the envoys retired. Wild shouts now told the little band of defenders what was before them. About this time, or perhaps somewhat earlier, a friend came to the building on business. Captain Joseph Brown, ex-Mayor of St. Louis, was then a boy of fourteen or fifteen, in the employ of Royal Weller, under whose instructions he had been engaged all day in moulding bullets. To deliver the results of his labor to Mr. Weller was his errand now; and through him we catch a glimpse of what was transpiring within on the eve of battle.

Captain Brown — whose brother was among the defenders — says that when he entered the muster-room, Lovejoy was the centre of a group earnestly discussing the situation; and that, from what he overheard, quite a number were in favor of surrendering the press rather than risk the shedding of blood. But Lovejoy was firm as a rock, and with tears in his eyes, and voice trembling with emotion, said:

> "My friends, we cannot, we *must* not, we SHALL not surrender! We must fight it out, if necessary, to the bitter end; and I, for one, am ready and willing to lay down my life here and now in defence of the right."

His words, and especially *the manner* in which they were spoken, ended the debate with a unanimous resolve to "fight it out," and when Brown left, preparations were being made for that purpose.

The firm of Godfrey, Gilman & Co., was then one of the best known in the West, for extent of business and financial responsibility. The senior partner, Captain Benjamin Godfrey, has a noble and enduring monument in Monticello seminary — in the village bearing his name — which he erected and donated to the cause of woman's education, at a time when education of any kind in the Valley of the Mississippi received comparatively little attention. The warehouse of the firm was a double building of stone, standing upon the levee, about one hundred feet in length by forty or fifty in width, three stories in the rear and two in front, to correspond with the formation of the ground, with an attic made by the sloping shingle roof. It faced north and south, and the only openings were at the two ends; none on the sides. Between it and the next warehouse on the east was a vacant lot, perhaps seventy-five or one hundred feet wide, near the southern extremity of which was then a small pile of lumber, three or four feet high and fifteen or twenty feet long. The first attack of the mob was made at the north end, or street front, of the warehouse, by an at-

tempt to batter down the heavy door, preceded by a shower of stones, interspersed with more deadly missiles from gun and pistol. Captain Long — merciful in his policy — ordered one shot to be fired in return, and that shot killed a man in the crowd named Bishop. This scattered the assailants temporarily, but they soon returned with reinforcements, and the assault was renewed with redoubled energy. There was firing now on both sides, but nobody hurt thereby. At this juncture the mayor came into the building and was urged to take the defenders outside to face and fight the mob, or else, in the hearing of the mob, to give the defenders orders to fire. He declined — unwilling, as he said, to jeopardize the lives of the little company. Returning to the attacking party, he ordered them to disperse — and was laughed at for his pains. A ladder was now raised on the east side of the building, in the vacant lot, and a man was sent up with material to fire the roof. Knowing this, Captain Long called for volunteers to go out and dislodge the incendiary. Lovejoy, Roff, and Weller promptly responded, and stepped from a lower door upon the levee, there about fifty feet wide and separating the warehouse from the river. Lovejoy went first and furthest, his companions being between him and the door. They — some or all of them — fired at the man upon the ladder, but did not hit him. While standing thus, in the bright light of a full moon, the party was fired upon by one of two or three men concealed behind the pile of lumber before mentioned. The weapon used with fatal effect was a double-barrelled shotgun, loaded with buckshot, and the distance could not have been more than thirty or forty feet. Roff and Weller were both slightly wounded. Lovejoy, evidently the mark aimed at by the assassin, received five balls: two in the left breast and one in the right, one in the left arm, and one in the abdomen. He turned, ran past his companions, through the door, up a short flight of stairs, into the counting-room, exclaiming, "My God! I am shot!" was caught in the arms of some one who rushed to his aid, laid upon the floor, and died without a struggle and without uttering another word.

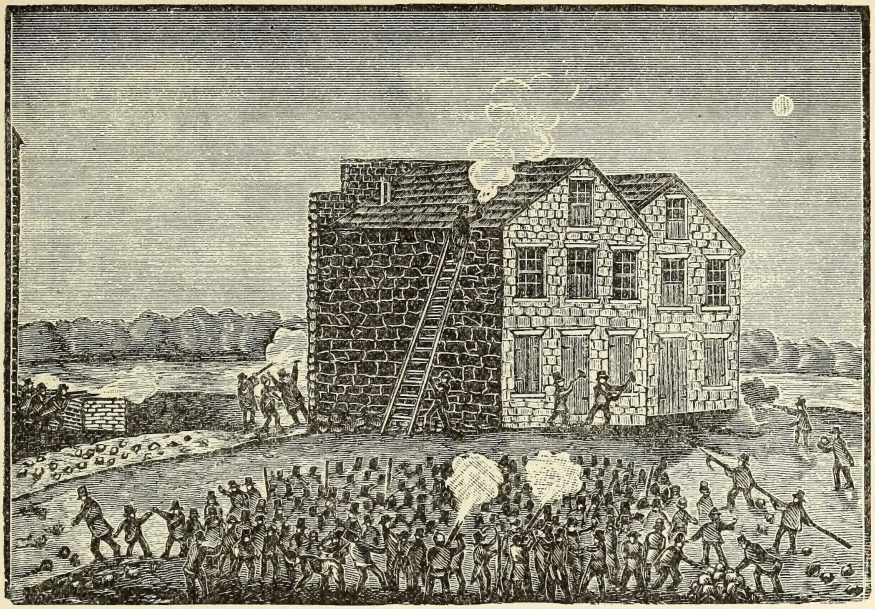
With him died the inspiring spirit of resistance, and when, a few moments later, Keating and West again presented themselves and offered to spare the building and allow the garrison to depart unharmed, if the press were given up — Mr. Gilman, as owner and custodian of the other property involved, accepted the terms and hostilities ceased. The defenders — with the exception of the two wounded men, Thompson, who stayed until the mob took possession, and Hurlbut, who remained in charge of his dead friend and chief — passed out upon the levee and went in various directions, fired at until beyond range, but, fortunately, without effect. The press was, of course, destroyed.

Lovejoy's corpse lay upon a cot in the counting-room until the next day, the thirty-fifth anniversary of his birth, when it was removed to his residence. [1] There was no inquest, and the funeral occurred the day following, November 9, Rev. Thomas Lippincott officiating. There were few persons at the house or grave; the services consisted of prayers without remarks — to avoid provocation of the mob, some of whom were near at hand.

At the January (1838) term of the Alton Municipal Court, Winthrop S. Gilman, representing his associates in the defence of his building, was tried for riot and acquitted. At the same term, John Solomon, Horace Beall, James M. Rock, Jacob Smith, James Jennings and others were also tried for riot, and also acquitted. The first trial was a shameful insult to justice; the second, an impudent farce. Neither requires further notice. It has always been believed by those who had the best opportunities for knowing that

[1] The house in which Lovejoy lived at the time of his death, and from which he was buried, stood near the corner of what are now Second and Cherry streets. The family occupied the south half — the *left*, as one looks at the picture. The window to the right in the second story, immediately below the chimney, belongs to the small bedroom in which the body was laid when brought from the scene of the murder. This house was demolished in November, 1890.

The silhouette from which the picture of Lovejoy, here given, is taken, is the only portrait of Lovejoy in existence, and of course very unsatisfactory. The "Memoir," written by his brother, says: "He was of middling stature, thick-set, his height being about five feet nine inches. His complexion was dark, with black piercing eyes and full countenance." His hair was dark brown in color. He wore no beard of any kind.



The Mob attacking the Warehouse of Godfrey, Gilman & Co.

FROM AN OLD WOODCUT.

Lovejoy was killed by Dr. Jennings, the same who, as has been related, "could not touch him" on a previous occasion, because he was "too brave a man." Jennings, it is said, was cut to pieces in a bowie-knife fight in a Vicksburg barroom several years later. His comrade in Alton, Dr. Beall, while attached to a scouting party of Texas rangers, was, it is said, captured by Comanche Indians and burned alive. I think the last survivor of the mob died some years ago.

Such is the story of Elijah Parish Lovejoy: Hero and Martyr — Hero and Martyr, let it never be forgotten, of that liberty of speech and of the press without which there can be no genuine liberty for any man, white or black — without which government of, for, and by the people is a miserable snare and sham, liable at any time to be bought by the purse or crushed by the sword. Milton says:

"Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all other liberties."

And I know of no finer expression of the principles of this liberty which includes all other liberty than Lovejoy gave:

"But, gentlemen, as long as I am an American citizen, and as long as American blood runs in these veins, I shall hold myself at liberty to speak, to write, and to publish whatever I please on any subject — being amenable to the laws of my country for the same."

For these deathless principles, as applicable to every question about which men differ, and therefore desire to discuss, as to slavery — principles which will live and breathe and burn when the memory of American slavery has faded into the mists of tradition — Lovejoy laid down his young life, so full of brilliant promise. The victim was worthy of the altar — and I can conceive of no higher praise.

In 1860, Owen Lovejoy, then member of Congress from the Princeton district of Illinois, concluded a political speech at Alton — in which there was not the slightest allusion to the event which must have been constantly in his mind — with these words, which I shall never forget:

"This is not the time nor the place to speak of my brother, or of the cause for which he died.

Enough that he lives, a dear and precious memory, in the hearts of those he left behind. As for his *cause*, time will vindicate *that* as surely as God lives and reigns. Twenty-three years ago the blood of my brother, slain in these streets, ran down and mingled with the waters of the mighty river which sweeps past your city to the sea —

"'The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea —
And scattered wide as Wycliffe's name,
Shall Wycliffe's ashes be.'"

How completely the brother's prediction has been fulfilled, I need not say. The cause for which Lovejoy died *has* been vindicated — and by tremendous events, to which his death materially contributed. That murder was an enormous blunder as well as an inexcusable crime. It not only intensified the hostility of the radical Abolitionists, and gave them many recruits they would not otherwise have had; but it crystallized the conservative Anti-Slavery sentiment of the North, and widened and deepened the gulf of sectional antagonism through which, twenty-four years later, poured the mingled blood and tears of civil war. Wendell Phillips alone — whose dedication to Abolitionism dates from that blunder and crime — did tenfold more for the root-and-branch destruction of slavery, than Lovejoy could have done had he been permitted to publish his paper in St. Louis or Alton as long as he chose. He was killed for pointing out the evils of slavery, and urging gradual emancipation as the remedy. Instead of this peaceful remedy, slavery was abolished by fire and sword. and at a cost, in money alone, which would have bought every human chattel at the highest market price, and furnished him with a small capital to begin life anew as his own master.

Slavery has gone forever; not as Lovejoy would have had it go — *but it has gone.* And while to-day there is not, in all the land, a single slave; so there is not, I hope and I believe, a place in all the land where any man may not speak, write, publish, whatever he pleases on any subject — being amenable to the laws of his country for the same.

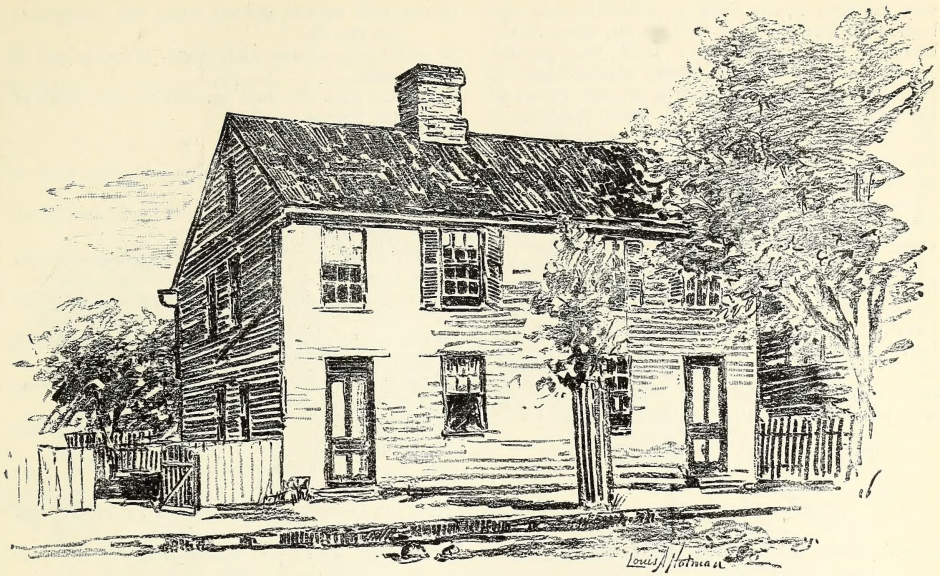
What I have now to say has an unpleasant flavor of personality, which, I trust, will be pardoned for the sake of the subject matter. More than forty years ago, with a companion somewhat older than myself, I sought and found the grave of Lovejoy. It was then between two quite large oak trees, and was identified by a small pine board, on which was rudely carved the initials, "E. P. L." The present city cemetery of Alton was then an open common. When it was laid out and enclosed, trees and board disappeared, and the main avenue passed directly over the grave, the location of which would have been hopelessly lost but for the late William Brudon, superintendent of the cemetery, who marked the spot by two fragments of limestone, almost on a level with the ground, of which very few knew the meaning. After being thus trodden under foot by man and beast for several years, the late Major Charles W. Hunter had the remains removed to where they now are — just outside his own family lot, but in ground then owned by him. William Johnston, a colored man born in Scotland, who had buried Lovejoy the first time, had charge of this removal. Somewhere among my papers I have his receipt for money paid "for burying Lovejoy twice." He told me that some bits of bone and handsful of dust were all he could find. The second grave, when I first knew it, was marked by an old tombstone turned upside down, across the upper edge of which was written in red chalk, "Lovejoy." At a later day, when circumstances, needless to mention, made the great principle of free speech and free press very dear to me, I placed upon the grave the present simple monument — a scroll of Italian marble, resting upon a pedestal of New England granite, and bearing this inscription:

HIC JACET
LOVEJOY.
Jam parce sepulto.

"Here lies Lovejoy. Spare him now that he is buried."

A longer and better epitaph might and would be written now, but then these few words seemed to me appropriate and enough. Before doing this, however, I

[1] The monument was erected in July, 1863.



Lovejoy's House in Alton (demolished 1890).

endeavored to communicate with Lovejoy's son, Edward; but my letters and inquiries never reached him, or, at least, were never answered. Consequently, I was obliged to assume that neither he nor other relatives had any objection to my labor of love, and I have heard of none from any quarter since. The heirs of Major Hunter cheerfully gave me a deed to the lot for the purpose to which it is dedicated. Taking into consideration my non-residence and the necessity of having some person, or persons, to exereise the rights and perform the duties of ownership when I have "gone over to the majority" I formally transferred all my right, title, and interest in the lot and contents to the colored people of Alton in August, 1885. It was accepted by them, and they are now the legitimate custodians of that sacred sod; yes, sacred, for

> "Such graves as this are pilgrim shrines —
> Shrines to no code or creed confined;
> The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
> The Meccas of the mind."

There have been several attempts to erect a suitable monument to Lovejoy. The city of Alton has set apart a well-located and spacious lot in the cemetery for that purpose, and a "monument association" has been organized and duly incorporated under the laws of Illinois. So I have no doubt there will be, sooner or later, a monument worthy of the man and his deeds; but I do not expect to live to see it. My only desire has been to make the surroundings of the present grave a little more attractive, and this has lately been done by the erection of a neat stone wall and coping.[1]

As an appropriate conclusion, I reproduce a note and accompanying verses sent me several years ago by one of our ablest young journalists, whose modesty will not permit me to name:

"My dear Mr. Dimmock: — Your selection of this quotation — the words uttered by the unquiet spirit of Polydorus, when Æneas ignorantly disturbed his rest — for the epitaph of Lovejoy brings home to me as it perhaps never would have been brought otherwise, the full strength of that episode in the Æneid. In bringing Æneas to the Thracian coast, Virgil could have had no other object than to introduce into a poem whose plot in no other

[1] The money paid for the work — about $105 — was raised by voluntary subscription immediately after the delivery of my address in the Church of the Unity, St. Louis, March 14, 1888, from which address this article is mainly drawn.

I am chiefly indebted for my material to the "Memoir," written by Joseph C. and Owen Lovejoy, published in New York in 1838, and long since out of print. Some assistance has been derived from "The Martyrdom of Lovejoy," by Henry Tanner, Chicago, 1881. The new matter, of which there is considerable, is from entirely reliable sources.

way required it, the lines in which he has embodied the idea we have in Genesis, when Abel's blood is made to cry out from the ground. As was lawful for him, under classic ideas of poetic probability, he worked a miracle to reveal the murder. The spears with which the body of the murdered Polydorus has been transfixed, sticking above the surface of the hastily-made grave, take root and grow. Their sap is his blood, and when a branch of them is broken, blood flows in witness of the crime. Perhaps had Virgil lived to complete the Æneid, he would have given us in his poem the same exemplification of poetic justice that you have given us in quoting from it for the epitaph of the man from whose murder results have followed which fulfil all the canons of that law. Since through you came to me the suggestion — giving me a realization of the meaning of the passage — I hope your indulgence for the lines in which I have attempted to embody it:

THE SPEARS OF POLYDORUS.

Jam parce sepulto.

Æn. III., 41.

In vain above the mangled breast, transfixèd with their spears,
They pile the clod to hide the deed from all the future years.
The fire within the heart they pierced warms every shaft to life;
Fed with his blood, each dart takes root, and multiplies for strife;
And while all men forget the place, they wave above his head,
To speak with every rustling leaf of portent and of dread.

* * * * * * *

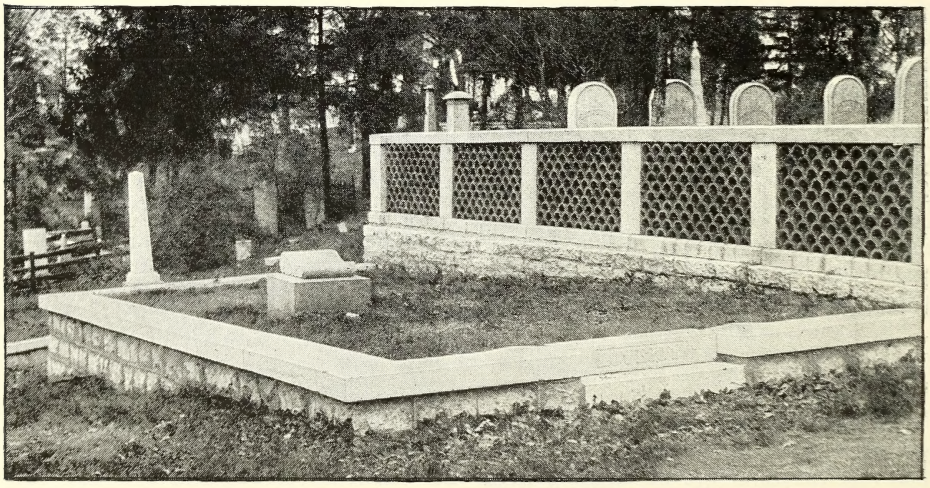
Above the grave the brazen heaven shut up the Fate, within
Whose iron tablets, graven deep, was vengeance for the sin.
An awful page of fire and blood, of battle and of tears,
Told there how she had heeded it — the Story of the Spears.

* * * * * * *

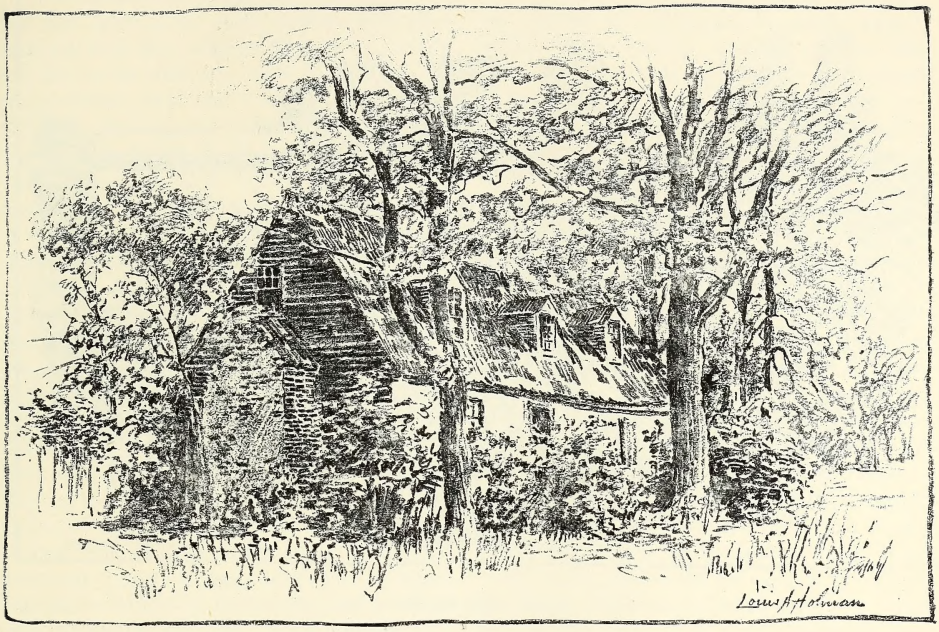
She sent her fools in after times to rend away a branch,
And underneath her darkening skies flowed blood they might not stanch.
In fearful tones a mighty voice spoke from beneath the sod,
For justice and for vengeance appealing to the God —
And at its call through all the land the crowding thousands came;
And at its call shone in the heaven the guiding cloud of flame;
And at its call from East and West they marshalled for the strife
That gave five hundred thousand lives in payment for that life.
While the simoon that southward swept through all those bitter years,
Bore on its blast from Lovejoy's grave the War Song of the Spears.

* * * * * * *

Calmed at last is its wild music, sunk to a requiem low —
Lulling his restless spirit with its cadence sad and slow;
But in all its changing symphonies, its pleas for blood or tears,
There sounds for all the ages the Warning of the Spears —
Or whispered now, or thundered then, the message is divine —
"Think not 'tis yours to cheat Me of the vengeance that is mine."



Lovejoy's Grave.



The Oldest House in Washington.

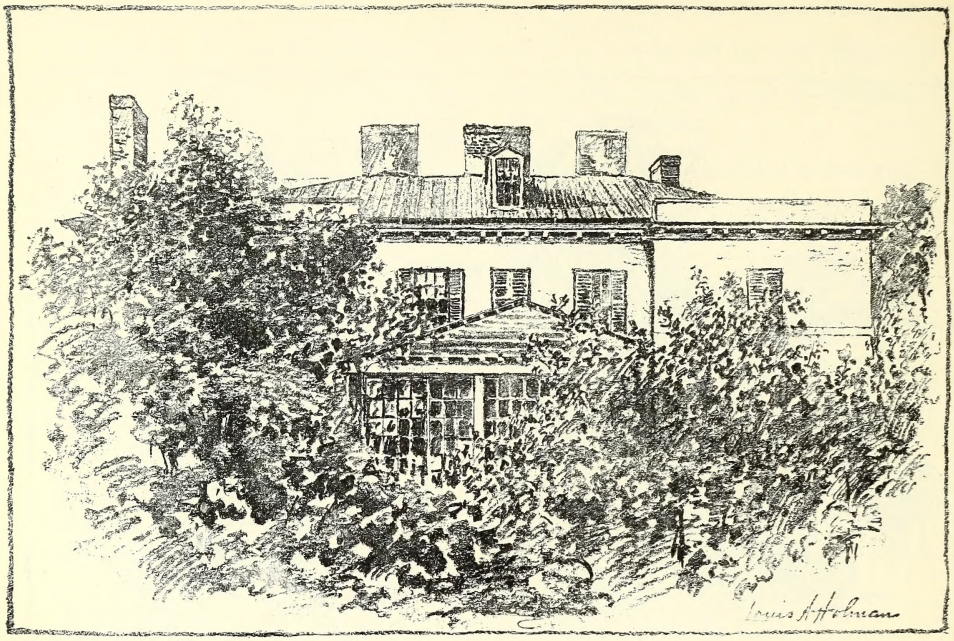
THE OLDEST HOUSE IN WASHINGTON.

By Milton T. Adkins.

DOWN at the foot of Seventeenth Street, away from the usual route of the guide-book sightseer, stands the oldest house in Washington. The moss had grown thick upon its humble roof long before quarrelling Congresses wrangled and disputed over the location of the future "Federal City," and when at last the dispute was ended, and a definite site selected, it was found that the unpretentious home and paternal acres of a sturdy old Scotchman, David Burns by name, occupied a large portion of the proposed situation.

Of the previous history of the Burns family little is known or recorded beyond the statement that the estate had descended to David through several generations of Scottish ancestors; all, probably, farmer folk like himself. They were, no doubt, a part of the same thrifty Scotch element that had contributed so much to the colonial prosperity of Maryland and Virginia, and which had borne so large a share in the founding and building of Georgetown and Alexandria.

The homestead itself was located almost upon the immediate bank of the Potomac, here a mile or more in width, and only a little distance away from the beautiful hill upon which the Observatory now stands — the hill upon which, it is related, Braddock's forces camped on their first night out from Alexandria, in that ill-starred march into the wilderness, and the enthusiast has even drawn a beautiful though doubtless imaginary picture of the youthful Virginia captain looking out from that historic camping ground, and, with prophetic vision, locating here the unborn metropolis of an unborn Republic.



The Van Ness Mansion.

The farm itself stretched away from the river front northwardly, to include the ground upon which are now the White House, the Treasury, the State, War, and Navy Departments, Lafayette Square, and a large part of what is now known as the "West End." A barn stood near where the White House was afterwards built, and down to 1805, Lafayette Square was known as the "Burns Orchard"; in one corner of it was the parish burial-ground of St. John's Church.

The original land patent of the Burns holding bears date 1681, and in the quaint phraseology of that day describes the property as "the Widow's Mite, lying on the east side of the Anacostin River, on the north side of a branch or inlet in the said river, called Tyber."

The chronicles are silent as to whether David Burns were of Whig or Tory proclivities during the Revolutionary troubles, but it is certain that his patriotism did not extend to the point of willingly surrendering his ancestral acres to the furtherance of a scheme which doubtless seemed visionary and unpromising to his practical Scotch judgment.

In this day, after a century's growth and prosperity, it is well-nigh impossible for us to conceive just how uncertain, unreal, and intangible must have seemed the personality of the new "Government," with whose fortunes the canny, cautious Scotsman was invited to cast in his worldly all. Notwithstanding Maryland had surrendered him to the new and stranger power, he utterly refused to acquiesce, and so sturdily stood out against the great Washington himself, as to cause the latter to write him down for future history as "the obstinate Mr. Burns." The doctrine of eminent domain was doubtless new to poor David, and although in this instance it brought golden fortune to his door, it quite failed to assimilate with his ingrained ideas of *meum* and *teum*. At last the patience of Washington was exhausted, and he intimated to the testy freeholder that the government would take his farm whether he consented or not, and concluded his emphatic remarks by inquiring, "On what terms will you surrender your plantation?" And the humbled Scotchman, seeing he had reached the end of his

tether, replied: "Any that your excellency may choose to name."

The Burns deed was the first recorded in the new city, and it was provided therein that the streets should be so laid off as not to interfere with the cottage — a provision that was religiously regarded by the commissioners when they came to survey the streets and lots. It was further provided that when the property should be laid off into town lots, every alternate lot should be and remain the absolute property in fee of the original owner. This provision speedily made David Burns a rich man — as rich men were counted in those days. But his improved fortunes made no change in his worldly surroundings, though with a fatherly forethought that did honor to his heart he took immediate steps to prepare and educate his only daughter, Marcia Burns, in fit manner for the station he believed she was destined to occupy.

She was at this time some twelve or thirteen years of age, and was at once placed at school in Baltimore, and a home was provided for the young heiress and future belle in the elegant and refined household of Luther Martin, Esq., the celebrated Maryland lawyer of that day. After several years' sojourn here, she returned to her father's humble cottage, at the age of eighteen or twenty, and not very far from the time when the government was removed from Philadelphia to the embryo Capital prepared for it in the wilderness. She is described as being at this time "lovely in person, and gracious and winning in manners," and to the end of a life that was altogether lovely there was never a moment when these attributes were not justly hers.

With such attractions of mind, person and fortune, it is small wonder that the humble cottage by the river side speedily became the resort of brave company, representative alike of the resident "First Families" and of the sojourning element drawn to the new capital by the exigencies of public life. It is recorded that during the first years of the new city, many eminent persons were guests beneath the Scotchman's lowly roof. It is said that the poet Thomas Moore, during his visit to this country, was received here, and spent a night in the little spare bedchamber of the ground floor. The Carrols of "Duddington Manor," the bluest of Maryland's blue blood, drove their stately carriage across the marshy waste lying behind the unfinished "President's House," to claim the acquaintance of "the beautiful Washington heiress." The Laws, with their prestige from half a million dollars of East Indian gold, and their alliance by marriage with the great Washington himself, did not disdain such friendship as the "Crusty Davie" would accord them.

But it was to the young and bachelor members of Congress, far removed from the society and influences of home, adrift as it were in the dreary boarding-house life of the raw embryo city, that the society of the beautiful Marcia Burns must have seemed a very lodestar of attraction. Among the many suitors for her hand, the favored one was John P. Van Ness, a representative in Congress from New York state, and a son of one of its oldest and most influential Dutch families. He was at this time about thirty years of age, and has been tersely described by an early writer as "well-fed, well-bred, and well-read." He was educated at Columbia College, and had afterward studied for the law, but on account of ill-health had given up the practice. He was possessed of fair abilities, an ample fortune, a handsome and pleasing address, and claimed for his political friend no less a personage than Aaron Burr, then the Vice-President of the United States, and in the very zenith of his power and influence.

To this gallant suitor, the fair heiress gave her heart, but before she bestowed her hand, crusty David died, and she was left the sole possessor of the wealth which fortune had thrust upon the humble household. The only other heir, a brother, had died some years before, while still only a child. The mother also had been dead some years. On the 9th of May, 1802, her twentieth birthday, she bestowed her hand and fortune where her heart had already been given. At the end of his term, her husband gave up his residence in New York, and became fully identified with the community which in after years bestowed upon him its highest

honors. But notwithstanding the change in her circumstances, and the broader life opening before her, she still clung to the cottage of her childhood. For some years after the marriage, they continued to reside beneath its humble roof; then the new proprietor proceeded to erect the stately mansion only a few yards away, which still bears his name, and in its forlorn grandeur forms one of the most unique landmarks of old Washington. It is said that at the time of its erection it was the most expensive private mansion in the United States. It was designed and built by the famous architect Latrobe, at a cost of $60,000, and here for many years its owner dispensed a hospitality, the fame of which has come down to the present day. The wine vaults in its basement were something wonderful for that time, and were destined more than a half century later to become strangely involved with the history of the world's greatest tragedy.

When President Lincoln was assassinated, a wild rumor was started that it had been the original intention of the conspirators to abduct the president, and conceal him within the strong walls of these vaults until he could be carried farther. There was not a scintilla of foundation for the story, but in the excitement of that supreme hour of the outraged nation's anguish the authorities did not stop for proof, but forthwith arrested the gentleman then owning the property, and incarcerated him, together with his wife, in the old Capitol prison.

One of the loveliest traits in the gentle heart of Marcia Van Ness is revealed in the fact that during all the years of her reign in the stately mansion reared by her husband, she never forgot or neglected the lowly cottage of her father. The moss gathered thicker upon the roof, but threshold and hearthstone were as carefully and tenderly kept as they had ever been in the days of her girlhood. And when, after a few short years, the hand of affliction was laid upon her, in the death of her only daughter, the stricken heart seemed to turn with increased affection to the hallowed spot. One of its most secluded apartments was set apart, — a place for solitude and meditation, — of communion with the God to whose service her pure life was dedicated.

It was in 1820, just eighteen years after her own marriage, that this daughter returned from attending school in Philadelphia, and it may well be supposed that her return was an additional attraction to the brilliant and fashionable circles wont to gather in the Van Ness salon. The relationship between mother and daughter was of the most tender description; they were companions and friends in the fullets and truest sense of those sacred words.

But the sweet companionship of mother and daughter was of short duration. Within a year from her return from school, the latter was given in marriage to Arthur Middleton of South Carolina, and within another short year she became the bride of death. She and her babe, the grandchild and great grandchild of "crusty David," were laid in the same grave. And in that tomb was laid the heart of Marcia Van Ness. Thenceforth, though she walked in this world, her life was not of it. Deprived of her own child, her heart went out to the children of others — to the orphans of the city which had grown upon her father's ancestral acres. In memory of the daughter cut down in the bloom of her youth, she founded and nurtured the Orphan Asylum of Washington. Her portrait may be seen there to-day, — a picture with a sweet sad face, and a little child's head nestling in her lap.

In ten years, she followed her daughter, dying in 1832, at the age of fifty years. It has been said that she was the first American woman buried with public honors. Her husband was mayor of the city at the time of her death, and before the funeral a delegation of citizens placed upon the coffin a silver plate bearing the following inscription:

"The citizens of Washington, in testimony of their veneration for departed worth, dedicate this plate to the memory of Marcia Van Ness, the excellent consort of J. P. Van Ness. If piety, high principles, and exalted worth could have arrested the shafts of fate, she would still have remained among us, a bright example of every virtue. The hand of death has removed her to a purer and happier state of existence, and while we lament her loss, let us endeavor to emulate her virtues."

She was laid in rest beside her child

and grandchild, in the magnificent mausoleum which had been erected by her husband, some years before, for the reception of the family dead. This structure was said to be a perfect copy of the Temple of Vesta, and was at that time the most expensive and magnificent specimen of monumental architecture in the new world. It has since been removed from its original location within the city, and rebuilt in Oak Hill Cemetery, near Georgetown; and there repose today the ashes of the famous Washington heiress and her loved ones.

General Van Ness survived his wife fifteen years, dying March 7, 1847, at the age of seventy-six years. From the time of its first occupation, his mansion was celebrated for the hospitality there dispensed, and this reputation was kept up to the very year of his death. It can probably be truly said of it, that more famous men have been entertained within its walls than in any other private house in America. Several of the earlier presidents were guests here, and every year the owner gave a dinner to the Congress of the United States.

After his death the property passed into the hands of strangers; and the two buildings may be seen to-day, cottage and mansion alike standing, time-beaten and forlorn, half hidden by wild masses of untrained shrubbery, and deeply shadowed by over-arching trees. The grounds are still enclosed by the high and substantial brick wall erected by the original proprietor, but the gate stands ever open, and no porter challenges the few strolling footsteps of the occasional sight-seer. And verily *Ichabod* is written over all — mansion, cottage, and grounds. Truly the glory has departed. The place is now used as a summer picnic ground by the colored folk of the vicinity, and the basement of the grand mansion is a beer saloon. A rifle target rests against the front door of the Burns cottage, and a dancing platform is erected beneath the trees that sheltered the heiress in her girlhood and her sweeter womanhood.

SOME OLD NEWSPAPERS.

By O. S. Adams.

NO department of activity more forcibly illustrates the progress of the times than that of journalism. A glance at some old newspapers published at the beginning of the present century exemplifies in a striking manner, by contrast with the present, the march of improvement, and affords an entertaining picture of the manner in which the reading tastes of our forefathers were ministered to by the enterprising publishers of that time. A collection of New York, Albany, Boston, Richmond, and other journals, published in the years 1801 and 1802, has furnished the writer material for many hours of curious reading, some of the results of which he desires to share with others.

The first noticeable features, in taking up these old newspapers, are the dingy paper, the antique typography, and the general mustiness. But the curiousness and poorness of their material appearance are quickly forgotten in the fascination which attends their perusal.

Then, as now, there were heavy editorials, attacks on political adversaries, and criticisms of public measures. But there was a degree of elaboration and ornate phraseology in many of these articles that would nowadays seem strange enough. Instead of the bitter missile or gingerly word of the editor of our period, there were long paragraphs with involved sentences, compelling the reader to pick his way carefully through their mazes, in order to arrive at the meaning. "Fine writing" was evidently held in higher estimation than how. The day of the pungent paragraph had not come.

Some notion of the ideas that prevailed concerning the mission of a weekly newspaper, and the sphere it ought to fill, may be gained from the following quaint announcement, taken from the *Richmond Recorder, or, Lady's and Gentleman's Miscellany*, of November 28, 1801 :

It is not intended to take an active part with any Political set of Men; but, with regularity and candour, the RECORDER will give the news of the day. Cabals of contentious Party will be resigned to other channels; and few advertisements will be admitted. This method will leave room for more rational and useful information.

The difficulty of access to Literary Information, in these United States, must have been feelingly lamented by all who are desirous of mental improvement. To obviate, in some measure, this inconveniency, the subscriber intends to comprise, in the present publication, Natural History; Moral, Political, Theological, and Philosophical Essays; Biographical Accounts of Eminent Men; interesting Extracts from Modern Publications; Epitomes of Voyages; Abstracts of Voluminous Works; useful Hints for the Improvement of the Arts; Ecclesiastical, Medical, Agricultural, and Legal communications; Original Matter, Anecdotes, and Poetry.

Moral and Philosophical knowledge is the intellectual food most salutary to man; it teaches him the principle and nature of his *true* interests; it forms the mind and enlarges the understanding. If mankind would attend more to these principles; if they would divest themselves of prejudices, political parties would be disappointed in their endeavors to deceive the world; men would be sensible of the nature and necessity of simple government; and they would see the inutility of confiding in violent party men, who seldom have anything in view but their own interest.

Through the medium of the Press mankind are to receive instruction; its use, therefore, ought not to be misapplied, by inflaming their minds with party disputes and licentious wrangles; by feeding their prejudices, and preventing the infusion of knowledge. It is by amusing the people with the most fatal deceptions and attachments, that those species of instruction, which could be of essential use to nations, are too frequently kept in the back scene.

In soliciting the patronage of the Public, it will be expected upon no other principle than the intrinsic merit of the work. Communications will be thankfully received; and Correspondents will find this paper to be an impartial repository of useful information, and a sacred asylum for the efforts of genius.

Truly, the programme was an extended one for a paper of four small pages, printed with large type. But the editor appreciated the difficulties of his task, as is evinced by an article on the editorial profession, which appeared in the same paper — of January 6, 1802. After alluding to the fact that every man thinks himself competent to "run a newspaper," the article proceeds as follows :

But in this, as in most other professions, he who understands it the best, is always the most sensible of his defects, the least vain of his talents, and the least assured of his success.

Indeed, notwithstanding the promptitude with which it is usual to enter on this branch of compilation, we have no scruple to affirm, that it is one of those where imperfection is most frequent, and where excellence is not only most uncommon but one of the most difficult to attain. Many reasons combine to produce these consequences. We shall venture to enumerate some of them. For instance, an editor is often compelled to write upon a subject in the twentieth part of the time in which an ordinary man would be capable to think of it. Under such circumstances, he must have a mind previously stored with ideas and images. They must be ready at the first summons of a comprehensive memory. They must be arranged by an acute understanding; and they must be recommended by at least a moderate acquaintance with the energies and resources of language. An editor who expects to rise above the rank and file of his brethren, should likewise have a tincture of literary knowledge in general, of ancient and modern history, and especially of that of his own country, and of those with which it is most intimately connected. He should be above sinking into the mere agent of a party. He should not be prepared to defend everything that is done upon the one side, or to condemn everything that is done upon the other. He should feel himself superior to the character of a servile panegyrist, let the general merits of his hero be as great as they can be. He should be ready to combat vice, or folly, wherever he finds it necessary to meet them. He should address himself in the same manly tone which Cromwell addressed to his dragoons. "If I meet the King in battle," said Oliver, "I shall fire my pistol in *his face*, as soon as any other man's." . . .

Among other improvements which it is designed to adopt in this newspaper, one is, to shorten the present suffocating length to which the account of the proceedings in Congress is often extended. In a newspaper, that is printed six times a week, the unfortunate compilers are sometimes happy to introduce all sorts of materials, for the sake of covering the expanse of their pages. . . . The consequence of such prolixity is, that when a newspaper which appears only twice a week attempts to follow them, a great part of the proceedings must be suppressed. The lesser cannot comprehend the greater. The Gudgeon cannot swallow the Shark.

Copies of the Hudson *Gazette*, published during 1801 and 1802, are noticeable for a department of miscellany, occupying the entire fourth page, and headed, "The Bouquet," in letters nearly as large as the main title of the paper. A column of poetry was headed, "De-

partment of Hippocrene;" and over the marriage announcements were the words, "Sacred to Hymen." A few selections from the "Department of Hippocrene" follow:

EPIGRAM.

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say,
"Like Samson I my thousands slay."
"I vow," quoth Roger, "so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too."

HOMO VERMIS: — MAN IS BUT A WORM.

We are all creeping worms of earth,
Some are Silk Worms, great by birth,
Glow Worms some, that shine by night,
Slow Worms others, apt to bite;
Some are Muck Worms, slaves to wealth;
Maw Worms some that wrong the health;
Some to the public good no willers,
Canker Worms and Caterpillars: —
Found about the earth we're crawling,
For a sorry life we're sprawling;
Putrid stuff we seek; it fills us,
Death then *sets his foot* and kills us.

EPIGRAM.

Within the grove Maria lean'd
Upon her William's breast,
Her head upon his cheek reclin'd,
Her lips to his were press'd.

When lo! a rustling noise was heard,
Of near-approaching feet,
Maria left her lover's arms,
And sunk upon a seat.

The old duenna hobbled in . . . .
"Here's pretty doings, Miss!
"What man is this you come to see,
"What man, what man is this?"

"Oh, governess, I do not know,
"But he was very rude,
"For as I pluck'd wild roses here,
"He came from out the wood.

"He seiz'd my hand, he press'd it hard,
"And talk'd of Cupid's dart,
"He kiss'd *my cheeks*, and falsely swore
"That I had stole his heart.

"But he will come no more, for I
"Have very much incens'd him,
"For when he wish'd to kiss *my lips*,
"*I rose in arms against him.*"

EPIGRAM.

To a Poet.

Unthrifty wretch, why still confine
Thy toil and homage to the *nine*,
'Tis time to bid the *nine* begone,
And now take care of *number one*.

Of obituary notices there are occasional interesting specimens. In the Hudson *Gazette* of June 15, 1802, is the following, copied from a Baltimore paper:

Since death has seiz'd this faithful slave,
I'll snatch his virtues from the grave,
And beg the printer will but give
A little spot where they may live.

On Sunday morning, May 16, the prowling tyrant death, clandestinely entered the Indian Queen Tavern, and seized on the body of *Poor Old Spencer*, well known as a servant, and beloved by all for his faithfulness and attention. But his soul (for Negroes have souls) disdaining to continue any longer the inhabitant of a body held in servitude, fled from a country that boasts of *freedom*, but still sanctions *slavery*, to enjoy eternal life and liberty in the presence of a just and merciful God. Thus have we to mourn the loss of a man, whose conduct might justly be held up, as an example of *true honour, honesty and faithfulness*, and a convincing proof that a black skin may contain a good and upright heart.

In some of these papers we find eulogies on Martha Washington, who died on the 22d of May, 1802. In the Washington *Federalist* was the following:

DIED, at Mount Vernon, on the 22d ult. Mrs. MARTHA WASHINGTON, widow of the late illustrious General GEORGE WASHINGTON. — To those amiable and christian virtues, which adorn the female character, she added dignity of manners, superiority of understanding, a mind intelligent and elevated. — The silence of respectful grief is our best eulogy.

Referring to the same event, was the following in the *Columbian Centinel and Massachusetts Federalist* (published in Boston) of June 2, 1802:

Composure and resignation were uniformly displayed during seventeen days' depredations of a severe fever. From the commencement, she declared she was undergoing the last trial, and had long been prepared for her dissolution. She took the sacrament from Mr. DAVIS, imparted her last advice and benedictions to her weeping relations, and sent for a white gown, which she had previously laid by for her last dress — thus in the closing scene, as in all preceding ones, nothing was omitted. The conjugal, maternal and domestic duties had all been fulfilled in an exemplary manner. She was the worthy partner of the worthiest of men, and those who witnessed their conduct could not determine which excelled in their different characters, both were so well sustained on every occasion. They lived an honor and a pattern to their country, and are taken from us to receive the rewards — promised to the faithful and just. *Alex. Pap.*

Political warfare raged as fiercely in those days as now. Some of the shorter and more piercing editorial shafts shall

be selected. The following appeared in the Albany *Centinel* of January 29, 1802 :

A PROBLEM.

That the transition, or conversion, or proselytism of Ambrose Spencer, Esq., has been the efficient cause of the revolution in this State, from Federalism to Republicanism.

DEMONSTRATION.

That there were not before, talents and abilities in the whole republican party to effect this object, and that as soon as he changed, a change in the state politics commenced, and as soon as his eyes were completely opened, the business was completely accomplished.

COROLLARY.

Therefore, Mr. Spencer ought to have been the chancellor of the state, or one of the judges of the Supreme Court; or, as gratitude is an indispensable attribute of Republicanism, he ought now to be, in exclusion of all minor pretenders, Attorney-General of the State.

It may be added that Mr. Spencer received the distinction thus suggested in irony. He was appointed attorney-general that same year; in 1804, made a justice of the Supreme Court, and in 1819, chief justice. His fame as a jurist is a part of the history of the state of New York.

The enemies of Thomas Jefferson were exceedingly bitter toward that illustrious statesman. Jefferson became president March 4, 1801; and the *United States Oracle and Portsmouth Advertiser* of December 26, in the same year, contained the following :

IT WAS A GOOD THING.

In the District Court of Connecticut, to let Mr. Jefferson know, when he attempted to restore, by his order, to his good friends the French, the prize money of a French schooner, which was captured, and legally condemned as a lawful prize in that court, that he was "feeling power and forgetting right." Mr. Jefferson has been so long accustomed to govern slaves, that he hardly knows how to act in the government of Freemen; but however implicitly his commands in a land of slavery may have been obeyed, he must be cautious how he orders, without authority, in New England, or he will surely get himself affronted.

Another article attacking the national administration appeared In the *Columbian Centinel and Massachusetts Federalist* of May 26, 1802. Its substance and tone bring to mind certain effusions of later days.

QUESTION.

Where is the Government of the United States at this time ?

ANSWER.

THE PRESIDENT, at Monticello, ruminating on the "*causes* of the decline of empires."

THE VICE-PRESIDENT, in *South Carolina*, on a visit to the "*Rice Planter*."

The *Secretary of State* — at his seat in *Virginia*, studying a sermon from *Luke* X 30.

The *Secretary of the Navy*, at Baltimore, or journeying northward; perhaps, to apologize for his treatment of Capt. LITTLE, and the crew of the *Boston*.

The *Secretary of the Treasury*, at New York, learning the *English* language.

The *Postmaster-General* — tumbling about in the mail carriages — "free of postage."

The *Secretary of War* — reviewing his "ragamuffins" — 500 "more or less."

All gone, all off — not even a solitary Secretary left, to take care of the national archives, or guard the *Mammoth Cheese*.

The above allusion to the Postmaster-General referred to the following anecdote, which was going the rounds of the newspapers at the time :

When the new Post-Master-General was on his way to the city of Washington, he called at the stage-house in New-York, to take a seat in the southern stage. He found nobody except a boy in the bar-room; and therefore ordered him *to enter the name of Gideon Granger, Esq., as a passenger. The boy replied, that he would enter the name on receiving the customary earnest-money. "Earnest-money!" exclaimed Mr. Granger, "why, fellow, I believe you don't know who I am. I am the Post-Master-General of the United States. I go* free, *you blockhead." The boy, who was of a waggish turn, replied, "Well, sir, if you must go* free, *you had better go to the post-office, and get enclosed in the mail; for if they put the devil himself in* there, *we are obliged to take him along."*

The Hudson *Gazette* thus alluded to a removal from office for political reasons :

More Derangement.

Bradbury Cilley, Esq., is removed from the office of Marshal of the District of New Hampshire, and Michael M. Clary appointed. Major Cilley is a gentleman of much personal respectability, and, as a ministerial officer, his conduct has given universal satisfaction. In our revolutionary war, he was an active and zealous officer, and his family connections were distinguished for their exertions in the struggle. — The patriotism and military skill of his father, General Cilley, was, on various occasions, fully tried, and his gallant conduct at Monmouth and Stillwater will not be forgotten. But Major Cilley is a federalist, a friend to the last administration, and has now become *the victim of a stern, uncharitable, unrelenting power.*

Editorial warfare is exemplified in the following selection from the *Columbian Centinel and Massachusetts Federalist* of May 8, 1802 :

RETALIATION.

The *scurrility* and *falsehood* of the *Chronicle* have become so proverbial, that it is almost as unnecessary, as it is unwise, to notice them. The infamous author of the worst part of the contents of that vehicle of slander, is as readily recognized by the reader, as his *Cain*-like person is known by the spectator in the street. This perpetual scribbler, not content to spout at caucases in favor of a list on which he is a candidate; or to publish those lists; attacks the reputation of every person opposed to his disorganizing politicks as impudently, and attempts to guide the public opinion, as unblushingly, as if a jury of his country had not fixed the price of his dog-cheap reputation. We rarely think it incumbent on us to reply to his wretched witticisms and personal reflections on us — etc., etc.

This plain talk is typical of the editorial energy and fervor of the day. Turn we now to more pleasant fields, and cull a few of the floating paragraphs which ministered to the fun-loving propensities of our ancestors. Some of the selections will serve to show the respect due, on the score of age, to many of the jokes which are current at the present time.

A person of a singular turn, observed early one morning, standing at the door of a taylor, *eighteen* journeymen taylors, who accosted them with, "good morning to you BOTH, gentlemen."

A MAN meeting an old woman driving some asses, "adieu, *mother* of asses," cried he; "*adieu, my son*," said she; the man *felt of his ears.*

Something reminded the editor of the Boston *Gazette* of the following advertisement :

BEN SCALPUM.

Manufacturer from England, at Lake Erie, near the Miamis, makes and sells, cutteaux, scalping-knives and tomahawks, and has on hand a large quantity of brimstone matches, and seasoned pine knots for the tormenting of prisoners.

N. B. Wanted a young man *of good disposition*, as an apprentice.

In the same paper of March 18, 1802, is the following :

A wife said to her husband who was much attached to reading — "I wish I were a book, that I might always have your company." "Then," answered he, "I should wish you an Almanack, that I might change once a year."

And in the same paper of April 26, 1802, is this :

The careless parson from the pulpit knock'd
The monstrous great church folio bible o'er,
Which struck the clerk, poor *Moses*, on the nose,
Instead of going straightway to the floor.

The congregation stare and ask the clerk
Eagerly, what the matter with his nose is, —
The simple clerk replied, rubbing his face,
Only the word o' th' Lord come unto Moses.

The following is from the Richmond *Recorder*, Jan. 13, 1802.

An Irish Bull.

During the late disturbance in Ireland, the following was written by an officer in the army : — "This town is all in an uproar, expecting the rebels every hour. I am in a d—d hurry, and while I write you these few lines, I hold a *Pistol* in *each hand*, and a *Sword* in the *other*."

From the *United States Oracle*, March 13, 1802 :

An ignorant candidate for medical honors, having thrown himself almost into a fever, from his incapability of answering questions, was asked by one of the Censors, how he would sweat the patient for the rheumatism. "I would send him here to be examined," *replied he.*

From the same, January 2, 1802 :

A finished coquette, at a ball, asked a gentleman near her, whilst she adjusted her tucker. whether he could *flirt a fan*, which she held in her hand. "No, Madam," answered he, proceeding to use it, "but I can *fan a flirt*."

In matters of dress, women were the same subjects of newspaper criticism then as now. The following is one of a great number of similar thrusts at extreme conformity to the dictates of fashion :

From the *Columbian Centinel*, July 17, 1802 :

Eve in her innocence could not be blam'd,
Because going naked she was not asham'd;
Whosoe'er views the Ladies, as Ladies now dress,
That again they grow *innocent* sure will confess.
And that artfully too they retaliate the evil :
By the Devil once tempted, they now tempt the Devil.

The *United States Oracle* of January 2, 1802, thus concludes a short article on dress and fashion :

The dress of our present beaux, their poultice neck handkerchiefs, pantaloons, overalls, etc., will not be known a few years hence, any more than the fashions of 1770, which we now give as a curiosity.

The following, says one author, is the dress of a modern fine fellow : "A coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms, and buttons too big

for the sleeves; a pair of Manchester fine stuff breeches, without money in the pockets; clouded silk stockings, but no legs; a club of hair behind, larger than the head that carries it; a hat of the size of a sixpence, on a block not worth a farthing."

The editor of the Boston *Gazette* — to pass abruptly to a very different field — appealed to delinquent debtors in the following good-humored style:

TO OUR CUSTOMERS.

The season and the weather, has called many of our distant friends to the capital. We should be happy to see them at our *Compting-Room;* and to exchange, with the civilities of the day, a few of *our* BILLS, for those of a more general and specific nature.

Some of the "notices to readers and correspondents" in these old journals are amusing. The Boston *Gazette* had a department of original and selected poetry and humorous paragraphs, under the head of "The Attic Bower." In its issue of March 11, 1802, is the following invitation:

☞ A few chaste and pungent Witticisms are wanted for the "*Attic Bower.*"

In its issue of March 22, 1802, is this allusion to a contribution:

The Elegy! by "Alonzo," on a young lady's marriage, has been sent us. We expect the writer will next furnish us with an *Epithalamium* on her funeral.

Another acknowledgment is as follows:

Stanzas on a *Dead Monkey* must be written by a *living brother.*

The following is another invitation for contributions:

A portion of our paper will always be reserved for the communications of our literary friends, and those whose labors have already decorated that department will remember that among the variety of readers of Advertisements, News and Politics, some will look under the *Attic Bower* and be delighted with the "*fruits* and *flowers* of the *muse.*" The interesting anecdote, "the just and moral tale," and even "trifles light as air" will be read with pleasure tho' "the news of battles lost and won ring on the ear."

Some of the old theatrical advertisements are curiosities in their way. Here is one put forth by the manager of the Albany Theatre, in December, 1801!

☞ The proprietor, at the request of several gentlemen of this city, and in particular for the better accommodation of the Ladies who may please to honor him with their company during the winter, has determined to place immediately in the front part of the house, three distinct ranges of boxes, each range to contain five boxes, and each box calculated to contain five persons: The boxes will be numbered. — For the better preservation of order (on which account, however, the proprietor is happy to observe, he has had as yet no reason to complain,) there will be a gulph between the boxes and gallery, and a door at the entrance of each, with a box and gallery door-keeper. The door-keepers will be furnished with checks, and no person will be allowed to pass or repass without a check. Seats in the boxes may be taken on the days of the performance, and no admittance without tickets. Only a certain number of tickets will be sold, to avoid over-crowding the house.

A Boston museum thus announced its attractions in the *Columbian Centinel* of February 10, 1802:

The COLUMBIAN MUSEUM,

HAS been greatly improved since the return of the Proprietor from *Europe* — where he obtained a large and valuable COLLECTION of CURIOSITIES — consisting of *Birds, Beasts,* and *Insects,* in the best preservation, (to appearance) natural as life. — Among the collection are many curious and extraordinary Animals, in particular the head of a black Leopard, from *Africa,* exhibited for several years (with other wild beasts) in the tower of *London.*

From the *Shakespeare-Gallery, London,* the largest collection of elegant PRINTS, (framed and glassed) ever imported; consisting of Scenes from *Shakespeare,* beautifully coloured; BATTLE OF THE NILE; Scripture Pieces; Providence, Wisdom, Innocence, Conjugal Affection, Happiness, &c &c. which are highly interesting to all lovers of the *fine arts.* — The political *European* Caricatures are very humourous and entertaining.

The immense collection of *Paintings, Wax-figures,* Natural and Artificial *Curiosities,* a perfect Likeness of BONAPARTE, (large as life) with many other VALUABLE ADDITIONS; as calculated to gratify the taste of the Public in general — and the MUSEUM is at present universally allowed to be one of the most entertaining places of rational amusement in *America.*

It will be illuminated with upwards of *fifty* patent lamps and three elegant chandeliers, every *Tuesday, Thursday* and *Friday* evenings — with excellent Music, as usual.

TICKETS, 50 *cents.* *Feb.* 10, 1802.

In this connection one or two samples of the theatrical criticisms of the day will be found interesting. In the Boston *Gazette* of January 14, 1802, is the following:

Last evening "THE POOR GENTLEMAN" was played, the fourth time, to an audience greatly increased by taste, elegance and fashion. Could

the language of commendation be infinitely varied, it would not be *wasteful excess* to confer all its possible diversities on this inimitable comedy. The adaptation of speech and action to the respective personages represented is truly natural; but the *fundamental excellence of the play, is, unity of action* in the plot. * * * The good humour of a brilliant auditory was highly gratified, on hearing this celebrious piece, announced for a *fifth* time, on Friday evening.

Even more profusely laudatory is the following, from the same paper of March 8, 1802 :

This comedy ("Folly as it Flies") is the latest production of FREDERICK REYNOLDS, Esq., and its scenes alternately abound with that tenderness and sentiment, and festevity of wit, which more successfully attract Bostonians, than the sombre scenes of the sable muse. Satire has *aimed her blow* to the discomfiture of the fools of fortune and fashion; and wit has *emptied her quiver* to the annoyance of the votaries of vice and dissipation. The plot is simple but ingenious; and the story is highly embellished by enlivening incidents. Rigid criticism might denounce many circumstances as improbable; — but this play is a *faithful delineation of modern life; an accurate chart of modern manners;* and when it is recollected that *modern life*, is little more than a *tissue of improbabilities;* and *modern manners*, little more than *artificial hypocrisy*, the hand of the Master will be recognized by the connoisseur. Many of its scenes are fraught with moral grandeur, and forcibly impress the idea, that there is *no dignity without sense*, and no *felicity without virtue*. Those who are dubious of our correctness, are respectfully invited to "go and see."

A few pictures of life, as presented by advertisements, shall conclude these selections. The following will show what they used to do with stray boys. It is from the Hudson *Gazette* of January 26, 1801 :

TAKE NOTICE.

The friends or connections of a boy who calls himself ALVORY BENNETT, and says he came from *Catskill*, where his father (lately deceased) removed some time since from *Preston*, are informed that he has been taken up in this town. In a destitute condition, and will be provided for and application made to the select men to bind him to some mechanical trade, if no steps are taken respecting him by those concerned without delay.

JONA. SIZER.

N. London, Jan. 5, 1801.

This advertisement had a very prominent place in the paper, being printed on the lower margin, beneath the regular columns of reading matter.

The following is from the Albany *Centinel* of May 21, 1802 :

Affize of Bread.

WHEAT per bushel nine Shillings —— a LOAF of inspected Wheat Flour to weigh two pounds and one ounce, for Six Pence — a Loaf of inspected Wheat Flour to weigh four pounds and two ounces, for One Shilling — a Loaf of common Wheat Flour to weigh two pounds seven ounces and eight drams, for Six Pence — a Loaf of common Wheat Flour to weigh four pounds fifteen ounces and eight drams, for One Shilling.

P. S. VAN RENSSELAER. Mayor.

Albany, March 18, 1802.

Such notices as the following were common.

From the *United States Oracle*, Dec. 19, 1801 :

☞ That WOMAN being well known who took a Bundle from the shop of the subscriber (as was advertised in the last Oracle) is now earnestly requested to return the same — otherwise she will be exposed, and dealt with in a more expensive manner.

EDWARD PARRY.

Portsmouth, Dec. 19, 1801.

From the Hudson *Gazette*, June 15, 1802 :

THE borrower is requested to return an AUGER, constructed for the boring of Post-Holes — for which the lender will give him thanks.

C. GELSTON.

Hudson, June 7, 1802.

From the *United States Oracle*, Jan. 16, 1802 :

WHEREAS Elizabeth, the wife of me the Subscriber, hath in a very scandalous manner eloped from my house for a number of months past, and still continues to absent herself from me, and will not bed nor board with me — I therefore forbid any person or persons boarding, harboring, or supplying her with any thing whatsoever, as I am determined not to pay one farthing for her. JOSEPH FIELD.

KITTERY, *January* 16, 1802.

The next tells its story in plain terms. It is from the Boston *Gazette* of April 15, 1802 :

☞ A Woman with a good breast of milk, who can be well recommended, wishes to go into a family to suckle a child. Inq. of the Printers. April 15.

What would some of our modern misses think of getting up and going to school at six o'clock in the morning? Here is an announcement that appeared in the *United States Oracle* of April 3, 1802 :

SCHOOL.

A Morning School for MISSES

WILL be opened in the chamber of the brick School-House, on the nineteenth of April.

Attendance — one hour and a half, beginning at 6 o'clock.

Price, 13/6 a quarter — 15/ for those who may chose to be furnished by the instructors with paper, ink, and pens.

A few Lads may be admitted.

SAMUEL & AMOS TAPPAN.

Most of the business advertisements were plain, matter-of-fact announcements setting forth in sober terms whatever the advertiser wished to communicate to the public. There were a few exceptions, however, the most conspicuous of which were notices of lotteries. Proprietors of these institutions were probably the pioneers in the art of sensational advertising. Here is one of their devices to attract attention, taken from the Albany *Centinel* of January 13, 1802 :

A Curious Machine!

HAS lately been advertised, which will *churn, scrape potatoes, rock a cradle, and darn stockings!* — However curious and useful *this* may appear, there is *another* Machine, (old invention,) which not only performs all these things, but even more — *it enables us to* OBTAIN THEM ! This last machine, is in the form of a *lottery wheel;* and, if any dispute its superiority over the *new* invention — let them purchase a TICKET and try the experiment ! — Tickets and Quarters, in the 8th class Amoskeag Canal Lottery, now drawing, for sale, by S. GILBERT, Centinel-Office. Jan. 13.

This is the way an injured farmer cautions the community against a rascal, through the columns of the Albany *Centinel :*

ADVERTISEMENT.

In order that my fellow-men may not be injured by a person by the name of JONATHAN SPRAGUE, who hath not a little injured me, I shall describe his person, and in some manner, his conduct. He is about six feet high, twenty-four years old, has blue eyes, short curled hair, his left foot and ankle are so much deformed, that he can't walk without limping considerably — he is much for talking, and no less for telling that which is not true. He has no stated home — works about at farming for a livelihood — travels from place to place, as his misconduct compels him. In his flight from Rutland, in consequence of the severity of the law upon him, for some crime he has committed (as I have been informed) he fell in my employ — hired for twelve months took up his wages as fast as he earned them — worked about 4 months — feigned himself sick (as I suppose) desired a horse of me to go to a doctor, which I obliged him with, — and never have seen him since. This is not designed to be prejudicial to the person above described, but as a hint to those who, by chance, may have dealings with him; and that it may have a tendency to strike a damp, not only upon his ungrateful conduct, but upon all those who are thus viciously inclined, and for which purpose, many advertisements, expressive of the ingratitude and infernal views of such delinquents, pursue them in whatever part of the world they may flee to, in order that those crimes, which perhaps, are not of magnitude sufficient to summon them to the confines of a state's prison, or to the narrow limits of the grave, may be suppressed, is the request of

JOSEPH C. DEAN.

Clinton Town, Pleasant Valley, 2d mo. 10th, 1802.

And here is an advertisement of a school-book, of which "we boys" have often heard our fathers and grandfathers speak. It is taken from the *Columbian Centinel* of April 3, 1802 :

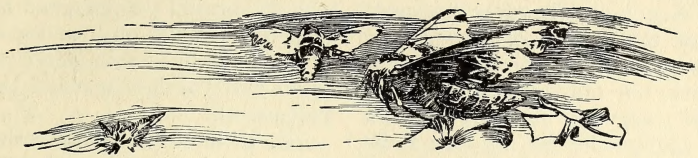
THE FRANKLIN PRIMER.

NOW in the press, and will in a few days be for sale, at the various Bookstores in the town, a new publication, entitled

The FRANKLIN PRIMER — (as a substitute for the Old Primer, which has of late become almost obsolete) — containing a new and useful selection of Moral Lessons, interspersed with tables suitable for the work of children — together with a concise History of the World — with a variety of elegant cuts, representing some of the most striking passages in the course of the history — calculated to strike a lasting impression on the minds of children. — By a friend to youth.

Boston, April 3, 1802.

This shall close the selections. It is perhaps superfluous to mention that the extracts made are not in all cases original with the sources quoted. Credit has been given to show the times and places in which they were current, and to exhibit some phases of journalism and social life at the beginning of the present century. Do the ghosts of the departed editors hover over these pages? Let us bespeak their benediction and give them our greeting, ere they float away to the ghostly land where they now abide — perhaps to tell their companion spirits of the magic changes wrought in the world of newspapers in ninety years.



AN APRIL SKETCH.

THE ruddy sun fades slowly in the west,
And rising mists enshroud the landscape, where
Already Spring has touched the faded grass
That grows beside the gently rippling stream,
Which, bending low, casts on its silvery breast
Faint vernal shadows of the coming May;
And branches bare, now tipped with swelling buds,
Are etched against the faintly glowing sky.

A MAY SKETCH.

A SKY of clearest blue, with fleecy clouds
Floating in dreamy softness o'er its face;
And outlined upon this, the distant hills
Are touched with gentle radiance by the sun.
Above the tangled alder thicket green,
The willows droop their golden-fringèd boughs,
Until they touch the mirrored sky beneath
And idly kiss their image in the pool.

— *Catherine Thayer.*

MY LADY WENTWORTH.

By Adeline A. Knight.

AFTER all one's labors, pacing and dancing and standing and bowing, what a life it is!" said a husky voice from the bed. It's owner, gray-faced, unshaven, and fearfully thin, coughed with pain and looked wistfully out upon the dressing-glass and a beauty absorbed in the settling of a pompon. This beauty's bloom was entirely natural, and no woman's face in Portsmouth could bear the comparison. She belittled everybody near her. No wonder the husband, dying behind the bed curtains, now drawn far apart for air, looked hungrily at her. But she pulled off and redisposed the pompon, and fastened with careful particularity the old clasps of her jewels.

"Wait till November, and then you'll get a pretty taste of the blasts there," gasped the lean man in the bed. "Running along those cold passages, then bursting into a room fit to bake you, then back again into a whiff from the stairs enough to blow you a mile off!

You'll have your share, ma'am, I promise you that! You'll get laid up in three days, take my word for that!"

And the Honorable Theodore Atkinson, secretary of the province, lay panting among his pillows, too proud to show pain of spirit, but craving notice like all sick people; craving notice which his handsome young wife did not care about bestowing upon him apparently. And this question of the winter subscription to the assemblies was a vexed one, already fought hotly enough with mother Atkinson; fought not at all in the great sick room, where her fading husband lay all day, with his high-backed chair, his moreen curtains, and his fire flickering on the polished andirons, for company.

"Columb *does* let the plum porridge cool," said the sick man whimsically, and smiling faintly. "And 'tis merely the first assembly to-night, Frances. The time you are in here is the best hour of my day!" And he stopped, pale and exhausted.

"If 'twould do you any good," said the beautiful young woman sweetly, as if she was saying a pleasant thing. "But it is to go and be fine in my best, and then for the minuet with — with Colonel Michael, maybe; or it's here in a coolish room with the lonely wind coming up the bay — and you, to be sure," she added a trifle ashamed.

"'Tis no comparison," came from the pallid lips in the bed, dryly. And Mrs. Frances Deering Atkinson looking forth through the little diamond-shaped window panes at the street steeped in mellow October sunlight, was for an instant struck with a melancholy very foreign to her ease-loving nature. Very likely the faint sweet scent of the fallen leaves suggested that it was possibly her husband's last night in the world, for the physicians had warned that the end would be "almost any time." She was a little frightened to find that she did not mind. Then she shook out her suit of silk upon tiffany, delicate and pretty, and going hastily to the bed put her tiny hand into the transparent hot fingers thrust out to receive it.

Nothing was said. Mr. Atkinson was a young man, but he was used to his treatment, and his lady was wholly careless that she was throwing a very good love away. And then came in Columb with the invalid's supper, and Mrs. Atkinson, with a vague smile and a slight tuck to his bedclothes, shimmered downstairs, a tall and peerless married belle of old Portsmouth.

The table of the eating parlor was laid with a high tea, dimly showing by four candles in silver sticks. The tea service of odd little china cups and saucers was set ready to her hand at the head of the long table, full of pretty and hearty dishes, with butter shaped like a pine-apple served with scraped beef, garnished with a wreath of curled parsley, custards in glasses with toast in long sippets, a dish of buttered lobsters, beans served with cream sauce, roasted potatoes, collared pig's head next a plate of cheese cakes, and gooseberry fool by a platter of scollops. At this table stood awaiting her a stout man, but very upright, manly and fashionable, with a glance her way of easy power.

It was a very charming woman who poured the tea by the light of the candles, expressing as she did, by every movement of her eloquent person, her pleasure in her company, although the meal progressed but silently, being full of a language of looks and of that magnetism by which some people in every generation can comprehend each other wordlessly. The handsome man sitting by her, gotten up with the last refinement of the old *regime* style of dress, certainly made a very effective and pleasing picture, in his turn, as the esquire of the delicately frilled and adorned lady, His hostess, for her part, sat a trifle awed before the royal governor of the province, for he was no less, and gazed approvingly upon his white, heavily jewelled hands as he lifted his egg-shell-like teacup.

Madam Atkinson was in her best looks, to-night, her guest thought, surveying her finely moulded bare arms. Decidedly, to a modern mind, his manners were what were to be expected of a man who so openly courted a matron in her own house.

"And Colonel Michael Wentworth is to lead the minuet," said the beauty, her

whole manner bespeaking a lady all alive. "I'm glad I'm not to miss it. Do you see, sir, I'm in all my fineries?" and she playfully turned her extraordinarily dressed head, which shone with grotesquely large pins of very good stones.

The young Governor John Wentworth, who had sailed to England to make his fortune, exceedingly in love with Frances Deering of Boston, and had returned with it made, and with a bachelor heart very ready to be given anew to Mrs. Frances Deering Atkinson, ten times handsomer than ever, and nursing a hectic spouse, was especially taken by a certain little indolence which characterized this Portsmouth beauty at the tea board. Hot-blooded and hasty himself, he had a delightful sense of drinking in leisure in the society of his old flame, who had a grace of gentle breeding which never forsook her, though in real refinement of feeling and habit there was nothing to choose between this daring pair, already the theme of all the tea tables up and down Court and Vaughan Streets.

Yet Madam Atkinson was obliged to miss Colonel Michael and the minuet. For all over the old house, in its stillness, doors commenced to slam, with a running up and down stairs, and with many a tumultuous sign of change multiplying about the eating parlor wherein the young mistress of the mansion sat dismayed, with her exquisite tint deserting her. The door was thrown violently open, and a red-faced, heavy man appeared in the doorway.

"Madam, your husband is no more," said he harshly, but quaveringly, the words evidently hurting him.

"I can't go. I can't go up there. O what shall I do!" poor Mrs. Atkinson screamed, all her caprices, as natural to her as the foam is to the wave, miserably gone, leaving her trembling like a leaf in the wind, with uncontrollable cowardice, but looking significantly into the blue eyes of the governor for help, and not at all upon Dr. Moses in the doorway, who stood surveying both with much indignation.

"If you do not hand Mrs. Atkinson to the chamber stairs," said the doctor, in an angry guttural, "your Excellency ain't fit to carry garbage to a bear."

"Man, you are too bold," said Governor John Wentworth, flushing. "You must either recall your words, or quit Mrs. Atkinson's service."

"Well, I will take them back," said the doctor. "*You are fit.*" And he turned on his heel.

"You must go up at once, dear," said the governor gently. "'Tis expected. Faith! he's been good to you. I don't see how you can keep away. 'T is all over, sweetheart!" he whispered again, with a pressure of the polished shoulders so near him; and by dint of leading her to the stairway foot, and watching her up the landings, the governor made sure she had gone to her duty.

On the andirons the sticks which she saw Columb lay, an hour back, were still burning with spurts of flame; everything looked the same, except the still man on the bed, who had changed worlds since she pattered down to tea. And over the gray face in the bedclothes were bending a couple in a grief to move the heart of any one born of woman: his father and mother, whose acres and whose lavish style of living gave them great consideration everywhere, but who could not keep their only son.

"His forehead is warm yet," whispered this poor mother, piteously giving way at the bed to his shrinking wife.

Young Madam Atkinson wished she had not gone down to supper; it is disagreeable to have thwarted a last wish. But another reflection pushed that regret from its stool in a moment, and clad in a proof armor of infatuation, she replaced the dead hand in his mother's grasp, and gave up her bedroom to those who desired to mourn. The admired young chatelaine of Atkinson House stood to-night at a point in her life where mourning had small place. The briefest term of courtship was what was to be expected of Governor John.

Three days afterwards, Mr. Secretary Atkinson's funeral train climbed the hill to St. John's church, in the middle of an afternoon as cloudless, warm, fragrant, and sad as October days be. In the first coach sat Mrs. Atkinson alone, as was her right to ride, her little black mittened hands crossed upon her lap.

Mrs. Atkinson shivered at times in the mild air, bracing as wine, and she peeped out at the bier now and then when the battery of the fort and the guns of the *Beaver* riding in the harbor hurtled across the town, overpowering the tolling bells of St. John's. She was dumbly sorry for the stark form ahead of her, whose arms had been always open to her for seven years, — and a good deal afraid of it, to tell the truth. Long years these were to young Mrs. Atkinson, although it seemed a short while since the match with him looked a grand thing to her, — to her, a slip of a girl dwelling in a plain street in Boston; for to match with the heir of the rich Portsmouth Atkinsons, and to own their famous silver dishes, and to send for gowns to London shops, was to contract an alliance, as they say in our day. And the young, reticent man, who stood for all these good things, was speedily too deep in love with her sweet lips and wonderful skin to mind whether his bride possessed a heart or no.

And to-day he was going to his burial, out of this warm day which his widow gazed at and valued like a child of the sun, as she was. Ahead, by the bier, Dr. Moses, the eccentric retainer of the Atkinsons, marched clumsily, the seams of his worn, hired mourning coat showing well in the full light. Dr. Moses was a character, just missing in some points being that strange thing, a genius. Mrs. Atkinson wondered at his wiping his eyes. She did not feel like tears. For a moment she was startled vaguely because she did not. And then the coach stopped at the porch of old Queen's Chapel.

Up by the new porphyry font from Senegal they laid him, and spread a purple pall over him. She sat near enough to have touched this pall. "In the days of his youth," the rector was saying. It seemed such a pity, even to his fair unmoved wife — "in the days of his youth." With a faint compunction and desire to make amends, she recalled well how he had loved her, and how, spaniel-wise, he had followed her about, giving everything and getting nothing; and, with an uncertainty of disposition which made Mrs. Atkinson like two persons, now proud and silent, and then gay and sweet, she remembered what she might have made of the great Atkinson foreroom — a bright place, swarming with children, with a toast who had foresworn the Assemblies sitting at her wheel in their midst, and with a pale young fellow reading conceits to her out of his books. But even as she pictured this, with an uneasy conscience, an intoxicating sense of something more to her mind, and now possible, stole over her, and she felt the presence of the broad-shouldered governor in his canopied pew.

Then they carried the bier out of doors into the wind-swept cemetery of St. John's; and the widow, following in an independent, self-sufficing way, which made the family retainers stare at her curiously, felt touched suddenly by the stiff breeze of the making tide, and looked down upon the wonderful, stimulating landscape, where Portsmouth harbor lay like a map unrolled, with the blue sea encircling its islands and lapping its shores. It was a view powerful enough to tell upon even a selfish toast, but unfortunately only in a way to strengthen her for her own desires. Perfumes from old-fashioned gardens at the foot of the cemetery slope mixed themselves with the salt scents, and moved Madam Atkinson. She shrank away from the tomb, and refused to look when the purple-veiled coffin was carried by her, and she drew a little nearer to Governor Wentworth, who stood also in the brittle, frost-bitten grass, his magnificent clothes of white satin and violet velvet flapping and blown about in the rushing wind.

It was over, she reflected; and she straightened her slim shape in a way which made mother-in-law Atkinson regard her jealously. This stalwart royal official with the ribbon and star loved not books, nor to watch landscapes, nor to repeat tiresome jokes by dirty townsmen upon paved street, — he loved her. By a look she could make his white, masterful hands quiver and work with nervousness. She could not be thus stirred, she reflected with curiosity, being new to self-examinations and quite unaware that affection is a plant of growth, and is not depended upon for fruit before it has sprouted and come to leaf. Yet after her

fashion Mrs. Atkinson loved Governor John Wentworth, as Cleopatra loved Antony. Not that Cleopatra's affection could have been worth very much to any man, — bad, bold flower from a soil of self-pleasing. But the great Egyptian, and this lovely dame of Portsmouth, of the year of our Lord 1769, believed that what they had to bestow was as priceless as if it had grown from noble nature and inflexible honor.

"But, ma'am, I tell you this won't do," protested the governor that night, with his scarlet sleeve around the widow's trim waist. He had made haste to put off his mourning coat. "I'm to have the regulation of you, Frances. And I won't come into this house after you now. Faith! I won't."

A late bird was singing in a bush at the swinging window, and the sweet wind touched the lady's face. She liked to feel the wandering wind of twilight; it was akin to her restless self. But she did not look restless as her lustrous hair lay upon the governor's shoulder, and she returned his attentions silently and shyly until he was in a delirium of delight. And truly she was grateful to this gentleman, who was the first gentleman in New Hampshire, and was going to give her precedence of every woman in the province, — and yet whom she could wind around her finger.

"I'm not loath," said she softly, "to wed you; it's a great honor, to be sure. But there's my year of mourning, if it is a great honor, and all that."

"Your year of mourning, Frances! Your *day*, we will say. For by the Lord who made me, you'll be Lady Wentworth to-morrow!"

"To-morrow!" screeched Madam Atkinson, for her rippling speech was capable of waxing shrill. "And I to be a fit bride without new clothes!"

"Listen, Frances! By six of the clock to-morrow night I'll be in Boston for a whole milliner's shop with its tirewomen. And then, sweetheart, as soon as the gown is sewn" —

Madam Atkinson knew he meant it, and she always fancied a bold man. Her eyes flashed their liking as her pretty arm stole around his neck, and she murmured:

"'Tis Wednesday to-day. I dare say on the tenth day hence, if you get enough sewing women."

"And have off this black thing, Frances! I hate it, though why I know not; for poor Atkinson never did me any ill."

"O he's safe behind that stone door. What a door that is, though! And here be you and me in this comfortable room, John." And the beautiful face drew very near his.

"Nay, now, sweet! 'Tis an awesome fate to be shut up in that old tomb at his age," said her lover, kissing her, but feeling for one brief, disloyal minute that he would dislike to have his own death taken so coolly.

Plenty of seamstresses came up to Portsmouth by the next stage, with patterns of great flowered silks, which they fell to cutting and shaping and stitching, sitting in their stiff, unrelenting chairs in the bedroom of Widow Atkinson, who tried on and tossed over materials, and found fault and approved, as if she were to be a girl bride instead of the survivor of a solemn scene but a few days old.

"This is well," she said caressingly, to one particular dressmaker whose fits were perfection, as she stood complete in a filmy shortgown of a pattern of tulips and dragons, at the end of a day's work. "You'd best cut out the neck a bit more, though; can you not?" And she smiled serenely upon her long glass, in the full assurance of a satin skin deserving of yellow old laces, a dainty vision of what flesh and blood could be in her day and generation.

A dainty vision she was to Governor Wentworth, who was making his way into the room at that moment, to the scandal of the workers upon half-done bodices and tuckers, and who took his bride in his arms with the same consideration for the tirewomen as if they had been bronze figures. The governor's grace of bearing was not yet much marred by a dissipated life; and as he stood with the lady in the middle of the littered room, they seemed a couple out of the days when conscienceless creatures "took untroubled the things which seemed to them good; when scruples were not, nor right and wrong yet named."

"Come into the garden, darling," coaxed the bridegroom to be; and the pretty woman, after taking time to fold all the laces carefully, went out with him among the old flower beds, fragrant of their box borderings, and along paths streaked with old moulds.

"Faith, Frances!" observed the governor, "you shall see the great Bible my Aunt Ladd hath sent on. The clasps are gold, on my honor."

"A Bible!" Mrs. Atkinson faltered, in blank dismay. "And I had counted upon a fair set of those Pekin plates of hers."

"Why, upon honor, sweet wife!" said Governor Wentworth, evidently surprised and hurt, but as tenderly as could be. "I'm but a sinner, sure; but I'd rather have that fair big Bible to our wedding than a cargo of porcelain trumperies. 'Twill bring for us fortune, belike."

"But it remindeth of Queen's Chapel," retorted his lady in a voice very low and sweet and obstinate, "with its pages writ with births and deaths. Surely, there's plenty o' years before we need think on such things, John! To be sure, when we be old and come back from the king's court, we'll set up the great book in the fore room and con it daily," she added, with an entreating endearment, as she felt his tender mood cooling, — she could not imagine for what reason, — because of her speech, which she privately considered was plain good sense itself. But the governor was a literal person.

"Nay, Frances!" he said rather firmly. "I have no mind for the court while my farms are what they are now. We will pass our years here in the province, please God, and lie down together at their close like true mates, thanking Him for our spent happiness." And the impetuous, burly man, who had been always after his fashion faithful to her, thrilled at the prospect.

Mrs. Atkinson did not quite echo this. She could not certainly admit that she desired to become a perpetual charm and a benison to any man. Still, she was much in love, she thought, and her lover's breath was on her cheek, so she forebore to tease; and the governor, who did not possess a luminous mind, was far from supposing that this round and dimpled dame, whose soft face he was pressing to his, would be able to ease herself in the future by throwing down those burdens of humanity which she was framed to bear, and which he had not any intention of endeavoring to avoid.

On Saturday morning, November eleventh, just ten days after the funeral, another procession came out of Atkinson House for St. John's on the hill. Down in the harbor the colors were fluttering upon the shipping, and the bells rang, and the shops were shut. And in the state coach sat rose-like Mrs. Atkinson, her glossy hair strained up over an enormous cushion, and her person fine in a rich gown with sleeves as tight as the skin, her wedding dress being completed by an apron of old Mechlin lace, which was lifted by the air like a cobweb. Neck and arms and fingers gleamed with a medley of colored jewels in the taste of the time. She sat in perfect content and happiness beside the splendidly arrayed bridegroom, while the coaches made their way slowly through staring crowds with coarse jokes on their lips; not ill-natured crowds, for the governor was popular, and the bride was worth looking at. So she was married and mated, she deluded herself into believing. The next six years had no power over Lady Wentworth's looks, for she possessed features which years did not wither; but they told upon her morally, and unfortunately. The seasons passed in Portsmouth and in Wolfsborough, where a rambling, spacious house received her during the summers, and shut her up from the world with the governor, who cultivated a great farm of near four thousand acres. The Wolfsborough summers were, after all, as much to her taste as the chatelaines of old Portsmouth, among whom she felt terribly alone; as much to her liking as pretty Madam Hancock with her gowns, and Madam Pickett with her tiring discourse of her sons, and the Benning Wentworths with their ado over dinners. The thing to do, according to Lady Frances Wentworth, was to rub one's face with May dew, and forbear excitement, and refresh with punch, — no mere punch for dames, but hot and

strong, and dipped with a generous ladle. Her strong drinks were altering her figure, but she was not able to let them alone, for they suffered her to forget.

Brilliant Lady Wentworth had reached the pass of desiring to forget. Having quickness, she had found out in a month that Governor John Wentworth was not the equal of Theodore Atkinson, in spite of being a man to have taken the fancy of old Queen Charlotte herself. And as deficiency was fatal to his wife's caprice for him, she grew to tolerate him, to dislike him, to be irritated by his presence, according to her stages of disregard; and to make up to herself, also, for the loneliness of solitude, the obstruction which there is in intimacy without companionship, by the freest manners and the loudest laughs, as well as by the more decorous delight of dresses of the most extravagant richness in the province. And there was always the governor's great punch bowl for company, when the men were gone. No amber drink or Toulon for her, dealt out in the thimble-like glasses of the Wentworth sideboard.

The governor's establishment at Wolfsborough came to know her ways, as we all are judged from hour to hour by the witnesses of our daily living; so that when her soft, high-heeled shoes came pattering into the roomy, pleasant kitchen, with its south windows full of pot herbs, it was well understood it was never for the housekeeping, for she pretended to no talent for it.

On the settle, in the chimney side, this day, lounged the governor's secretary, adding accounts, and courting a winsome, smiling young woman, who walked back and forth in the middle of the sanded floor, spinning at her great wheel. Lady Wentworth's starry eyes read this little kitchen idyl well enough, and she resented with a quick resentment the fresher fairness of the girl's milky skin; for the moment the older woman, who looked immortal, was jealous of this very briefest type of beauty — the New England flower-leaf prettiness which the years make haste to smite.

"Well, sir, you're for the husking to-night, I make no doubt!" cried the lady with a disdainful species of civility to the secretary. "Expect me your way after I find red ears."

The secretary, who was none too wise, bowed to the floor at the attention.

"This goody here will be sure to get a red ear if you are by, won't you, child?"

The maid's face burnt furiously, but she managed to stammer, as she bent over her tow:

"No, I shan't, my lady. I don't choose to."

"Don't you?" said Lady Wentworth dryly. "And why not?"

"I don't want the red ears, ma'am."

"How fine!" sneered her lady with an unpleasant laugh. "They are just what you want, and what all the maids want. But you're not honest enough to say so. You can be my beau to the south barn this afternoon, Mr. Secretary;" and Lady Wentworth with a careless deference treated the young fellow to a bewildering smile. But she did not look the girl's way.

"So, ho!" bawled Lady Wentworth, coarsely and maliciously, three hours later, when she came upon the spinner in the barn. "Thy man's lips taste rarely, my wench." She passed along, shaking delicate scents from her skirts, envied even by the pretty maidens whose bachelors she was making free with, and tolerating freedoms she would have been the last to brook before dinner.

"You are not to go to this husking, dame," the governor had said hotly at dinner. "'Tis too much condescension. I do not choose to have thy face kissed by all my farmers."

Instead of temper and of promises, Lady Wentworth had put her face with its unworn beauty close to his, and offered him her lips; and the governor, who secretly felt he was on the outside of his dame's life, was flattered by her tenderness, and dallying with a spell of supreme attraction, which was outlasting his esteem for her, tacitly consented, and hung around the barns thereafter, too proud to go in among his farmers, and far too sore-hearted to keep away.

"There's no use, my lady! The door's fast," whispered the secretary to his weary companion in brocade, as they

stood on the porch in the starlight and tried the house door together.

Lady Wentworth said nothing, being speechless with wrath. She was stealing blazing sidelong glances at the windows of her bedroom. Suddenly, tremulous with anger, she shook the door noisily, calling sharply:

"I shall go to bed though, John! The water is soft. Oh, I shall get to bed!"

And letting go the knocker, she darted off toward Smith's Pond, which was a lakelet fringing her lawns, very well aware, however, of the opening door, the great oaths, and heavy feet in pursuit of her. Stepping noiselessly upon the soft mould of the garden beds, she suffered them to pass, and flitting back she opened narrowly the big door, and flashed through it, to slam and bolt and bar it instantly, to the discomfiture of the master of the house and of his secretary alike, who spent the night together upon the garden seats, — for no scullion dared open a casement to them.

My Lady Wentworth had no better hours in her handsome chamber. It was for this, she considered with herself, lighting all her candles, and staring hard in the mirror, — it was for this that she gave up the chance of a titled match in England, which all Theodore Atkinson's money would have well put her in the way of. And this flawless face of hers, whose pale perfection looked back at her from her glass, was to pass and fade among these hay-makings and hog-killings, with a change, to be sure, of winters, to the Portsmouth revels which she knew by heart. And she was thirty-three only, and had plenty of years to live! — to die in rather, and by inches! she said inwardly.

"Gramercy, governor," said Lady Wentworth to her lord one day in the late spring of the next year, the famous 1775, "'tis useless to stay; and since this pestilent Virginian hath come up here to Boston, things look mightily like the losing of our lands. To go to England is to live at ease till he be hanged."

"Beyond doubt His Majesty will put this down in the year!" observed Governor Wentworth irresolutely and with troubled eves; "and just now I have plenty to live upon at court till it be blown."

"And never a lace head in this market!" chimed in his lady, leaning towards him, with the subtle fragrance of her hair and dress floating around her. "A fit court they be setting up in Boston, indeed! Let us get hence with my emeralds before they be called for to dress up the blue and buff militiamen."

Governor Wentworth hesitated and looked away. Into his foreroom came drifting the slow wind, swelling the ruffled curtains and stirring pleasantly the quaint, stiff keepsakes upon his tables. The trifles, and the rich room, and the town of Portsmouth itself were a part of his life, not to be left easily by this ease-loving gentleman. But he had lived in London in his youth, a tie which cast, a prejudice into the veins of more than one, which boiled along there, until the gates of death shut down. Besides, he was fond of his wife, and it occurred to him in his weakness that a gift of some London seasons might stimulate her kindness, discouragingly slight for a long way back. His means lay altogether in the direction of loyalty also, and his relatives were that way, too. Governor John Wentworth would have laughed loudly over a predicted republic; for like many in the conservative town he believed in rights divine, and especially in the stations in which it had pleased the Lord to set people.

One of old Queen Charlotte's drawing-rooms was going forward, kept in London during a dense fog. There was no seeing anything and no knowing anybody, as the queen said herself, standing primly with her painfully plain face and gorgeous jewelry, to receive the courtesies of London good society; until finally the punctilious woman paused and stood quite still in the gathering darkness, making the Duchess of Ancaster ask everybody who they were and if they had been spoken to or not. For those were the days of twinkling, infrequent candles, which lit up but poorly the throne-room at St. James's, where the rigid, small first lady of England saw company, and talked broken English to those she delighted to honor.

A lady came up to the queen in a gown as costly as the royal apparel itself, but not set off by such clumsy, large brooches and ornaments of precious stones as made the ugly little queen gleam and sparkle in the candlelight, as if she were sprinkled with hoar frost and dew. There was an undaunted gay air to this stranger to match the money in her laces; and Queen Charlotte eyed her with very considerable respect, as after her sweeping obeisance, and the light touch of velvety lips to the royal hand, she exchanged compliments with the Duchess of Ancaster, who marvelled at the hoop and furbelows far better than her own.

"I am much beholden to you for my lord's turtle dinner," whispered Lady Harcourt civilly to this new attraction, who was taking a place among the queen's women in a little suppressed tumult of acclaim. "Twas my misfortune I could not wait upon you. My lord says none but the great city men ever give such a turtle feast. Twas beyond poor Nuneham."

"Oh, ma'am," cried Lady Wentworth, flattered and offended also, and she could not have told wherefore, by the keen, dark, feminine eyes upon the superior force and beauty of her countenance, and desiring too, as usual, to say something insolent, — "Lord Harcourt must be used to a plain dinner at Nuneham! 'Twas the turtle we have twice a week, no more, I do assure you, ma'am! The governor hath a tank of the creatures. And so 'twas my turtles, and not me that stuck in the memory of my lord!" And her loud tone and bold eyes wandered Lord Harcourt's way, as with the ease of a practised courtier, he was backing down the room before King George and the Queen, who were beginning the circuit.

"It is likely, ma'am, he will have chances to mend his bad manners," said Lady Harcourt coldly, conscious of the gauntlet flung by this truly beautiful colonist, with her face dateless of days.

"Faith!" said the Duke of Queensbury to his neighbor in the circle. "This little Wentworth hath spirit. And what a tint and texture! Reminds me of Coghlan. Behaves like her, too; damned if she does not." And the duke, as soon as the "royals" were past, started to pay his perilous compliments, which, they said, in his time, no woman could accept and keep her name untarnished; while ex-Governor Wentworth, fat and florid, with bleared eyes, and flesh softening from excessive drinking, looked on with a slow displeasure at the usual triumph of his dame.

So the years went on, years with no more Wolfsborough in them, and not too much credit either, for that matter, in a fine house which woke to life at high noon to be ready for Lady Wentworth's company, and her card tables by evening; years full of the changing fortunes which freed the colonies, though that was an event wholly ignored in Lady Wentworth's circle.

"Nay, now, Puss," observed my lady one day, chucking under the chin a smart young peeress who had just been set down from her coach at the Royal Lodge for her three months waitings. "You are pretty, child! Did never any one tell it you besides my lord?"

And with the generosity which a famous toast can afford to show sometimes, Lady Wentworth patted the noble young wife's absolutely fresh face, and spread out her pink palms soft as are ever the hands of such; while the new queen's woman, mortally afraid of the best known lady of Queen Charlotte's court, blushed and stared admiringly into the wonderful eyes with their compelling power, and said eagerly:

"You shall tell me what to say, ma'am, if you'll do me that favor, when the equerries are civil to me — if so happen they are," — her stammering voice dropping in bashfulness before this Helen of the palace, who stood before her, so assured, so good-natured, and so faultless of gown.

"I'll tell thee what is good for thee, child. Would I had had it said to me when I was thy age in my fair house in the colonies! Forget the equerries when thy three months are done; and spread marigolds to dry, and make comfits in thy lord's old hall down in Nor-

folk, and think only of children at thy knees and thy lord's face across thy dinner table. Not that the life would ever have done for me!" my lady added, harshly, checking this rare moment with a hard laugh, the youthful queen's woman, who had a sweet face and slow wit, comprehending little of the exhortation or the mirth, beyond a feeling that the advice was passing strange, and that it would be very foolish to go down into Norfolk again without leaving some damaged heart among the king's equerries.

But we live but to die, and Lady Frances Wentworth had to suffer an old age like any other mortal, an unwilling old age in a country house, with a sad feeling that she really belonged to no land. In fact, her tory life had effaced her pretty well in the old town by the sea, although when she dwelt with vivid and various reminiscence upon the years of her first marriage, as she once would have smiled to think she could ever choose so to dwell, she would wonder if the village of Atkinson, named after her father-in-law, had ever been re-named, and if his dole of bread was continued still at St. John's Church, and if Francestown and Deering, bestowed by her hearty governor in the days of his first enchantment, yet were keeping her career in men's minds in the province she had deserted so carelessly and so willingly.

"Fancy, Polly," wrote off the young mistress of a gray old fortress in Berks, in the year 1813, to her town friend, "fancy me with naught of London by me but my coach, whipping up syllabubs to the critical praise of my housekeeper, pacing on my pony beside my lord on his rounds, and nursing an old world toast who is here to make her end! She is my lord's kinswoman, though as a colonist the family look cold at her. She lies all day, Polly, for she can rise no more, slipping the heavy old rings upon her little fingers and studying her caps of mornings. Her women only know the strength of her possets of afternoons. 'Tis easy to see she is of some old-time circle to match that of Carlton House; but she must have been a sweet girl. Heigh ho! We are led but to follow, Polly! Some day some chit will be nursing of mine own death bed! I send kisses to the shuttered house in Chester Place, till such time as we shall get up to town and fling it open wide, and I can give you a hug in it."

THE WAYS OF LIFE.

By W. P. Dole.

FROM the same hill two sparkling streamlets go,
Seeming in haste to join the generous tide
That, like an artery vast, winds long and wide,
And nurtures life in all the plains below.
Thwarted and fretted in its early flow,
By sudden obstacle oft forced aside,
Yet with a purpose not to be denied,
The restless current brave, — now swift, now slow, —
Onward through rocky gorges fights its way,
Leaping at last, bright in the glow of day,
To the smooth river's bosom bordered fair
With fertile fields and happy homes of men:
And on its easy course doth idly bear
Through sluggish reeds to a mirk, oozy fen.

THE SWEET SINGER OF THE HOSPITALS.

By Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer.

President of the Woman's Relief Corps.

IN the fall of 1864, when the Union Army was massing against Richmond, the hospitals in and around Washington were very much overcrowded. Under orders from the Secretary of War, I had charge of the women managers of the "Special Diet Kitchens" connected with the hospitals all along the front lines. It also devolved upon me to select the women for these positions — two for each kitchen. They directed, under the orders of the Ward surgeons, the preparation of the food for the very sick and the severely wounded. In some of these special diet kitchens, more than a thousand patients were supplied with carefully prepared food, in great variety, three times each day. It will readily be seen that competent women were needed to properly manage the work in these important kitchens. They had not only to control a force of from twenty to thirty men, and direct their work, but they had the responsibility of securing the proper preparation of food on time and without confusion. Their official position also required that they should be women of culture and social standing, who would command the respect of the officers and surgeons in charge. It is greatly to the honor of the patriotic women of America, that scores of accomplished women volunteered to perform this difficult and arduous service. Great care was taken in their selection, and none were accepted who were not highly indorsed.

One day there came to headquarters in Washington a young lady from Pawtucket, R. I. She was twenty-two years old, as I afterwards learned, but she was so youthful in appearance that she looked much younger.

"I am Lizzie Billings," she said by way of introduction. "I was ready and waiting, and as soon as I received your letter containing the pass and orders to come, I started."

My heart sank within me. I was expecting Lizzie Billings, but I had anticipated meeting a very different looking person. Every letter of recommendation had said:

> "Although Miss Billings is young in years, she is mature in character, and represents the highest type of American womanhood. She will command respect anywhere. We commend her to you, as one of our noblest women, one who will be equal in any position, and who will never falter, or fail in the line of duty."

I had therefore expected to meet a woman of commanding presence, whose appearance would indicate experience and inspire confidence that she was equal to any emergency. But she was small and childlike in her appearance, and plain and unconventional in her manners.

Although much disappointed, I received her as graciously as possible; but when she inquired "Where am I to go?" I did not feel safe in assigning her to hospital duty. So I answered:

"You will stay here for the present." My courage, however, almost failed me when she said:

"I brought my little melodeon with me; I thought it might be useful."

And sure enough, when her baggage was brought up, the tiniest melodeon I have ever seen was taken out of its box.

"What shall we do with that dear innocent child from Rhode Island, and her little melodeon?" I said privately to my secretary, a little later. But she could not solve the problem. When the heavy work of the day was over, we joined Miss Billings in the parlor. After some conversation she inquired with childlike simplicity:

"Would you like to have me play and sing?"

We assented, and she at once took her seat at the melodeon. We were charmed and amazed. It seemed as if the curtains of Heaven had been suddenly

drawn apart, and the song of an angel was floating down upon us. The tones of the little instrument were soft and clear, and the voice of the singer was remarkably sweet and sympathetic. Her notes thrilled one — there was life in them.

After listening to her for an hour, all our own weariness and anxiety were gone, and we knew just what to do with Lizzie Billings. There were tens of thousands of burdened souls all about us, and she, with her wonderful gift of song, could lift some drooping spirits, and pour the balm of peace into some wounded, fainting hearts.

The next morning I took her and her little melodeon in my ambulance over to Campbell Hospital, and requested her to sing as she had opportunity. The sick and wounded were quartered in great wooden barracks, eighty feet long. There were two rows of cots, one on each side of the room. That very day she went into one of these long wards. She had never been in a hospital before; and when she entered and saw the long rows of cots, and the pale and earnest faces of the men, all turned towards her, she grew faint and dizzy, and her courage almost failed her. She was powerless to do anything but walk on down the aisle. At last a soldier called feebly to her:

"Say, miss, can't you write a letter for me?"

It was a great relief to have the silence broken, and to have something to do. She seated herself beside his cot and asked:

"To whom shall I write?"

"My mother;" and he thrust his thin hand down under his pillow and drew forth a letter and handed it to her. She read the tender messages of his mother, and the others of the family with tears in her eyes; it was so pitiful that those who loved him so should be so far away when he needed them most.

"Tell her," he said, "that the doctors say I may live a week or two yet."

"Oh, you may get well yet!"

"No, I have a fatal disease, and can never get well."

"Shall I ask your mother to come to you?"

"No, she is too poor to come; but she is praying for me."

"Would you like to have me pray for you?"

"Yes, miss, if you will."

Lizzie Billings took one of his thin, cold hands in her own, and knelt there beside his cot, and offered up one of those tender prayers that come from the heart and go straight to Heaven. When she arose, every man who was able to be about the ward was standing around the cot, and many were wiping away the tears they could not restrain.

"Would you like to have me sing something?" she questioned.

"Oh, do!" they all entreated; and she sang one of those sweet religious songs that she could sing so well. Of course they were delighted, and urged her to come again.

"I have a melodeon," she said as she left them, "and if the surgeon will allow, I will come to-morrow and have that brought in."

The next day the little melodeon was brought in, and Miss Billings sang for them. The surgeon in charge was so delighted with her singing and its effects, that he gave orders that she should be allowed to go freely into all the wards to sing. From that time on, she devoted her whole time to singing, going from ward to ward, till all the thousands in that great hospital had been soothed and cheered again and again by the sweet melody of her voice.

The effect of her singing was so uplifting, that I extended her field, and had an ambulance detailed for her use, that she might visit other hospitals. From that time on she had her regular circuit, going day after day from hospital to hospital, to cheer the suffering and sorrowing ones. Men who had been strong in battle, to do and to dare, but now lay helpless and sorely wounded, with heart and flesh ready to fail, were made to forget their agony for a time, and to mount up on the wings of hope, leaving despair and death below them. Mothers and wives, who watched hopelessly by their dying ones, were helped to lift up their eyes to "the hills from whence cometh our help." That thousands were saved from despair

by this sweet singer of hospitals, there can be no doubt.

I found her afterwards in other fields of work, competent to manage large interests. She would have been equal to any position I could have given her, if I had known her ability; but it was well that I did not know. It was her blessed mission to lift the clouds of sorrow and despair and let in the sunshine of hope. In no other position could she have done so great and wonderful a work.

She has changed her name since then, and is now a minister's wife; but her voice still holds, with its sweet sympathetic cadence, the listening hundreds as of old, when she was known as "the sweet singer of the hospitals."

THE EDITORS' TABLE.

JUST as the question "Where are Vinland and Norumbega?" was discussed in our pages a month ago, there came to our table, in the form of a pamphlet so small that it can be read in half an hour, the clearest and most judicial essay upon "The discovery of America by the Northmen" which it has been our fortune to read. This pamphlet is the reprint of a discourse delivered before the New Hampshire Historical Society, a year ago, by Rev. Edmund F. Slafter. The various historical works, usually relating to subjects more or less obscure, which have been written or edited by Mr. Slafter in the past, have all given witness to his singular care and thoroughness as a scholar, to his sound judgment, and his literary skill; and these qualities are conspicuous in the present very timely essay.

Mr. Slafter gives a brief outline of the four or five expeditions from Iceland to "Vineland" at the end of the tenth and the beginning of the eleventh centuries, all of which any well-defined narrative remains, beginning with the voyage of Bjarni about the year 985, followed by that of Leif about 1000. The evidence on which the stories rest are the two sagas transferred, with other old Icelandic parchments, to Stockholm and Copenhagen, between 1650 and 1715. The earliest of these two sagas is supposed to have been written by Hank Erlendsson, who died in 1334, three centuries after the time of Leif and Thorvald; but these sagas were probably copied from older ones. The narrative of the voyages had been for long an oral tradition, subject to the vicissitudes of the oral tradition in all old times. It was a hundred and fifty years after the alleged discovery of this continent before the practice began of committing Icelandic sagas to writing. Mr. Slafter well points out, therefore, the folly of treating these old descriptions as we would treat a coast survey or admiralty report, in which lines and distances are determined by accurate instruments and recorded scientifically. Their references to places are of about the same exactness as their terms for the divisions of the day, such as "the time when the herdsmen took their breakfast.' Mr. Slafter believes that the narrations of the sagas are to be accepted in their general outlines and prominent features, but only so. He thinks that the first country that the explorers discovered after leaving Greenland answers in its general features to Newfoundland, the second to Nova Scotia, and the third to New England. But when we go beyond this he holds, and we think justly, that there is no certainty whatever, the descriptions being all general and indefinite and identifying nothing.

In the nine hundred years between Leif's time and ours, great changes have undoubtedly taken place at the mouth of all the New England rivers; sands have been drifting, new islands and new inlets have been formed, and old ones have ceased to exist. "But even if we suppose that no changes have taken place in this long lapse of time," says Mr. Slafter, "there are, doubtless, between Long Island Sound and the eastern limit of Nova Scotia, a great number of rivers with all the characteristics of that described by the sagas. Precisely the same characteristics belong to the Taunton, the Charles, the Merrimack, the Piscataqua, the Kennebec, the Saint Croix, and the St. John. All these rivers have one or more islands at their mouth, and there are abundant places near by where a ship might be stranded at low tide, and in each of these rivers there are expansions or bays from which they flow into the ocean. And there are, probably, twenty other less important rivers on our coast, where the same conditions may likewise be found. What sagacious student of history, or what learned geographer, has the audacity to say that he is able to tell us near which of these rivers the Northmen constructed their habitations, or made their temporary abode?"

With the old mill at Newport, the inscription on the Dighton rock, "the skeleton in armor," and other alleged monuments or remains of the Northmen in New England, Mr. Slafter deals summarily. Had old Governor Arnold, who in his will called the old Newport mill "my stone built windmill," felt that there was any mystery about its origin, he could hardly have failed to say something about it. Roger Williams was himself an antiquary, and deeply interested in everything pertaining to our aboriginal history. "Had any building of arched mason-work, with some pretensions to architecture, existed at the time when he first took up his abode in Rhode Island, and before any English settlements had been made

there, he could not have failed," Mr. Slafter believes, to "mention it; a phenomenon so singular, unexpected, and mysterious must have attracted his attention. His silence on the subject renders it morally certain that no such structure could have been there at the time."

We confess, for our own part, that we never dare build much upon the argument from "silence." We once learned a distinct lesson on this point in connection with Roger Williams himself (see *New England Magazine*, October, 1889, p. 166). Still we agree with Mr. Slafter in believing it utterly improbable that, had the settlers of Rhode Island found this old structure already standing, evidently descending from dim antiquity, it would have occasioned no remark that has come down to us on the part of any of them.

Mr. Slafter preaches an excellent little sermon in the last pages of his pamphlet upon the duty of historians to stick to facts and keep the imagination in its proper province, saying things that have application to much besides speculations about Vinland and Norumbega. His summing up as to the Northmen is as follows: "We cannot doubt that the Northmen made four or five voyages to the coast of America in the last part of the tenth and the first part of the eleventh centuries; that they returned to Greenland with cargoes of grapes and timber; that their abode on our shores was temporary; that they were mostly occupied in explorations, and made no preparations for establishing any permanent colony; except their temporary dwellings, they erected no structures whatever, either of wood or of stone. . . . The place of their first landing, the location of their dwellings, the parts of the country which they explored, are so indefinitely described that they are utterly beyond the power of identification."

We think that this matter must be left just where Mr. Slafter leaves it. It would certainly be gratifying, as he recognizes, to believe that the Northmen reared spacious buildings and fortresses by some of our New England bays or rivers, to know where Leif landed and where Thorvald was buried. But for this we need evidence that is not yet before the court; and meantime it is not profitable to draw on our imagination for our facts.

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WE think that no one can read Mr. Slafter's pamphlet and not feel that the erection of a monument on the banks of Charles River to mark the site of the ancient Norumbega is at least premature. Rev. William C. Winslow's pamphlet on "The Pilgrim Fathers in Holland," a paper first read, a few weeks ago, before the New England Historical Genealogical Society, is not so convincing in its opposition to the proposed monument at Delftshaven. But in truth Dr. Winslow is not opposed to a monument at Delftshaven or at Leyden. He says:

> "To commemorate the wholesome lesson [of confederation as exemplified in Holland] to the world and to our forefathers in particular, the toleration of the Pilgrims in the Netherlands denied them in England, and the noble lives of the Pilgrims in Holland, tablet and monument may fittingly perform a grateful office in Leyden and Delftshaven."

He believes some site near Robinson's house in Leyden to be the spot, before all others in Holland, where should stand the chief monument to the Pilgrims; "at Delftshaven let some simpler remembrance, in stone and bronze, mark the place of the final departure." What awakens Dr. Winslow's opposition and gives birth to this pamphlet is the statement of the ground or purpose of the proposed monument made by the Congregational Club of Boston, in voting its approval of the project. That statement was as follows:

> "Remembering the hospitality of the free republic of Holland, so generously bestowed upon the Pilgrims, who, after twelve years' residence in Amsterdam and Leyden, sailed from Delftshaven on a voyage which was completed at Plymouth Rock, it is fitting that we should unite in grateful recognition of Dutch hospitality, and at Delftshaven raise some durable token of our appreciation of both hosts and guests — calling upon all Americans who honor alike the principles and the founders of the two republics to join in the enterprise."

Dr. Winslow's trouble is with the expression of gratitude to the Dutch for their "generous hospitality," and his pamphlet is an effort to prove that there was no such hospitality. But all this comes simply to a matter of defining what hospitality is, and what its signal features are under varying circumstances. Dr. Winslow, in the course of his argument, submits a "parallel illustration":

> "A band of Russian refugees settle in New England in 1891. Early next century they remove to some distant land, where, two or three centuries later, they become a strong nation. They honestly lived, honorably earned their bread in New England. Moreover, they had a shelter, as a body, from Russian persecution. They saw in New England the blessings of freedom and education and a free gospel, and they applied the example in building up themselves into a nation. Now, in the year 2162, some of their number propose to erect in New England a monument, stating as the preamble to their resolution: '*Whereas*, Remembering the hospitality of the free republic of the United States, so generously bestowed upon our ancestors, who, after twelve years' residence in New England, sailed from Boston,' etc. But others among them, revering equally the memory of their fathers, ask for evidence of any special favors shown the fathers by the great American republic, such as other refugees from over the ocean did not freely receive. They ask if their ancestors did not earn their livelihood, and then their right, under its laws, to live in a land often described by its writers as an asylum for the oppressed?"

But suppose the American republic, in the year 1891, to be the only place where these same Russian republicans could find refuge and protection. Staying at home they would be driven into the Siberian mines; flying to Austria or Turkey, they would fare worse; only in America could they find toleration and safety. The power of almost the whole world, be it remembered, is, meantime, bearing against America to make it impossible for her to remain a free port for such as these, and all her resources are taxed to the utmost to maintain her principles and her life. She does not, it may be, "lavish hospitality" upon these exiles, or "do them special favors" above those done this other band of exiles from Hungary, — has tihs been claimed with reference to the Pilgrims in Holland? — but she does secure them, in terrible extremity, an opportunity to live with "freedom and in good content"; she assures them, as she does the Hungarians also, that their coming is "agreeable and welcome"; the Boston bakers give them — not beans and bread, indeed, without money and without price, but credit in exceptional measure; the Boston folk generally strive

"to get their custom and to employ them above others in their work," recognizing and applauding their honor and diligence; their leading teacher, invited repeatedly to lecture at Harvard, gains as great respect there as that accorded Dr. Peabody and Professor Everett, when he dies being followed to his burial by a great body of our scholars and officials; the little company altogether, when finally departing for Vancouver, to better themselves, receive special mention, "commendable testimony," from Mayor Mathews and the board of aldermen, for their superior behavior during their stay in the city, in contrast with the behavior of those "Walloons," for instance; and in Vancouver they realize what an immense schooling they have had in their twelve years in New England, in all that goes to make a strong and broad social organization. We maintain that it would not be extravagant or out of order for the great nation growing up in two centuries from the little company thus kept together and kept safe in New England for a dozen years to speak of New England's "generous hospitality," even though no New England millionnaire made the company one gift during its tarrying. We think it was proper, as we do not doubt it was most sincere, for Governor Bradford, writing to the New Netherland authorities in 1627, to acknowledge the Pilgrims "tied in a strict obligation unto your country and state, for the good entertainment and liberty which we had." We think it would be right for us, the children, to acknowledge this good entertainment and liberty given by Holland to our fathers, in enduring brass and granite. We think it would not be honorable to acknowledge less, on monument or in our hearts. Whether the Pilgrim monument shall stand at Delftshaven or Leyden is a minor question, on both sides of which there is certainly something to be said. Dr. Winslow, as we have said, does not in the least oppose the general scheme of a memorial; he heartily favors it. But we think his pamphlet, learned and careful, as is all of Dr. Winslow's work, needs supplementing and correcting thoughts.

Dr. Winslow thinks he finds implications that certain of the "afflictions" suffered by the Pilgrims in Holland resulted from the dislike or jealousy of their Independency or Congregationalism by the Dutch churches. We cannot see any evidence of this, whereas there is much evidence of general harmony between Robinson and the Leyden religious people. We feel it a duty, to express dissent from the word quoted from Dr. Dexter, repeated by Dr. Walker, that the Dutch government was kept from showing more express kindness toward our fathers by "a craven fear of offending the English government." Surely, if any special gingerliness or anxiety on this point can be shown, is a not quite sufficient and clear explanation obvious in the imperative necessity of the little republic to keep on good terms with England, the only powerful Protestant nation to which it could look for sympathy and help amidst its great dangers? Dr. Winslow, it should be said, does not express his own approval of Dr. Dexter's word; but we could wish he had expressed his disapproval, and given reasons for it. Every controversy, such as that which has arisen over the proposed Delftshaven monument, will do good, if it directs attention anew to the great historical epoch which our fathers touched during their exile in Holland. Whatever else such study may reveal as to the government of the little republic at that time, it surely will not reveal that "craven fear" was one of its distinguishing characteristics.

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THE National Bureau of Education at Washington has issued a special bulletin giving an account of the educational features of previous World's Fairs, as offering helpful suggestions with reference to the educational exhibit proposed for the coming Exposition at Chicago. At the expositions in London in 1851 and 1854, at that in New York in 1853, and that at Paris in 1855, there were no special educational exhibits. This feature was first given place at the London Exposition of 1862, and was made more prominent at Paris in 1867, when the United States first appeared with an exhibit in this field, and at Vienna in 1873. Our own exhibit at Philadelphia in 1876 was extensive, but not well organized; the foreign exhibits were for the most part disappointing, the most important of them being the Russian exhibit, especially the collections from the technical schools of St. Petersburg and Moscow, which gave distinct impulse to the manual training movement in this country. Our own exhibit at Paris in 1878 was our best foreign exhibit. The French exhibit itself at that time was extensive, as it was also in 1889, the most prominent feature in the latter year being the attention given to the higher education of women.

Such bulletins as this from the Bureau of Education — and the present is not the first of its bulletins relating to the Columbian Exposition — are an earnest of the comprehensive plans which are already being made for the educational side of things at Chicago. It is certain that there will be no such lack of central organization in this department as proved so detrimental at Philadelphia; and it is certain that the extent of the educational exhibit will be very great, far greater than at any previous exposition. This is something to be glad of. Such educational exhibits, whether on the large scale meditated at Chicago or much more modest, are, when arranged for a definite purpose upon intelligent principles, of great use. We have spoken of the impulse given to the manual training movement in this country by the Russian exhibit at Philadelphia in 1876. The exhibits recently made at the English High School in Boston, in connection with the Manual Training Conference, filling a score of rooms, and drawing hundreds of people, were more forcible in the lessons which they taught to most than even the words of General Walker and President Eliot and Professor Adler. And a most valuable and well-conceived exhibition was the Geographical Exhibition held a month ago at the Brooklyn Institute. For a year the Department of Geography of the Institute had been engaged in collecting from all countries specimens of maps, textbooks, and all appliances used for geographical education; and the best works of all the leading European publishing houses were in the exhibition. There were upward of two hundred atlases,

from the finest reference atlas of high cost to the little school atlas worth ten cents. The cheap atlases from Sweden and Holland were of surprising beauty, as full of suggestions to many a teacher as the great relief maps from Italy, and the great ethnological and geological maps. Maps of the same regions produced in different countries were hung side by side, so that the visitor might compare the processes and merits of the cartographers' various countries; and so of globes and charts and models and pictures. Here, it seems to us, is a good hint for the directors of the exhibition at Chicago — to so arrange the displays in the various provinces of education, geography, history, industry, etc., that comparison may be easy and the lessons emphatic. Here, too, are hints for a hundred things that might easily be done for stimulating our teachers, and many a local public by setting before their eyes the results achieved and the instruments used outside their own precincts.

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PROFESSOR DEWEY of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology recently gave an address, which attracted some attention, on "The Limits of Publicity." He treated his subject, as we remember, on both its sides, pointing out among other things the duty of the private individual to co-operate with officials in the preparation of full and accurate statistics, for instance, concerning health and disease, statistics whose chief or only value is in their fulness and accuracy. He touched in this connection upon the census, and upon the unnecessary and culpable withholding of information, and the indulgence in shallow and mischievous criticism in various quarters. There are certainly important fields where the private person is under obligations to publicity for the good of the community. But one of the most noticeable and offensive things in our present social life is the extent to which an improper publicity has invaded privacy, and a thousand things which belong to the sacred reserves of the home and the circle of personal friendship are piled into the street. The man with the spyglass and the trumpet pushes everywhere; and the question of what is to be done with him becomes pressing. The article on "The Right to Privacy," prepared by two of the younger Boston lawyers, Mr. Samuel Warren and Mr. Louis Brandeis, which appears in a late number of one of the legal journals, is very timely and very interesting. It is a strictly legal article, and erudite and technical at that, which makes it the more valuable and significant; but our eyes were especially caught by the paragraph in the opening pages, in which, in popular and trenchant language, these lawyers describe the evil from which they would show society how to protect itself:

"Of the desirability — indeed of the necessity — of some such protection, there can, it is believed, be no doubt. The press is overstepping in every direction the obvious bounds of propriety and of decency. Gossip is no longer the resource of the idle and of the vicious, but has become a trade, which is pursued with industry as well as effrontery. To satisfy a prurient taste, the details of sexual relations are spread broadcast in the columns of the daily papers. To occupy the indolent, column upon column is filled with idle gossip, which can only be procured by intrusion upon the domestic circle. The intensity and complexity of life, attendant upon advancing civilization, have rendered necessary some retreat from the world, and man, under the refining influence of culture, has become more sensitive to publicity, so that solitude and privacy have become more essential to the individual; but modern enterprise and invention have, through invasions upon his privacy, subjected him to mental pain and distress far greater than could be inflicted by mere bodily injury. Nor is the harm wrought by such invasions confined to the suffering of those who may be made the subjects of journalistic or other enterprise. In this, as in other branches of commerce, the supply creates the demand. Each crop of unseemly gossip, thus harvested, becomes the seed of more, and, in direct proportion to its circulation, results in a lowering of social standards and of morality. Even gossip apparently harmless, when widely and persistently circulated, is potent for evil. It both belittles and perverts. It belittles by inverting the relative importance of things, and thus dwarfing the thoughts and aspirations of a people. When personal gossip attains the dignity of print, and crowds the space available for matters of real interest to the community, what wonder that the ignorant and thoughtless mistake its relative importance. Easy of comprehension, appealing to that weak side of human nature which is never wholly cast down by the misfortunes and frailties of our neighbors, no one can be surprised that it usurps the place of interest in brains capable of other things. Triviality destroys at once robustness of thought and delicacy of feeling. No enthusiasm can flourish, no generous impulse survive under its blighting influence."

So far as the legal aspect goes, it appears that the individual is already remarkably secure in what Judge Cooley calls "the right to be let alone"; the details of this careful article should be very reassuring to any who wish to be let alone and fear they cannot be. What is chiefly needed among us to-day is not legal security for the right to privacy, but social re-enforcement for it. A stronger wish for privacy is what is needed, a hatred of gossip and of personal trivialities in place of the morbid hunger for them that is so common, a conviction of sin in multitudes of very respectable people who do not know how vulgar and often how profane they are. This is the direction in which a crusade is chiefly needed. Meantime, we are surely grateful to our lawyers for telling us how good the laws, which might be better, are.



THE OMNIBUS.

The Whistle.

A whistle clear as a bluebird's call
From the sunny street,
And her heart springs up, to faint and fall
In anguish sweet.

O whistle, O tender whistle, be still,
For thou dost not bring
Her boy with hair like the daffodil
And face like Spring.

O whistle, O gay soft whistle, float on
Along the street,
Ah, dream, ah, ghost of a joy that is gone,
O whistle so sweet!

— *Irene Putnam.*

***

A tall, thin doctor in the town had an office, out of which a door led into a small laboratory. One day, while working there, an Italian fruit seller entered the office. Finding the room deserted, he turned to leave, but by mistake opened the door to the doctor's closet, in which was a human skeleton, in all its awfulness. The sight was too much for the poor Italian. Dropping his basket of fruit, he made his escape in a panic. The doctor heard the commotion, and came from his laboratory to see what the matter was. The open closet door and the fruit scattered on the floor instantly explained the situation. He went to the window, and saw the frightened Italian standing on the sidewalk below, looking up at the window. "Come up," said the doctor, at the same time beckoning with his long finger. "No, you don't," exclaimed the fellow, shaking his head, "I know you, if you have got your clothes on!"

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The blunders of type-setters and proof-readers have afforded material for merriment from time immemorial. Here is one more story: A reporter recently sent in for publication several items which he wished to have printed separately. His frame of mind may be imagined when the paper next morning contained the following paragraph: "Doctor Brown has been appointed head physician at the City Hospital. Orders have been issued by the authorities for the immediate extension of the Potter's Field. The works are being executed with the utmost despatch."

***

A professor in one of the smaller colleges was too fond of wine. One evening, after he had passed a very jovial time at the house of a friend, he found much difficulty in reaching home. He searched for his house, but was utterly unable to make out which one it was. At last his anxiety got the better of his pride, and drawing his hat down over his eyes, he went up to a policeman, and asked in a voice disguised as well as possible, "Can you tell me, sir, where Professor Smith lives?" "Why you're Professor Smith," replied the policeman. "I know that myself, you fool," responded the disgusted professor, "what I want to know is, where he lives!"

***

At a recent art exhibition a porter was stationed at the door, who was as faithful as he was stupid. He had been given the customary orders, and was bound to enforce them. He had been on duty but a few moments when a gentleman approached the door, and presented a ticket for admittance. "You can't go in till you leave your umbrella or cane outside," said the sentry. "But I have no umbrella or cane," protested the visitor. "Then you must go and get one," declared the man; "them's my orders, and I've got to stick to them."

***

The apothecary business is proverbial for its big profits. A little conversation recently overheard between an apothecary and his assistant shows that the reputation has sometimes been justly gained. The assistant had compounded a prescription for a man, who gave him in payment a half-dollar and a ten-cent piece. It was presently discovered that the half-dollar was counterfeit. The assistant reported this to his chief. The latter took it philosophically. "Never mind," said he, "if the ten-cent piece is good we shall have made fifty per cent on the cost."

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General Sherman, it is said, possessed the faculty of always remembering faces, but seldom names. One day he met a man whose face was perfectly familiar to him, but he found it impossible to recall where he had met him. Soon the two were joined by a third party, Colonel ——, to whom the general wished to introduce his friend. "You must pardon me," he said, "but although I remember you perfectly, I cannot recall the circumstances." It seems that the man was the cutter by whom the general had recently been measured for some shirts, so he said, to jog the general's memory, "Made your shirts, sir." "Why certainly," said General Sherman; "Colonel ——, allow me to present you to my friend, Major Shurtz!"

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Professor (at the Law School): What does burglary consist of, Mr. Bright?

Student: There must be a breaking, sir.

Professor: For example, then, suppose a man enters through a door, and takes a half-dollar from your coat pocket. Would that be burglary?

Student: Yes, sir, for that would break me.

Ethel: — I don't see why you call Miss White homely. I'm sure, I wish I was half as good-looking as she is.

Fred: — You are, Ethel, of course, you know you are.

And Ethel is still wondering whether he meant to compliment her.

A STORY is told of Partridge, the celebrated almanac-maker about a hundred years ago. In travelling on horseback in the country, he stopped for his dinner at an inn, and afterwards called for his horse, that he might reach the next town where he intended to make a visit.

"If you will take my advice, sir," said the hostler, as Mr. Partridge was about to mount his horse, "you will stay where you are for the night, as you will surely be overtaken by a heavy rain."

"Nonsense, nonsense," exclaimed the almanac-maker; "there's a sixpence for you, my good fellow, and good afternoon to you."

He proceeded on his journey, and sure enough, he was well drenched in a heavy shower. He was struck by the man's prediction, and ever intent on the interests of his almanac, he immediately turned back, and was received by the hostler with a broad grin.

"Well, sir, you see I was right, after all."

"Yes, my lad, you have been so, and here's a crown for you; but I give it to you on the condition that you tell me how you knew of this rain."

"To be sure, sir," replied the man; "you see we have an almanac at our house, called Partridge's almanac, and the fellow is such a notorious liar that whenever he promises us a fine day, we always know that it will rain. Now, sir, this day is put down in our almanac as 'settled fine weather; no rain.' I looked at that before I brought your horse out, sir, and in this way I could put you on your guard."

***

IN a small city in eastern Massachusetts there lives a lawyer who is notorious for his parsimony. One day he stepped into a hat store, and after rummaging over the stock, selected an ordinary looking hat, put it on, ogled himself in the glass, and then asked the very lowest price.

"But," said the hatter, "that hat is not good enough for *you* to wear; here is what you want," showing one of his best beavers.

"That's the best I can afford, though," returned the lawyer.

"Well, there, Mr. —, I'll make you a *present* of that beaver, if you'll wear it, and tell whose store it came from. You can send me customers enough to get my money back with interest; you know pretty much everybody."

"Thank you, thank you!" said the lawyer, his eyes gleaming with pleasure. "But how much may this be worth?"

"The price of that hat is eight dollars," replied the salesman.

"And the other?" asked the lawyer.

"Three."

The lawyer put on the beaver, looked in the glass, then looked at the three dollar hat.

"I think, sir," said he, taking off the beaver, and holding it in one hand as he put on the cheap hat, "I think, sir, that this hat will answer my purpose just as well as the other."

"But you'd better take the other, sir; it won't cost you any more."

"But — but," — replied the lawyer hesitatingly, "I didn't know but — perhaps — you'd just as soon have me take the cheap one, — and perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the difference in cash!"

SOME years ago a populous town in the West was infested by a gang of blacklegs, who amused themselves, when they could find no one else to pluck, by preying on each other. A new importation of this class excited some alarm among the inhabitants lest they should be completely overrun, and it was decided to take prompt measures for their expulsion. The editor of the county newspaper was settled upon to do the deed, and he was visited, and the case stated to him. He promised to insert a "flasher" which would drive the parties in question to a more hospitable region. When the paper appeared it was a "flasher" indeed, for the article gave the initials of several individuals and requested them to leave town immediately. The next morning, while the editor was comfortably seated in his office, fumbling over a parcel of exchanges, footsteps were heard on the stairs, and presently the caller arrived. His first salutation was somewhat abrupt.

"Where is the editor of this dirty, lying paper?"

Now, aside from the tone of this opening remark, there were other considerations which made the editor believe that trouble was on foot. The person who addressed him bore a cowhide in his hand. That was not all; he recognized in him a distinguished leader of the faction of which he had spoken so disrespectfully. So, without hesitation, he replied to the query:

"I don't know."

"Do you belong to this concern?"

"No; but I presume the editor will soon be in."

"Well," said the visitor, "I will wait for him." And, suiting the action to the word, he took a chair, picked up a paper, and commenced to read. The editor now remembered that he had an engagement outside; and with the remark, "If I meet him I will tell him there is a gentleman here to see him," made his escape. Just as he reached the bottom of the stairs he was accosted by another person, who thus introduced himself:

"Can you tell me where I can find the sneaking rascal who has charge of this villanous sheet?" producing the last number of the paper.

"Yes," replied the editor, "he is up there in the office now, reading, with his back to the door."

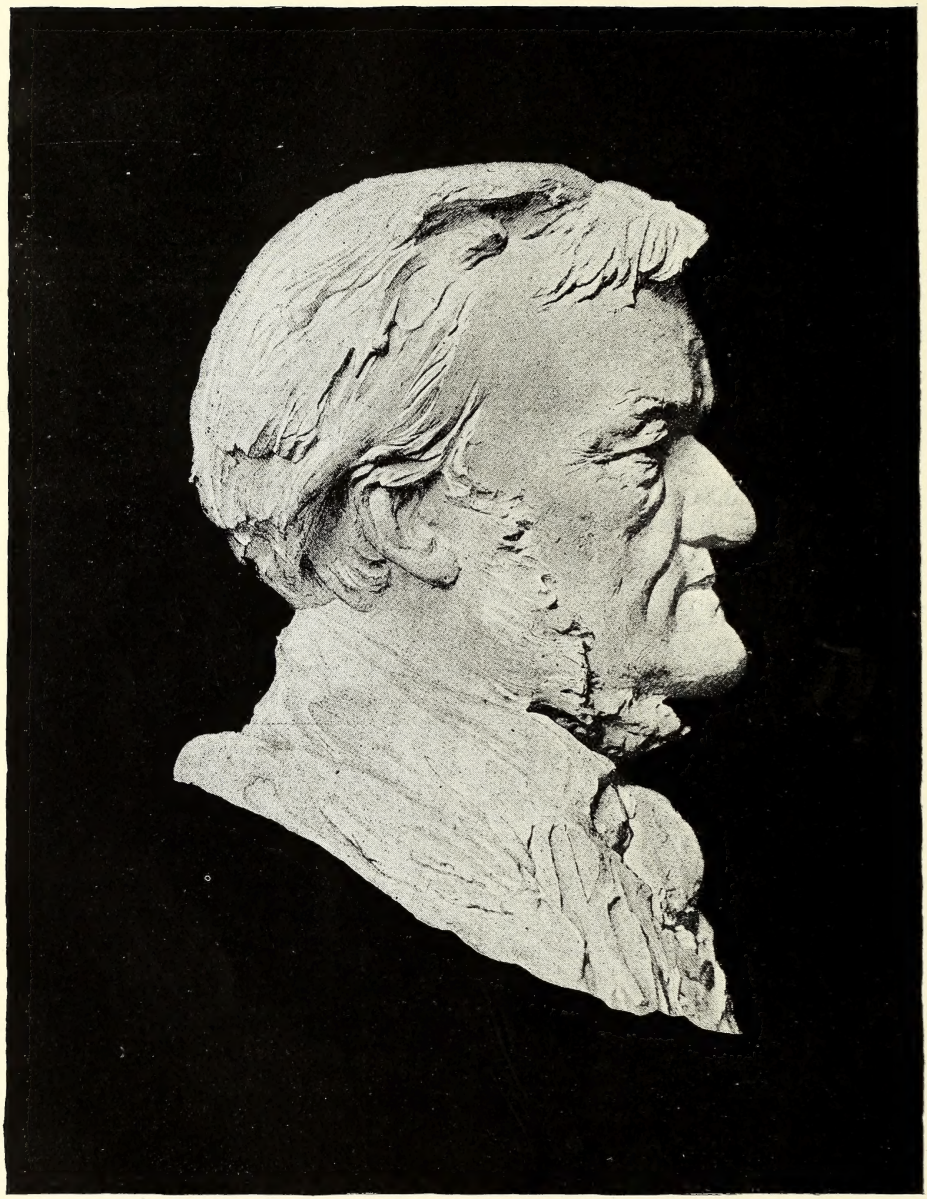
"Thank you," exclaimed the stranger, as he bounced up the stairs. "I've got you, have I?" he ejaculated, as he made a grasp at his brother in iniquity; and they came to the floor together. As the combatants, notwithstanding their common vocation, happened to be unacquainted with each other, a pretty quarrel ensued. First one was on top, and then the other; blow followed blow, kick followed kick, oath followed oath, until, bruised, exhausted and bloody, they ceased hostilities by mutual consent. As they sat on the floor contemplating each other, the first comer found breath to ask:

"Who are you? What did you attack me for?"

"You abused me in your paper, you scoundrel!"

"Me! I'm not the editor of this paper. I came here to flog him myself!"

Mutual explanations followed, and the two retired from the sanctum to bind up their wounds.



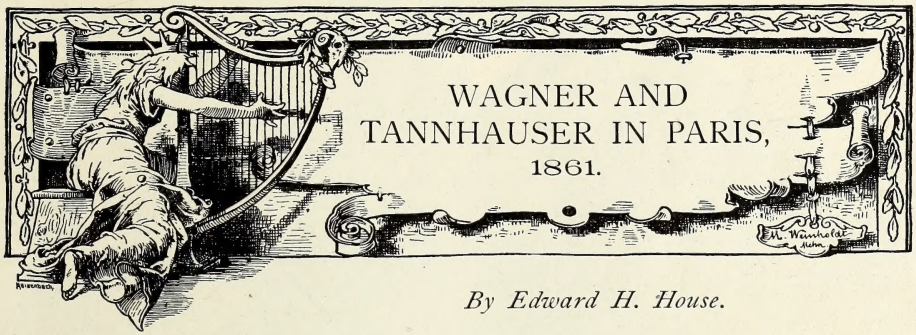
From a bust by Lorenz Gedon, 1883.

RICHARD WAGNER.

THE

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WAGNER AND TANNHAUSER IN PARIS, 1861.

By Edward H. House.

AT a time when I was studying music with a youthful ardor which threatened to place my future at the disposal of chances even more precarious than those of literature, I happened to be thrown under the powerful, and for a while irresistible, influence of Wagner. Thirty-five years ago, the finest orchestra organized in America, up to that date, had fixed its headquarters in what was then, as it still continues to be, the most thoroughly musical city of the Union. It was composed of intelligent and enthusiastic young Germans, who were prompt to avail themselves of the first opportunities for interpreting, in the new world, the remarkable creations of the ex-capellmeister of Dresden. Their performances of the "Tannhäuser" overture, alone, turned the thoughts of numerous artistic devotees into new and unexpected channels, and laid the foundation of many convictions which have steadily grown stronger with advancing years. I am ready, not only to admit that I was caught in the contagion, but to remember with gratitude that the means were thus early afforded me of investigating what seemed a marvellous problem, the gradual solution of which yielded perhaps greater delight than any similar pursuit of my life. Musicians can understand the extent to which the new master's work suggested mysteries by no means easy to unravel. The mere instrumentation, for one thing, was a field of constant surprises and discoveries to the diligent inquirer. I vividly recall the satisfaction with which, after borrowing the score of the "Tannhäuser" from that good-natured leader, Carl Bergmann, I set at work to copy every note in the crowded pages of the overture, as the only possible method of learning how its extraordinary and unprecedented effects were produced; and also my happy assurance that in executing that somewhat formidable task, I had arrived at a more thorough comprehension of orchestral capacities than a long course of previous study had given me. In this and other ways I took advantage of such occasions as presented themselves, a third of a century or more ago, — occasions far from abundant or complete, I am bound to say, — for strengthening an acquaintance



RICHARD WAGNER.

FROM A LITHOGRAPH PRESENTED BY WAGNER TO MRS. B. J. LANG, OF BOSTON, IN 1870.

with the most original of modern composers, until harsher duties compelled a partial abandonment of that attractive occupation.

It was therefore with the keenest interest that, in the midst of a holiday sojourn in Paris, in the first months of 1861, I saw an announcement promising a speedy representation of "Tannhäuser" at the now disused Opera House in the Rue Lepeletier. Nothing could have been more unexpected. That Wagner was, and had been for some time in Paris, I was well aware. That he had ventured upon producing selections from his works at a concert, not long before, I was also informed. But that he had found the means of access to the stronghold, the inner redoubt, of French lyric art, was a matter of such astonishment as to appear incredible. To begin with, it was not altogether clear why Wagner should desire to subject himself to the ordeal that would inevitably await him, if he should carry the advertised project into effect. It was in a measure explicable that, perhaps for the gratification of personal friends, he had allowed certain characteristic specimens of his music to be heard on a special occasion; but, apart from the circumstance that the reception of these detached morceaux was so extremely unflattering as to foreshadow the danger of a more definite attempt, it was difficult to believe that the composer could really wish to win the approval of a public for which he had openly and loudly proclaimed the profoundest contempt. Years before, he had, in this same Paris, passed through experiences so bitter and humiliating to a man of his disposition, that his memory of the place and its people was overcharged with acrimony, and he could hardly refer to them except in a tone of exaggerated depreciation. In addition to this, it was one of his articles of faith that the French were weighted by permanent æsthetic disabilities, and that the faculty of rising to the exalted sphere in which he moved and wrought and let loose his soul was utterly denied them by destiny. Concerning them, their audiences, their critics, their composers, he had repeatedly written in scornful mockery or fiery denunciation. It would have been vain to search for points of sympathy between the volatile and pleasure-seeking community of the gay capital, and the arrogant, unbending, and sternly conscientious master of the new school.

Granting, however, that Wagner was possessed by an unaccountable yearning to conquer this vivacious populace,— which, it presently became evident, was indeed the case, in spite of his austere affectation of indifference; granting that the reach of his ambition, or his vanity, sought to embrace all classes and degrees of men, and that he longed to stamp his imprint upon every variety of taste, the lightest as well as the severest, there remained to be considered the formidable obstacles which confronted him. To meet and overcome these, the address of a courtier, the courage of a hero, and the devotion of a martyr seemed to be required. The Parisians may not cherish long hatreds against individuals, but they are eminently capable of sudden gusts of spite, and of meeting the elaborate and systematic attacks of a censor like Wagner with a sharp guerrilla onslaught of merciless ridicule, more deadly, perhaps, than the more serious process of logical warfare. The name of the innovator was already a byword of derision. At the faintest hint of further trials of the public patience, the professional satirists took the unusual step of dropping sarcasm and persiflage, and employing angry menace. What was he to expect, even if, through some superlative graciousness of fortune, the opportunity of carrying out the most daring of enterprises should be afforded him?

But, in truth, so extraordinary a result was not anticipated by anybody, excepting probably a few who lived within the inner circle of authority. Upon what could this audacious stranger found the hope of battling down the gates of the nation's academic sanctuary, doubly barred by prejudice against all but the elect, and triply barred against him by the intensest popular hostility and official opposition? When admission was impossible even to France's own children of song, except by marvels of patience and intrigue, or perhaps through devious

courses of corruption, how should this rude, indecorous iconoclast from Germany find his way within? Nevertheless, it came to pass. At the first, it was reckoned little less than a miracle. In fact, it could not have happened but for the accident that France was then under imperial rule. We knew all about it in course of time; how the more or less delicate diplomacy of a feminine disciple, lofty in station and influential in secluded precincts of the Tuileries, evoked a peremptory decree in the face of which all remonstrance was silenced. *L'Empéreur le voulait;* and that was sufficient for all except those who were able to penetrate the corridors of the palace, and to satisfy their curiosity by the discovery that it was, as a matter of truth, *Madame la Princesse* who willed that His Majesty should will the accomplishment of her design. It was the oldest of old stories. A dainty and supple hand had disentangled a knot as intricate as the Phrygian king's, and swept aside impediments against which no amount of argument, eloquence, or moral force would ever have prevailed.

About the time when it became known that "Tannhäuser" would be produced at the Imperial Academy of Music, it was my frequent habit to breakfast at an establishment in the Passage de l'Opéra, well known to all who were contented with modest merit and humble variety, and who found in the moderate charges a reasonable compensation for the absence of the glitter and ceremony of the great boulevard cafés. The Passage being close to the stage entrance of the Opera House, this restaurant was a common resort of the multitude of undistinguished attachés of the great theatre. Parties of bourgeois-looking choristers would congregate in one apartment, as careless in appearance to the excitements of their calling as such useful upholders of the minor operatic illusions are apt to be, the world over. Groups of dishevelled and not always tidy ballet-girls gossiped and chattered in corners, rarely captivating to view in their normal aspect, but usually guarded by the maternal watchfulness which Halévy has typified in the person of Madame Cardinal, notwithstanding the improbability of insidious advances, welcome or unwelcome, in that unpropitious quarter. Members of the orchestra ranged themselves in smaller bodies, and made themselves, as is their wont, rather more conspicuous than their co-workers in other departments, by outspoken and vigorous discussion of topics relating to their craft. As a rule, these gatherings were most numerous at noon-day, the place being, doubtless, a convenient rendezvous for social and other gratifications, preliminary to the labors of rehearsal, next door.

As I sat alone, one morning, in this unpretending café, I chanced to overhear part of a lively conversation upon the subject which had then become the most prominent of all, — the forthcoming performance of the obnoxious "Tannhäuser." As was generally the case, "chaff" was predominant, and the denunciations were neither novel nor brilliant enough to attract particular attention. The party engaged in debate was not, in this instance, composed of musicians, but apparently had "leanings" that way; for, after a somewhat pronounced declaration of opinion, one of them called out to an individual seated at another table, requesting confirmation of his statement. The person appealed to glanced up with a smile, and answered:

"No; excuse me, I don't agree."

This was the signal for a combined demonstration, good-humored though aggressive, in which the uninitiated majority sought to impose their view upon the single expert, — which I have observed to be not an uncommon incident of haphazard controversy. But as nothing could be drawn from the solitary adversary but a renewed assertion that he "did not agree," it occurred to one of the disputants to venture a personal thrust.

"Ah, D —— must not laugh with us at present. This is a delicate business. While *ce monsieur* (the Emperor) favors M. Wagner, the artists of the Opéra must be careful with their tongues."

The tone showed that no offence was intended, though the words were not exactly delicate. The "artist," as he

had been termed, who was quite a young man, smiled again, then flushed a little, and answered:

"I have rehearsed in 'Tannhäuser' twice, gentlemen, and I do not feel at liberty to join in your mirth."

"Precisely," retorted his opponent. "My friends, the gloom of despair is upon him. No one concerned in this cursed *diablérie* will ever be joyous again."

All laughed, and that was the end of the colloquy.

Entering the café at an earlier hour than usual, a day or two after, I saw the gentleman who had dared to withstand the popular current, sitting alone. Few visitors had arrived, and I placed myself at the table nearest him, which was vacant. The barriers to conversation are very slight with most Frenchmen, and I found no difficulty in opening an intercourse which, though it was chiefly confined to our meetings in this one locality, became extremely agreeable, at least to me, and almost grew to intimacy before my departure from Paris.

Without much delay, I explained the interest I felt in the impending event, and referring to the dialogue I had overheard, expressed my pleasure at meeting a French artist free from the extreme prejudices then prevalent. I used the word "artist" because it had been applied to him by his friend, though I knew nothing of his position in the Opéra, or of his share in the work in hand.

"Well," he remarked, "I take things as I find them. It does not become me, a poor devil of a second violin, to make grimaces at a composition of which all I know is that every note in my part of it commands my respect."

My new acquaintance was not, then, of a rank that enabled him to speak with the highest authority, but perhaps the information falling within his limited range might be none the less valuable. In fact, I soon discovered that the post of second violin at the Imperial Academy was significant of no lack of intelligence or culture in the occupant. The orchestra of this establishment is selected and appointed under conditions likely to insure intellectual qualifications as well as technical skill on the part of all its members.

I asked if the impression produced upon him — which I need not say was due to broader considerations than the mere study of his own part, notwithstanding his first intimation — extended to others.

"I — think — so," he replied guardedly; "but there are unpleasant influences. Most of us have a great affection for Rossini, and an admiration for Meyerbeer; and Wagner is *so* indiscreet."

This was in reference to the German composer's biting sarcasms upon the two idols of Parisian musical society, — both of them aliens, by the by, but accepted as citizens of the French artistic nationality, in consequence of their approved willingness to conform to French traditions and methods. Not only had the new comer violently assailed, in his "Quatre Poèmes d'Opéra" and other *brochures*, these cherished and still living favorites, but he had injudiciously caused the essays to be republished in Paris, a few months before, — with what particular purpose, it is difficult to conjecture.

I met my orchestral sympathizer often, and took much satisfaction in discovering that he was able, with a few words, to dispose of many malicious reports which began to be freely circulated. One of these, repeated with fantastic emphasis by almost every journal in the city, related to an alleged quarrel between Wagner and Hain'l, — the latter being the thoroughly accomplished *chef d'orchestre* of the Opéra, — on account of the composer's desire to conduct the rehearsals and assume exclusive control of the entire production. The knights of the press were fierce in repelling this pretended invasion of prerogative. The custom of all recorded time, they declared, forbade interference with any of the sacred rights of the omnipotent *chef*. This was an absurdity, for the omnipotent *chef* frequently cedes his functions to masters ambitious of that especial distinction, as has more recently been apparent in the cases of Verdi and Gounod; but there are periods when well-devised absurdities have a more penetrating effect upon the French mind than the most

substantial facts. On this point, I was glad to make direct inquiry.

"I have not heard of any quarrel," said my informant.

"But the story is in all the newspapers."

"True, I have heard it talked about *outside*. What I meant was, that I had heard nothing of it in the Opéra."

"Indeed; perhaps, then, it is not authentic, at all."

"I should doubt it. Hain'l and Wagner do not seem over cordial, but, — well, I will tell you what I have observed. I have been ill, and did not assist at the first rehearsals; and I thought I should perhaps be excluded, throughout. As it happened, the overture had not been taken up until the day of my return, — it is now a fortnight. Well, we were all fired by it. Many grew cool again, afterward, but for the moment there was but one thought. Hain'l himself was much struck. Wagner, who, I believe, had been wandering about the parterre, came upon the stage near the end, as if expecting us to proceed with the first act. But, although the overture had gone to a marvel, Hain'l turned back and ordered us to repeat, — not a very common thing with us at a first rehearsal, when all had passed with so little need of correction. To Wagner, who stood waiting, he said simply, 'Pardon, we have plenty of time.' Wagner looked a little surprised, but also gratified. In the middle of this repetition, the *chef* turned, and without stopping, silently beckoned a violin from the extreme outer edge to a place nearer the centre. The equilibrium was not nice enough to Hain'l's ear. That is a sort of thing that often occurs, but Wagner noticed it, and nodded a hasty recognition. After the overture, he leaned over the *rampe*, and said something, of which I caught the words, 'Good, good; and since you perceive it, do you not think' — 'Precisely,' interrupted Hain'l; 'you shall see, I will arrange it.' Wagner said no more, but at the end of the rehearsal, just before separating, the *chef* asked us to wait. 'We will add two to the second violins, he said, 'the first can spare them; eh, M. Wagner, will that do?' Wagner bowed. Hain'l spoke briefly in an undertone to our leader, and then, aloud, — 'So, very well. M. —— and M. ——, perhaps I shall ask you to oblige me by transferring your strength to the seconds; that is, if I cannot make room for more enlargements. I need not tell you why it is desirable. May I count upon you?' 'Willingly, willingly,' — the response was immediate. And I cannot give you a better illustration of how the orchestra regard the music. It is not for every score that you will find a first violin ready to give up his own, and take what is nominally a subordinate place.[1] Moreover, it is not likely that such a thing would happen if the composer and the *chef* were at cross purposes. I must say, however, that Hain'l has always fixed ideas about placing his instruments, and particularly about balancing the strings."

I had looked forward with great eagerness to the prospect of being present on the opening night of "Tannhäuser," and endeavored to arrange my stay so as to include the date semi-officially announced. But the administration of the French Opéra is less constrained by its promises than, perhaps, that of any other theatre in Europe, and delay succeeded delay, until continual postponement seemed the only certain thing about the business. Of course, the newspapers had their own charming versions of the causes of these interruptions. There was internecine strife in every department of the Academy. The several leading singers, from the *prima donna* downward, excepting those brought from Germany by the composer, had despairingly thrown up *rôles* which no French artist could undertake with equanimity. [Coming straight to fact, every important vocalist in the cast was of foreign birth, if not of foreign training.] Wagner's imported tenor, we were assured,

[1] It may be proper to explain, for those unfamiliar with such details, that the music written for first violins is generally much more difficult than that assigned to the second, so that a transposition like the one alluded to might in most cases give offence. But in the overture in question, the difficulties are pretty well distributed, and the part of the second need not be considered unworthy of the best talent. Besides this, the superior importance of the first violin part commonly calls for a larger number of performers than is required for the second. The "Tannhäuser" score, however, demands a greater evenness of adjustment, all the violins having equally pronounced duties. It was this indispensable condition that the Parisian conductor had promptly recognized.

had grossly insulted the regular attachés of the institution, necessitating the exchange of mortal defiance. Wagner had attempted to override the commands of the principal personage in the empire, as a consequence of which the reddest republicans about town became ludicrously loyal for a week. In the face of the common enemy it was deemed politic to unite, and to forget the gulf between democracy and despotism. It would not have been altogether surprising to hear the Marseillaise called for at the Opéra. But as a rule the enmity took the form of envenomed raillery. The singers were falling into a decline. The chorus was so reduced as to endanger the proper representation of the ordinary repertory. No strings could be kept unbroken on the violins, and the wind instruments were all twisted out of shape by the extraordinary sounds they were called upon to produce. The walls of the house were shaken and the stability of the structure imperilled by the infernal crash and clatter which daily resounded within them. It is to be hoped that the sensitive composer was left in ignorance of these malignant signs and tokens; or that, if confronted by them, they at least served to admonish him in some degree of the wrath to come.

It was a painful disappointment to discover that my chances of witnessing the production were rapidly slipping away. The utmost hostility that Paris could concentrate would not prevent the performance from being careful and painstaking in all respects, and in many, brilliant. I could have hoped to listen and enjoy, though others might condemn. Vain expectation! I did not know of what Paris was capable. As it happened, the long postponement was wholly to my advantage. Luck never served me a better turn, for nobody heard a single scene on the first public night, whereas the expedient to which I was driven enabled me to attend not only one, but three of what I may believe to have been as thorough and excellent representations of "Tannhäuser" as any theatre has ever afforded.

The idea of consulting my friend of the orchestra as to the possibility of witnessing one of the rehearsals had occurred to me, but I dismissed it as soon as I learned from him how rigid was the discipline, and how strict the enforcement of rules in the institution where he filled an undistinguished position. What I did do was to get from him the address of Wagner; and then, as a last resort, I wrote a note to the master, frankly stating my case — saying what I wanted, why I wanted it, explaining the trifling claims I might possibly have upon his indulgence, and mentioning the manner in which I could manifest my appreciation of his courtesy, if he saw fit to accede to my request. No doubt it was a rash experiment. If I had been ten years older, I should certainly not have attempted it, but youth and the confidence of enthusiasm helped me through. I wrote in English, fearing the inferences that might be drawn from such imperfect German as I could command, and assuming that my own language would be more likely, first, to attract attention, and next, to enlist sympathy, than that which was in those days chiefly familiar to the composer as the vehicle for manifestations of virulent animosity. The instinct which thus guided me was probably a fortunate one. I do not think, however, that I had courage to reveal what I had done, even to intimate friends. In America, nothing would be more natural than such a proceeding. The application would have been quite in the ordinary course, and its success almost a foregone conclusion. But it needed only a short observation of European usages to learn that the ways of the old world were not our ways, and that what might lie fairly within the lines of order in the United States would be regarded there as a monstrous invasion of the proprieties.

Three or four days passed, and no response was given to my appeal. I began philosophically to set before myself the arguments against the likelihood that any attention would be paid to it, until I accidentally heard it stated that Wagner was not residing at the place to which my missive had been sent. Anxious to assure myself on this head, I called one afternoon at the designated number in Rue d'Aumale, simply to discover if I

had been at first properly advised as to the direction. A slow-witted concièrge was so little inclined to supply information, vouchsafing only a half intelligible reference to the second floor, that I was compelled to enter and search for myself. Arriving at the indicated elevation, I put myself in communication with a door-keeper of the most good-natured appearance, but who proved incapable of speaking or understanding more than half a dozen French sentences. To my inquiry if M. Wagner dwelt there, I could get no other answer than a demand for my card, which he would not vary, although I tried to explain that I did not wish to see anybody, but only to ascertain if that was M. Wagner's abode. As he would be content with nothing short of the card, I hesitatingly confided it to him, and was at once relieved and re-embarrassed when a business-like young man appeared and, happily in French, asked my errand. Once again I protested that I had no further errand than to learn if this were M. Wagner's veritable address, as I was in doubt about the delivery of a letter to him.

"This is the address," said he; "I will see if your letter has arrived."

Whereupon, in great discomfort, I reiterated my innocence of any design to intrude or to demand a reply, desiring merely to satisfy myself that there had been no error in transmission. He nevertheless insisted, and after absenting himself a moment, returned with a companion, — a short, middle-aged man, whose countenance struck me in the dim light of the corridor as of a peculiarly mild, not to say patient and tender cast, and whose profile gave me the suddenest quaint suggestion of the famous mountain outline in Franconia, New Hampshire. He looked attentively at me, — possibly, I afterward thought, to determine whether my petition had been genuine or not, for I learned that tickets had been in great demand, and that all sorts of devices had been employed to procure them, sometimes with dishonest views. While he gazed, I made a last effort with my thrice urged disavowal of intention to intrude, but stopped, more confused than ever when the new comer began to say, in a low and gentle voice:

"You are very welcome. You will please to excuse the failure to answer you, but we have been so much occupied, so much pressed. A note (*billet*) will reach you this evening."

I uttered some vague words of acknowledgment, to which he rejoined:

"There is no reason. Only you will excuse the omission to answer before. You will certainly receive a *billet* this evening."

I went away, not much questioning that I had spoken with Wagner, yet not altogether sure, for neither his appearance nor his manner of expressing himself corresponded with the harsh and tempestuous disposition generally ascribed to him. But the promise was fulfilled. The *billet* followed me home almost immediately; — a ticket of admission to the Opéra for the following Sunday evening, accompanied by the composer's card. The ticket was similar to those issued for regular performances, and the hour of commencement was marked upon it. I received it with intense gratification, and indeed it was not long before I learned it was much more of a favor than I could have reasonably expected to obtain.

On the appointed evening, as I approached the familiar edifice in Rue Lepeletier, which I expected to find enveloped in the customary obscurity of an "off" night, I was astonished to see it illuminated quite as profusely as on ordinary public occasions. Fearing that a change had been made in the arrangements, I looked around the vestibule for some hint or warning, and noticed that the operation of ticket-selling was not in progress, and that the windows for that purpose were all closed. But the formalities of admission were preserved, and the passages within were under control of the usual corps of old ladies, best known to foreigners as footstool fiends. All this was strange enough, but the culmination came when the door to the stalls was thrown open and I entered the auditorium. The house was filled in every visible part, — absolutely overflowing, — and with one of the most "showy" audiences I ever saw united there. It differed from the assemblage of an important first representation only in the

circumstance that it was already gathered and seated before the time of beginning. Never before had I seen the Opéra thus crowded at so early an hour. Most of the ladies in the lower tiers of boxes were in full dress. I was bewildered, — as I fancy anybody would have been, as ignorant as myself of the Parisian system of managing "private rehearsals," and accustomed to regard the preparatory labors of a theatre as surrounded by impenetrable mystery. The fact is, although I did not then realize it, that no work is considered ready for production at this thorough-going institution, unless the last dozen or so of rehearsals are sufficiently perfect to stand the test of critical scrutiny on the broadest scale; and the practice of permitting the élite of influence and position to be present on these occasions is not without advantages, in spite of certain inconveniences caused by too great an extension of the privilege. For my own part, I think there is much more to be said against than on behalf of it; but I ought to remember it leniently, for without it I should never have heard "Tannhäuser" in Paris, nor, at that period, would any other living soul.

It is not my purpose to speak too minutely of the performance. That it was finished, exact, and characterized by a degree of delicacy which I am compelled to believe could not have been rivalled, at that period, in any German theatre, those who can recall the productions of the Opéra in those days will be willing to credit. The orchestral support was superb. I have never elsewhere heard the quick movement of the overture played with equal spirit and energy. Under the firm guidance of M. Hain'l, the unified body of fourscore musicians, each one an undisputed master of his instrument, dashed through the imagery of witchcraft, seductive magic, knightly intrepidity, the storms of passion, and the wildness of despair, like a demoniac whirlwind. And thus it swayed that vast, and presumably intelligent, mass of listeners, who, not being "on guard," as it were, and knowing themselves free to follow their true impulses, unhindered by the fear of popular odium, broke forth into acclamations which seemed the presage of an almost certain victory for the composer in the near future. Nor can I recollect an instance when the fine march, — which needs a severity of treatment without which it degenerates into a swinging laziness fatal to dignity, — has resounded with nobler or more chivalrous expression. The chorus was not always what could be desired, but even these subordinate participants, probably most liable of all to demoralization from without, appeared to have been lifted to an approximate sense of their share in a demonstration of deeper meaning and more liberal promise than any of those in which they were habitually engaged. As to the principal vocalists, the sincerity and earnestness of their co-operation seemed to defy the most censorious scrutiny. I have heard and read many accusations of alleged treachery among them on the opening night, but I distrust the accuracy of charges based upon anything that took place upon the stage on that turbulent occasion. Throughout the evening of which I am now speaking, they were all that the author's most fastidious disciple could have desired. They were not all artists of the highest rank, but there were none without just pretensions to respectability of reputation and attainment, while some were qualified for the most honorable degree in their vocation. And their loyalty and honesty of endeavor were unswerving from beginning to end.

It was with much pleasure that I discovered, in the group of vocalists, the excellent baritone, Morelli. I had known him well, for several years, in America, where he had been a valuable member of almost every opera troupe since his arrival in the country with Madame La Grange. His name had been plainly before my eyes on the Paris programmes, but I had not thought of identifying my old acquaintance of the Italian stage with this favorite exponent of the French lyric drama. Had I been aware of his presence, the difficulty of ingress to the house would never have existed; but perhaps it had fallen out for the best. At any rate, if the easier and more usual path had been opened to me, I should not have been brought into personal con-

tact with Wagner, nor would the material for this shadowy sketch of him ever have been collected.

During the intervals between the acts, — longer, even, at rehearsals than those which strain the patience on public nights, — I roamed about the building or lounged in the *foyer*, for a time indifferent to the buzz of conversation, but gradually attracted by the curious unanimity of disrespect with which the new work was alluded to. There was no necessity for listening. Every one spoke freely and unrestrainedly, and with a loudness which indicated an eagerness to intensify the general sentiment of hostility, and to bring about a species of tacit combination for offensive purposes. The spell which had, at periods, held a large proportion of the assemblage captive, was easily exorcised. Indeed, it must be admitted that it was only with exceptional parts of the opera that the auditors permitted themselves to be interested. To these few morceaux I heard no especial reference; but the condemnation was applied with a liberality as comprehensive as it was indiscriminate. Of reflecting criticism there was hardly a word. Sweeping abuse was more effective, as well as more convenient. Occasionally I passed small clusters of celebrities who had been pointed out to me, at odd times, as the monitors, or perhaps the manufacturers, of popular taste, — the autocratic feuilletonists of the press. Their tone was more subdued, but it was evident that they took delight in the manifestations of popular temper, which, it might be, they credited themselves with having mainly provoked. Among these gentlemen I descried an acquaintance — my only one, at that date, in Paris journalism, — M. V ——, then a political writer for the *Constitutionnel;* later and at present, I believe, an art reviewer for numerous publications. We exchanged salutations, and in the course of a short conversation which followed, I begged him to give me an explanation of the unvarying and apparently blind and unreasoning antagonism displayed on all sides.

"Why," he said, "this is Paris, and that (indicating the stage) is Wagner."

"This is not the whole of Paris."

"No, and 'Tannhäuser' is not the whole of Wagner, unhappily."

"I wonder if it is all alike."

"The music of Wagner? Probably. If you mean Paris, certainly, on this question."

"As these people are admitted by courtesy," I said, "I should imagine a sense of obligation would restrain them; at least, while they remain in the house."

"Oh, I assure you the obligation is the other way. Think of their complacency in sitting through four hours of this savagery."

"Ah, it sounds like complacency; listen, M. V ——."

"At all events," he answered laughing, "they are harmonious, and in that they set M. Wagner a good example."

"It seems to me like the harmony of a conspiracy."

"Oh, that is too strong; we are not so bad as that."

"Yes, a safe conspiracy; — a whole city against one stranger. Tell me, M. V——, is this really a foretaste of what is to happen on the first night?"

"Well, the Opéra is not in my province, now; you should ask Fiorentino."

"I do not know M. Fiorentino."

"Take it less seriously, M. H——; you are not a friend of M. Wagner, I presume."

"I am not sure that I ever saw him."

"Well, I will tell you the truth; what you behold here, now, is the most perfect calm, the sweetest serenity, an angelic repose, compared with what is in preparation for next month. The fact that this evening's visitors come by invitation *does* keep them within certain bounds. Moreover, it is a very superior gathering, an audience too polite to overstep good feeling. Yes, you may smile; but wait till you see how it will be when the public has bought the right to assert its opinion, — when the place is thronged with a host of merry fellows who come with something to say, and whom the devil could not stop from saying it. Oh, the performance will be on this side of the curtain, not on the other, on that night. A thousand voices, all singing the same song. Not much chance for M. Wagner's mediæval heroes, I apprehend."

"I am sorry for it. The odds are too great.

"*Mais, enfin,* — we did not ask him to come here."

The animated repartees of the journalist, — with whom I had but the slightest acquaintance, — did not charm me at the moment, and I returned to my seat, somewhat depressed. At the end of another act I sauntered forth again, this time avoiding the *foyer,* and keeping to the "lobbies." As I walked at the rear of the boxes, I saw, standing by an open door, the two persons I had met in the Rue d'Aumale. The younger moved away while I was drawing near. The elder, whom I took to be Wagner, was about to re-enter the box, when, glancing at me, he stopped, with a look of partial recognition. I could not pass without thanking him for the ticket he had sent, and warmly expressing my delight at this performance of an opera which, I told him, I had long known, but never before heard.

Stepping back into the lobby, he made some conventional remark about the pleasure of giving an opportunity to people who knew how to enjoy it, and asked if "Tannhäuser" had been produced in America. I told him it had been, but in very imperfect style, and that its character was probably best known through private study, and through frequent repetition of its instrumental portions, which had been worthily played in numberless concerts.

"That is not the way to know Tannhäuser," he said; which of course was incontrovertible: and I was constrained to add that there was little hope of witnessing in the United States, for many years to come, such a representation as that now in progress. He candidly declared his satisfaction with all concerned, and observed that if everything went as well on its introduction to the public, he should have nothing to complain of. "I shall be content with Paris, and Paris will be content with me." After which, he bade me good evening, and went into his box.

Before he had finished speaking, I noticed M. V—— at a little distance. As soon as I was alone, he came to me and said, with a suspicion of sharpness, as I thought:

"I understood you did not know M. Wagner."

To which, with a certainty of sharpness, I answered:

"You understood correctly; I do not know M. Wagner."

"But you were speaking with him."

"Ah, that was M. Wagner? Well, I thought so, from a remark he made, but was not absolutely sure. No, M. V——, I do not know him."

"I hope you did not mention my little prediction to him," said M. V——, in a more equable tone.

"I could not tell him anything of the sort, as I am not acquainted with him; I wish I could see my way clear to do so."

"Under any circumstances, I hope you would not cite me as an authority."

"Certainly not, M. V——, and it is not likely that any revelation of mine will interfere with the success of your campaign of a million against one. I do not think it is in my power to break up the combination, even by telling all I know about it."

He received this with the utmost possible good nature, a fact which I am glad to record, as we afterward came nearer and much more pleasantly together. But that was all I saw of him in connection with the "Tannhäuser" episode.

The very next day, I received an envelope containing again the composer's card and another rehearsal ticket — this one admitting me to the fauteuils. I was promoted, then, and without the least expectation, or the expression of any wish on my part. It was a kind acknowledgment of the few sincere and sympathetic words I had uttered, and it afforded me a genuine gratification. Before the designated evening, I met again my estimable second violin and my excellent friend, Morelli — the former by hazard, as usual, the latter by intention. The man of the orchestra had no hesitation in declaring the probable correctness of everything V—— had said. He would not be in the least surprised if the opera was hissed and hooted from the first note to the last. From what he had

heard there was no purpose to allow any part of it to be heard. "Conspiracy,"— well, he did not believe in an organized, widespread collusion, but everybody seemed to understand, intuitively, what was to be done, and everybody was quite agreed about the course to be pursued. "Shameful,"—of course it was. Did I suppose the orchestra would not feel it too? On inquiry, however, it appeared that the orchestra would not feel it particularly on M. Wagner's account, but as an incidental insult levelled against itself and the rest of the Opèra establishment. Indeed, a new cause of complaint was growing up against the sorrow-burthened composer, on the ground that the employés of the theatre were to be affronted and disgraced in the discharge of their duty, all along of this "wretched, rash, intruding fool." What was he, that they should all have to be hissed for him? I feared that my originally right-minded violinist had been insensibly corrupted by the unjust influences around him.

Morelli confirmed the worst. He was not unwilling, at first, to take a jocular view of the coming event, saying that his voice was fatigued, and he was glad of the prospect of a rest during March. Which jest, being dissected, was found to mean that he had no idea of singing his part in "Tannhäuser," inasmuch as silent gesticulation, with an occasional contortion of the countenance, would be amply sufficient. And yet, he admitted with a sigh, it would have yielded him a rare satisfaction to have a fair field with one of his scenes. But he fancied all would fare alike. "You will see such things, my friend, as are not dreamed of in America." I told him I anticipated leaving France before the opera was brought out. "It is better, perhaps; surely better if you want to carry away any esteem for this public of Paris. It is not a pretty thing to see this *jeunesse*, which proclaims itself an example to the world at large, and assumes exclusive possession of the refinement, wit, delicacy, and good-breeding of the universe, sinking all manhood, and debasing itself like the beasts of the field—no, the uncleaner beasts of the sty. I know what it can do, and I know that just where high society centres itself, there you may look for the worst brutality, and hear the keynote sounded of the most disgraceful revelry. The box on the right of the stage, close to our feet, filled with the jewels of French nobility, that is the nest where all these villanies are hatched." The sturdy old baritone swelled with a magnificent indignation. I wondered if it were possible that he, like Mario, had ever been forced to undergo the insolence he now declaimed against.

"How is it," I asked, "that no one tells M. Wagner of all this? He surely ought to have a hint of what is in store."

Morelli thought that perhaps he was better informed than he wished to appear; but I could not accept that view, having in my mind the memory of the last words he had spoken in my hearing. "But if he is ignorant," added the singer, "whose place is it to enlighten him? Not mine, surely. I shall get myself into a fine scrape. If anybody is to play prophet of evil, it is the director's part. But he will not speak a word, and it would do no good if he did speak. M. Wagner must take his own chance." And so it truly appeared. The composer's enemies were all as well advised of what was to happen as were the Catholics previous to the massacre of Saint Bartholomew; while he, together with his friends, knew as little of the impending massacre as the Huguenots of 1572, in their hapless day.

Again I went to rehearsal, again I heard the mutterings of the gathering storm, and again I had opportunity of conversing with Wagner, who walked leisurely through the passages during the *entr'actes*, mostly alone, and apparently indifferent to the keen gaze of those around him. Offensive tongues were silenced at his approach, and he really seemed unconscious, as well as careless, of the prevailing ill-will. There might have been a little forced independence in the air with which he set his head back and projected his chin, but I, of course, was not sufficiently familiar with him to interpret his expression, and his attitude might have been the usual one of a short man accustomed to assert a certain elevation of bearing. His man-

ner of speaking was, as I had observed before, and as I continued to observe, invariably subdued and mild. Nothing could be more irreconcilable with the excitability and angry intolerance frequently laid to his charge. I am aware, however, that my interviews were too few and too brief to warrant any attempt at generalization of his mood or his demeanor.

There was nothing in our conversation, that evening, to place on record, excepting toward the end, when he kindly asked if I should remain in Paris long enough to attend another rehearsal, and if I thought I could endure a third hearing. As I thanked him for this second unexpected favor, the feeling came strongly upon me that if it was the deliberate plan of the Opéra administration to keep him uninformed of the projected demonstration, such treatment was base and cruel; and without reflecting upon the improbability that I, a stranger, could at this late day be the first to reveal to him what was intended, I hastily requested that, when I came again, I might have a few words with him on a serious subject, — or, if he could not listen to me during the rehearsal, I begged him to appoint a time when I might call on him elsewhere. He seemed struck by my earnestness, and, though somewhat surprised, said that he should be in or near his box throughout the evening, and that he would be glad to see me.

The next few days brought renewed evidence of the tumult in contemplation, and I pictured to myself the folly of supposing that the scheme could have been concealed from the person most directly menaced, or that it could be reserved for me, not even an acquaintance, to unfold this ugly plot, the details of which had been discussed for weeks in all the clubs, cafés, and coulisses of Paris, and broadly hinted at, though I believe not openly threatened, in more than one newspaper. Was I about to put myself in an utterly absurd position? Was I prepared to encounter the ridicule I might provoke? It was not a comfortable dilemma, and I went at last to the Opéra with a half-formed resolution to say nothing of what was in my thoughts, and to find a way of evading the "serious subject" I had alluded to. But when I came upon the composer, in his usual place, quite alone, his placid, sad smile betokening a serenity so unsuited to the discordant atmosphere which surrounded him, and apparently gazing into remote distances, as if, the present being happily secured, his mind was free to refresh itself in the expanding future, — when I saw him, the sole individual then in view who seemed unmindful that he was about to undergo the bitterest humiliation which could be inflicted upon a man in his position, I forgot the incongruity of my own relation to the proceedings, and returned to my determination of telling all I knew, whatever might ensue. Wagner greeted me with his customary sedateness, and at once relieved me from the necessity of renewing my request for a private conversation. Opening the door of his box, he said:

"Will you speak here, or must we be entirely alone?"

Although I fancied there was a glimmer of amusement on his countenance, I nevertheless held to my purpose, and asked that we might, if convenient, be wholly secluded. For I had caught sight of two figures in the box, one of them a lady, and I shrank from being overheard. Moreover, I was not sure but that the composer might entertain his foes unawares. He said nothing, and led the way to the end of the corridor, through a door in the partition separating the auditorium from the stage, and into a small apartment furnished like a miniature drawing-room.

"Now, sir; at your service," he said, seating himself.

"M. Wagner," I responded, drawing a long and rather tremulous breath, "I am a stranger to you, but you have shown me so much kindness that I feel emboldened to take a great liberty and make a communication which ought truly to proceed from a friend."

"Indeed," he answered; "well, go on."

"I shall not ask you to take no offence, because I expect you to believe it is impossible that I should intend to give offence. M. Wagner, there is a con-

spiracy to prevent the performance of 'Tannhäuser.'"

"Ah, again," was his reply.

"Then you *have* heard of it." said I, not a little discomfited. "If you know all, it is useless for me to continue; but I certainly thought it a duty — "

"Dear sir, I have heard of nothing else for a month. I have had more plots confided to me than would go to the making of a revolution."

"But I, pardon me, speak of only one plot, though a very formidable one, — a plot in which all Paris seems to be engaged."

"That is new, perhaps; but," he added with a perceptible change of tone, "I may possibly be speaking with a gentleman who can instruct me how to counteract this plot."

The satire was obvious, and disagreeable. That I could fall under any kind of suspicion was the last thing I had anticipated.

"I am not very conversant with French usages," I said, "and the intrigues of the Opéra are particularly foreign to me. I see that I have intruded, and I hope to be excused for it. I hope also, M. Wagner, that, before next month, somebody whom you can trust will undertake what I have now failed to accomplish." And I rose, more mortified and vexed than I would have cared to show.

"Pray wait," said Wagner; "you have not intruded, and I am sorry if I pained you, — there! But, my young friend, when one has had a dozen combinations laid before him, accompanied by assurances that they can all be undermined and set at naught, — *for — a — consideration*, — one becomes —."

"Suspicious, naturally," said I; "for which reason I again beg to be excused and to take my leave."

"Not before telling me what you had to say, I trust. Come, you will tell it to oblige me. I am sure it must be different from what I have heard before."

It struck me that he was by no means convinced as to the difference, and that he was in no stress of anxiety to listen; but he saw he had been inconsiderate and unjust, and was willing to make what amends he could. However, I recommenced, to the best of my ability, and endeavored to persuade him that the scheme in question did not aim at trifles like the corruption of a singer, or treachery in the orchestra, or disaffection in the chorus, which could be met and overcome, but was devised to render impossible the performance of his opera.

"But the performance is going on, at this moment."

"Then I should say 'the production.' It is definitely determined, I am compelled to believe, that 'Tannhäuser' shall not be heard, — publicly heard — in Paris."

With all possible conciseness, I recited the testimony on which I based my conviction, omitting nothing which I thought would give weight to my conclusions, but producing, as I could not but perceive, no substantial impression upon the composer.

"You do not mean," he said, "that the director will close his doors?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor that the members of the company will absent themselves?"

"By no means."

"Nor that they will refuse to do their duty at the proper time?"

"Nothing of that kind."

"In that case, I do not yet see what shall prevent the representation."

"M. Wagner, the danger I apprehend is from without. The artists will sing, all will do their best, — at least while their courage lasts, — but still the opera will not be heard."

"And why not?"

"Because the noise of a thousand blackguards (*vauriens*) can always drown the sounds of two hundred musicians."

"You believe this will be attempted?"

"I am forced to believe it."

"It is incredible. There will be a demonstration, and a little clamor, — much clamor, perhaps. The boors will have their sport, but they will soon tire. Then they will listen, and then —"

He looked as if it was unreasonable to doubt their subjugation when once the witchery of his strains had touched their senses.

"At the worst," he continued, "they will be reduced to order by the will of

the majority. The intelligent will rise against the injustice of a prolonged interruption. You have seen them at these rehearsals. What attention! What appreciation! What cordiality!"

I discovered, now, that my efforts were hopeless. His pride was aroused, and it was not his sober judgment against which I was contending, but an indestructible confidence in the power and influence of his music. I was wasting his time and my own energies. But I ventured one more appeal. Would he not make inquiries, for himself — of the director, of some of the singers, whom I named?

"That would scarcely be becoming. Also, M. —— has said not a word to me; is it for me to introduce an element of distrust?"

Utterly disheartened, I turned away, without the strength to hide the distress I honestly felt.

"Do not be disturbed, my very good young friend," said Wagner; "believe me there is no cause for alarm. But I understand your motive *now*, and you have all my thanks for your sympathy. I wish you could be with us on the first night, — not to see your warning invalidated, — no, no; not for that, — but because I know you would rejoice in the success which I think we have a right to expect."

As he spoke, the idea of prolonging my stay in Paris so as to witness the important event, which I had already begun to think of, took a firm place in my mind. I had become more and more deeply interested, as was inevitable from the gradual increase of my knowledge of the circumstances, and my partial acquaintance with the author; and the extension of my visit for a few weeks seemed less impracticable than I had thought. But I said nothing of this to Wagner, having no inclination, in any event, to be under unnecessary obligations, and conceiving it to be very probable that he would offer me the ticket which, for this occasion, I could purchase like the rest of the public. I bade him adieu, with the declaration that nobody's wishes for a brilliant triumph could be more fervent than my own, and went my way, fretting at my utter inability to shake his ineffable confidence, and but slightly consoled by the consciousness that however startling the shock might be, it could not now take him wholly by surprise.

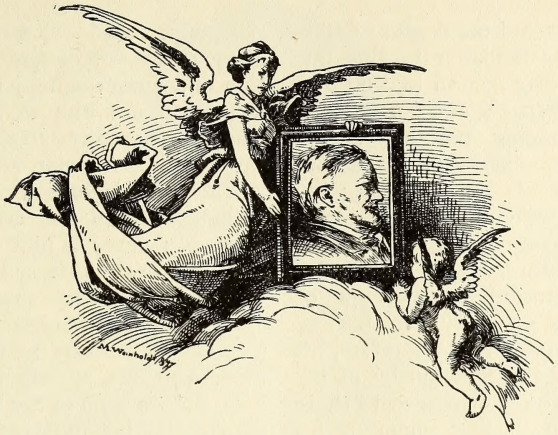
The production was promised at an early date in March, but was again postponed until near the middle of that month. During an interval of three weeks, I saw nothing of Wagner, and of course could not know whether he was left in ignorance to the end, or had accepted admonitions of greater weight than mine. The temper of the populace underwent no change, except in growing more uncompromising and intense. Instead of a theatrical tumult of the ordinary pattern, it was thought by many that the excitement would culminate in a riot.

I was early in my seat on the fated night, and watched attentively the gathering of the audience. It did not appear to differ in character from those I had seen at the rehearsals, though it was slower in arriving, and when the opening bars of the overture sounded, the house was only two-thirds filled. But the adverse element was undoubtedly in force from the beginning. The box habitually retained by the young furies of the Jockey Club, close upon the stage, at the left of the spectators, was crowded. In earlier years it had been known as "*la loge infernale*," and on this evening it proudly sustained the ancient character. The overture was passed by in silence, or at least with so few manifestations of disfavor as to cause no interruption. Before it was finished, the vacant spaces were all occupied, and the assemblage was ready for its work. The curtain rose, and, almost simultaneously with the first notes that followed, the assault began. Before the introductory scene was half through, the uproar had reached such a height that the actors upon the stage and the orchestra in front were alike inaudible except to those who sat nearest the proscenium. There was not even a pretence of waiting to form an opinion. The order of battle was laid out on a more destructive scale. "Tannhäuser" was not to be deliberately condemned; it was simply not to be endured. What qualities it possessed, lofty or degraded, noble

or vicious, the Parisians were not to learn. If any, by chance, desired to acquire that knowledge, it was the will of the majority that they should not do so. And thus the performance proceeded, or was supposed to proceed, revealing nothing but a succession of fine scenery and a mass of picturesque costume. While these passed in unintelligible show before the public eye, the public ear received only a continuous cacophony of shrieks, howls, shouts, and groans, diversified by imitations of wild beasts which would have blushed at the brutality of those who mimicked their cries, and stimulated incessantly by aristocratic ruffians in the conspicuous boxes, whose favorite instruments of offence were huge keys, by means of which they filled the air with hissing shrillness, like so many whistling devils. It was a pitiable business, — infinitely more disgraceful to those who actively participated than to any who suffered by it. Further details would serve no good purpose. The chief incidents are recorded in French lyrical annals, but I imagine that those who once gloried in them would now be very willing to sink them in oblivion.

An interesting inquiry into the causes of the "scandal" appeared, soon after Wagner's death, in a leading American magazine, in the course of which it was intimated that the opera was so badly performed as to justify in some degree the angry violence of the audience. I do not think this charge can be seriously sustained, nor do I see, indeed, how any evidence in support of it could possibly be produced. I doubt if any individual ever was in a position to say whether "Tannhäuser" was well or ill interpreted, because not a bar of it could be heard. No living soul knew anything about it. At the rehearsals — at least those which I heard, and which were practically, though not nominally, public performances, — there was certainly no ground of complaint. And if the amateurs of the French metropolis attended in an honestly critical spirit, prepared to pronounce judgment with integrity, the question arises, — why did they carry with them those remarkably constructed door-keys, which, at that or any other period, constituted no portion of the personal adornment of the fashionable *gandin?* The truth is, that the work was foredoomed, — condemned to ignominy and outrage, because the composer was hated. The rancor was so pronounced that I believe the victim would have suffered bodily injury, as well as vicarious insult, if the wildest of the mob could have laid hands on him. I hardly ventured to look toward the box where I fancied he might be; though when I did turn in that direction, his face was not to be seen. Exactly where he passed that evening of torment I do not know, but it was my fortune to meet him once again, for the briefest moment and for the last time. After the curtain had finally fallen, I went out slowly with the crowd, and turned homeward, taking a course which led me by the large courtyard upon which the back of the theatre opened. As I waited, with a companion, to look at the brilliant toilettes of those privileged dames who were permitted to make a speedy and easy exit by this private way, I beheld the composer hastily crossing the area, toward the gate by which I stood. He opened the door of a vehicle in which a lady was already seated, but before entering, turned sharp around and held out his hand, which I took without speaking a word. Deeply agitated by indignation and compassion, I knew that my voice would fail me. He also was silent, but to my surprise, his countenance betrayed no strong emotion, nor was his expression perceptibly different from that which he had worn on the other occasions of our meeting. As well as I could observe, there was the same patient, engaging smile, with the air of partial abstraction which always conveyed the impression that his imagination was straying beyond or above the realities of the immediate hour. That was my farewell to Richard Wagner. In another moment he entered his carriage, and was driven rapidly away. How little I pretend to know of the man himself, those who have followed me in this reminiscence will understand; but as I recall his unchanging aspect and demeanor in the several interviews, the quiet graciousness and the serene composure which gov-

erned his speech and action, even to the trying end, it would require stronger evidence than I have yet discovered, to persuade me that these, rather than a petulant irritability and a vainglorious intolerance, were not the most trustworthy and genuine manifestations of his real nature.



BLOSSOM TIME.

By Wilbur Larremore.

SPRING came with tiny lances thrusting,
And earth was clad in peeping green;
In russet bark, the twigs incrusting,
Tenderest blossom-points were seen;
A robin courier proclaimed good cheer:
Summer will soon arrive for I am here.

And now from cherry boughs in flower
The languid breeze arousing shakes
With every honied breath a shower
Of feather snow in drifting flakes;
And apple trees in bloom like ricks of white
Are veiled with smoky, amethystine light.

Ah, little soul, on thy first Spring
Unclosing merry, puzzled eyes,
Would that a father's thought could bring
Prophetic counsel more than wise
To guide thee as a father's love would yearn,
Thou hast so much to suffer and to learn!

I cannot live thy life for thee,
My precepts would be dull and trite,
Barren as last year's leaves to me
Beneath the apple blossoms white;
But in thy new horizon's vaster range
Our hearts close knit shall feel no chilling change.

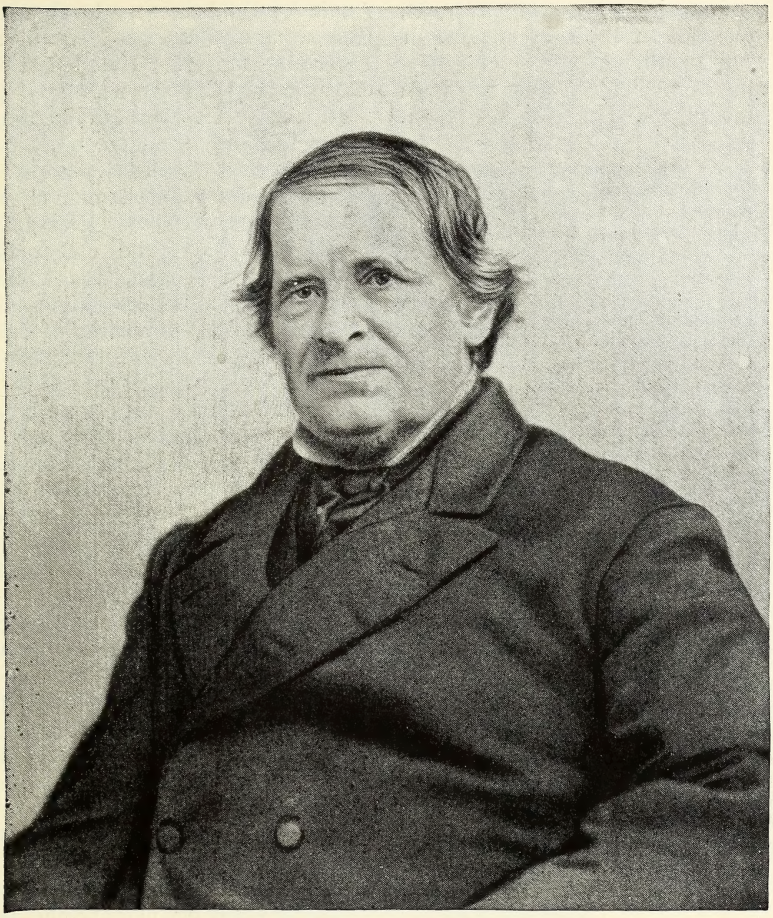
BENJAMIN PENHALLOW SHILLABER.

By Elizabeth Akers Allan.

IT seems unjust and ungrateful to allow such a man as Shillaber to sink into his grave leaving behind him no worthier memorial than the brief newspaper paragraph announcing his death. His books of course remain, in black-and-white evidence of his life and work; but if the opinions of some of his best friends, and among them one who knew and corresponded with him for over twenty-five years, may be trusted, he was one of those writers who never put the best of themselves on paper; and, therefore, his books are no adequate memorial of the man. Indeed, it often appeared to those who knew him best, that much of his printed work was almost contradictory of the man himself, whose nature was far finer, richer, and sweeter than anything he ever wrote for publication. His course, perhaps, is to be preferred to that of many writers, who have been so benevolent as to expend all their exalted principles and fine feelings in their books, for the delight of the world of strangers, saving none for their own personal use, and the benefit of their friends. Failing to reveal himself adequately by his pen, he was never really appreciated, because never fully understood, by any excepting the comparatively few who chanced to be personally acquainted with him. This was one of several facts which prevented him from being what is known, in a worldly sense, as a "successful" man. It is chiefly as a humorist that he is recognized in the world of letters; but his best humor was of that delicate sort which, like some dainty wines, will not bear decanting. Indeed, he always oddly reminded me of a wonderful spring that I once knew — the waters of which, marvellously brilliant and delicious at first, and full of diamond sparkles of fixed air, yet seemed comparatively flat and lifeless if carried away. So his wit, delightfully fresh and real when spoken, too often seemed, when reduced to cold print, like that once living water, spoiled of its sparkle by transportation. And the fact that this mere ghost of his wit earned him the reputation of a humorist, may enable those who did not know him to partly guess how charming, how attractive, and full of bright surprises was the man himself.

There is another reason why Mr. Shillaber's clean and fastidious wit — for there was never a hint of coarseness in it — was not more substantially appreciated. There are many sensible and excellent persons, even learned and accomplished scholars in their own special walk, who are utterly unable to see a joke, except it be of the coarser and more palpable sort — the very lees and dregs of wit — labelled distinctly, "This is a joke." There are others, who, like the self-confessed Scotchman, "joke with difficulty," and experience still greater difficulty in understanding the jokes of others. As to the finer essence of humor, the delicious sublimation of wit, to them it is invisible, inaudible, imperceptible. But we cannot blame as stupid, the man who, lacking the sense of smell, is unable to perceive the perfume of a flower.

We may fail to love and appreciate pictures, sculpture, the higher literature, classical music, or lofty oratory, the grandeur of "the marvellous mountains," the charm of a brilliant sunset, a majestic cataract, or a beautiful view; we may fail to follow a cogent argument, or be thrilled by a perfect poem, — but we do not deny the existence of these things. But the genuine humorist, especially if his gift be of the finer and more subtile sort, soon finds, to his sorrow, that the person who does not appreciate and enjoy his wit simply does not believe it is there. I remember the inimitable expression of countenance with which Shillaber, when he found his pet newspaper languishing through lack of support, said to me: "They can't help it — but, my friend, there are lots of good fellows who don't see any fun in the *Carpet Bag!*" The quizzical pathos of the re-



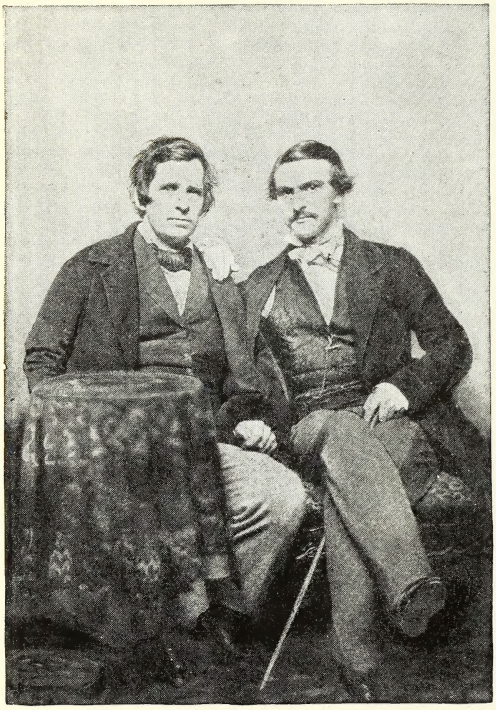
Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber.

mark — a quality impossible to put on paper — was irresistible. And since those souls who perceive and enjoy the rarer kinds of humor are almost as few as those who understand and appreciate a fine and true poem, it follows that many of the rarest humorists in the world have found themselves with small audiences while they lived, and have died at last in poverty and neglect, known and mourned only by the few. While, fortunately, this cannot be said of Shillaber, it is true that he was never justly valued — and it is to be feared that his mantle did not fall upon any survivor.

So sorrowful is life to most of those who live, so full of griefs and trials and disappointments, and so rare is the real fun which has the power to lift the gloom of fact, even for a little, that it would seem as if the humorist, wherever found, would be crowned king, and endowed by a grateful world with all that can make life beautiful. Yet we see that the mere self-seeker who cheats and angers the world by political wire-pulling, or robs it by gambling in stocks and railroads, is the man whom it makes a millionnaire; while the rare and blameless man who really befriends it by showing it the bright side of life, is suffered too often to labor hard for poor pay all his days, and die in poverty and obscurity at last. It is only necessary to cite old Cervantes, who virtually starved to death; or poor Hood, whose unconquerable sense of fun

seemed to flourish under want and debt, and to blossom in the very shadow of suffering and death.

Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber was born in Portsmouth, N. H., July 12, 1814.



Shillaber and C. G. Halpine ("Miles O'Reilly").

His education, which he pronounced "exceedingly limited," was obtained in the old Cabot Street schoolhouse. In October, 1830, he entered the office of the *New Hampshire Palladium*, in Dover, and remained there more than two years. In 1833 he came to Boston, and finished learning his trade (which then included all branches of printing), after which he labored as a journeyman until 1835, when he found his health failing, and went to Demarara, British Guiana, for help. Apparently the climate restored him, as he enjoyed perfect health for many years thereafter. He remained in Demarara nearly two years, employed meanwhile on the *Royal Gazette*, the official organ of the British government. He returned to Boston in 1838, and was married to the love of his youth, Miss Annie De Rochemont, a lovely and beautiful woman, descended from an old Huguenot family. The union was an exceptionally happy one.

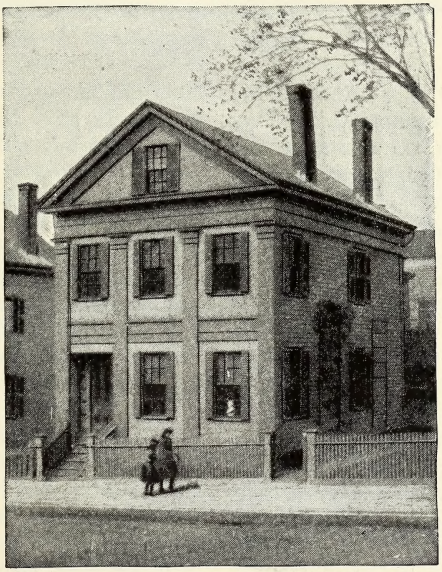
In 1840, Mr. Shillaber became connected with the Boston *Post*, edited by Colonel Charles G. Greene. There the accuracy and humor of some of his reports attracted Colonel Greene's attention, and the career of Mrs. Partington began, the artless old lady's unconscious humor adding greatly to the popularity of the paper. Encouraged by his favorable reception, he left the *Post* in 1850, to edit the *Pathfinder* and the *Carpet Bag*. The last was a humorous sheet, wherein Mr. Shillaber's abundant wit found continual expression, "Brightened and sharpened," as he said, "by the attrition of kindred minds." Here began his friendship with Charles Graham Halpine, — "Miles O'Reilly," — which continued until Halpine's death. The unique paper deserved success, — but no really funny paper ever subsists long. The *Carpet Bag*, being illustrated and costly, and having none of the cheap methods of the present day, languished through lack of funds, and expired within three years. In connection with this, I recall a sample of his instantaneous wit. It was the custom among neighboring printing-offices to borrow and lend type, on occasion; and somebody had borrowed, from the *Carpet Bag* office, two large specimens of the letter U. In the haste of "making up," these letters were needed, and Mr. Shillaber sent a boy for them. "Tell Mr. Blank," said he, "that I want them *to use*."

Nobody had greater reason to mourn the *Carpet Bag* than he, — since its failure not only lost him a congenial position but swallowed all his savings, and compelled him to begin anew. He returned to the *Post*, remaining until 1856, when he entered the office of the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, where he remained a helpful and popular worker, until that paper changed hands, and he chose to leave it. As a lecturer, he met a warm reception everywhere, but was too retir-

ing and conservative to be a prominent, pushing success. He lacked that useful combination of zinc and copper which might have enabled him to advertise himself in print as "the king of humorists," and "the prince of poets," with his portrait crowned with laurel. He had a great facility for "occasional" verse, and was much in demand at festivals and celebrations. He read before Tufts and Dartmouth colleges, on commencement occasions, and his connection with the Masons, Odd Fellows, and the Franklin Typographical Society, frequently drew upon the kind offices of his good-natured and inexpensive muse. The picturesque old house, away out on "the neck," where he lived during these years, was the Mecca of many a faint-hearted beginner in literary work.

He removed to Chelsea in 1855, where, in the pleasant home on Williams Street, he spent the rest of his life. He did good work on the school board for nine or ten years, and was a beloved and useful citizen.

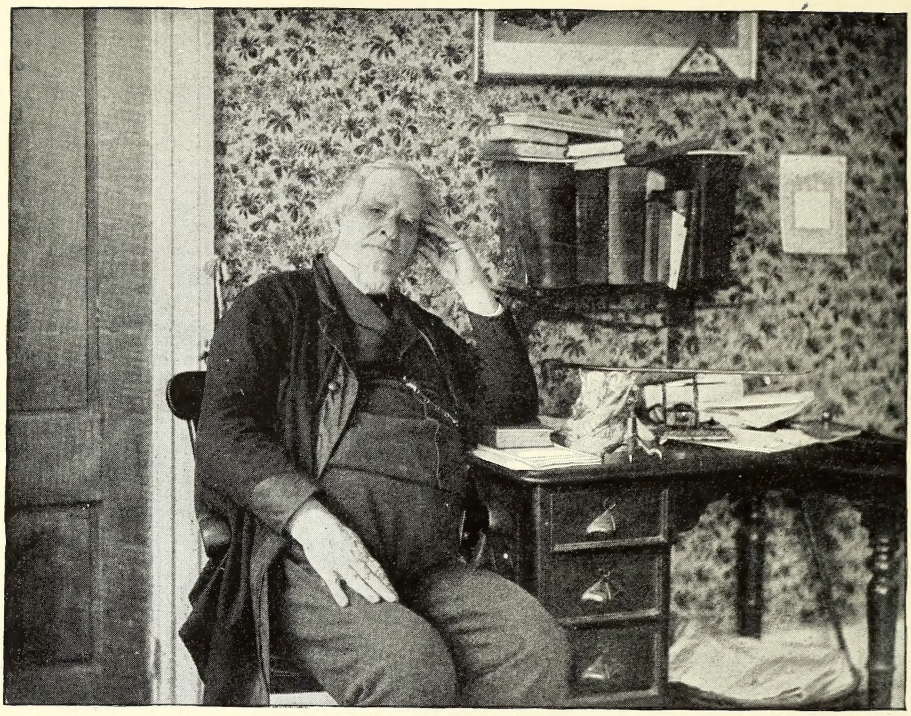
He published nine books, among which were "Rhymes with Reason and Without," "Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington," "Knitting-work," "Partingtonian Patchwork," "Lines in Pleasant Places," "Ike Partington and His Friends," "Cruises with Captain Bob," and "The Double-Runner Club." There were two volumes of poems.



The Home of "Mrs. Partington."—Chelsea.

Mr. Shillaber's personality abounded in that nameless charm which is one of the greatest mysteries of human companionship. To this wonderful attractiveness, every one who was admitted to his friendship yielded without question or hesitation. Geniality, sympathy, kindness, and friendly interest, seemed his native atmosphere; he radiated helpfulness, courtesy, and good-nature, as a hearth-fire sends out heat and light. Yet he gave one a sense of massive strength and reserved force which convinced one that in time of trouble, his faithful friendship would be a shelter like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." If feeling depressed, tired, and disheartened, you came into his presence, the very touch of his hand seemed to inspire you with new hope, and you presently found yourself wondering how you ever could have been so feeble and cowardly as to think the world dark, or your trials excessive. If his wonderful capacity for inspiring cheerfulness and hope could have been extended and applied, like steam or electricity, he would have been the greatest benefactor to the human race that the world has ever seen. As it was, he did all the good in his power, and nothing but his lack of means prevented him from being the most liberal and large-hearted of philanthropists.

His was the true charity that "begins at home." Never was there a more devoted and appreciative husband; never, a more loving and tender father; never, a more faithful and constant friend. More than one man who preceded him to the grave could have told of having been rescued by him from the gutter, from disgrace and despair; and many still living could bear testimony to his tireless efforts to cheer and help them when they would else have been friendless and alone. Such a man benefits the world in a double sense—by his work and by his example. Indeed, Mr. Shillaber's unfailing kindness was one of his strongest characteristics.



Shillaber at his Desk.

Never was there a better instance of the charity which "thinketh no evil." Never but once in our long acquaintance did I hear him express even positive dislike of any human being. Even when he feared that a young woman friend whom he valued was inclined to look favorably upon a man whom he knew to be unworthy, he could not bear to condemn the eager suitor; he only wrote to his friend: "Be careful, now; as careful as if you were buying a load of hay, or a new piano; take time, and consider, before deciding." When, in his later years, illness and sorrows gathered about him, and some of his early friends grew careless and neglectful, he was always ready to find some excuse for them — they were thoughtless, or busy, or in trouble, never really at fault in his view. Even in one or two cases where unworthy jealousy brought him positive harm and loss, he never uttered a reproach, but still found excuses for the shortcomings of his former friend.

He lacked the bargaining, penny-counting faculty in an amusing degree. He rarely gave himself the privilege of refusing to buy a thing because the price was too high. He took it first, then asked the price and paid it. His wife declared that if he engaged a barrel of kindling-wood, and on delivery the dealer demanded five dollars for it, it would be paid without a word. One morning when I was at his breakfast-table, he was requested to stop at the coal-merchant's, on his way to the office, and send home a load of coal. It arrived punctually; and at night, his wife, who was a wise and admirable housekeeper, asked him the price.

"The price? how should I know the price of coal?" asked he innocently.

"But you never ordered it without knowing what the dealer asked for it?" said she.

"I pry into his affairs, and ask him how he sells coal?" exclaimed the calculating purchaser, "what business is that of mine? If I had asked him, he would very properly have advised me to

attend to my own affairs; thank heaven, I am not so inquisitive."

In order to have become a millionnaire at newspaper or literary work, Mr. Shillaber must have lived in a very different world from this.

I well remember the first saying of "Mrs. Partington" which I ever saw. In quotation it has generally been spoiled, and the point lost. It was on the occasion of a sudden rise in breadstuffs, and she remarked that whether flour was dear or cheap, she noticed that she "always had to pay the same amount of money for half a dollar's worth." Soon after, she noticed the extreme changeableness of the wind, which blew in her face as she went up street, but was at her back when she presently went down. As soon as the name of Mrs. Partington became popular, various unscrupulous newspaper-writers used it to palm off their questionable or pointless witticisms; but all the really authentic remarks of the dear old lady were as void of reproach as was she herself, and had not only the quality of genuine and kindly humor which is so rare, but also the element of unexpectedness which is so often the value of fun. What could be more delightful than the question she asked of Ike — (who, by the way, was her nephew, and not her son or grandson, as is generally said) when he used the term "old woman." She inquired "Who do you have reverence to, by 'old woman?'" And when she was viewing the comet, with her neighbor, her modest inquiry, as her eyes wandered among the starry "consternations," — was inimitable. "Do you," she asked, "understand the explanatory system?"

It was with a pang of preboding that his nearest friends heard him announce, while he was doing what proved to be his last work for the press, that he was "going to kill Mrs. Partington." Pathetic intercession was made for the old lady's life; but he was firm in his determination that she should not survive him. He knew well what her fate would be, if he left her in existence; homeless in the waste of print, she would be like the scapegoat driven into the wilderness, made the burden of all the stale witticisms and questionable quibbles which the newspapers might choose to put upon her. So, a few months before his own departure, the kindly old lady peacefully ended her blameless and beneficent existence. She was a tender-hearted and benevolent creature, never forgetful of her own placid dignity, and never for a moment conscious of her inimitable and delightful drollery.

"His creed," says one who knew him intimately, "was love to God and man, exemplified in every act of his life." While liberal in his opinions, he was tolerant of all religious beliefs, and counted among his close friends some of the most straight-laced of clergymen. An eminent Roman Catholic father once said to him: "Ah, Shillaber, you are too good a man for the devil to get!" A well-known orthodox clergyman remarked of him: "He would be a perfect man, if he had but the grace of God."

If it is "the grace of God" that enables a human being to be helpful, cheerful, sympathetic, benevolent, faithful, and true, forgiving to ingratitude, and patient under torture, then surely Shillaber did not lack this good gift. And it is comforting to poor miserable sinners to think that if the devil does really get such spirits as Shillaber, then his majesty's headquarters cannot be so intolerable a place of residence as it has been painted.

Like all tender natures, he was very fond of animals. A large buff cat, "Beauty," was his pet for years, and was nestled lovingly in his arms only a few minutes before his death. The affectionate creature still seeks and mourns him.

Notwithstanding Mr. Shillaber's habitual cheerfulness and merriment he was "acquainted with grief." Early in his married life he lost two lovely, promising boys for whom he grieved as fathers seldom grieve. A charming baby-girl, one of twins, died later, just as she was able to lisp a little of her love for him; and her mate followed her on reaching womanhood. Of his eight children, four survive him. The last great blow was the death of his wife in 1883, a most amiable and single-hearted woman, a helpmate in very deed, to whom he was the most devoted of husbands. To her he applied Jean Ingelow's words, "A sweeter woman

ne'er drew breath." His life thereafter was one unbroken bereavement, during which he made heroic efforts to keep up to the old standard of cheerful helpfulness and faith in the ultimate wisdom which governs the world.

He was virtually confined to the house for several of the last years of his life, hardly leaving it excepting for a little summer change and rest. But his enforced inaction did not sour his sweet and kindly nature. It seemed hard — to others — that a man who would not willingly have hurt a fly was doomed to so much suffering; but he never complained, keeping always the same old cordial welcome for his friends, the same grateful smile for the dear daughter who ministered to him for years, and watched his peaceful departure.

Dear friend, great tender heart, sleep well! In faithful and loving memory of you have these poor words been written. And so, for a little, farewell!

AT ANDERSONVILLE.

By Franklin L. Stanton.

WHEN the weird, wondering wind is still,
There, in the valleys of Andersonville,
At that shivering hour — the grim half-way
Of the ghostly march of the dark to day,
There are sounds too mystical to repeat;
Eager voices, hurrying feet,
Ribald laughter and jest — and then
The prayers and pleadings of prisoned men.

At dead of night, when the wind is still,
There is life in the shadows of Andersonville.

When the hills gloom black in the midnight shade,
There are signs of life in the old stockade;
The phantom guards in the prison bounds
Resume their sorrowful, silent rounds;
While the glowworm's lantern gleams and waves
Adown the aisles of a thousand graves;
And then to the listening ear there comes
The mystic roll of the muffled drums.

The drama ends and the dreamer wakes:
In the flowering fields and the tangled brakes
The birds are singing, the liquid notes
Rise to heaven from their thrilling throats;
The sunlight falls with a softened beam
On the voiceless graves where the dead men dream;
While hill and valley and prison sod
Rest in the smile and the peace of God.

But at dead of night, when the wind is still,
There is life in the shadows of Andersonville.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

By Dorothy Prescott.

IV.

THE dining-room of Professor Richard Meredith's delightful house in Washington was a cheery sight, even in midwinter, as the morning sunshine stole across the dainty breakfast table between the husband and wife. He was tall and stalwart, golden-bearded, falcon-eyed, and ruddy, the very picture of a man of out-of-door science. She was called a brunette, but there are shades of darkness as well as of light, and she was no pen and ink sketch in black and white, but brilliantly-colored all over. Her hair and eyes, her cheeks and lips, were all in different tones of rich ruddy velvety brown, or rich dusky velvety red; even her long thick eyelashes were of too soft and melting a tint to be described by so hard a word as black. Over the cool blue-gray of her cashmere wrapper she blazed like a fire. Her features had something of the delicate classic mould of her sister's, but much more pronounced and accentuated; in fact, Anna looked like a poor photograph of Josephine. They were still more alike in figure, though the elder sister's tall slender form had now bloomed out into more matronly proportions, as befitted the mother of the four fine children who sat round her table, golden-haired and brown-haired, brown-eyed and blue-eyed, no two assorted alike.

Papa was absently putting bits of beefsteak into his mouth, while he opened his great pile of letters and jotted down cabalistic marks on the outside of each with his stylographic pen, mamma found time from her correspondence, as mechanically to criticise the table manners of her offspring; but she kept anxiously recurring to the last one she had opened, and when the proper amount of oranges had been cut up and disposed of, she broke out with, "There, there, children! it is so fine you had better go out early. I'm sure Fraulein has your things ready; she went upstairs half an hour ago"; and when after some protesting the room was cleared of all but the privileged Zefita, still at the happy age which could neither understand nor repeat, she broke out with:

"Now, Richard! what *do* you think?"

"I think, my dear, that he's a fool."

"Oh! you know about it then! but how? do tell me!"

"Because he wrote to me."

"What for — for heaven's sake?"

"To ask for my assistance."

"Well, I must say I never heard of anything so pushing."

"You will never hear of anything being pushed by it, or I am much mistaken."

"I hope so — but mamma seems so anxious about it — "

"Your mother! she must be uncommonly hard up for something to worry about!"

"Now, Richard! I don't believe you know what I mean?"

"I don't know, my child, that I do. You asked me what I thought, and I replied about what was in my hands — this letter from a man who thinks he has invented perpetual motion."

"Richard! now do be serious! Here is a letter from mamma, and she is in such trouble. The thing is that Anna — no, I don't mean Anna, but a young man — "

"Say Anna *and* a young man, my dear, and I think I can understand it."

"Yes — that he wants to marry her, and she seems inclined to have him."

"That is going very far — for Anna."

"And mamma feels so unhappy about it — he's not a nice person at all, very underbred and uncultivated, and all that. It is a wonder he should think of such a thing."

"It is, indeed. Where did she meet him?"

"I think from what mamma says, they

met at Jaffrey this summer, when she and Anna were at Mrs. Cutler's."

"If they met a young man at Mrs. Cutler's, I can only say that the hand of destiny must be in it. Perhaps he may prove worthy of his good fortune."

"Mamma says," said Josephine, referring to her letter, "they tell me the young man is honest and industrious — but you know I could say that for my grocer."

"What is his business?"

"Oh, he's a lawyer; but that, you know, may be one thing or another. Evan says he's a low kind of lawyer without any regular education; probably one of those horrid ones who get their living by bringing off notorious criminals."

"What's his name?"

"Samuel Colman — of Torrey and Colman," read Mrs. Meredith.

"That's not a bad firm; I have had to do with them myself. I know Torrey; and if this young man is the junior partner I met, but whose name I don't remember, he made a very good appearance. As to bringing off criminals, he may prove useful in that capacity. Who knows how soon I, or even Evan, may need getting off for embezzling or forgery?"

"Richard! how can you?"

"Come, come, Josephine, don't borrow trouble till you have to."

"But I am afraid it will make a great deal of trouble for us. Mother wants us to have Anna here for a visit, and use all our influence with her to give it up. What can I do, if you will not help me?"

"Do ask her here by all means; but as to our influence, I don't think it will have much effect. There is only one thing I can think of which you can do that is likely to be of the least use in the matter."

"And what is that?" asked his wife eagerly.

"Find another young man for her! Indeed, that is what my prophetic soul advised beforehand, as you will bear me witness. I have tried a dozen times to get your mother to let Anna come on, and go out here with you. I knew she would drive her into marrying some one, and then object to him."

"I am sure," said Josephine plaintively, "I always have wanted to have dear little Anna more with me; but you know how it is — mamma always made some objection if I set a time, and then she would always talk of not being able to afford the expense, and yet didn't like it if I said I would fit Anna out — and" —

"Oh, yes, I have heard it all a score of times. I am glad of anything that will bring the child here; and Josephine, if you will take my advice —"

"Well?"

"You will not say anything to her about it! What she needs is time to think it over without any urging or protesting on either side. I think too highly of my sister to suppose that if the man is not fit for her, she will not find it out if she is left to herself. Take her about; let her play with the children; and be sure and get her some pretty gowns and bonnets; under the circumstances, your mother can't object."

"That will be nice. Let me see — this is a horrid place to get anything in a hurry. I'll write to Madame Florence — she has my measure, and it will do for Anna, with a little taking in, — to send her a carriage costume and bonnet — she'll be sure to need that; and I'll give her the pink crape and roseleaf gown that Gertrude brought me from Paris. I always hated it and never put it on but once, for it's just the shade of pink I can't wear. Before I will trust Gertrude, with her light hair, to order me a gown again! But Anna is so much whiter than I, that she will look very well in it; don't you —," but Richard had long ago returned to his letters.

This visit to the Merediths was the first that Anna had ever made without her mother's company, or the uncomfortable feeling that she was needed at home, and she enjoyed it accordingly. Josephine had the entrée everywhere, due as a matter of course to her husband's inherited wealth and personal achievements, her own beauty, and the family connections of both. She took her social duties in an easy way that astonished her sister; only going where she wanted to, and inviting those she liked. There was plenty of time to loiter about, playing with the children, and admiring Jose-

phine's possessions. As her mother had hoped, Anna did not miss her lover much; but then on the other hand she did not pine for home either, so that things were about even in his favor.

"I don't believe Anna cares much for that man," said Josephine to her husband. "I'm sure, if I tried, I could get her to give him up," she added with a doubtful and questioning accent.

"Perhaps you might," said Richard dryly," but there are several other things to be considered. Could you make him give her up? A young man who could venture to propose for Anna would not be disposed, I think, to relinquish her without a struggle; and then, if you got it off, could you keep it off? She cannot stay here forever, and when she goes back, she goes where he is, remember! I mean to run on to Boston myself this week to give a lecture. I will make inquiries about the young man, and we shall know better what to think of it. Till then, I would keep quiet. Anna looks happy, — that's the main thing."

Josephine said nothing, but she thought that the "other young man" her husband had advised, might now be very opportunely brought forward. There was Arthur Perry of Baltimore, a Meredith connection, who seemed well pleased with her sister; that would be a match above all criticism; and she was not indifferent to her own personal triumph, should she send Anna home with so brilliant a prospect. But it was at present so vague and indefinite that she was afraid even to mention it, lest somehow she should throw ill-luck upon it. She would invite him to a little dinner while Richard was away, for she could not bring herself to confide her secret wishes to her husband till they had a more tangible basis. The little dinner was carefully planned, but it could not take place till the evening before Richard came back, and that very afternoon Anna received the following letter:

"My darling Nannie: — You can't tell how perfectly tiresome and stupid everything here is without you. I am growing fairly desperate, and if you don't come back soon I shall come on to Washington for you, or do something else that is dreadful. I don't mind the days so much, as I am very busy, but the evenings are worse than anything I ever imagined. and I can't fix my mind to work in them at all. I call on Ethel Moore now and then, but you needn't be jealous — she isn't at all the sort of a girl I fancy — and then, she is always talking about you. She seems to admire you very much, and I might enjoy hearing her, only I am so afraid of letting something out, and making your mother mad. I go nowhere else, except to see her; she is very low and wretched without you, and I don't wonder. I try my best to cheer her up a bit, but it's pretty slow work. The other night I took my banjo, thinking to amuse her, but she seemed afraid of it. I guess she thought it would blow up. Your cousin, Mrs. Phil Kirby was there, and seemed to like it hugely. She's a very pleasant lady, isn't she? We sang together and had no end of fun. I never saw any one look so disgusted as your brother did: I couldn't help carrying it on a little further whenever I looked at him. We should have made a good caricature for *Life*. You see we wanted you to keep us in order. Your brother-in-law, Professor Meredith, has been here, and was very polite and attentive to me. I asked him to dinner at the club, and we had a long talk about you, I suppose there was no harm in telling him, for he seems to know all about it. He seems to be almost as fond of you as I am; but remember no one can be *quite*, and do come back soon to your devoted and adoring

"Samuel Colman."

This letter was on the usual pattern of Sam's, but somehow Anna's heart reproached her more than usual to think how much he missed her, and how little she, in her world of little dinners, and five o'clock teas, and evening "crushes," had missed him. "He is a dear good fellow," she thought, "and deserves better of me!" She did not enjoy the dinner that evening as much as she had expected, and when Josephine, who was also in less good spirits than usual, said afterwards that it was because she had missed Richard, Anna felt a thrill of what was almost envy for her sister, both for what she took and what she gave; of pride that she too could take if she so minded, and shame that she could not give more.

Richard came home late that night, and the next morning when his wife had gone to give her orders, and the children were off for their walk, he asked his sister-in-law to give him a few minutes in his study, and when she came in rather shyly he said kindly:

"You must not think, Anna, that because I have not spoken to you of your own affairs since you came here, that it

was because I felt no interest in them. I did not care to express any opinion till I really knew something about the matter." He paused, but as Anna said nothing, he went on. "I have met Mr. Colman while I was in Boston, and made some inquiries about him, of friends upon whom I can depend."

"He says you were very kind to him," said Anna.

"That was very easy," he said smiling, "but he has a right to demand something more than kindness from both of us; I mean justice. I will only tell you that I have heard the very best accounts of him on all sides, both as to prospects and character. I feel sure that he is a man who would make a good husband for any girl who cared for him, and that he is much too good for any girl to marry if she does not care for him." And, as Anna still sat silent: "Don't you think you ought to let Mr. Colman know how he stands? You have been here a month, and of course we have been delighted to have you with us; but you came, I believe, to think over your decision. Remember, that a month may have seemed short to you, but long to him; and young men have some rights, though I know pretty young girls are not apt to think so."

A bright blush dawned over Anna's face, making her so pretty that her brother-in-law looked at her admiringly. "There's a chance for the young fellow," he thought to himself, "and I'm glad of it, for both their sakes!"

"Indeed, Richard," faltered Anna, "you are very, very kind. I do want to do what is right by Mr. Colman. I did not, on my own account, want any more time to consider — but — I thought it was due to mother, and — ."

"And Evan, and your grandfather, and Aunt Helen, and all the Ellerys and Kimballs? Well, then, I think that as you have given them a month, and everything is so satisfactory, that you might tell them you would like to please yourself. It is not likely your mother will make any more objection. Of course there may be a good deal about Mr. Colman's connections and education that she doesn't like; there may be some things you don't like yourself; but in these matters you should consider where the prospect of greatest happiness lies, and aim for that — and remember that no husband is perfect. Ask Josephine, and she will confess that even I have my faults."

"Thank you, Richard," said Anna, gratefully and tearfully. "You are the very best of brothers, — that is — Evan is very fond of me, and means kindly, but — ."

"Oh, Master Evan will learn as he grows older," said Richard laughing; "matrimony will teach him something, provided he doesn't marry a cousin. Now, my dear child, I wish you all happiness; and I think it will be the best way to it if I turn inhospitable, and hurry you out of my house. I will arrange for your going home as soon as may be; and you must show that you forgive me by making us a longer visit when you can bring Mr. Colman with you."

Anna went home, and Sam met her at the station with rapturous delight. Mrs. Ellery knew that it was impossible to forbid a daughter of two-and-twenty to marry a man of irreproachable character who was able and anxious to marry her, and she gave her consent, and then querulously lamented the necessity. Evan disapproved of his mother's giving up, but saw no way of interfering on his own account. Anna was therefore allowed to write notes to all her relations and friends. When she left off, pale and weary, Sam, to whom she had hardly found time to speak for three days and nights, thought that his engagement was out at last, and rejoiced accordingly, till he found that it could not be till it had been announced at a family dinner at Grandpapa Ellery's, and that these notes were to prepare the minds of those who were to be present, lest they might be vulgarly surprised at the news.

A small evening party was to follow the dinner, for relations of more distant degree, and Anna was told that she might ask some of Mr. Colman's if she wished. Sam had no relations in Boston, and though his friends were a legion, Anna was afraid to venture upon them. The Torreys appeared to be his strongest card. Mrs. Torrey had not yet attained to the

elevated rank of being "known" by the Ellerys, but she enjoyed a very respectable brevet one of being "known all about." She lived out of town — in Belmont — and knew all the best people there. There could be no objections to inviting her, except that she had her own proper pride of place. It would never do to begin her acquaintance by asking her to dinner to do honor to her husband's junior partner, a young man she had only seen once or twice. Sam was finally told he might bring his most intimate friend, who would naturally act as his best man later, and he named Mr. Tom Sperry, a rising young bookkeeper in a large hardware firm. Anna, a little surprised that he had not mentioned Ethel Moore, thought it her duty to remind him, and was rather taken aback at his indifference as to her being invited or no, when they had been so intimate from childhood. Sam was surprised in his turn, by Anna's determination to push the matter; but Anna dared not tell him that Ethel had personal claims on her. Anna had never had an opportunity for any very strong girlish intimacies, but there were plenty of nice girls who were supposed to fill the part of friends to her, and who should have been her confidantes had she required any. It was a mortifying thing to feel that Ethel Moore knew more of the secret history of her engagement than any of these did; but she was too just not to recognize that it made a claim she could not ignore. She asked Ethel, and in her exaggerated carefulness for the comfort of others, she also asked Ethel's father; for she feared that Ethel might not want to come, or might think herself not wanted, if she had no one to chaperon her, although Anna took as much pains as truth would allow to set forth the small and informal character of the entertainment. But Ethel reckoned not of chaperons, and felt somewhat offended with Anna for seeming to think that she needed any. "As if I could not hire a carriage if I wanted to!" Mr. Moore never dreamed of going. He was not without acquaintances among Sam's future relations, but he had no desire, but quite the contrary, to meet them on their own hunting-grounds.

As she sat waiting, ready dressed for this important affair, Anna wished it safely over. Certain little things in Sam's manners and speech, which she might have overlooked herself, loomed up in giant proportions as seen through the eyes of her family. She could fancy her Aunt Helen questioning him, and his replies, and Gertrude playing him off. Anna had never fancied her cousin's style of wit, and now it seemed to her odious. She thought of cautioning Sam, but dismissed the idea as likely to take away the one saving grace of unconsciousness. She had time to think, for he was not as punctual as usual, which Mrs. Ellery did not fail to remark as she fussed about the room, not a soothing process for her daughter's nerves, until Sam came in, bright and glowing from the driving March storm, reminding her of the night when he had seen her home, and she had thought that Ethel Moore was a lucky girl to get him. The luck was Anna's now, and she well knew that it was greater than she had deemed it then; but then, the drawbacks were greater for her than they could have been for Ethel.

"The carriage has been at the door for a full half hour," said Mrs. Ellery icily. "We are always very careful not to keep the coachman waiting in such unpleasant weather; and the poor horses, too, — I dislike cruelty to animals."

"Very sorry, ma'am, but I really couldn't help it this time. I'll tell you the story of it. Why, Nannie, you are stunning! Well, that *is* a gown!"

"I am glad you like it," said Anna demurely.

"It! I never saw you or any one else look so pretty; you ought always to wear that color. And what are those little pink things all over the front of it?"

"Rose leaves — they are supposed to be dropping all the time from the big rose on the shoulder."

"It holds out well, doesn't it? but here's the rose for me," said Sam, giving his betrothed a hearty kiss on the cheek, and then drawing back to contemplate her anew.

"Please put my shawl on, Anna," said Mrs. Ellery, who always disapproved of these demonstrations of affection. Sam

dutifully wrapped her up in her heavy cashmere, and then repaid himself by helping Anna into her dainty little silver gray wrap, with the chinchilla fur, and the quilted rose-colored satin lining. He assisted both ladies carefully over the slippery pavement, and as the carriage drove off, said: "This reminds me of the adventure I've just had. "It was that that made me so late, Mrs. Ellery — and I'm sure I beg pardon."

"Indeed," said Anna, "if you were not always so early, we should not have noticed it."

"That's right, dear; always stand up for me. But really, Mrs. Ellery, it was funny enough, but just as I was coming up the hill in Mount Vernon Street I saw a lady on the doorstep looking out for her carriage, which couldn't come up to the door because of a coal cart that had broken down just in front, and sent the coal flying all over the sidewalk, which was in enough of a mess already, as you'll imagine, with the snow melting as fast as it came down. So seeing her standing and looking helplessly about, I stopped and said, 'Can I be of any use to you, ma'am?' She didn't seem to understand what I meant, even when I asked her again, so I picked her up — I knew I could do it, for she wasn't very heavy, and carried her down the door-steps and put her safely in, while the coachman, who seemed a thick-headed fellow, stood gaping. She was astonished, I can tell you — but she thanked me very nicely. Indeed, if I had wanted to, I might have stood talking there till now, for she was one of the kind who can't stop when they get going — so I bowed and walked off."

"She *must* have been surprised," said Mrs. Ellery.

"Oh, well, I shouldn't have done it to a young lady," said Sam; "they mightn't have liked it, and Nannie might not have approved; but this was an old lady, quite as old as you, and I felt as much like helping her as if she were my mother."

The carriage stopped, and Mrs. Ellery felt alarmed, as Sam tentatively ran his eye over her ample proportions, and a comical smile twitched the corners of his mouth; would he venture to repeat his audacious performance? However, to her relief, the sidewalk was so freshly swept that there could be no excuse for it. As they crossed the wide vestibule and entered the great hall, Sam had only time to whisper to Anna, "The old gentleman lives in style, doesn't he?" before they were swept apart by a bowing footman, Sam into a cloak room, and the ladies through a side door, and up a private staircase, to the room where half the aunts and cousins bidden to the feast had already assembled, all eager to shower good wishes and questions upon Anna: they should be so glad to meet Mr. Colman — Gertrude had seen him already they believed. The well-known curl on Gertrude's pretty lips, of a smile well held in check, alarmed poor Anna, and Mrs. Ellery looked gloomy, and turned the conversation on whooping-cough, until Aunt Helen Kimball succeeded in getting to the front. She was older than Mrs. Ellery, and had always been too undisguisedly plain to shine, as Anna did, in the reflected light of a handsome sister. She was as fond of talking as her sister, taking views of life as decidedly *allegro* as Mrs. Ellery's were *penseroso*, and the quicker and more lively tones appropriate thereto gave her a decided advantage in a war of words.

"I had such a charming adventure this evening," she was saying. "Just as the carriage was coming round, a coal cart broke right down in the gutter in front of my door, and coal and dust flew all over the sidewalk in the wet snow. It looked too nasty, and I stood on the doorstep a moment looking rather blank I suppose, when a very good-looking young man who was passing stopped and asked what he could do for me; and if you will believe me, he actually caught me up, and carried me down the steps, and put me into the carriage before I could stop him. A very nice-looking young fellow, indeed — I couldn't place him exactly — he might have been a student, only he didn't talk like one exactly; he spoke more like a clerk, but they wouldn't have been so easy about it — he was more like —

"Sir Walter Raleigh himself!" put in

Gertrude, who was inclined to weary of her aunt's monologues.

"Yes," said Aunt Helen, "I wish I knew who he was. He seemed so good-hearted! I should like greatly to improve his mind and manners a little; he seems fresh from the country, and I fear will be spoiled in the city."

"That kind of boy often is charming," said Gertrude, looking at Anna; "only they generally marry some dreadful girl, and there's an end of them."

"Yes," said Aunt Helen, "the men of that class are a great deal superior to the women, as a rule."

"It is time to go down," said Mrs. Ellery, with a disapproving look at her daughter, and Anna followed her mother with burning cheeks. Sam met them at the foot of the stairs, perfectly at home already, and as he ushered Anna into the drawing-room he might have been acting the part of the Lord of Burleigh introducing his bride to her new splendors. He seized the hand that that august patriarch, Grandpapa Ellery, was slowly extending toward him, and in five minutes was telling him that he looked very young for his age. The head of the Ellery family was indeed a hale and handsome man at seventy-five, and as he stood on his own hearth, a fine glow of hospitality warmed his lofty courtesy. His much younger second wife, a lady whom, being a fifth or sixth cousin, her stepchildren and grandchildren were accustomed to address as "Louisa" or "Cousin Louisa", an invalid of a much more pronounced type than Mrs. Ellery, was leaning back in her easy chair with her eyes shut, and scarcely seemed to know that the young man was being presented to her. But while Anna's grandfather detained her, fondly holding her hand, the lady next in place looked up with, "I think I have had the pleasure of seeing you before, Mr. Colman."

"Yes ma'am; I remember it very well; and the nice time we had, singing together."

"Let me introduce my husband, Mr. Kirby; Phil!" and this young lady, born a Kimball, and married to a cousin on the Ellery side, motioned to a tall, dark, handsome young man, who came forward slowly, and muttered something indistinctly.

"How much you look like Evan; he's your cousin, I suppose?" said Sam. Mr. Philip Ellery Kirby, who did look very much like his cousin Evan, a little subdued by years and matrimony, now smiled faintly, and asked, more audibly, "Where is Evan? I don't see him?"

"Evan couldn't come till later — indeed, between you and me, I don't think he's any too well pleased with things just now," said Sam calmly. "I thought when I first met him, do you know, that he was particularly unpleasant, but now I see what it is; he's jealous, and I don't blame him. If I had had such a sister as Anna, and so devoted as she has always been to him, I shouldn't feel very cheerful at having her engaged. But he'll get over it fast enough when we are married, I know. Isn't she lovely now, in that pink frock?"

"I have always thought my cousin Anna a most charming girl," said Mr. Kirby, thawing a little.

"And *I* chose the gown, Mr. Colman," said Gertrude; and as his attention was claimed by some one else, she murmured in her husband's ear: "Yes, for Josephine! I suppose she thought it good enough for Anna! Before I will pick out a gown for her again!"

"Is it possible! can I believe my eyes!" Aunt Helen was exclaiming, in a tone to draw general attention.

"Yes, ma'am; I've been fortunate to meet you before this evening; I'm sure, finding that you are Anna's aunt makes my luck still greater."

"Sir Walter Raleigh in person!" said Gertrude, with a saucy glance at Anna, who bore it with outward calmness, but was thankful that the announcement of dinner cut the scene short. Her grandfather offered her his arm. How Sam, left to himself, was ever to accomplish the task of getting his hostess out of her chair, and into the dining-room, she did not stop to think, but when she ventured to look toward the other end of the table, she beheld unwonted animation prevailing there. Few and far between were the guests, for whom Louisa thought it worth her while to open her lips — but

now she was actually talking with an air of interest reflected on the face of her escort; and as Aunt Helen sat on his other hand, Sam had some chance of enjoying his dinner, and she turned with relief to her grandfather who was asking about Mr. Colman's ancestry — was he, by any possibility, one of the Colmans of Chelsea?

"I don't know," said Anna; "I don't believe he does."

"I suppose he may be a descendant of John Colman of Chelsea; if he is, I can prove his descent from Edward, the original immigrant; he will be much pleased, I don't doubt; who was his grandfather?"

"I don't know. I don't believe he knows much about his family — one of his sisters, who lives in the West, has the family Bible — I don't suppose he remembers much of it."

"Young men are so thoughtless about such things," sighed the old gentleman, longing to mount his hobby. "I will have a little talk with him, and ask him to write to his sister. Whom did she marry?"

Anna did not enjoy the subject. Sam's father, now deceased, had been a storekeeper in a small town, and his two sisters were comfortably married, Kitty in Chicago, and Lucinda in Ontonagon, Michigan. Lucinda had not yet replied to the announcement of the engagement, and Kitty's answer had not led her to desire a nearer acquaintance. She turned the conversation on John of Chelsea, and his connection with the parent stock, thinking past generations a safer topic.

When the ladies re-entered the drawing-room, Anna, as in duty bound, sat down by her step-grandmother, while that lady silently smoothed the folds of her glimmering satin skirt and drew her filmy chuddah round her shoulders. Louisa was pretty in a corpse-like style, and had that passion for her clothes often met with in invalids, in spite of, or perhaps as a protest against their condition. She began at last with unwonted animation:

"I really do think, Anna, that Mr. Colman is one of the kindest and best-hearted men I have ever met with, — so attentive, and in such a thoughtful way; he saw that my shawl had dropped just as the door opened, and put it round me so quietly, before I could even look at Roberts — and he was so interested in hearing about my neuralgic headaches; he is going to bring me something to take for them, which cured the wife of a friend of his — I don't believe it will do me any good, but he was so anxious I should try it, that I could not bear to refuse him."

"Anna's lover is a delightful boy," Aunt Helen was saying to her sister on the other side of the fire; "I really long to kiss him."

"He is a good young man, I believe," said Mrs. Ellery despondingly, "but he has such odd ways — he has been brought up so differently from Anna — I don't see how she can like them."

"Oh, well, she must teach him to change a few trifling habits. He has sense enough to learn, and sense is everything. Did you ever hear anything prettier than the way he met me this evening? Oh, there are Mr. Chandler and Dorothy — and Mrs. Wells and Priscilla Pinckney — and who is that behind them?"

The person indicated was Ethel Moore, who looked rather out of spirits. Anna's idea and hers of a small informal party did not agree, and she had not dressed as much as she could and would have done to suit the occasion, always an exasperating consciousness. It was, she considered, a very stiff affair, the female part of the company decidedly predominating. There were a few young men, but none of them were allowed to fall to her share; nor indeed did the other girls, though of their acquaintance, derive much benefit from their presence. They all drifted into the little boudoir opening into the conservatory, where Mrs. Phil Kirby had ensconced herself, and by the peals of laughter which were heard proceeding from it, were probably being entertained with some of her best stories. Even the shy Tom Sperry, who came late, yielded to the attraction.

Ethel formed one of the group of girls, who all spoke pleasantly to her, but meeting with little encouragement, did not persevere in their efforts; they were fully

occupied with the exciting topic of Anna's engagement. It was their fashion to admire Anna as a pattern of every virtue, and pity her for the dull life she led. That she should be engaged before any of them was almost too surprising a joke. Still, they felt a natural satisfaction, that one of their number was to marry a man entirely out of their own calculations. They began to wonder that they had never heard of Mr. Colman.

Sam looked rather shocked at Mrs. Kirby's free-and-easy proceedings, and whispered to Anna that he didn't quite like it — did she always go on like that?

"Oh, it's only Gertrude — no one minds her."

"Her husband seems to mind," said Sam, looking where Phil Kirby and Evan loomed up stiffly against the wall, stolid as Gog and Magog at a Lord Mayor's feast.

"That's only Phil's way — nobody minds him."

"I don't like it, though," persisted Sam; "it isn't at all fair to the girls."

"It *is* too bad," gently assented Anna, who in her heart sympathized with him more than she would own. "There is poor Miss Moore in a corner. I must go and get Evan to talk to her; and you, Sam, won't you say something to Dorothy or Grace?"

"I'll take leaf out of Gertrude's book, and do them all at once, and then see if you don't 'mind,' Miss Anna!"

Anna passed on, smiling careless and confident, and was returning, followed by the reluctant Evan, when her grandfather stopped her on her way with:

"I want to tell you, Anna, how very much pleased I am with your choice. Mr. Colman appears to me one of the cleverest young fellows I have met with for a long time, and I feel sure that he will take a foremost place and keep it. He is modest and unassuming in talking about himself, but I can see that he is highly trusted. He gave me," turning to Evan, "the best account I have yet had about that unhappy Idaho Central matter. It seems that Torrey and Colman are the receivers, and I should not wonder if they put it on its legs again. Your mother seems as fortunate in her sons-in-law," he went on after a pause, which neither broke, "as we all think her in her own children;" and then good-naturedly, "you must take care, Evan, not to lessen her good fortune in a daughter-in-law."

Anna dared not look to see how Evan bore this privileged grand-paternal pleasantry. She was thankful to see him subside into the vacant seat by Miss Moore, where he remained most of the evening, alarming the other girls by paying her marked devotion, — that is, listening while she talked to him; for Evan was a popular idol with these young creatures. His handsome person was made more imposing by his silence, and though he never said anything in particular, he always looked as if he were going to. But somehow, whether the change were in him or herself, Ethel found him that evening less charming than of old.

Anna, meanwhile, emboldened by Sam's success, ventured to ask him to sing. Aunt Helen, who was fond of music, and fastidious accordingly, expressed her pleasure, followed by all the others. "What a delicious voice you have, Mr. Colman, and how delightful it is to hear those sweet old songs. You have given me so much enjoyment. I hope I can hear you soon again."

"Thank you, ma'am; I'll come any evening and sing to you with pleasure, if Nannie will come with me. It's her accompaniment, you know, that does half the business."

As they drove home, Sam told Anna that her relations were the very nicest people he had ever seen, all so pleasant and cordial. "Your Aunt Helen and I are great friends already. She's very lively, isn't she, ma'am?" This to Mrs. Ellery, whom Sam, in the face of many rebuffs, conscientiously endeavored "not to leave out in the cold," as he phrased it.

"My sister always had a great sense of humor," said Mrs. Ellery doubtfully. She was wont to speak of that quality deprecatingly, allowing that a Kimball might now and then afford to indulge in it, though in one who had married an Ellery, it had best be dispensed with. Perhaps Helen might find Sam's ways amusing.

"And grandpapa spoke very kindly of

you to me, Sam; he was so pleased with all you said to him," put in Anna, with a little pleading tone, meant for her mother's ear.

"He's a very fine old gentleman," responded Sam heartily; "at any rate, they are all very different from what I had heard of them."

Mrs. Ellery deigned not to ask for the source of his information, and Anna hastened to change the subject, scenting danger.

* * * * * *

After this public announcement of the engagement, Mrs. Ellery made no opposition whatever to an early wedding, but remarked that if the thing must be, it would be well to have it over with, — long engagements were disagreeable things in a family; and Anna, greatly to her amazement, found herself one fine morning in May, walking up the aisle of King's Chapel on her grandfather's arm, still doubtful and trembling, but sustained by the thought that her attachment to Sam must have some depth, since it had withstood so many severe trials.

Sam looked beaming, as a bridegroom should, but Anna perceived that under it he was a little nervous, which somehow gave her more courage. As they were driving off together, he told her that it had been a tough pull, and he was glad it was over, to which she heartily assented. It was easy enough now that the thing was done, and could not be undone, to find the prospect a bright one and to let herself be as happy as he was eager to make her.

Mrs. Ellery had discoursed so feelingly to the young couple about their abject poverty, and the necessity of strict economy, that Anna was agreeably surprised at the extent of Sam's professional income. True, he had laid up nothing; but then, as he remarked, what had been the use of it? he should begin to save now. On his part, he was also pleasantly astonished by finding that Anna had a snug little sum of money, left by her grandfather Kimball, to accumulate till her marriage, which would well furnish their house; and an accommodating cousin stepped forward to let them a nice little one in Chestnut Street, close by her mother's, at a low rent. He wanted to keep the place in hand, and occupied by a good tenant, and did not mind giving a long lease, and Sam thought that when it ran out, they might be in a condition to build somewhere in the suburbs, a pet plan of his fancy, on which he would dilate as he whizzed through them behind a fast trotter, with Anna, outwardly calm, but inwardly trembling, at his side.

The Chestnut Street house was, he thought, an old-fashioned little place, — low rooms, small panes, etc., — drawbacks to which he was amazed to find Anna indifferent. They were both too amiable to carp at any present, however ill-suited to their tastes. Sam sympathized in Anna's ecstacy over the old Italian fittings in wrought iron, for their dining-room fireplace, though privately thinking that Phil Kirby must have picked them up cheap at a junk-shop; and Anna never quailed visibly before any of the gifts which Sam's friends, as numerous as her relations, heaped on them, not even at the very biggest of "Rogers's groups." But the furnishing tried their souls, more than if they had quarrelled over it, for they were a prey to the miserable indecision which besets two unselfish people who try to manage anything of this kind together. Sam was very willing that "Nannie should have her own way," when he could find out what that was; and Anna was so unused to having it, that half the time she did not know it, and the other half was afraid of it. Thanks to Aunt Helen, who judiciously interposed when things gave signs of standing still too long, they found themselves at last in a very comfortable little home, without more incongruities in its furnishing than might reasonably have been expected.

Their surprises did not end here. Anna had for years been leading a life of responsibility without authority, and found authority without responsibility rather bewildering at first. She had kept house to suit her mother's and Evan's fastidious tastes on a very small margin of income — with a debit and credit account balanced nightly, and a big double entry ledger to present quarterly. Now, Sam would throw a roll of bills into her

lap, hardly looking to see what they were. She asked him for an allowance.

"Why, haven't you enough?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! too much. I can't spend so much upon the house expenses."

"Then give a grand blow-out on it."

"It is too late in the season, and too soon for us to entertain at all."

"Well, then, spend it on yourself, can't you? I thought a woman could always spend money."

"I don't want anything *yet;*" said Anna; then deprecatingly, "of course, I shall probably want some things next year."

"I should hope so, and pretty ones too. It seems to me your dresses are rather plain — aren't they? Why can't you have a yellow gown like the one Josephine wore at your wedding, with a big hat to match, all fuss and feathers?"

"Oh, I couldn't wear that," said Anna, frightened. "Mamma said it would have been too *prononcé* a dress for any one but Josephine. "Of course, I can't wear what she can."

"I don't see why not — you are as pretty as Josephine, any day."

"Sam! don't be absurd!"

"I think you are, at any rate."

"Perhaps you may, you foolish boy," said Anna, laughing heartily.

"Well," said Sam, a little mettled, since this was a tribute she rarely paid to any of his remarks, "I'm not the only person who thinks so — Mr. Torrey does;" and seeing Anna unmoved at this, to him, tremendous confirmation, he added as a clinching argument, "and Mrs. Torrey does too!"

"Well, but the money, Sam dear," said Anna, recurring to the former subject, and speaking coaxingly, as one might to a harmless lunatic.

"Oh, bother the money! I can't take it back. It would derange my accounts. You may lay it up in the savings-bank till you want it, you little miser! Why, it costs less to keep two than one!" Sam had had his preconceived notions of matrimony overturned, as well as Anna. He was prepared to be indulgent, but he had expected some shortcomings in the household department, and was ready with various trite jokes about young wives' cooking, and "hard tack," to soften the edge of his bride's mortification. When one faultless little dinner after another was set before him, and he heard no tales of the cook's misdeeds, and no petitions for "a little more money," he began to feel almost alarmed at his wife's perfections, and could only relieve his mind by telling Aunt Helen, when she dined with them, that "Nannie was a perfect little skinflint, and he expected to be starved some day;" to which Aunt Helen, between her sips of soup, responded, "That if that was the kind of thing they starved on, she should like to keep them company;" while Sam furtively looked at his wife to see if she understood that he was only speaking in joke, and was reassured by a show of dimples such as he had never seen in his courtship days. Sam's jokes were of the simplest kind, but there was no mistaking them; and they were perhaps better adapted to cultivate a wife's deficient sense of humor than Richard Meredith's more veiled satire.

Mrs. Ellery continued to speak of her daughter as "poor Anna," and to disadvantageously contrast her match with her sister's, long after it was evident to all her friends, and to none more clearly, to his own huge amusement, than to Richard himself, that Sam was twice as dear and ten times as useful to her as her other son-in-law, with whom, though he was especially and providentially designed to gratify her in every respect, she had never been able to get on in practice. Even Evan, in time, became more gracious. He had to be his brother-in-law's guest; and not to love Sam Colman in his own house would have taxed the powers of a Diogenes. He was wont to remark that Sam had been greatly improved by marrying into their family; and though this made Anna very indignant, she could not but own that there might be some truth in it. She was not so foolish as to think that Sam could not be improved, and indeed considered it her duty to attempt it, though in the gentlest way, and with the tenderest of wifely blandishments.

"Sam," as they were dressing for a dinner at her grandfather's, in the early

autumn, "I wish — if you don't mind *very* much — "

"What is it?" asked Sam, looking round from his toilet-glass apprehensively. "Ain't you well? don't you want to go to-night?"

"Oh no, that's not it. I only wanted to ask you — "

"All right — whatever it is, it's done," said Sam, turning back again, and beginning to brush the back of his head with vigorous strokes from two immense hair-brushes.

"Why," said Anna, growing red, and hesitating, "if you only would not say 'sir' and 'ma'am' to everybody. I know all the nice people used to — you can see it in all the old novels; but really, they have left it off almost entirely; and then, if *only* you wouldn't say 'ain't.' You see," she added, "I shouldn't mind *much;* but mamma and Aunt Helen are very particular."

"All right," said Sam cheerfully; "you know more about those things than I do, and I don't want to shock the old ladies; only, I'm afraid I shall never remember. I tell you, Nannie, if you'll pinch me every time you see that I'm going to get out the words, that may stop me."

"Oh, I couldn't!"

"*Well*, then, you must do the elegance for us both; that's women's business; they have time for it, and know how."

"But you don't mind my speaking about it — do you, dear?"

"Oh, bless you, no! keep pegging away at me, and I don't doubt you'll make an improvement in me at last."

"Oh, thank you, Sam! and if there's anything you don't like in me, you'll tell me too, will you not? said Anna gratefully.

"I will, when I find it out — but I don't see anything — just at present — " said Sam, looking admiringly at his wife, as he threw his arm around her shoulders. "Yes I do — you need some flowers;" and he produced a box from the depths of his wardrobe. "Here they are; just the right shade, ain't they?"

Anna pinched his cheek as she held up her own for a kiss, and they both laughed. She was afraid his education was not progressing, but she really did fancy, as she caught snatches of his remarks at dinner, that she heard the obnoxious words less frequently; when suddenly, in a lull of the conversation, one of them came out with startling emphasis.

"There, Nannie!" called out Sam, across the table, "it's all your fault;" and as the family looked for explanation, he told a tale of Anna's having accused him of using "really awful language," and having promised to admonish him in time, and failed; whence she must be held accountable for any shock to the nerves of the company.

All laughed but Mrs. Ellery, who preserved a severe and melancholy countenance, terrifying to poor Anna; and when, after the ladies had returned to the drawing-room, her mother silently motioned her to a place by her side, she timidly sat down, prepared for a lecture on her husband's vulgarity, and all ready with enough wifely feeling to bristle up beforehand in his defence. But Mrs. Ellery, with a sigh, began:

"Let me warn you, Anna, that it is not wise — to say nothing of the impropriety of it — to be always teasing your husband about trifles. I know Sam has a sweet temper, but the best temper may be tried too far. There is nothing," went on Mrs. Ellery, with an air of profound personal conviction, "that a man dislikes so much as perpetual nagging."

"I thought — I thought you might not — that you did not — like all Sam's ways of talking."

"Oh, of course, he sometimes uses rather queer expressions; at least, they would sound queer from any one else; but somehow from Sam, one doesn't seem to mind them."

Anna was silent. She did not see how she was going to improve Sam, if her mother always took his part like that; but it was a great relief to find that his "queer expressions," like Gertrude's free speeches, or Josephine's too fine bonnets, were to be covered by the sacred ægis of relationship. If an Ellery might steal a horse, where a Colman might not even look over the hedge, it was well that marriage should confer the privilege.

Anna had not been at ease till she had

coaxed her mother into allowing her to write a cordial little note begging Ethel's company for a fortnight at Marion in the summer. Her cousin had lent them his house in a charming situation, and her sister, Mrs. Meredith, would be with them, etc., etc. By some half-conscious instinct she felt it incumbent on her to mention that her brother would not be there. She would not acknowledge, even to herself, that Ethel could even imagine that Evan could be anything to her; but her feminine *esprit de corps* told her that the girl should not be allowed to come on false pretences. Many times did she go over the note in her own mind, and three times did she write and rewrite it, before she thought that the information that Evan was going abroad that summer on a tour for professional studies had been brought in in a sufficiently casual and unpremeditated manner. Her pains were wasted; Ethel wrote regretting that she could not come, politely enough, but with no expression of disappointment; and then announced her engagement to Mr. Wilson Greene. This young gentleman, who was a clerk in the hotel where the Moores' apartment was situated, had received the offer of a similar, but more advantageous position in New York, and in the autumn they were married and departed for that city, while Mr. Moore retired into a state of life which could not even be termed "residing" anywhere, since all that was known of him to the world in future was a business address.

The new delights of wearing an engagement ring, and choosing a trousseau, and furnishing a new apartment, as effectually drove out of Ethel's head the concocting of romances of real life, as these had driven out the acquirements of her "college course." She had no ambition to keep up the acquaintance of the Ellerys, which was of no consequence to her now; and she cared too little for the Colmans to realize how important a part she had played in their history. They did not find it convenient to attend her wedding, which took place, to quote the account published in the daily papers, "in the spacious and beautiful parlors of the hotel"; but they sent her a very pretty present, chosen by Anna with much satisfaction. She was thankful that Ethel, to use the expression of the Sagas, was "out of the story"; not foreseeing that she was yet to make one more appearance in it, though without her own knowledge or consent.

* * * * *

On a stormy evening in March, nearly a year after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Colman, in their little drawing-room, looked the very ideal of comfort. The fire blazed brightly; the kitten, one of Aunt Helen's own breed, dozed peacefully by Sam's fox-terrier. Anna was busily sewing on the daintiest of little garments, while Sam read aloud to her in the "Voyage of the Sunbeam." He finished the book, and closed it with a congratulatory slam; but as Anna still worked on in silence, bent on accomplishing her last inch of lace frilling, he drew out his memorandum book, and began to run through its pages, and jot down mysterious marks thereon, softly whistling to himself and making various queer grimaces now and then. Just as his wife threw back her head in blissful contemplation of the completed little white puff in her hand, he broke out with: "Oh, Nannie — I forgot to tell you; I shall not be able to get home to-morrow night in time for dinner. You had better go to your mother's or Aunt Helen's, or get them to come here. I have got to run down and look at the Nanepashemet Powder Mills."

"O Sam, don't — don't go to that dreadfully dangerous place! I shall worry every moment about you."

"You precious little simpleton! I'll engage to sit and smoke a pipe over all the powder they've made for the last five years. Why, if I can put them in a condition to turn out enough to shoot a small-sized cock-sparrow before next New Year's Day, I shall have made a good thing of it, I can tell you."

"It is very silly in me, I know," said Anna, mortified, "but it is very natural after the terrible shock of poor dear papa's death. I was very young, of course, at the time, but it affected poor mamma so that I don't think we ought to mind her being a little nervous at times; and that had an effect on us."

"But your father wasn't blown up in a powder-mill!'

"No — but they are even worse."

"Worse than what?"

"Why, Sam! you know that he — that he was killed by the explosion in the engine-works at Plainfield," said Anna, in a trembling voice, but with a tone which for the first time faintly recalled to her husband's ear some of her mother's. He made haste to soothe.

"My darling, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, but I always supposed that your poor father died of consumption;" and then as Anna looked at him as if one or both of them were mad, he went on: "I was told so, I'm sure."

"And who could tell you such a thing? No one who knew about us the slightest bit!"

"Ethel Moore — for one —" said Sam humbly, and deeply abashed at his ignorance of a fact which it would seem should have been as patent as any in sacred history.

"Ethel Moore!" in a tone for once fairly scornful; "what reason could she have for saying anything — particularly anything untrue — about us?"

"I can't imagine," said Sam reflectively, "what reason she could have for telling me all she did about you, if it were not true."

"All? what was all? and what business had she to be telling things about me? When was it? what were they? how came she to?"

"My dearest Anna, don't get excited, and I'll tell you the whole story faithfully, as well as I can remember, if you will let me."

It must be said for Sam that he told his tale straightforwardly, and like a man, though growing rather red in the face, and once or twice stammering a little over the most particular of Miss Moore's confidences.

"O Sam!" burst out his wife, laughing, when he paused, "and do you really mean to say that you believed all that stuff about me? how could you?"

"Well," said Sam, a little crestfallen, "I *did* think at the time that she might be — embroidering a little, but how could I go to suppose that any girl could cut such a monstrous thing out of whole cloth? And then there were one or two little things, you must allow, Nannie, that looked like it — the affection, I mean, dear, and not the consumption, of course," he added hastily. "If she had told you anything about me that sounded half as natural, I guess you would have been taken in too;" and then, as Anna, with a quick sudden start, flushed all over a deeper red than he was: "By Jove! Nannie, she did tell you something about me — didn't she? Come now, own up too, and make a clean breast of it, — that's but fair, after letting me show myself up to that extent."

So Anna felt; and though it was a great deal harder for her to tell her story than for her husband to tell his, she would not keep back part where he had given the whole, and conscientiously detailed everything, the episode of Miss Nettie Nettleton and all, though in a painfully quivering voice.

"O Nannie! and did you really believe all that stuff about me? how could you?" was her husband's return.

Anna hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears, while Sam, throwing himself back in his chair burst out laughing with all the strength of a pair of healthy young lungs. "Ethel Moore! of all things! that her silly little noddle could have cooked up all that! Why, I came near falling in love with Ethel myself once, and only dropped it because I thought she had no brains. I see her game now. I always knew she was after Evan, and she thought if she got you married out of the way, and married to me into the bargain, she should stand a better chance. I wonder now she didn't manage it; but after all," reflected Sam, with an air of profound conviction; "Evan isn't quite — so simple as he looks. But, you dear little goose, what are you crying about? Good Lord, Nannie, what's the matter? You don't mind anything about it *now*, do you? Stop for heaven's sake, or you'll make yourself sick;" and he jumped up, and coming over to her, took her in his arms, frightened at her agitation, and not knowing whether it were best to scold or soothe her out of it.

"O Sam!" sobbed Anna, "I am afraid we never should have been married if it had not been for Ethel Moore!"

"Why, you are not sorry we are married, are you? I am sure I'm very much obliged to her. There! there! child! you don't think it needed anything Ethel Moore could say to make me want to marry you! To be sure, if she hadn't told me what she did, I might not have been willing to call on you again, for you must allow that your mother and Evan between them were enough to take the stiffening out of a fellow. But then we should have met somewhere; for, of course, we couldn't have married any one else, could we?"

"Oh, that's not what's the matter. I'm afraid, if she had not said those things to me, I should not have married you!"

"Well, dear, here you are, and you must make the best of it. At any rate, it's not your fault, and that, you know, is always such a comfort to you."

"Oh, Sam, I do love you — indeed, indeed, I do; you know I do; only I'm afraid that when I married you I did not love you as much as I ought — as much as you deserve."

"Don't cry your eyes out over that, darling; the remedy's easy. You can love me in the future *more* than I deserve, and that will make it even. Come now, begin!"

Anna, smiling through her tears, allowed herself to be petted into cheerfulness again. She was sure she had the very best of husbands; but the more she recognized the blessing, the more she grudged owing it to Ethel Moore; and when Sam revelled in dark allusions, before other people, to some mysterious obligations they owed that young woman, it was the only one of his jokes in which she could never see the least particle of fun.

WHEN DREAMS ARE BEST.

By Dora Read Goodale.

FROM heaven's high top, from earth's green breast,
In softest influence stealing,
A voice that rocks the heart to rest
Sounds at the gates of feeling.

"Thy feverish hopes, thy hurrying cares,
Vain passion, doubt unseeing,
Look, what a little part is their's
On the wide sea of Being!

"Time," says the voice, "how brief a thing,
Lost in the wave that bore it!"
My soul thrills like a trembling string
And heavenly airs breathe o'er it.

With many a fern the bank is set,
Pale sweet-briar studs the hedges,
The lake, with many a silver fret,
Laughs through its darkening sedges.

Still, like a dream when dreams are best,
Like perfume heavenward stealing,
The voice of nature's infinite rest
Sounds at the gates of feeling.

EARLY DAYS OF THE FIRST TELEGRAPH LINE.

By Stephen Vail.

COULD Columbus have "wired" to Ferdinand and Isabella the news of his great discovery on October 12, 1492, he would have anticipated by considerably less than four short centuries of time the actual period when, across the bed of the broad Atlantic, were laid the wires, by means of which instantaneous communication between the shores of the land he discovered, and that, from which he had sailed, became a fact.



Alfred Vail.

The citizen of this or any other country would feel much deprivation could he not read the morning or evening newspaper filled with the recital of events which had taken place the same day in all parts of the globe; and he receives, with a calm indifference to the mighty changes in the conditions of life it involves, the reply to his telegram, sent but an hour before to the Pacific Slope, or to the still more distant capital in Europe. Over mountains, across rivers, and along the ocean cable, resting so calmly on the bottom of the sea, has flashed his message, and later its response. Perhaps he has grown annoyed that the response has not sooner reached him. "My message was sent from here two hours ago, and I ought to have received an answer ere this!"

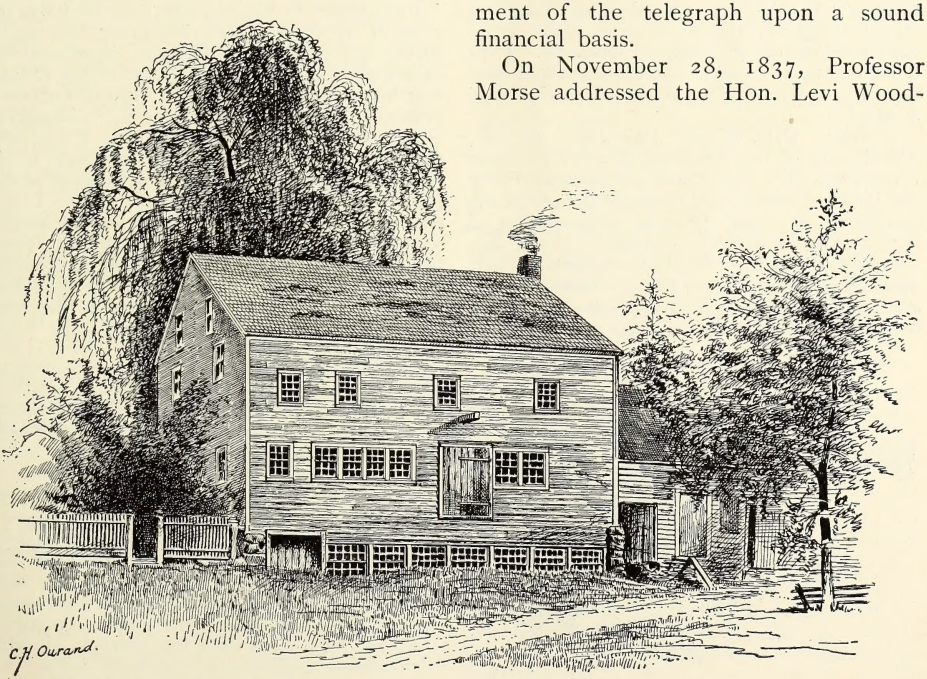
Could he look back to the time, a short half-century ago, when this now mighty agent in man's control was an infant, weak and struggling for existence, he would perhaps realize through that retrospect what gigantic strides have been made in the progress of mankind.

The citizen of New York reads in his morning paper a full account of the baseball game played the day before by the two American clubs at Sydney, New South Wales, — 17,127 miles distant! And how did this telegram reach New York? From Sydney it was sent across the Australian continent, thence beneath the Pacific Ocean to the Island of Java. From there it was transmitted to Singapore, thence under the waves of the Straits of Malacca, around the coast of the Malay peninsula to the Island of Penang, and from there 1,200 miles under the Indian Ocean to Madras.

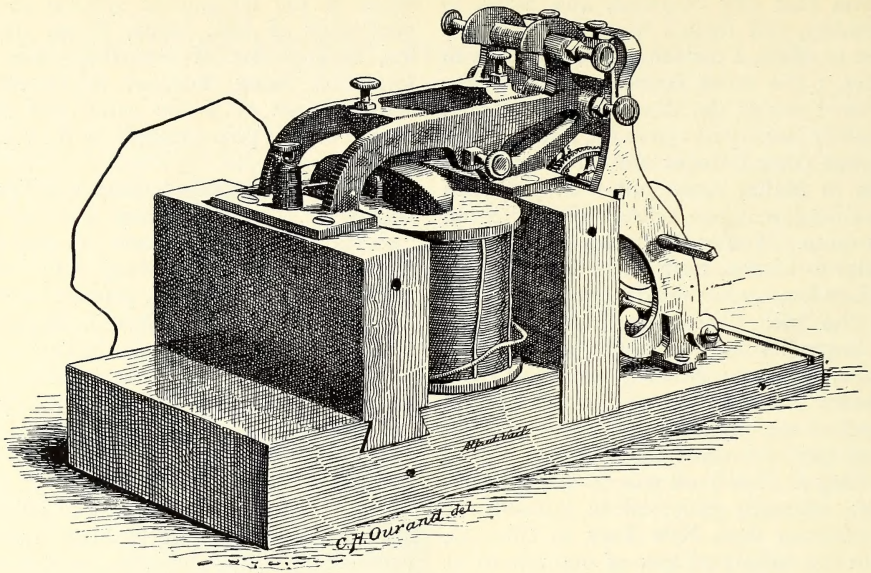
From that city overland, 400 miles, to Bombay, and thence under the Arabian Sea to Aden, a distance of 1,817 miles to Suez, 1,460 miles farther. Then it was flashed across the desert to Alexandria, a lonely journey of 150 miles, from whence it was passed under the Mediterranean Sea to Malta, 1,000 miles away, thence to Gibraltar, 1,100 miles, still farther on its route. The operator there sent it 400 miles to Lisbon, from there it being sent to London, 1,000 miles distant, and then on to the Irish Coast, where, at Waterville, it began its last run under water, 2,500 miles, to Canso, Nova Scotia; and then, making its last leap of 1,000 miles, it reached the city for which it had started! The time consumed in the journey from Sydney to New York was no greater than that ordinarily occupied in transmitting a telegram from New York to Chicago, with the additional loss of one minute at each of eighteen stations. The cost of each word of this despatch was $2.58, and it involved the services of thirty-four operators at different places along the route, and brought into requisition the wires of the telegraphic systems of the continents of Asia, Africa, North America, besides that of Australia, — the information being received in almost as short a time as if the game had been played on the polo grounds in New York City.

Could the astonished citizens of Washington, D. C., when they read in the "extras" of the afternoon of May 1st, 1844, the strange heading, "By Telegraph," and under it the printed news of that which had taken place in Baltimore (the distance of *forty miles* intervening), but half an hour before, and which they knew could not have reached the city by the usual means, the railroad, — could these same astonished citizens have looked forward to this year of grace, 1891, and by some occult power have been enabled to see the telegram flashing through 17,000 miles of space in as short a time as was required to send that first message from Annapolis Junction, twenty-two miles, to Washington, they would not have been so slow to realize the future of the then ridiculed invention and to lend their means to the speedy establishment of the telegraph upon a sound financial basis.

On November 28, 1837, Professor Morse addressed the Hon. Levi Wood-



"The Factory," Speedwell, Morristown, N. J.



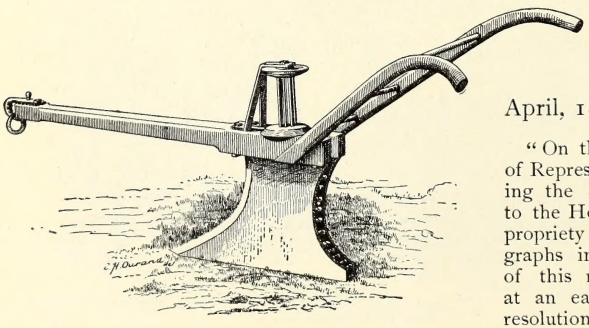
The Register upon which was received the message, "What hath God wrought?"

bury, Secretary of the Treasury, the following communication:

. . . "In my letter to you, in answer to the circular respecting telegraphs, which you did me the honor to send me, I promised to advise you of the results of some experiments about to be tried with my electro-magnetic telegraph. I informed you that I had succeeded in marking permanently and intelligibly, at the distance of *half a mile* (!)

Professor Gale, of our University, and Mr. Alfred Vail, of the Speedwell Iron Works, near Morristown, New Jersey, are now associated with me, in the scientific and mechanical parts of the invention. We have procured several miles of wire, and I am happy to announce to you that our success has thus far been complete. At a distance of *five miles*, with a common Cruikshank's battery of eighty-seven plates (4 x 3½ inches, each plate), the marking was as perfect on the register, as in the first instance of *half a mile*. We have recently added *five* miles more, making in all *ten miles*, with the same result; and we have now no doubt of its effecting a *similar result* at *any distance*.

I also stated to you, sir, that machinery was in progress of making, with which, so soon as it should be completed, I intended to proceed to Washington, to exhibit the powers of the invention before you and other members of the Government. I had hoped to be in Washington before the Session of Congress, but I find the execution of new machinery is so uncertain in its time of completion, that I shall be delayed, probably, until the beginning of the year. I am anxious, of course, to show as perfect an instrument as possible, and would wish as much time for the purpose of perfecting it as can be allowed, without detriment to my interests, as an applicant of the attention of the Government to the best place of a telegraph."



Plow used to lay the wires between Washington and Baltimore, 1843.

The Committee of Commerce, of the House of Representatives, on the 6th of April, 1838, reported as follows:

"On the 3d of February, 1837, the House of Representatives passed a resolution requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to report to the House, at its present session, upon the propriety of establishing a system of telegraphs in the United States. In pursuance of this request, the Sec'y of the Treasury, at an early day, after the passage of said resolution, addressed a circular of inquiry to numerous scientific and practical individuals, in different parts of the Union; and on the

6th of December last, reported the result of this proceeding to the House.

This report of the Secretary embodies many useful suggestions on the necessity and practicability of a system of telegraphic despatches, both for the public and individual purposes; and the Committee cannot doubt that the American public is fully prepared and even desirous that every requisite effort be made, on the part of Congress, to consummate an object of so deep an interest to the purposes of Government, in peace and in war, and to the enterprise of the age.

Amid the suggestions thus elicited from various sources, and embodied in the before mentioned report of the Secretary of the Treasury, a plan for an electro-magnetic telegraph, communicated by Professor Morse of the University of the city of New York, is preëminently interesting, and even wonderful. This invention consists in the application by mechanism of galvanic electricity to telegraph purposes, and is claimed by Professor Morse and his associates as original with them; and being so, in fact, as the committee believes, letters patent have been secured, under the authority of the United States, for the invention. It has, moreover, been subjected to the test of experiment upon a scale of *ten miles* distance by a select committee of the Franklin Institute of the city of Philadelphia, and reported upon by that eminently high tribunal in the most favorable and confident terms.

In additional confirmation of the merits of his proposed system of telegraphs, Professor Morse has exhibited it in operation (by a coil of metallic wire, measuring about ten miles in length, rendering the action equal to a telegraph of half that distance) to the Committee on Commerce of the House of Representatives, to the President of the United States, and the several heads of departments, to members of Congress generally, who have taken interest in the examination, and to a vast number of scientific and practical individuals from various parts of the Union; and all concur, it is believed, and without dissenting doubt in admiration of the ingenious and scientific character of the invention, and in the opinion that it is successfully adapted to the purposes of telegraphic despatches, and in a conviction of its great and incalculable practical importance and usefulness to the country, and ultimately to the world. . . . The probable outlay of our experiment upon a scale equal to fifty miles of telegraph, and equal to a *circuit* of double that distance, is estimated at $30,000. Two-thirds of this expenditure will be for material, which, whether the experiment shall succeed or fail, will remain uninjured, and of very little diminished value below the price that will be paid for it."

Mr. Alfred Vail of Morristown, New Jersey, having become, while a student at the University of the city of New York, deeply interested in the experiments there being made by Professor Morse, entered into a partnership with him, for the purpose of developing the ideas of the latter, and to furnish money for that development; and to obtain a patent he began at the Speedwell Iron Works of his father, Judge Stephen Vail, one mile from Morristown, a series of experiments, with the crude wooden machine of Morse's construction. He soon became entirely absorbed in this work, — so much so that he would often rise from his sleepless bed in the quiet hours of the night and continue his work.

At this time, Professor Morse, who had returned to New York, wrote him, under date of September 29, 1837, as follows:

"I have despatched my letter to the Sec'y of the Treasury, and have the papers and drawings ready for the Patent Office. If you intend to do anything in England or France, no time is to be lost. I hold myself in readiness to execute the commission with respect to the portraits any time after next week, and hope to find the machinery in a state of such advancement, that we *may have time* before the winter Session to *become perfectly familiar* with it, so as to strike conviction at once into the minds of the members of Congress."

Morse soon returned to Speedwell to note the progress of his young associate, and at the same time to busy himself in painting the portraits of several members of Judge Vail's family, in fulfilment of his expressed desire to return, in the only way in his power, the kindness and attention shown him while an inmate of the Judge's house. On January 6, 1838, a public demonstration was made at Speedwell, messages being sent over a length of three miles of wire. An exhibition was soon after given in New York, and a little later, in Philadelphia, and from there the mechanism was taken to Washington, where it was exhibited before Congress and the Cabinet.

On the 15th of February, 1838, Professor Morse, enclosing a communication to Hon. F. O. J. Smith, Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, of the House of Representatives wrote:

"If the Government is disposed to test this mode of telegraphic communication, by enabling me to give it a fair trial for 100 miles, I will agree to enter into no arrangements to dispose of my rights, as the inventor and patentee for the United States, to any individual or company of individuals, previous to offering it to the Government, for such a just and reasonable compensation as shall be mutually agreed upon. It is proper that I should here state that the Patent right is now jointly owned, in unequal shares, by myself, Pro-

fessor Gale, of New York City University, and Messrs. Alfred and George Vail."

The following copy of an account of expenses incurred by Professor Morse while on his journey from New York to Washington, the original of which, in Morse's handwriting, is in the possession of Mr. Vail's family, serves to show the relations existing between the professor and Mr. Vail, and at the same time is somewhat descriptive of the character of the journey in those days:

NEW YORK, April 11, 1838.

A. Vail, in account with S. F. B. Morse for expenses of patent and etc.:

Fare to Philadelphia	$3.00
Breakfast	50
Porterage	25
Fare to Baltimore	3.00
Dinner	25
Porterage and Omnibus	50
Bill at Baltimore (over night)	1.50
Porterage	25
Porterage to Cars	25
Fare to Washington	2.50
Porterage	25
Bill at Fuller's	21.75
Fare from Washington to Baltimore	2.50
Porterage	25
Bill at Baltimore (Sunday)	3.37½
Porterage and Servant	37½
Fare in Steamboat to Philadelphia	2.50
Dinner	50
Porterage and Omnibus to Cars	62½
Fare to New York	5.00
Porterage	25
Tea	50
Lodging at Bunker's	50
	$50.37½
Deduct Sunday at Baltimore	3.75
	$46.62½

In the language of a recent writer,

"The next four years were years of hope and despair, of appeal, ridicule, and fruitless struggles. Session after session, Morse and Vail persevered, and year after year they met with rebuffs and defeat. Their bill was amended by Congressional wits to include a line of telegraph to the moon, and to pay for experiments in witchcraft, mesmerism, and Millerism, the speaker refusing to rule out the absurd amendment on the plea that it would require a scientific analysis to determine how far the magnetism of mesmerism was analogous to that employed in telegraphing."

On December 30, 1842, more than four and a half years later, another committee made a favorable report recommending the passage of a bill appropriating the sum of $30,000 for the purpose of

"constructing a line of said Electro-Magnetic Telegraphs, under the superintendence of Prof. S. F. B. Morse, of such length, and between such points as shall fully test its practicability and utility, and that the same shall be expended under the direction of the Postmaster-General, upon the application of the said Morse."

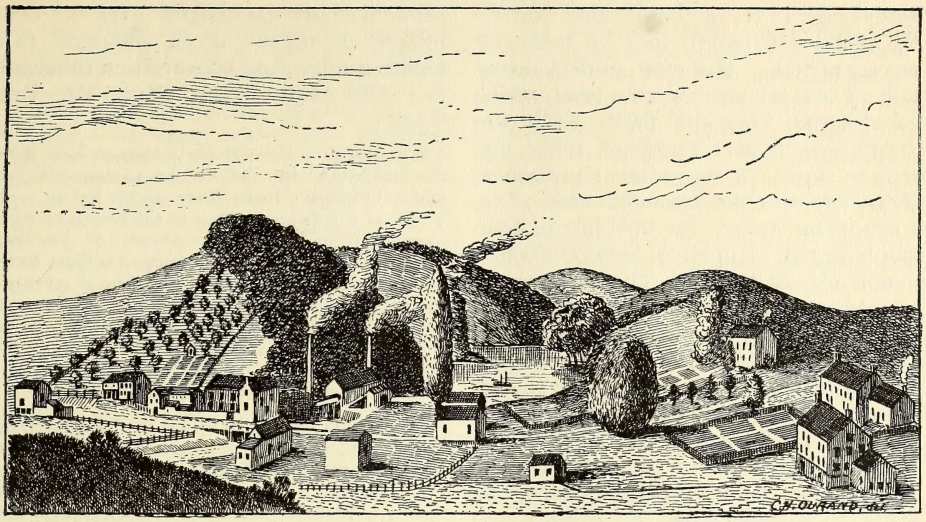
Notwithstanding this favorable recommendation to passage, no action was taken. At last came the close of the session of 1842–3. On the evening of March 3, the Professor once more gave up in despair, and under the fire of the jests and witticisms that greeted his bill, left the Capital and returned despairing to his hotel, where sitting down, he wrote to Mr. Vail, then in New York, informing him of the dark outlook, and the almost certain defeat of his bill, if, indeed, it was taken up at all, and closing his letter by saying:

"If the bill fails to pass before noon to-morrow, I shall return to New York without one dollar in my pocket!"

But his friends, deeply anxious that the bill should pass, stood by him, and in the last hour of the expiring session, by but a majority of six, the vote being eighty-nine to eighty-three, the bill appropriating $30,000 for the line to Baltimore, became a law, awaiting only the signature of the President.

The appropriation made by Congress on the last night of the session brought into requisition the scientific and mechanical services of Mr. Vail, and he at once entered upon the completion of the enterprise, for so long a time his all-absorbing thought, with all the energy and earnestness of which he was capable.

Before leaving for Washington to exhibit the telegraph, in 1838, Mr. Vail devised and had constructed two instruments for receiving messages, which were used in the experiments at Speedwell, and later at Washington, and finally upon the line constructed between Washington and Baltimore. Upon the instrument used by Mr. Vail at Baltimore was received the historic message, "What hath God wrought!" This instrument, — a receiving register — was carefully preserved by Mr. Vail, and its identity is



The Speedwell Ironworks, Morristown, N. J.

FROM AN OLD PRINT.

fully established by a certificate to that effect from Professor Morse, a copy of which is as follows:

"The above photograph is a true representation of the earliest instrument constructed for public use, and was operated upon the experimental line of telegraph from Wash. to Balt. in 1844. It was in charge of Alfred Vail Esq. at the Balt. Station, while its counterpart, a similar instrument, was under my charge at Washington.

"SAMUEL F. B. MORSE."

"NEW YORK, May 31, 1870."

The instrument used by Morse at Washington, according to statements made by him, was lost, and has disappeared probably forever. With the exception of size and clumsiness, this receiving register is almost like those in present use, and can compare in efficiency in working with the latest made. Its size is sixteen inches long, seven inches high, and six inches wide. It has two magnets of three inches diameter, and weighs twenty pounds. Attached to it, when taken possession of, by the writer, to whom it was bequeathed by his father, was a certificate, in Mr. Vail's own hand, as follows:

"This lever and roller were invented by us, in the 6th story of the New York *Observer* office, in 1844, before we put up the telegraph line between Wash. & Balt. & the same has always been used in Morse's instrument. I am the sole & only inventor of this mode of telegraph embossed writing. Professor Morse gave me no clue to it, nor did any one else, & I have not asserted publicly my right as first and sole inventor, because I wished to preserve the peaceful unity of the invention, & because I could not, according to my contract with Professor Morse, have got a Patent for it. ALFRED VAIL."

This instrument has been, for some years, in the National Museum at Washington, to which institution it was loaned by the owner, and where it attracts much attention, because of its great historic interest. Professor Gale, in the case of Smith *vs.* Downing, presented diagrams of the veritable Morse machine of 1836, as it passed in September, 1837, into Alfred Vail's hands, for an entire mechanical reconstruction throughout, to speak a language not entirely unknown to the first machine, but to perform entirely new functions and to produce an entirely new system of signs and letters, which the first machine, by its structure, was physically incapable of being made to speak. Alfred Vail, thus produced, in the new instrument, the first available Morse machine! He invented the first combination of the horizontal lever motion to actuate upon a pen or pencil or "style," and the entirely new telegraphic alphabet of dots, spaces, and marks, which it necessitated, not long before

September, 1837, the month that Morse's old instrument passed into his hands for reconstruction. His more perfect invention of a steel style upon a lever, which could strike into the paper as it was drawn onward over a grooved roller, and emboss upon it the same alphabetical characters, was not invented until 1844, a short time before the first line of telegraph began to operate between Washington and Baltimore. This instrument, somewhat changed in shape only, still holds its place, as practically the best ever invented, and after standing all imaginable tests is not likely to be shaken from its firm pedestal of fame, in the "Morse-Vail System."

Alfred Vail also invented an entirely new alphabet, which he foresaw could be made to register easily on a horizontal line, with one continuous movement of the paper, from right to left. He invented an entirely new machine, in which was the first combination of the horizontal lever motion to actuate a pen, or pencil, or style, so arranged as to perform the new duties required, with a precision, simplicity, skill, and rapidity infinitely beyond the "Stammering speech" and the creeping infantile movements of the true "Morse machine," as originally conceived and brought forth. Mr. Vail invented, several years afterward, the new lever and roller, which embossed into paper the wholly simple and perfect alphabetic characters which he alone had originated, altogether the complete invention used from the first opening of a telegraph line, until now, a period of over forty-five years. To this day, it has proved itself the best instrument ever made, as is sufficiently proved by its universal use, by all people, and all languages.

Under date of Washington, July 23, 1843, Mr. Vail, in a private letter, wrote:

"Our experiments have commenced and have, thus far, been perfectly successful. Our first have been tried upon forty-three miles of wire, and the next time I write, I hope to be able to state the same success with more than one hundred miles of wire. I am very busy with the instruments."

Forty-three miles, or twenty-one and a half working miles, the extreme length of wire successfully used! Signals have been recently exchanged over an unbroken circuit of seven thousand two hundred miles, and conversation indulged in. On August 5th, 1843, Mr. Vail wrote:

"Yesterday we tried *one hundred and fifty* miles of wire with the utmost success. Upon which Professor Morse threw up his hat in joy! There now appears no limit to the length of wire over which the battery may operate. So you see, instead of sending our intelligence but forty miles, we have proof that we can send it seventy-five miles. To-morrow we shall try it through one hundred and sixty miles, which will be a working distance of eighty miles."

On December 17, 1843, he wrote:

"You need not expect to see the Telegraph, or hear of its being in operation, this Winter, except perhaps between the Patent Office and the Capitol. Our lead pipe is defective, and also our wires, so that it is probable we shall have to go over the whole wire again and varnish it."

To fully comprehend the allusions made in the preceding letter, it is necessary to understand that the line was first placed in leaden pipe, which was laid in a trench in the ground, the wire being a double length, making what is known as a "metallic circuit." This was considered necessary, the ability of the earth to furnish the return circuit not having then been discovered. In the words of Mr. Vail, that most important discovery is thus described:

"After the close of the Session of Congress in the Spring, 1844, a series of experiments was commenced by the request of Professor Morse under my direction, for the purpose of ascertaining what amount of battery was absolutely required for the practical operation of the Telegraph. From the commencement of its operation to the close of the Session, so anxious was the public to witness its almost magic performances, that time could not be taken to put it in a state to test either the size of the battery required, or bring into use all the machinery of the Register. On that account but *one wire* was used during that period for transmitting and receiving intelligence, and the capabilities of the instrument were shown at some disadvantage, — requiring the constant attendance of those having charge of the two termini. The first experiment made was to ascertain the number of cups absolutely required for operating the telegraph; eighty cups had been the number in use. Upon experimenting it was found that two cups would operate the Telegraph from Washington to Baltimore. This success was more than had been anticipated, and urged on further experiments, which eventually proved that the earth itself furnished sufficient galvanic power to operate the electro-magnet without the aid of a battery.

In the first experiment a copper plate was buried in the ground, and about three hundred yards from it a zinc plate was also buried. To each of these plates a wire was soldered, and the ends brought into the telegraph office, and properly connected with the key and electro-magnet of the register, — the battery not being in connection. Upon manipulating at the key it was found that the electro-magnet was operated upon, and the pen of the Register recorded. This led to another experiment upon a more magnificent scale, and nothing less than that of using the copper plate at Washington and the zinc plate at Baltimore, with the single wire connecting these distant points, the battery being thrown out. Here, too, success followed the experiment, though with diminished effect. By the application of a more delicate apparatus, the Electro-magnet was operated upon, and the pen of the registering instrument recorded its success. From these experiments the fact appears conclusive that the ground can, through the agency of metallic plates, constantly generate the galvanic fluid."

On December 22, 1843, Mr. Vail wrote :

"We have gone into winter quarters, and will not resume our outdoor enterprise until April perhaps. We have laid the pipes thus far about nine miles, and this is all we intend to do this winter. As the pipe is not soldered together, we have not tried it, and shall not until milder weather."

On January 1, 1844, he wrote :

"I should not wonder if all of the appropriation is exhausted before we are able to do anything. There is more going on here than you can possibly dream of. But you cannot know; only I am not in the scrape. You may hear of it soon through the public prints."

January 6, 1844 :

"We are about to stretch our wires from the Capitol to the City Hall, and from there to the Patent Office, when we will have a pay thing in operation for the winter. Dr. Gale has resigned, so I am left pretty much alone with Professor Morse."

March 2, 1844 :

"We have put up some posts, and commenced putting the wires thereon."

March 19, 1844 :

"We have now some of the pipe prepared, and shall probably lay it, or some of it, this week. In all this month, we hope to have the wires laid between the Capitol and Patent Office, and also the wires stretched from pole to pole to the distance of twelve miles, from the Capitol to Belleville. I am very anxious to have it completed, so that we may know what is to be expected in the future."

April 11, 1844 :

"I will inform you of what success with the Telegraph. We have tried it six miles, though it is now put up nine miles, and by Saturday will be twelve. It has given the utmost satisfaction thus far, and performs perfectly. A few days since, I was at this end of the line, and Professor Morse at the other. From there he announced that the cars were passing, and he says I answered him *before* the train had passed! To-day we have put up the instruments at the Capitol, where the wires terminate. We have two fine rooms, one for the instruments and the other for the battery, and we expect to have the whole line completed to Baltimore by the 17th of next month. The utmost curiosity exists about it, and when we get started, we shall have our rooms constantly thronged with visitors. I am waiting, with the utmost anxiety, to have the final trial made with the Telegraph to see what will be the fate of things. We expect to get another appropriation, if this results successfully, and of this I have no doubt. Professor Morse is on tiptoe, as you may well imagine. No one seems disposed to injure our wires, and all goes on well."

April 18, 1844 :

"We have tried the wires for fourteen miles, as far as they have been put up, and they work well. We talk back and forth every day upon them. The work is proceeding, and we shall soon be in Baltimore. I am so hurried and driven that I have not time to take any meals. I am up and off sometimes long before it is light, am gone all day, and back at six o'clock. I go to Bladensburg, sometimes to Belleville, and other parts of the work."

April 22, 1844 :

"We now have the wires put up sixteen miles, and yesterday afternoon I tested them by telegraphing from White Oak Bottom to Washington. *We talk back and forth* almost every day, and find it to succeed very well, and I see no reason why it should not go through the whole distance. It is progressing very fast, and we hope to have it through by the middle of May, when you may expect a great noise in this part of the World. As it is, I see the papers are full of it, but they do not keep pace with our operations. It excites considerable interest and astonishment wherever it is known or seen, and we have lots of fun sometimes with those who are curious to know everything. At this end of the line yesterday the shocks were very severe, so much so that I could hardly manage the wires. Just imagine posts, two hundred feet apart, along the Railroad, with two wires stretched between them, and you have the Telegraph. The lead pipe we are selling for old lead, so that so much goes back into the appropriation. We have enough, and more than enough, to take us through. What will be the result to our pockets, after what is completed, and before Congress, I know not. Perhaps they will make another appropriation, or we may settle with them for the whole of it. Perhaps *not*. I do not think much about it at present. I want to see it in operation first."

April 28, 1844 :

. . . . . It is as much as I can do to keep Professor Morse from

being sick, and he don't seem to know sometimes how to operate his own instrument. I have spent the week as usual, and to-morrow go to the Junction, twenty-two miles from here, to prepare to announce the Whig candidate selected by the Baltimore Convention. Yesterday I was at Bladensburgh, and the day being wet and cold, and I, without my coat and umbrella, I wrote, by telegraph, to Professor Morse to send them to me by the four o'clock train, which he did! *So you see it works well.* We are going on with the wires to Baltimore as fast as possible, and hope to be there in two weeks!"

On May 1, 1844, Professor Morse wrote to Mr. Vail, at Annapolis Junction:

"Get from passengers, in the cars, all the news you can, and transmit. A good way of exciting wonder will be to tell the passengers to give you some short sentence to send me and let them note the time, and call at the Capitol to verify the time I received it. Before transmitting, notify me (48). Your message to-day that the passengers in the cars gave three cheers for Henry Clay, excited the highest wonder in the passenger who gave it to you to send, when he found it verified at the Capitol."

On May 2, Mr. Vail wrote:

"I yesterday announced the nomination of Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen, at Washington, one hour and a quarter before the cars arrived there, distance twenty-two miles. Professor Morse is so unstable and full of notions. He changes oftener than the wind, and seems to be exceedingly childish sometimes. Now he is elated up to the skies, and then he is down in the mud all over under. It requires the utmost patience to get along with him. So far the Telegraph succeeds perfectly, and perhaps in two weeks we shall be in Baltimore. The telegraph produces a great deal of excitement, and we are thronged with visitors. When we get to Baltimore it will be more astonishing. Persons at the Capitol ask Professor Morse to ask me to write their names, that they may say that they were written in Washington by a person at the Junction. I was obliged to write Mr. Frelinghuysen's name a dozen times last night for as many persons, who wanted the intelligence. I hope the thing will come to something by and by!"

On May 11, 1844, Professor Morse wrote to Mr. Vail:

"Everything worked well yesterday, but there is one defect in your writing; make a longer space between each word. I shall have a great crowd to-day, and wish all things to go off well. Many M. C's. will be present, perhaps Mr. Clay; give me news by the cars. When the cars come along, try and get a newspaper from Philadelphia or New York, and give items of intelligence. The arrival of the cars at the Junction begins to excite here the greatest interest, and both morning and evening I have my room thronged."

The news of the passage of the bill before Congress to appropriate the thirty thousand dollars, to construct the experimental line, was taken to Professor Morse on the morning after its passage (March 4, 1843), by Miss Annie Ellsworth (the daughter of the Commissioner of Patents), who had taken the deepest interest in the trials and efforts of the enthusiasts; and the professor promised, as her reward, that she should send the first message that passed over the line to Baltimore. On May 24, 1844, the end of the line having reached that city, the connections established, and everything being in working order, Miss Ellsworth was notified that the Telegraph awaited her message. Going to the Supreme Court chamber, at the Capitol, she gave to Professor Morse the message, which has since become historic: "What hath God wrought!" which was received by Alfred Vail, at the Mount Clare depot of the B. & O. R. R. at Baltimore; and the identical slip of paper as it came from the recording register with its memorable words embossed upon it, is now in the possession of the Historical Society of Connecticut at Hartford, where Miss Ellsworth afterwards placed it.

The following is copied from Mr. Vail's diary:

"BALTIMORE, May 24, 1844.

"'What hath God brought? M. Yes, V.'
"'The City of Baltimore, V. Yes, M.'
"'Stop a few minutes, M. Yes, V.'"

"BALTIMORE, May 26.

"'I am ready, M.' 'Yes, V.' 'Have you any news? M.' 'No, V.' 'Mr. Saxton's respects to you, M.' 'My respects to him, V.' 'What time have you? V.' 'Nine o'clock, twenty-seven minutes, M.' 'What is your time! M.' 'Nine o'clock, twenty-eight minutes, V.' 'What weather have you? M.' 'Cloudy, V.' 'Separate your words more, M.' 'Oil your clockwork, V.' 'I have a great crowd at my window, M.' 'Oh! Ah! V.' 'A Van-Buren cannon in front with a fox-tail upon it, V.' 'I wait for news, M.' 'State Convention met at the Odeon ten o'clock A. M., V.'"

Under date June 4, 1844, the Secretary of the Treasury transmitted the "Report of Professor Morse, announcing completion of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph between the cities of Washington and Baltimore, as authorized by the 'Act to test the practicability of establishing a system of Electro-Magnetic Telegraphs

by the United States,' approved the 3d of March, 1843."

"WASHINGTON, June 3, 1844.

Hon. McClintock Young, Secretary of the Treasury:

"SIR, — I have the honor to report that the experimental essay authorized by the Act of Congress on March 3, 1843, appropriating $30,000 for 'testing any system of Electro-Magnetic Telegraphs, and of such length and between such points as shall test its practicability and utility' has been made between Washington and Baltimore, — a distance of forty miles, — connecting the Capitol in the former city with the Railroad depot in Pratt Street in the latter city.

On the first point proposed to be settled by the experiment — to wit its practicability — it is scarcely necessary to say (since the public demonstration which has been given of its efficacy for some days past during the Session of the different Conventions in the City of Baltimore) that it is fully proved. Items of intelligence of all kinds have been transmitted back and forth from the simple sending of names, to the more lengthened details of the proceedings of Congress and conventions. One fact will perhaps be sufficient to illustrate the efficiency and speed with which intelligence can be communicated by the Telegraph.

In the proceedings of the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, for the nomination of a candidate for President of the United States, at the next election, the result of the votes, in the nomination of the Hon. J. R. Polk, was conveyed from the convention to the telegraphic terminus in Baltimore, transmitted to Washington, announced to the hundreds assembled in front of the terminus, at the Capitol, and to both Houses of Congress. The reception of the news was then transmitted to Baltimore, sent to the Convention, and circulated among its members, — all before the nomination of the successful candidate was officially announced by the presiding officer of the Convention. . . . In the construction of this *first line of conductors*, it was necessary that experiments should be made to ascertain the best mode of establishing them. The place I first suggested, in my letter to the Sec'y of the Treasury, in 1837, of placing my conductors upon posts thirty feet high and some three hundred feet apart, is, after experiment, proved to be the most eligible. The objection, so strongly urged in the outset, that by being exposed above ground the conductors were in danger from evil-disposed persons, had such weight with us, in the absence of experience on the subject, as early to turn our whole attention to the practicability of placing the conductors in tubes beneath the earth, as the best means of safety. The adoption of the latter mode for some thirteen miles in England, by the projectors of the English Telegraph, confirmed me in the belief that this would be best. I was thus led to contract for lead-pipe sufficient to contain the conductors through the whole route. Experience, however, has shown that this mode is attended with disadvantages far outweighing any advantages from its fancied security beneath the ground. If apparently more secure, an injury, once sustained, is much more difficult of access and of repair; while upon posts, if injury is sustained, it is at once seen, and can be repaired ordinarily almost without cost."

The erection of the line from Philadelphia to New York, was begun in the fall of 1845, and on January 4, 1846, Mr. Vail wrote from that city:

"I have been very busy since I arrived here, putting up the instruments and getting the necessary things for the office. On January 1st, we made the first trial of the wires between here and Norristown — eighteen miles, — and all went off very well. I have had the lines in operation every day since, but not open to the public, as I dislike to have persons running to the office when I am testing the wires, and not prepared to do business. In a few days I shall remove the instruments from Norristown to Doylestown, and then further on the route to New York."

Philadelphia, January 8, 1846:

"I have had the instruments moved to Doylestown, further on the line, and crowds of persons are visiting the instruments every day, which keeps me very busy. I have much before me, and apprehend some difficulties before I get the wires tested through to Newark."

Philadelphia, January 18, 1846:

"We have tested the line almost through, and the other end is now at Newark, nine miles from New York. To-morrow we expect to communicate to Newark, and hope soon after to test to New York. Our operations produce great excitement, and my room is crowded from morning to night, and I sell some days as many as one hundred and sixty pamphlets."

Philadelphia, January 24, 1846:

"The Telegraph is going ahead and must go! It cannot stop now! The line is in *operation* between this and Newark!"

Upon reaching the city of Newark, N. J., it was determined to seek business between New York and Philadelphia, and a notice to that effect was issued to the public.[1] The line was completed as far

[1] NEW YORK, January 26, 1846.

SIR, — The Magnetic Telegraph between New York and Philadelphia *via* Newark will be opened to the public on Tuesday, January 27. Messages will be despatched from the Telegraph Office, No. 10 Wall Street (basement), New York at 9, 11 A. M., and 12 o'clock M. — 3, 4, and 7 P. M., and will be received from Philadelphia *via* Newark at 8½, 9½, and 11½ A. M., and 2½, 4½, and 10 P. M. Communications, which must all be prepaid, will be sent in the order they are received.

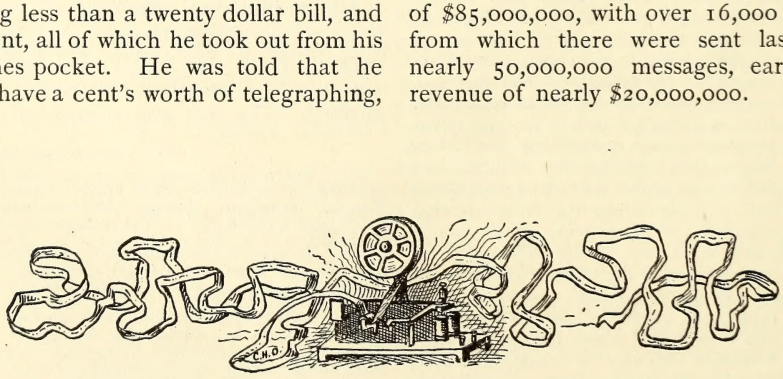
The following are the rates established for ten words and under: — For the transmission and writing out of every communication, not exceeding ten words, exclusive of the signature and address, and the directions of the writer as to the disposition of the communication from New York to Philadelphia — *Twenty-Five Cents.* For every addition not exceeding ten words, the same rate of charge as in the first ten. Yours truly,

AMOS KENDALL, President.

as Fort Lee, on the Jersey shore of the Hudson River, opposite the upper part of Manhattan Island, on January 20, 1846; but there the river presented an obstacle that for some time was not overcome, no method of insulation in water having then been discovered. On the New York side of the river was the residence of the naturalist Audubon, and his consent being obtained for the establishment of an office on his premises, messages were brought from Fort Lee by boat, and sent to the city of New York by wire.

The reproduction of some minor items of interest may not be found uninstructive. The telegraph was shown without charge, in Washington, until April 1, 1845. Congress during the session of 1844–5 made an appropriation of eight thousand dollars to keep it in operation during the year, placing it under the supervision of the Postmaster-General, who ordered a tariff of charges of one cent for every four characters, appointing as operators of the line, Mr. Vail at Washington and Mr. N. J. Rogers at Baltimore. This commenced April 1, and was to test the profitableness of the enterprise. Mr. Polk had just been inaugurated, and the city was filled with persons seeking office. On the 4th, a gentleman of Virginia came to the office and desired to see the operation of the telegraph without cost. He was asked if he had seen the Postmaster-General, and obtained his consent. He replied, he had not. After considerable discussion, he said that he had nothing less than a twenty dollar bill, and one cent, all of which he took out from his breeches pocket. He was told that he could have a cent's worth of telegraphing, and was finally gratified in the following manner: Washington asked Baltimore: 4 — which meant, in the list of signals, What time is it? Baltimore replied: 1 — which meant, one o'clock. The amount of the operation was one character each way, making two in all, which at the rate of four for one cent, would amount to exactly one half of one cent! He laid down his cent, but was told that half a cent would suffice, if he could produce the change. This he declined to do, and gave the whole cent, upon which, being satisfied, he left the office. This then, was the income of the Washington office, for the first four days of the public life of the telegraph! On the 5th, twelve and a half cents were received. The 6th was Sunday. On the 7th, the receipts were up to sixty cents; on the 8th to $1.32; and on the 9th to $1.04. "It is worthy of remark," said Mr. Vail, "that more business was done by the merchants after the tariff was laid, than when the service was gratuitous."

Can the average mind fully comprehend the change that has taken place in the business done by the telegraph in less than one short half century? In every direction, wires now stretch from pole to pole, or under the seas, all grown from that little strand forty miles long, which so recently as May 24, 1844, was all that existed of that great network of wire, which now covers the earth. Forty-five years have seen this forty miles grow to millions; and in this country alone, one company has a capitalization of $85,000,000, with over 16,000 offices, from which there were sent last year nearly 50,000,000 messages, earning a revenue of nearly $20,000,000.



PRISCILLA.

By Hetta Lord Hayes Ward.

I CLIMB the bare, brown hill,
The hollows hide a gleam of lingering snow,
The April winds blow chill,
And icy cold the tinkling waters flow.

Dark alders bow to me,
Yellow and brown with burning tips of red,
Their limp tags tossing free;
The pussy-willow nods her downy head.

Though winter lingers long,
I see the sky serene and clear and blue;
I hear a robin's song;
I brush the ground-pine, wet with frosty dew

I walk in shadows dim,
Where plumy boughs of perfumed pines hang low,
I hear their holy hymn;
The forest's silence, and its psalm, I know.

Soft shadows flicker down
On scaly cones, gray moss, and dead sweet-fern;
I scan the carpet brown,
And fancied patterns faintly I discern.

Though rude the air, and chill
With melting snow, and winds are blowing keen,
The pink arbutus still
Steps bravely out, hooded in brown and green.

From blast and frost and ice,
She gathers strength, with craft both wise and sweet;
She stores her hoards of spice;
In poverty, rounds out a life complete.

Here on New England hills
Dwell mayflower maidens, brave and fair and good,
Whose sturdy sweetness fills
Each lonely home, as these perfume the wood.

So in our grandsires' day
Priscilla grew, in war's and woe's despite,
Till, like the flower of May,
Her blushing Spring put frost and gloom to flight.

Sweet-vested Pilgrim flower,
Daughter of sun and snow, and peace and wrath,
Give to our girls for dower
Such strength and sweetness as the mayflower hath.

THE MESSAGE OF PURITANISM FOR THIS TIME.

By Edwin D. Mead.

IN that most inspired of our American lyrics, and most solemn of calls to a nation to the stern duty of to-day, with Sinai and Calvary trumpeting and throbbing together through its lines, — in his "Present Crisis," — Lowell makes his final appeal for present valor and freedom from the shackles of the past a great appeal to the past itself, an appeal to the Pilgrim Fathers, the Mayflower and Plymouth Rock.

"'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves;
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime. —
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward past or future that make Plymouth Rock sublime?

They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the past's;
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great impulse that drove them across the sea."

The use which the poet here makes of the Pilgrim Fathers is the really great use to be always made of them and of occasions when we commemorate them. A liking for old parchments, for legend and tradition, even for graveyards, is not culpable surely; I think the poet would confess to it. But no man is so dreary, no man is so superficial, none so false, as the man, and his name is legion, whose carefully cultivated relation to the Puritans is simply a historical relation, simply a piece of antiquarianism, simply his chosen species of dilettantism, his field for the collection of old tracts or of new editions in vellum, limited to two hundred copies; whose interest, I say, is simply this, and who cannot be counted on for help in any cause or any place in which the spirit of the Puritan still finds expression, save only at Forefathers' Day dinners, beginning with a course of three grains of corn, but hastening quickly to turtle and quail.

The only real use in going back to the Puritan Fathers is to be helped by it to get forward and away from them, to get out of the past or, whether that or not, to be helped more vitally into the present. It is to catch the spirit for our time that was in them for their time, to be made like them "men of present valor," dealing practically and stalwartly with the new occasion and new duty of to-day, instead of with the things of yesterday.

The Pilgrim Fathers were the most practical and "present" set of men of whom I can think in all history, the least hampered by tradition, the least affected by any weak sentimentalism, the most directly concerned with the duty that lay nearest, the least self-conscious and theatrical of any men who ever lived an epic. They attended to business. With heads in heaven, their feet were solidly upon earth, and their hands busy with the work of Leyden and of Plymouth. They were anxious about their souls; but as Lowell has said again, "Men anxious about their souls have not been by any means the least skilful in providing for the wants of the body" — and these hard-handed men of Plymouth knew that "they must show a balance on the right side of the counting-house ledger as well as in their private accounts with their own souls. The liberty of praying when and how they would must be balanced with an ability of paying when and as they ought." These fathers of ours solved most perfectly that most difficult problem of bringing fine ideals into healthy contact and partnership with the hard, prosaic things of common life. They were great realists, in the true sense of that damaged word, not transcendentalists; practical Aristotelian idealists, Emersonian idealists — for before Bradford was, Emerson is — not Platonists.

For — this is the second great thing to remember always, in truth the first thing of the two — these most practical and hard-handed and hard-headed of men were the greatest idealists in history, the most imperious and thorough in subordinating every interest of life to the power of their great faith and vision. Lowell, who furnishes us with so many good words about them and whose tribute to their common sense and shiftiness we have just noted, pronounces them "the most perfect incarnation of an idea which the world has ever seen." How important the idea which they bore seemed to him he declared when he said: "Next to the fugitives whom Moses led out of Egypt, the little shipload of outcasts who landed at Plymouth two centuries and a half ago are destined to influence the future of the world." I think, too, that from the time of Moses on, there had never been any enterprise so full of the spirit of Moses as this. There are whole chapters of Deuteronomy which might well enough be chapters of Bradford's Journal. These men of "present valor," these most practical of men, were the most Mosaic of men. The most Mosaic, I say, not Hebraic; for the Hebrew rank and file, the men who followed Moses, were poor stuff compared with the men who followed Bradford and Brewster. They were cowards and chronic fault-finders, always hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt, always looking over their shoulders, always complaining over short rations and wet feet. As Bradford would have said, they were not "muskeeto proof." Some poor, weak creatures, who had been over and spent a few months with the Plymouth colony in 1623, had gone back to London and discouraged others from coming by stories of all sorts of hardships at Plymouth. There was lack of the sacraments, the children were not properly catechised, the water wasn't good, the fish wouldn't take salt to keep sweet, there were foxes and wolves, and so on — a dozen objections in all, the last being that the people were "much annoyed with muskeetoes." "They are too delicate and unfit to begin new plantations and colonies," wrote Bradford, answering every objection in detail, "that cannot endure the biting of a muskeeto; we would wish such to keep at home till at least they be muskeeto proof." The men who planted New England were "muskeeto proof." And so have the men always been who have pushed ahead the New England idea. So were the men who have gone out of New England to carry New England all over the Great West. The men who followed Gen. Rufus Putnam from Massachusetts to Marietta were "muskeeto proof." The men who followed Moses Cleveland from Connecticut to the Western Reserve were "muskeeto proof." The Pilgrim Fathers of Illinois and Michigan and Wisconsin and Minnesota and Kansas and Colorado were "muskeeto proof." They had all learned that great lesson of not being greatly vexed by life's little vexations, which are what bring so many good men to nothing.

The Pilgrim Fathers were "muskeeto proof." None of them sulked over sore fingers, or bothered Bradford over their feet. They got no miraculous manna or quail, they were reduced to the three grains of corn; but still no complaint, no hankering after things left behind. "It is not with us as with other men," they had said before they left Holland, "whom small things can discourage, or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again." And when the Mayflower went back, after the first winter of death, while half their number lay in the graves in the wheatfield, not one went back, no, "not one looked back who had set his hand to this ploughing."

These are men worth celebrating, these most practical, most religious men, these men who put their highest idea most absolutely into life. This is the thing to be said about Puritanism altogether, that it was idealism with hands, a faith that made faithful, religion wholly in earnest. Here were men refusing to live any longer by tradition; and here, as Carlyle says, was "a practical world based on belief in God." "Here, of our own lineage, in practical English shape, were heroes on the earth once more, who knew in every fibre, and with heroic doing laid to heart, that an Almighty Justice

does verily rule this world, that it is good to fight on God's side, and bad to fight on the devil's side." This conviction Puritanism put into life, and put into the whole of life. Politics became religious. Church and State were never so nearly the same — it is hard to say where one ends and the other begins. It is hard to say whether we think of Puritanism first as a religious or a political movement; whether we think first, when we say "Puritan," of the "painful" clergy, or of Oliver Cromwell and his Ironsides. Never was town-meeting so like the prayer-meeting, never parliament so like the synod.

Look away from Plymouth to Westminister, away from William Bradford to Oliver Cromwell, the greatest of all the Puritans. I wish that every New Englander, and every Old Englander, might set himself to the study of Cromwell's letters and speeches. It was in reading Cromwell's speeches, Carlyle tells us, that to himself the English Commonwealth and Puritanism generally first began to be conceivable. Never think of the Puritanism that planted New England apart from the Puritanism that stayed at home and revolutionized England. Never think of the Pilgrim Fathers save as a part of the great Puritan movement. They differed from some other Puritans, but the agreements and not the differences are the main thing. Cromwell said, as he left the chamber at Westminster after the passage of the Grand Remonstrance, that if it had not passed he would have sold all he had and left for New England. He speaks more than once, in his speeches, of the colonists over here, and their heroic suffering for conscience sake. Had he come over to join them, he would have felt quite at home in Plymouth with William Bradford, as he would have felt at home in Boston with John Winthrop.

Here, under Cromwell, was a government recognizing it as its express purpose to bring in the "reign of God" in England. Carlyle rightly speaks of Cromwell's Little Parliament, which got called Barebones's Parliament — Praise-God Barebones — as "the Assembly for the remarkablest purpose who have ever met in the modern world. The business is no less than introducing the Christian religion into real practice in the social affairs of the nation." Cromwell himself knew well what a remarkable assembly it was. "I think it may be truly said," he said in his first address to them, "that there never was a Supreme Authority consisting of such a body (above one hundred and forty, I believe), never such a body that came into the Supreme Authority before, in such a nation as this, in such a way of owning God and being owned by Him." He speaks of the people there represented as the "people of God" — sometimes he calls them the "honest people"; the cause with which they are charged, "the cause of Christ." "God hath called you to this work," he says in his first great speech to his parliament. "Our business," he says in one place, with a stern fling at the "rhetoricians" who deal in "words," "is to speak *things*. The dispensations of God that are upon us do require it." And the *things* of which he speaks as the "concernment" of the parliament are the glory of God and God's interest in the world — not only the interest of His church, but the interest also, he goes on to say, of the living people of England, "not as Christians, but as human creatures." "The worldly-minded man," he tells his parliament, knows nothing of the significance of the things which they were trying to do and the history through which they were passing. How could the worldly-minded man know? But Cromwell's parliament knew. He spoke to men every one of whom felt that he was there at Westminster for no purpose at all if he were not there expressly to help in bringing in the kingdom of God on earth.

There is one remarkable passage in Cromwell's inaugural address — if I may call that first great speech his inaugural address — from which I should like to quote. It is near the end of the address, after he has made his special political recommendations.

"I shall not hold you long [he says], because I hope it's written in your hearts to approve yourselves to God. Only this Scripture I shall remember to you, which hath been much upon my spirit:

Hosea, xi. 12, 'Judah yet ruleth with God, and is faithful with the Saints.' It's said before that, 'Ephraim compassed God about with lies, and the house of Israel with deceit.' Truly you are called by God as Judah was, to rule with Him and for Him. Again, Second Samuel, xxi. 3, 'He that ruleth over men,' the Scripture saith, 'must be just, ruling in the fear of God.'"

He goes on to quote the New Testament text concerning the "wisdom from above."

"Truly my thoughts run much upon this place [he says], that to the execution of judgment (the execution of truth, for that's the judgment) you must have wisdom 'from Above;' and that's pure. That will teach you to exercise the judgment of truth; it's without partiality. Purity, impartiality, sincerity; these are the effects of wisdom, and these will help you to execute the judgment of truth. And then if God give you hearts to be 'easy to be entreated,' to be 'peaceably spirited,' to be full of good fruits to the nation, to men as men, to the people of God, to all in their several stations, this will teach you to execute the judgment of mercy and truth. Oh, if God fill your hearts with such a spirit as Moses had, and as Paul had, which was not a spirit for Believers only, but for the whole People!"

Now, I will not speak of Westminster to-day; but if in Boston our mayor, or our governor, should talk in such a strain as that, backing up the recommendations of his inaugural by texts from James, and from Hosea, xi. 12, the people would wonder; some would think him crack-brained; the newspapers would wonder; the senate and the common council, if the common council recognized James and Hosea as familiar authors, would wonder. Many would say it was cant; and — there's the pity of it — it very likely would be.

Yet Cromwell's speeches are full of passages like this. This was the vernacular in that parliament. "I have but one thing more to say," he says in his fifth speech; "I did read a Psalm yesterday, which truly may not unbecome me to tell you of, and you to observe. It is the eighty-fifth Psalm; it is very instructive and significant; and though I do but little touch upon it, I desire your perusal at pleasure." Then he quotes. "If this Psalm is written in our hearts," he adds, "then let us consult and meet in Parliament." "If you set your hearts to this work," he says again, "then you will sing Luther's song." "If a man can set his heart open, and can approve it to God, we shall hear him say, God is our refuge and strength."

"Very strange," comments Carlyle in one place, "to see such things in the Journal of the English House of Commons." And of the great fifth speech he says: "No royal speech like this was ever delivered elsewhere in the world, . . . a speech fit for Valhalla and the Sanhedrim of the gods. We shall not again hear a supreme governor talk in this strain. But the spirit of it is a thing that should never have grown obsolete. The spirit of it will have to revive itself again, and shine out in new dialect and vesture. Since that spirit went obsolete, we have had but sorry times, in parliament and out of it." Cromwell's speeches are almost all of them great religious exhortations — constant enforcements upon his parliament that they are acting in the presence of God. "And God, with your ancients," as Carlyle very pertinently observes, "is not a fabulous, polite hearsay, but a tremendous, all-irradiating fact of facts." "I have learned too much of God," says Cromwell himself, "to dally with him."

What is the sum and substance of all this? It is that Cromwell and his Puritans could not think of the things of heaven and the things of earth as things distinct. "Civils" and "spirituals" — these are Cromwell's terms for them — are always running together with the Puritan. It could not be otherwise, when the very function of government was viewed as the bringing in of the kingdom of God on earth — the transformation of that English corner of earth where they were stationed into heaven. "We being met together to seek the glory of God," says Cromwell to his parliament, "how could we better do it than by thinking of such words as these: 'His salvation is nigh unto those that fear Him,' that glory may dwell in our land!" What better could they think of, indeed, and what was so natural for a legislature that viewed as its two greatest "concernments" — and these inseparable — religion and civil liberty? Inseparable, I say. "If any whosoever," says Cromwell, "think the interest of Christians

and the interest of the nation inconsistent, or two different things, I wish my soul may never enter into *their* secrets." If there were danger that any reader might put the narrow or intolerant interpretation upon these words, I would pause here to dissertate upon Cromwell's position on the subject of toleration.

The great point of all this is, that Oliver Cromwell knew that if we are to have a government that shall be good, if we expect, any of us on this earth, that our State shall endure and be strong — be a real commonwealth — then it must be filled by a lofty spirit; it must be consecrated to high ends; it must be in the hands of serious and consecrated men, men not living in to-day, but in eternity, not thinking of next year's election, but of the judgment seat of God. Adjust your "civils" and "spirituals" as you will; leave Cromwell's creed and phrase a thousand miles behind if you have found a better — and the Puritanism of each age will think a new thought and use its own tongue; quote Hosea xi. 12, or quote William Bradford and Daniel Webster and Ralph Waldo Emerson; but do not forget that thing.

Cromwell was putting into politics the truth which he had proved in war. "You must get men of a spirit," he had told John Hampden, when the parliamentary forces were getting beaten. "I told him so," he said once to his parliament, "I did truly." "The result was," he continued, "impute it to what you please, I raised such men as had the fear of God before them — as made some conscience of what they did; and from that day forward, I must say to you, they were never beaten."

That is the word that describes the Puritan — *conscience:* men who *made some conscience* of what they did, whether fighting Prince Rupert or studying ways and means at Westminster. "It is men in a Christian state," Cromwell told his parliament, who alone could carry on such a work as they were charged with. "Give me leave to tell those who are called to this work, it will not depend upon formalities, nor notions, nor speeches — no, but by men of honest hearts, engaged to God." "If I were to choose any servant," he said, "the meanest officer for the Army or the Commonwealth, I would choose a godly man that hath principles, especially where a trust is to be committed; because I know where to *have* a man that hath principles." Amen to that! Upon this rock — is this not Plymouth Rock? — we may safely build our State; for the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

But leave Cromwell and his parliament, and come back again to the Pilgrim Fathers. Do we not find everywhere just this same marriage of religion and politics? Indeed, we can never forget that these men who came over on the Mayflower were simply a part of a church, now beginning to act as a state. "Lastly," writes Robinson to them as they came away, writing as their pastor, "whereas you are become a body politik, using amongst yourselves civil government, . . . let your wisdome and godlines appear, not only in chusing such persons as doe entirely love and will promote ye comone good, but also in yielding to them all due honor and obedience." This "body politik" never drops the consciousness of its churchly capacity all through the pages of Bradford's Journal. "The church" began to think so and so, we read, when the matter in hand may be purely economic or secular, like moving to Duxbury. With reference to John Robinson, Bradford pays no warmer tribute to him for his "singular abilities in divine things" than because he was "also very able to give directions in civil affairs" — "by which means," he says, "he was very helpful to their outward estates, and so was every way as a common father unto them." Robinson's political sagacity appears in all his letters to his people; and it is worthy of remark that the two men with whom Bradford compares him in his general tribute were not divines, but statesmen — Marcus Aurelius and John Ziska.

In the Plymouth Colony, as in the Boston Colony, the clergy were men of affairs, men whose judgment was expressly sought on all matters of public policy. Marriages at Plymouth were strictly civil, performed by the magistrate, "according to ye laudable custome of

ye Low Countries." They could not find that marriage was "layed on ye ministers." Yet where so religious a view of marriage?

I think it is because religion and politics came so close together in these men of Plymouth that we are still celebrating them. Their purpose was single, and it was as high as heaven. They were brethren working together for righteousness. "We are knite together as a body in a most stricte and sacred bond and covenante of the Lord, of the violation of which we make great conscience, and by virtue whereof we doe holde ourselves straitly tied to all care of each other's good, and of ye whole by every one, and so mutually." That was what they wrote before they left Holland; and that is the spirit which must control every State that hopes for a great life. Cromwell says in one of his speeches to his parliament, using almost the very words of Robinson and Brewster: "I say, if there be love between us, so that the Nation may say, 'These are knit together in one bond, to promote the Glory of God against the common enemy, to suppress everything that is evil, and encourage whatsoever is of godliness' — yea, the Nation will bless you." "None did more offend Robinson," Bradford tells us, "than those that were close and cleaving to themselves and retired from ye common good." Robinson himself writes to the new little "body politik": "With your comone employments joyne comone affections truly bent upon ye generall good, avoiding as a deadly plague of your both common and spetiall comfort all retiredness of minde for proper advantage, and all irregularly affected any manner of way; let every man repress in himself, and ye whole body in each person, as so many rebels against ye commone good, all private respects of men's selves, not sorting with ye general convenience."

The little Plymouth state was at the outset a strictly socialistic state. Some communistic features concerning land and other matters were given up after a time, and after discussions in which Bradford goes back as far as Plato (for Bradford could quote Plato — and Pliny and Seneca, upon occasion); but the true socialistic spirit was in this little state as long as the first generation lived, the feeling that as citizens all were their brothers' keepers as truly as any might feel it of themselves as churchmen.

We have been speaking of 1655; we have been speaking of 1620. That was two centuries and a half ago. That was before the modern improvements. This is a decade short of the twentieth century. Let us taste of some of its politics and its religion. Begin, if you please, in the United States Senate. Begin with one who for a great part of these last years has been its president. Said this senator a year ago:

> "Government is force. Politics is a battle for supremacy. Parties are the armies. The Decalogue and Golden Rule have no place in a political campaign. The object is success. To defeat the antagonist and expel the party in power is the purpose. In war it is lawful to deceive the adversary, to hire Hessians, to purchase mercenaries, to mutilate, to kill, to destroy. The commander who lost a battle through the activity of his moral nature would be the derision and jest of history."

Now, set over this word any title you please. Call it "Politics as I approve it," which we are told is not the title intended; or call it "Politics as I have found it," which is worse; and how does it seem beside what we have just heard in Cromwell's parliament? How does it seem beside the Plymouth town-meeting? Can you see the Kingdom of God east of it, or west of it, or south by southeast, or anywhere in the horizon? Where is the place in it for "God's people?" Where is the place for the "honest people" — for the men who "make some conscience" of what they do? Yet, friend, that is the doctrine of Mr. Quay, to whom you turn over your money to conduct your struggle for you; that, friend, is the doctrine of Mr. Brice, to whom you turn over your money to conduct yours. That is politics without religion. That I understand, is not what we celebrate when we think of the Puritans.

Leave the Senate. Turn to the Church. Go from Washington to New York — to New York's most famous and historic church. They had an election for mayor in New York the other day. It was a

clear issue of good government against bad government, of "God's People" against the "Common Enemy;" and there were not lacking ministers of religion in New York whose pulpits rang with the tones of the old Puritan divines and the Hebrew prophets, the tones of Baxter and Mayhew and the Mathers, of Isaiah and Micah and Ezekiel. "God's people" were defeated; and a newspaper interviewed a dozen of the leading clergymen of New York as to the good of clergymen taking part in politics — beginning with the rector of Trinity Church.

"The clergy [said the rector of Trinity Church] have enough to do in the field to which the gift of holy orders admits them. The Church was not founded with a direct view to moral culture, class elevation, or any other temporal need. Its mission is to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, to teach the faith contained in the creeds, and to administer the sacraments of salvation. . . . I have no confidence in the judgment or wisdom of those who tell us that the Church must try to reach the masses, purify politics, elevate the laboring classes. . . . She was not founded for any of these objects. She has another mission. She points us beyond these scenes to another world. The clergy have no official concern with the march of secular events. To become meddlers in public concerns is to invite the conclusion that they are losing their hold on the things eternal. . . . I have never made a political address. I should deem it a desecration of my pulpit. . . I believe the tendency of the clergy to take part in public movements is traceable to the Puritan period. . . . I fear each instance leaves the ministry shorn of something of the reverence and respect which will be accorded so long as they keep to their own place."

That is religion without politics. That, I understand, is not what we celebrate when we remember the Puritan. That was not the religion of the Puritan — and it was not the religion of Moses or David. How bloodless it is, how unreal and inefficient, beside anything that has ever been prophetic in the world! Do you feel your reverence and respect going down, or going up, when you go back from that to the day of Increase Mather, and the struggle for the Massachusetts charter, to the day of John Cotton and John Robinson? Was the Old South Meeting-house less sacred because men voted in it on Monday — or was their voting rather more sacred? I think that the Sunday sermon there was not heard with less reverence than you heard yours on the last Sunday. I think that sermons will not be heard again with the reverence which the Puritan had for sermons until our politics becomes again of such a sort as gives us no sense of incongruity when we go into the church to transact it. The trouble is, men are ashamed to go into the church with their politics. It is not because the church is too good, but because the politics is too bad, because it does not represent the highest life and aspiration of the people. That was not true with the Puritan — and so he was not ashamed to vote in the meeting-house.

The crying need of the time is a politics that we are not ashamed of, — a politics that stands for all that is highest and noblest in our thought of the rights and duties and possibilities of men, — a politics that we can take to the altar. We cannot go on getting our religion from Mesopotamia and our politics from the Chicago Auditorium, and testing neither in the crucible of our own souls. The fact is, injustice is all around us, and we are privy to it, and that is what is the matter with us. We do not know that citizenship is brotherhood, that none of us is safe so long as another has not a fair chance, that we do not belong among the "honest people" if we are living without public spirit, looking upon the city and the country simply as theatres for our own selfish enterprises. We shall be brought short up, if we try to go on so. That is what the swelling socialisms, with all vagaries whatever, have come to tell us — and have come to stay. That is what the articles in the magazines on "socialism as a religion" mean. They mean that men in the State must know that they are their brothers' keepers, as truly as men in the Church. Men in the Church do not know it — it is not the man without who says it, but bishop, priest, and deacon. Half the churches, Bishop Huntington has just written, are living in direct contradiction of the Golden Rule — men in them do not know their fellows as brothers.

It is of no use to have Forefathers' Day dinners; it is of no use to found Puritan Clubs, and lay out Common-

wealth Avenues (preëminent for lack of wealth in common), as we do in Boston — all that is mockery, unless we put Puritan justice into our State and into our religion. "The truth of it is," said Cromwell — let him speak for us — "there are wicked and abominable laws." "Our laws," he said, "must be made conformable to the just and righteous laws of God," — as Washington said, in almost the same words, in his inaugural address. "If we will have peace without a worm in it," said Cromwell, "lay the foundations of justice and righteousness." If that were not done, he said, if there were not union and love among the people, then "it will be said of this poor nation, '*Actum est de Anglia*' — It is all over with England."

That will be said, in time, of any nation that does not put its religion into its politics, or that gives itself up to luxury, indulgence, selfishness, and greed. We are not here for greed; we are not here to make a State which shall be a great commissariat. Puritanism says — Cromwell said: "The mind is the man." Mr. Ward McAllister, revealing the paltry interests and ambitions of those who call themselves our great city's upper classes, says: The belly is the man — the belly and the back. When America says that, then it is all over with us. "No ostrich," says Carlyle, "intent on gross terrene provender, and sticking its head into fallacies, but will be awakened one day in a terrible *a posteriori* manner." America does not say that; and America reserves the right of pronouncing for herself as to who her "upper classes" are. One thing is sure — no idler has place there, no non-productive man, be he tramp or be he millionnaire; and the good dinner does not yet confer the title of nobility among us. "He who feeds men," says America's greatest poet, "serveth few; he serves all who dares be true." It is the echo of the Old Cromwellian word: "The mind is the man." Let America forget that for no single hour!

The key-note of Pilgrim character, and that which is demanded by the time, said the President of Amherst College, in a speech in Boston on our last Forefathers' Day, is individuality, freedom, personality, personal conscience, personal will.

"Our age," said Phillips Brooks, in a sermon on Thanksgiving Day, a political sermon, — for the rector of Boston's Trinity Church does not consider political sermons a desecration of his pulpit,—

"has been beset and inspired with the idea of personal liberty. Personal independence, personal liberty, individualism, has been the great cry of our glorious age. But I think there is a reaction from that. I think we are all hearing to-day, in different voices and from different sides, cries asserting the necessity of something besides individual life. May it not mean that man, having separated himself from the false authorities, from the tyrannies and dominions of other ages, now recognizes the opportunity for larger union with his fellows, and for an authority nobler and more spiritual than that from which his fathers broke loose? It was not strange that Mazzini, the great apostle of liberty in the nineteenth century, should declare that the great need of mankind was authority. There is really no liberty which does not find its fulfilment and seek its uttermost result in submission to larger authority."

This is the deeper truth. The other certainly is truth; and personal freedom, the right of the individual, will always be secure in the hands of the children of the Puritans. But this is the deeper truth, and this is the truth necessary for this time — the principle of solidarity and brotherhood, the feeling of obligation and of public spirit, *the authority of justice*. And this truth, like that other, is the truth taught by the Puritan. This is the message we should take from the Puritan to-day. Love liberty, but love also righteousness, love justice, and see to it, if we would not have it written, "All is over with America," that the law of the nation be made conformable to the just and righteous law of God.

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth.
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea;
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key."

GILEAD.

By Isabel Gordon.

YOU may ride home with me if you wish," said the doctor kindly. "If you live in Foskitt's Hollow, it's a good ten miles from here, too far for an old man like you to walk.

"Thank you, sir," said Mather Pinney. "If you'll jest wait till I go in an' take a last look at Gilead, I'll be obliged. You see it's fifty year come June sence I've seen him."

"Don't hurry," said the doctor, "I'll wait."

In a few minutes Mather came slowly from the house after a tearful good-by to an old woman.

It was a lovely morning early in May. Rain had fallen through the night, laying the dust and freshening all things.

"It don't seem jest the sort o' mornin' for a man to die, does it doctor? An' yet to-morrow it'll be kind o' bright at the old graveyard. There'll be posies out there by now, an' our lot's hedged in with them laylocks."

"Were you related to Gilead Pinney?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," answered the old man tremulously. "I'm Gilead's brother."

"I thought you said you hadn't seen him for fifty years. You've been out of this part of the country perhaps?"

"No, my home's been in Tabor all my life. For fifty years I've stopped down there in the Holler, an' Gilead he's lived there on the old homestead jest about as long. I'll tell you the hull story, doctor; t'ain't sech a lengthy one, though it's stretched out over them fifty years.

"I was born in the old house back yonder. There was Gilead, an' mother, an' Zoe, an' me. Father died when I weren't no higher'n that bit' o' poplar tree. Gilead was a peeked little chap, an' Zoe weren't much more'n a baby, so mother had her hands full raisin' us, with nothin' only what the old place growed. Land! as I set there through the night holdin' Gilead's hands, which kep' a'growin' colder'n' colder, how 'the old times come back to me! T'was so still an' sort o' lonesome, waitin' for death to come, — an' then as I looked back on all them years, an' thought o' how things had gone, 't seemed to me as if nothin' could ever make up for the wrong we'd done each other. No wishin', or prayin', or forgivin' can ever help. It'll stay so till Gilead an' me meet agin, when it'll be told out loud an' jedged accordin'ly afore the Lord who knows all.

"Wal, Zoe was as bright an' hearty a gal as you'd see any place; but Gilead — he was allus kind o' sober, an' fonder o' book-larnin' than o' workin'. I guess it was nat'ral to him. He went to school till he was eighteen, an' then he got to fussin' about goin' to college, — was fairly possess't go. One winter he taught school, meanin' to earn money enough to study a term in New York, but some way he didn't save it; an' when spring come he was more set'n ever about goin'.

"In them days there was a little bit o' a place right by here, where Deacon Pease lived. It's a sort o' wilderness-lookin' now, but there's the chimney o' the old house a' standin' yit, an' that there thicket o' laylocks grew all round the gate o' the front yard. The Deacon had jest one gal — Naomi — an' pretty — she was that sweet an' pretty an' wholesome-lookin' that it did your eyes good to look at her. She an' I'd allus knowed each other, an' all along ever sence we'd trudged back an' for'ard to school together, I'd kind o' set my heart on some time marryin' her. So I started to save, an't kep' a' growin' — but slow, 'cause every cent was needed sore in them days; but what with workin' nights, an' raisin' a calf, an' a pig or two, an' goin' without many a thing, I got a hundred an' twenty dollars together, which in them times was consid'ble. One night, — down by that very clump o' laylocks, — fifty-five years ago this May, I spoke to Naomi about it, an' she said in her shy sort o' way thet she'd allus liked me, an' would wait as long's I

wanted her to. I told 'em all about it at home, an' mother was glad for my sake; said she couldn't wish me a better wife'n Naomi.

"As the winter wore on, Gilead fretted consid'ble, growin' more'n more peeked every day, frettin' 'cause he couldn't have the books he wanted an' go to college. At last we'd to have the doctor see him, who said he'd be down in a decline if he couldn't go at the work he was hankerin' after, an' quit worryin'.

"Mother an' me set that evenin' talkin' it over for hours an' hours. More'n one big log blazed up, lightin' the little old kitchen, an' then fell in ashes, afore we grew still; an' every once in a while Gilead's hackin' cough would come from the east room, an' mother'd sob hard but quiet, — for Gilead was the very pride o' her heart.

"That night I resolved on't thet he should have my savin's to go to college; an' Naomi an' me could wait a bit longer. I told him so next mornin', an' he laid his head on the table, sobbin' as hard's mother had done, with that short little cough comin' all the time; but he wouldn't take the money, said he'd never touch it, an' spoil all my life.

"He held out as obst'nate's any mule about it, but at last he started, for I got our old doctor to send his fee to the college, an' then when t'was paid he had to foller it. I carried him to meet the stage, twelve miles off; an' I won't never forgit the look on his thin face, with his blue eyes sort o' wet, as he held both my hands an' thanked me. Then, when we heard the rumble o' the old stage comin' down the mountain, his last words was, 'Mather, I can't tell you what this'll be for me, but you won't ever be sorry.'

"That night I told the hull story to Naomi, an' she cried some, with her head on my shoulder, — for her life wa'n't none too easy. The deacon was set, an' strict, an' close, an' 'bout as sociable's a stun-fence. She had to work hard, an' t'was lonesomer'n the grave out there; but after all she giv' in thet I'd done best, an' thet we could wait a while longer, bein' both young.

"Mother, an' Zoe, an' me had more'n ever to do in them days, an' every once in a while somethin' had to be sent to Gilead, — for livin' cost in New York even then. Many a long cheery letter came from him, tellin' how he'd lost his cough, an' was studyin' law, an' gittin' on so well, thet soon he could buy a big farm for Naomi an' me, an' send Zoe to a fine school, an' that mother wouldn't have to work hard all her days. So a year passed, but a dollar an' ten cents was all I'd saved, for money was scarce, an' everythin' dear.

"In the spring, Gilead come home, an' changed — so you'd hardly have knowed him. Naomi laughed, an' said he was cityfied; but 'twa'n't thet. He was kind o' impatient o' our slow country ways, though he tried not to show it; an' I know he thought home poorer'n' shabbier'n ever — an' it fretted him; he talked diff'rent, and dressed diff'rent, an' acted diff'rent; 'twa'n't the same old Gilead as went away, though they said he was powerful smart, an' learnin' fast, an' makin' his way already in the big city.

"He brought home a hull trunkful o' books, an' did sights o' studyin' that summer, out the long days in the woods or fields with his books an' papers; so I didn't see much o' him, for I'd hired to a farmer a good ways off, an' the walk home mornin' an evenin' took most o' my time. Months passed when I'd only see Naomi Sunday — but every time I see'd her, she seemed to me sweeter 'n prettier'n ever. Gilead an' she grew great friends them days. He'd loan her books, or go over there to talk to the deacon, an' I used to think how good 'twas o' him to try an' make her life some brighter.

"Late in the fall, when days began to grow kind o' short an' dreary, an' everythin' seemed more lonesome, Gilead went back to the city; he'd some exam'nations to pass, an' studyin' to do, for he calculated openin' an office in New York when he got through.

"Somehow or 'nother it seemed as if Naomi an' me kinder drew apart that winter, an' yit I couldn't tell how. We hadn't no quarrellin'; she was as sweet an' lovely's ever, an' as gentle; but I missed the old kindness' an' sympathizin' ways thet used to be sech a comfort to me.

My heart grew sore enough, to think I couldn't take her to a home; but I knew the deacon wouldn't for one minute think o' lettin' her marry a man who had jest three dollars to his name. Besides, I hated to have her come to me an' be slavin' to death from mornin' till night, — though the Lord only knows how I wanted her. That winter was the hardest I've any mind of. We were snowed up most o' the time, everythin' froze, an' we lost about all our sheep; so when spring come we was poorer'n ever.

"Jest sech a mornin's this is, Gilead come home agin to stay all summer, an' git ready for his lawyerin' work in New York the comin' winter. One Sunday night, when 'twas as sweet an' still as ever a June night was, Naomi an' me went walkin' in the pine woods. Then I spoke to her about gittin' married in the fall, an' facin' poverty together, which wouldn't be no harder'n this waitin' an' waitin' from year to year; an' with sech love as ours, life couldn't be so very lonesome. While I was talkin' she was right 'longside o' me, an' I was goin' to take her in my arms; but she pushed me away, an' cried in a hoarse, strained kind o' voice:

"'Don't touch me, Mather Pinney, for God's sake — don't — for I can't bear it. I ain't good enough for you to love an' trust no more. I ain't wuth your true honest heart, an' I hate myself a thousan' times more'n you ever can.'

"With thet she slipped down all o' a heap, on a bank green with partridge-berry vines, an' leaned her head up agin a tree, moanin' an' cryin' as if her heart would break. I thought then she was out o' her head, an' I was most distracted as I kneeled by her. But not a word would she let me say; then all of a sudden she bust out with the hull story.

"'Go 'way, Mather, an' not be kneelin' here by me. Your love an' trust an' goodness is killin' me, 'cause I ain't wuth it. I'm goin' to marry Gilead this fall, an' go with him to New York. Mather, I love him, love him as nobody ever was loved afore, — an I can't help it. I fought the feelin' hard for your sake an' mine, but Gilead loves me, an' I don't mind if nobody else should ever love me to all eternity. I've tried an' tried, Mather, you don't know how I've tried, but I can't care for you as I once did. I'm heart-sick o' this life, — drudgery, an' dreariness an' lonesomeness. I want to go where folks be. You've got to know't sometime, an' I'd ruther tell you now than wait till fall, as Gilead said. Oh, Mather, I'm heart-sorry, an' the treachery o't's been killin' me. But you'd never want a wife with never a bit of love in her heart.'

"The Lord knows how I felt, — I'd loved her so long an' so true. It seemed to me then thet if 'twere God as made everythin' so still an' sweet smellin' all round us, thet he surely never would have sent sech forsakenness an' agony into any soul, an' sech hopelessness, thet 't seemed as if all he could do now was jest to take life away an' not leave anythin' human sufferin' so. Once in a while, years an' years after, the same chill sort o' feelin' would creep over me when I'd git a whiff o' the pine trees, smellin' as they did that night.

"Jest at fust I didn't seem to sense nothin', till Naomi bent over an' touched me kind o' frightened-like, her face white as death, an' teary round the eyes.

"'Mather,' says she, 'why don't you tell me how bitter you despise me? You can say if you want to jest what you think o' me.'

"I was sore an' stiff when I rose, an' 't didn't sound like my voice as I said: 'There ain't nothin' to say, Naomi; let's go home.'

"She walked along by me a good mile or so, an' never a word was spoken; then I left her standin' by the gate, with a short good-by, but never a handshake, — for I couldn't bring myself to look in her pale face or touch the hand she held out to me in such an appealin' sort o' fashion. 'Twas after I'd left her, an' wandered away out through the country all white with moonshine, an' as sweet as 't can be in June, — 'twas then thet all the strong passions which evil can rouse in a man's heart broke loose in me. I prayed wild, distracted sort o' prayers. I cursed Gilead an' her an' myself an' the wide world; for't seemed to me as if God were dead. My heart was full o' heavy, dumb

anguish, as I tramped on for miles an' miles, hardly knowin' I was afoot, never sensin' that I was tired; only feelin' the awful horror an' misery an' wrong o' havin' Naomi taken away by my own brother; for it most seemed as if she were truly my wife; — I'd waited, an' longed, an' worked for her so many years.

"At last, about midnight, I wandered home. When I reached the yard, I saw Gilead on the back stoop, his head leaned up agin the clusterin' grape-vine, an' his thoughts so far off that he never seen me till I was most up to him. As I come through the woodshed I half stumbled over the axe layin' there among my feet; I picked it up to put it where't b'longed, an' then an awful feelin' come over me to strike Gilead with't, for I was almost mad with rage, an' hatred, an' jealousy, an' could have killed him as he set there, without ever feelin' sorry for't, — only somethin' seemed to hold me back.

"'Gilead,' I called, 'come out here to the barn, will you?'

"'Why, Mather, what is it, — the horse broke loose?'

"There in the dusk o' the old barn, where we boys had played many an' many a day with the moonlight streakin' in an' lightin' Gilead's white face, I poured out the pent-up flood o' misery, an' contempt, an' hatred which was burnin' me up. Many a thing I said that night which I've never been sorry for till this mornin', when the dawn stole in at the east window an' brought back a look to the dead face that I used to know when he an' I slept together in the attic trundle-bed.

"Gilead hadn't a word to say for himself; he stood there leanin' agin a post in perfect silence, his face paler'n ashes. Once more there come to me the awful impulse to strike him down out o' my sight with the old flail hangin' right by. At last words giv' out, an' he crep' away; but the bitterness was left in my heart, an't has stayed there all them years. To-day it feels kind o' dead an' gone, but that night changed all my life.

"Till the gray dawn come peepin' in through the chinks o' the barn door, I lay there in the sweet, new-mown hay fightin' revenge, an' murder, an' every horror thet had gotten hold o' me. As't grew daylight, the cattle began to stir in their stalls, an' I went in among 'em for a sort o' farewell; sech true dumb friends they seemed to me then. When old Whitey, who I'd tended an' milked sence I was a boy — when she laid her head agin my shoulder, with a low, tender 'moo,' I jest leaned over on her warm neck, an' the tears come as they hadn't done for many a year; then I felt a sight better. I fed each of 'em for the last time, an' as the sun was risin' behind the mountain started off to my work at Foskitt's. I never went home agin, an' three days passed afore I see'd any o' the folks.

"One noon as I was eatin' my lunch out in the field I spied little Zoe in her pink sunbonnet, come wanderin' up the road o' the Holler, shadin' her eyes with one hand as she looked along the hayfield for me. I called her, an' up she come, runnin' to where I set.

"'O Mather, dear Mather!' she sobbed, layin' her soft, pinky face agin my rough, burned one, — 'O Mather, my heart's achin' for you;' an' between her sobs, she told me why she'd come after me; how mother couldn't make out what the trouble was, till the third night, when Naomi came over an' told everythin'; Gilead set by glum an' silent, till at last he said she'd better make it up with me again, an' let's have no more words. Zoe said then they thought Naomi would faint away; but when she came to, she stood up bravely for me, shoulderin' all o' the blame. Dear little Zoe, her sympathizin' ways an' horror o' all the treachery seemed to help me more'n anythin'; but when I couldn't git the poor child to go back I was at my wit's end. She was fourteen then, as true-hearted an' lovin' a little soul as ever breathed. I never knowed all her wuth till them dark days; for she would stop with me, — an' many's the time I've thought 'twere jest her comin' when she did thet saved me from bein' one o' the wust o' men.

"That fall Gilead an' Naomi were married, an' went to New York. Long after, I come to know thet he didn't really want her, for he never loved her; but I s'pose with bein' 'shamed, an' mother's pleadin', he made her his wife.

"Foskitt gave me a little house in the Holler, an' there Zoe stopped with me, keepin' things clean an' straight, an' bright'nin' the dreariest day with her cheery face. Once in a spell, she'd go to stop a few days with mother, but t'wa'n't much comfort for neither of us to be with her, her heart was so set on Gilead an' Naomi.

"The years slip't by, an' Zoe growed up tall an' handsome. Life grew a trifle easier, though the old hatred lived on in my heart as bitter's ever. Four years after they'd been married, Naomi come home to mother, with three little ones, sick an' ailin' all the time, an' hankerin' after country air. She hadn't been here but a month when Gilead follered, broken-down, coughin' agin, work lost, an' everythin' belongin' to him gone. Ever sence they've lived on there at the old place, an' seen lots o' trouble. One by one the children were taken, an' then on a cold winter mornin' mother slip't away, as quiet's if she were goin' to sleep. Zoe an' me went over the next day, but Gilead an' Naomi never appeared.

"An' so the years went by, filled with hard work, the best thing in the world to keep a man from thinkin'. When Zoe came to twenty-six, she went to a good home an' a husband who knowed she was wuth the tenderest love an' care; they both wanted me to go an' live with 'em, but I felt I'd be best content by myself.

"Last night, jest as the sun was goin' down, I was busy settin' out cabbages in my yard, when Seth Chapin's boy come drivin' up, to say that Gilead Pinney was dyin' an' wanted to see me. I was so kind o' struck, I jest climbed into the wagon, an' rode on as if I was sort o' dreamin', never askin' a question nor wond'rin' about nothin'; for I was 'way back livin' old days over agin — days when Gilead an' me trudged four miles to school together, or went chasin' woodchucks an' squirrels 'mong the pine trees; happy days we spent fishin' in the slow-goin' Agawam, or drove the cows night an' mornin' to the far pasture, little Zoe on my back laughin' an' screamin' an' Gilead runnin' ahead to let down the bars; long blithe days in hayin' time, when work was fun to us, years, an' years, an' years ago.

"When I reached the door o' the old place, Naomi was there to meet me; only at fust I couldn't sense it, thet that totterin', wrinkled, white-haired body, with the tears in her dim eyes, an' her hands shakin' like palsied, could be the Naomi I'd never see'd sence the night I left her by the gate among the laylock bushes.

"She led me into the old east room, which looked barer an' poorer'n ever." Mather choked down a great sob and his lips trembled. "An' there," he added after a moment, "there lay Gilead — worn to skin an' bone, with a look o' death in his face. Everythin' bad an' hateful seemed to die out o' my heart in one moment. I could only remember the little lad I'd wandered with through the woods many a long summer day; the Gilead thet mother an' me had set sech store by. As I come in, his big holler eyes turned eagerly to me, the pinched wan face lit up with a glad smile, an' two wasted hands, cold as death already, were stretched out feebly to grasp mine. 'Gilead, brother,' says I, 'it's all right agin, ain't it?'

"Then he nodded faintly, an' closed his eyes, but the happy look still stayed round his lips; once in a spell he'd squeeze my fingers an' smile — he was past talkin' — only there wan't no need o' words.

"Naomi hovered round, now an' then touchin' his thin white hair fondly, but he never once noticed her; an' yit the old love was strong in her heart, tender, faithful, an' steadfast, after fifty years toil an' hardship, an' poverty an' — mebbe neglect, for I don't think Gilead ever loved her.

"All the long still night we two stayed by him, an' he never once let go his faint hold o' my hand till the dawn come, when he went away. Jest once he tried to speak, an' then he asked me in a hoarse whisper if I'd see to Naomi as long's she needed it, 'cause he had nothin' to leave. Of course he knew I would."

OF EARLY VIOLETS.

By Philip Bourke Marston.

SOFT, subtle scent, which is to me more sweet
Than perfumes that come later — when the rose
In all the splendor of her beauty blows —
Here, even to this busy London street,
Thou bringest visions of the grace we meet
When, all forgetful of the winter's snows,
The earth beneath the sun's kiss throbs and glows,
And answers to his strength with strong heart-beat.

Thou'rt like his lady's voice to him who waits,
In the dim twilight at her garden gates,
Her coming face : — thou art the trembling, rare,
First note of Nature's prelude, that leads on
The spring, till the great, splendid orison
Of summer's music vibrates in the air.



HARVARD MEMORIAL POEMS.

AMONG Harvard's most precious possessions are the poems which were written in commemoration of her sons who fell in the War. To some of these poems, and the occasions which gave birth to them, reference was made in the article on "Harvard during the War of the Rebellion," in a recent number of this magazine. We are enabled to publish here fac-similes from manuscripts prepared by the authors for this purpose, of the poem, "Harvard's Dead," by Rev. S. F. Smith, the author of "America," first published in the Boston *Traveller*, March 17, 1863; the second canto of Lowell's Ode, recited at the Harvard Commemoration, July 21, 1865; and the Hymn written by Dr. Holmes for the dedication of the Harvard Memorial Hall, June 23, 1874.[1] Dr. Holmes wrote three Harvard memorial poems, for different commemorative occasions: besides that here reproduced, the verses for the Commemoration of July 21, 1865, beginning

"Four summers coined their golden light in leaves,
Four wasteful autumns flung them to the gale;"

and the hymn for the celebration at the laying of the corner stone of Memorial Hall, October 6, 1870, beginning,

"Not with the anguish of hearts that are breaking
Come we as mourners to weep for our dead."

These should be read again in connection with the Dedication Hymn here given; as Lowell's "Memoriæ Positum" should be read in connection with the Commemoration Ode. It is well to have our attention recalled to all of these at this Memorial Day season.

[1] By kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Harvard's Dead.

They fought on many a crimsoned field,
They sleep in many a glen;
They marched to glory and to death,
And came not home again;
But Harvard claims them for her roll,
Her roll of honored men.

Some, in the sunny days of youth,
And some in ripening age,
Went forth with valiant hearts and hopes
To breast the conflict's rage;
And history every name records
On her immortal page.

Weep at the shrines where once they knelt;
Weep where the heroes sleep;
Weep, when the funeral pomp proceeds,
Vacant firesides weep;
When did thy sickle, mighty Death,
So precious harvests reap?

And sing a pæan o'er the dead,
A requiem for the brave;
Sing hymns of cheerful melody
Above each soldier's grave;
In solemn joy, with festal folds,
Let the old banner wave!

The
Freedom on every bloody field
Has some new triumphs won;
Her honored wreaths are on the brow
Of every favorite son;
And time is reckoned, not by years,
But deeds of valor done.

While
The Fame inscribes ten thousand names,
Along her pillared nave,
Of patriot sons and sires who sleep
In glory's star-gemmed graves,
Of all the host Fair Harvard claims
The
The bravest of the brave.

S. F. Smith, March 17, 1863.

Hymn

For the Dedication of Memorial Hall at Cambridge, June 23d, 1874.

Where, girt around by savage foes,
Our nurturing Mother's shelter rose,
Behold, the lofty temple stands,
Reared by her children's grateful hands!

Firm are the pillars that defy
The volleyed thunders of the sky;
Sweet are the summer wreaths that twine
With bud and flower our martyrs' shrine.

The hues their tattered colors bore
Fade mingling on the sunlit floor
Till evening spreads her spangled pall,
And wraps in shade the storied hall.

Firm were their hearts in danger's hour,
Sweet was their manhood's morning flower,
Their hopes with rainbow hues were bright,
How swiftly winged the sudden night!

O Mother! on thy marble page
Thy children read, from age to age,
The mighty word that upward leads
Through noble thought to nobler deeds.

Truth, heaven-born Truth, their fearless guide,
Thy saints have lived, thy heroes died;
Our love has reared their earthly shrine,
Their glory be forever thine!

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Today our Reverend Mother welcomes back
Her wisest Scholars, those who understood
The deeper teaching of her mystic tome
And offered their fresh lives to make it good:
No lore of Greece or Rome,
No science prattling with the names of things,
Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,
Can lift our life with wings
Far from Death's idle gulf that for the many waits
And lengthen out our dates
With that clear fame whose memory sings
In manly hearts to come & nerves them & dilates:
Not such thy teaching, Mother of us all!
Not such the trumpet-call
Of thy divine mood
That could thy Sons entice
From happy homes & ease, the fruitful nest
Of those half-virtues which the world calls best,
Into War's tumult rude:
But nobler far than Power's purple dress
Or Honour's envied breast
Are the sad populous solitudes of pain
Where Anguish and Self-Sacrifice have lain
In the dim unrecorded wood,
The Desert of the Cross that bears beneath
The life of martyrs and the deeds of faith
Transfigured to the white repose of death,
Seed-grain of high Emprise, immortal food,
One heavenly thing whereof Earth hath the giving.

J. R. Lowell.

THE GIANT WISTARIA.

By Charlotte P. Stetson.

MEDDLE not with my new vine, child! See! Thou hast already broken the tender shoot! Never needle or distaff for thee, and yet thou wilt not be quiet!"

The nervous fingers wavered, clutched at a small carnelian cross that hung from her neck, then fell despairingly.

"Give me my child, mother, and then I will be quiet!"

"Hush! hush! thou fool — some one might be near! See — there is thy father coming, even now! Get in quickly!"

She raised her eyes to her mother's face, weary eyes that yet had a flickering, uncertain blaze in their shaded depths.

"Art thou a mother and hast no pity on me, a mother? Give me my child!"

Her voice rose in a strange, low cry, broken by her father's hand upon her mouth.

"Shameless!" said he, with set teeth. "Get to thy chamber, and be not seen again to-night, or I will have thee bound!"

She went at that, and a hard-faced serving woman followed, and presently returned, bringing a key to her mistress.

"Is all well with her, — and the child also?"

"She is quiet, Mistress Dwining, well for the night, be sure. The child fretteth endlessly, but save for that it thriveth with me."

The parents were left alone together on the high square porch with its great pillars, and the rising moon began to make faint shadows of the young vine leaves that shot up luxuriantly around them; moving shadows, like little stretching fingers, on the broad and heavy planks of the oaken floor.

"It groweth well, this vine thou broughtest me in the ship, my husband."

"Aye," he broke in bitterly, "and so doth the shame I brought thee! Had I known of it I would sooner have had the ship founder beneath us, and have seen our child cleanly drowned, than live to this end!"

"Thou art very hard, Samuel, art thou not afeard for her life? She grieveth sore for the child, aye, and for the green fields to walk in!"

"Nay," said he grimly, "I fear not. She hath lost already what is more than life; and she shall have air enough soon. To-morrow the ship is ready, and we return to England. None knoweth of our stain here, not one, and if the town hath a child unaccounted for to rear in decent ways — why, it is not the first, even here. It will be well enough cared for! And truly we have matter for thankfulness, that her cousin is yet willing to marry her."

"Hast thou told him?"

"Aye! Thinkest thou I would cast shame into another man's house, unknowing it? He hath always desired her, but she would none of him, the stubborn! She hath small choice now!"

"Will he be kind, Samuel? can he — "

"Kind? What call'st thou it to take such as she to wife? Kind! How many men would take her, an' she had double the fortune? and being of the family already, he is glad to hide the blot forever."

"An' if she would not? He is but a coarse fellow, and she ever shunned him."

"Art thou mad, woman? She weddeth him ere we sail to-morrow, or she stayeth ever in that chamber. The girl is not so sheer a fool! He maketh an honest woman of her, and saveth our house from open shame. What other hope for her than a new life to cover the old? Let her have an honest child, an' she so longeth for one!"

He strode heavily across the porch, till the loose planks creaked again, strode back and forth, with his arms folded and his brows fiercely knit above his iron mouth.

Overhead the shadows flickered mock-



"The nervous fingers wavered, then fell despairingly."

ingly across a white face among the leaves, with eyes of wasted fire.

* * * * *

"O, George, what a house! what a lovely house! I am sure it's haunted! Let us get that house to live in this summer! We will have Kate and Jack and Susy and Jim of course, and a splendid time of it!"

Young husbands are indulgent, but still they have to recognize facts.

"My dear, the house may not be to rent; and it may also not be habitable."

"There is surely somebody in it. I am going to inquire!"

The great central gate was rusted off its hinges, and the long drive had trees in it, but a little foothpath showed signs of steady usage, and up that Mrs. Jenny went, followed by her obedient George. The front windows of the old mansion were blank, but in a wing at the back they found white curtains and open doors. Outside, in the clear May sunshine, a woman was washing. She was polite and friendly, and evidently glad of visitors in that lonely place. She "guessed it could be rented — didn't know." The heirs were in Europe, but "there was a lawyer in New York had the lettin' of it." There had been folks there years ago, but not in her time. She and her husband had the rent of their part for taking care of

the place." "Not that they took much care on't either, but keepin' robbers out." It was furnished throughout, old-fashioned enough, but good; and "if they took it she could do the work for 'em herself, she guessed — if *he* was willin'!"

Never was a crazy scheme more easily arranged. George knew that lawyer in New York; the rent was not alarming; and the nearness to a rising sea-shore resort made it a still pleasanter place to spend the summer.

Kate and Jack and Susy and Jim cheerfully accepted, and the June moon found them all sitting on the high front porch.

They had explored the house from top to bottom, from the great room in the garret, with nothing in it but a rickety cradle, to the well in the cellar without a curb and with a rusty chain going down to unknown blackness below. They had explored the grounds, once beautiful with rare trees and shrubs, but now a gloomy wilderness of tangled shade.

The old lilacs and laburnums, the spirea and syringa, nodded against the second-story windows. What garden plants survived were great ragged bushes or great shapeless beds. A huge wistaria vine covered the whole front of the house. The trunk, it was too large to call a stem, rose at the corner of the porch by the high steps, and had once climbed its pillars; but now the pillars were wrenched from their places and held rigid and helpless by the tightly wound and knotted arms.

It fenced in all the upper story of the porch with a knitted wall of stem and leaf; it ran along the eaves, holding up the gutter that had once supported it; it shaded every window with heavy green; and the drooping, fragrant blossoms made a waving sheet of purple from roof to ground.

"Did you ever see such a wistaria!" cried ecstatic Mrs. Jenny. "It is worth the rent just to sit under such a vine, — a fig tree beside it would be sheer superfluity and wicked extravagance!"

"Jenny makes much of her wistaria," said George, "because she's so disappointed about the ghosts. She made up her mind at first sight to have ghosts in the house, and she can't find even a ghost story!"

"No," Jenny assented mournfully; "I pumped poor Mrs. Pepperill for three days, but could get nothing out of her. But I'm convinced there is a story, if we could only find it. You need not tell me that a house like this, with a garden like this, and a cellar like this, isn't haunted!"

"I agree with you," said Jack. Jack was a reporter on a New York daily, and engaged to Mrs. Jenny's pretty sister. "And if we don't find a real ghost, you may be very sure I shall make one. It's too good an opportunity to lose!"

The pretty sister, who sat next him, resented. "You shan't do anything of the sort, Jack! This is a *real* ghostly place, and I won't have you make fun of it! Look at that group of trees out there in the long grass — it looks for all the world like a crouching, hunted figure!"

"It looks to me like a woman picking huckleberries," said Jim, who was married to George's pretty sister.

"Be still, Jim!" said that fair young woman. "I believe in Jenny's ghost as much as she does. Such a place! Just look at this great wistaria trunk crawling up by the steps here! It looks for all the world like a writhing body — cringing — beseeching!"

"Yes," answered the subdued Jim, "it does, Susy. See its waist, — about two yards of it, and twisted at that! A waste of good material!"

"Don't be so horrid, boys! Go off and smoke somewhere if you can't be congenial!"

"We can! We will! We'll be as ghostly as you please." And forthwith they began to see bloodstains and crouching figures so plentifully that the most delightful shivers multiplied, and the fair enthusiasts started for bed, declaring they should never sleep a wink.

"We shall all surely dream," cried Mrs. Jenny, "and we must all tell our dreams in the morning!"

"There's another thing certain," said George, catching Susy as she tripped over a loose plank; "and that is that you frisky creatures must use the side door till I get this Eiffel tower of a portico fixed, or we shall have some fresh

ghosts on our hands! We found a plank here that yawns like a trap-door — big enough to swallow you, — and I believe the bottom of the thing is in China!"

The next morning found them all alive, and eating a substantial New England breakfast, to the accompaniment of saws and hammers on the porch, where carpenters of quite miraculous promptness were tearing things to pieces generally.

"It's got to come down mostly," they had said. "These timbers are clean rotted through, what ain't pulled out o' line by this great creeper. That's about all that holds the thing up,"

There was clear reason in what they said, and with a caution from anxious Mrs. Jenny not to hurt the wistaria, they were left to demolish and repair at leisure.

"How about ghosts?" asked Jack after a fourth griddle cake. "I had one, and it's taken away my appetite!"

Mrs. Jenny gave a little shriek and dropped her knife and fork.

"Oh, so had I! I had the most awful — well, not dream exactly, but feeling. I had forgotten all about it!"

"Must have been awful," said Jack, taking another cake. "Do tell us about the feeling. My ghost will wait."

"It makes me creep to think of it even now," she said. "I woke up, all at once, with that dreadful feeling as if something were going to happen, you know! I was wide awake, and hearing every little sound for miles around, it seemed to me. There are so many strange little noises in the country for all it is so still. Millions of crickets and things outside, and all kinds of rustles in the trees! There wasn't much wind, and the moonlight came through in my three great windows in three white squares on the black old floor, and those fingery wistaria leaves we were talking of last night just seemed to crawl all over them. And — O, girls, you know that dreadful well in the cellar?"

A most gratifying impression was made by this, and Jenny proceeded cheerfully:

"Well, while it was so horridly still, and I lay there trying not to wake George, I heard as plainly as if it were right in the room, that old chain down there rattle and creak over the stones!"

"Bravo!" cried Jack. "That's fine! I'll put it in the Sunday edition!"

"Be still!" said Kate. "What was it, Jenny? Did you really see anything?"

"No, I didn't, I'm sorry to say. But just then I didn't want to. I woke George, and made such a fuss that he gave me bromide, and said he'd go and look, and that's the last I thought of it till Jack reminded me, — the bromide worked so well."

"Now, Jack, give us yours," said Jim. "Maybe, it will dovetail in somehow. Thirsty ghost, I imagine; maybe they had prohibition here even then!"

Jack folded his napkin, and leaned back in his most impressive manner.

"It was striking twelve by the great hall clock —" he began.

"There isn't any hall clock!"

"O hush, Jim, you spoil the current! It was just one o'clock then, by my old-fashioned repeater."

"Waterbury! Never mind what time it was!"

"Well, honestly, I woke up sharp, like our beloved hostess, and tried to go to sleep again, but couldn't. I experienced all those moonlight and grasshopper sensations, just like Jenny, and was wondering what could have been the matter with the supper, when in came my ghost, and I knew it was all a dream! It was a female ghost, and I imagine she was young and handsome, but all those crouching, hunted figures of last evening ran riot in my brain, and this poor creature looked just like them. She was all wrapped up in a shawl, and had a big bundle under her arm, — dear me, I am spoiling the story! With the air and gait of one in frantic haste and terror, the muffled figure glided to a dark old bureau, and seemed taking things from the drawers. As she turned, the moonlight shone full on a little red cross that hung from her neck by a thin gold chain — I saw it glitter as she crept noiselessly from the room! That's all."

"O Jack, don't be so horrid! Did you really? Is that all! What do you think it was?"

"I am not horrid by nature, only professionally. I really did. That was all. And I am fully convinced it was the genuine, legitimate ghost of an eloping chambermaid with kleptomania!"

"You are too bad, Jack!" cried Jenny. "You take all the horror out of it. There isn't a 'creep' left among us."

"It's no time for creeps at nine-thirty A. M., with sunlight and carpenters outside! However, if you can't wait till twilight for your creeps, I think I can furnish one or two," said George. "I went down cellar after Jenny's ghost!"

There was a delighted chorus of female voices, and Jenny cast upon her lord a glance of genuine gratitude.

"It's all very well to lie in bed and see ghosts, or hear them," he went on. "But the young householder suspecteth burglars, even though as a medical man he knoweth nerves, and after Jenny dropped off I started on a voyage of discovery. I never will again, I promise you!"

"Why, what *was* it?"

"Oh, George!"

"I got a candle —"

"Good mark for the burglars," murmured Jack.

"And went all over the house, gradually working down to the cellar and the well."

"Well?" said Jack.

"Now you can laugh; but that cellar is no joke by daylight, and a candle there at night is about as inspiring as a lightning-bug in the Mammoth Cave. I went along with the light, trying not to fall into the well prematurely; got to it all at once; held the light down and *then* I saw, right under my feet — (I nearly fell over her, or walked through her, perhaps), — a woman, hunched up under a shawl! She had hold of the chain, and the candle shone on her hands — white, thin hands, — on a little red cross that hung from her neck — *vide* Jack! I'm no believer in ghosts, and I firmly object to unknown parties in the house at night; so I spoke to her rather fiercely. She didn't seem to notice that, and I reached down to take hold of her, — then I came upstairs!"

"What for?"

"What happened?"

"What was the matter?"

"Well, nothing happened. Only she wasn't there! May have been indigestion, of course, but as a physician I don't advise any one to court indigestion alone at midnight in a cellar!"

"This is the most interesting and peripatetic and evasive ghost I ever heard of!" said Jack. "It's my belief she has no end of silver tankards, and jewels galore, at the bottom of that well, and I move we go and see!"

"To the bottom of the well, Jack?"

"To the bottom of the mystery. Come on!"

There was unanimous assent, and the fresh cambrics and pretty boots were gallantly escorted below by gentlemen whose jokes were so frequent that many of them were a little forced.

The deep old cellar was so dark that they had to bring lights, and the well so gloomy in its blackness that the ladies recoiled.

"That well is enough to scare even a ghost. It's my opinion you'd better let well enough alone?" quoth Jim.

"Truth lies hid in a well, and we must get her out," said George. "Bear a hand with the chain?"

Jim pulled away on the chain, George turned the creaking windlass, and Jack was chorus.

"A wet sheet for this ghost, if not a flowing sea," said he. "Seems to be hard work raising spirits! I suppose he kicked the bucket when he went down!"

As the chain lightened and shortened there grew a strained silence among them; and when at length the bucket appeared, rising slowly through the dark water, there was an eager, half reluctant peering, and a natural drawing back. They poked the gloomy contents. "Only water."

"Nothing but mud."

"Something —"

They emptied the bucket up on the dark earth, and then the girls all went out into the air, into the bright warm sunshine in front of the house, where was the sound of saw and hammer, and the smell of new wood. There was nothing said until the men joined them, and then Jenny timidly asked:



"As the chain lightened and shortened there grew a strained silence among them."

"How old should you think it was, George?"

"All of a century," he answered. "That water is a preservative, — lime in it. Oh! — you mean? — Not more than a month; a very little baby!"

There was another silence at this, broken by a cry from the workmen. They had removed the floor and the side walls of the old porch, so that the sunshine poured down to the dark stones of the cellar bottom. And there, in the strangling grasp of the roots of the great wistaria, lay the bones of a woman, from whose neck still hung a tiny scarlet cross on a thin chain of gold.



George L. Stearns.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE TIME OF THE WAR.

AN ANTI-SLAVERY HERO.

By Sidney H. Morse.

NO one devoted to the Anti-Slavery cause offered a more earnest, unstinted service than George Luther Stearns. His labors were incessant and untiring. Wendell Phillips said of him:

"He crowded forty-eight hours into twenty-four."

Emerson testified:

"The characteristics of Major Stearns were his singleness of heart, his modesty of self-assertion, and his remarkable freedom from all pride of opinion. In his devotion to the causes he espoused, he ever gave more than he asked others to give. While many gave of money as an expiation for not throwing themselves into the service,

he gave as an expression of the entireness with which he consecrated all that he had and all that he was to country and humanity. To name the philanthropic enterprises of New England would only be to enumerate the objects to which he devoted himself. His deeds and activity were worth ten thousand men to the cause of liberty. What disheartened others seemed to stimulate him. He was no boaster, but a man for uphill work, — not waiting for the morning, but beginning at midnight, while only the stars were in the sky. When the sun rose and the work was accomplished, he made haste to depart, as if to escape from our thanks. Measured by his work, his was one of the longest lives. We ought to be thankful that nature and heaven sent us such a man, and that, we had the privilege of living with him."

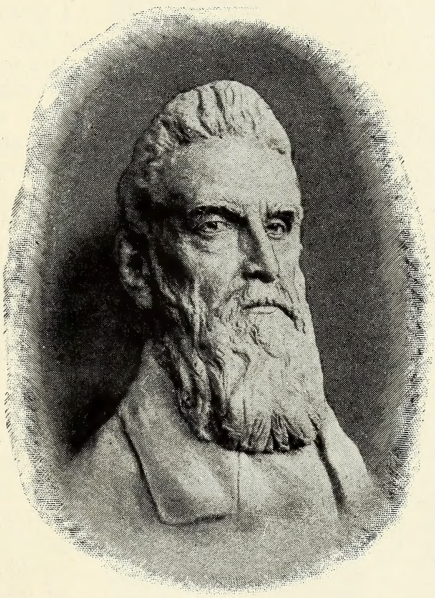
In a tender, appreciative tribute, Whittier wrote :

"Ah, well, the world is discreet,
There are plenty to pause and wait;
But here was a man who set his feet
Sometimes in advance of fate."

If it is thought strange that a life so honored should be passed in comparative obscurity, the general public unfamiliar even with Stearn's name, the reason may be sought in the character of the man, and in the nature of the work he chose to do. It will be discovered that his previsions and quietly constructed advance work prepared the way for the success of others. It does not appear that he made the slightest effort to publish any act of his own, or in any manner sought to impress upon the public mind a sense of his own importance. Apparently he had no occasion even to consider the question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" His soul had taken possession of him. He was not, however, rash and impulsive. He acted upon conviction, resolutely carrying his ripe judgment into swift execution. "When the work was done, he made haste to depart." To the bringer of praise he seemed to say, "Somewhat else demands attention." He was preoccupied. "I felt his grip on the time," said Theodore Weld, "and admired him, but never ventured to tell him so." There was one verdict, — he was quiet, industrious, far-seeing, praising no man,

"Blazoning not himself;
Nor thereto conspired with others."

Such, in brief, is the apology, if one be needed, for Stearns not having gained, living and dead, a more extended fame. The object of this paper is to provide in fuller detail than hitherto has been done an account of the part Major Stearns bore in the Anti-Slavery struggle.

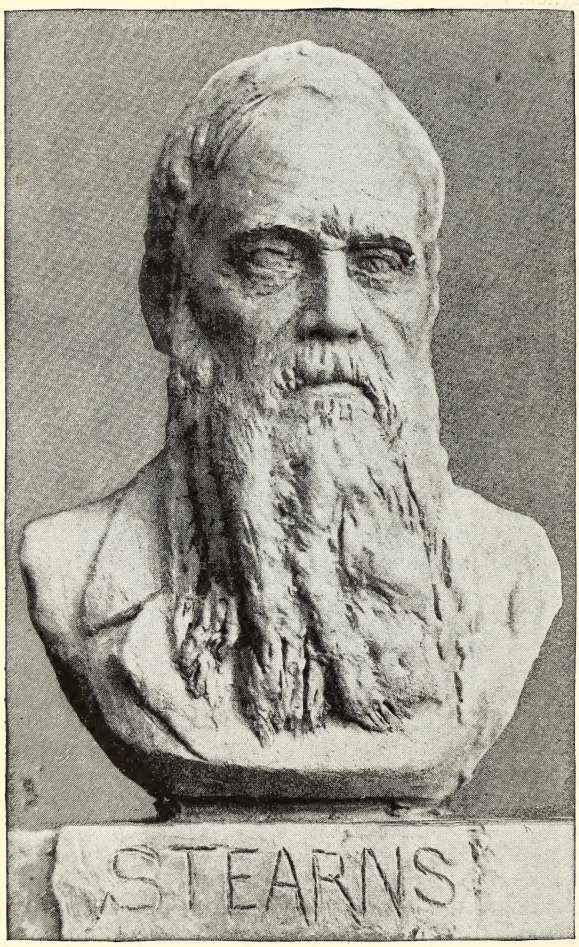


John Brown.

FROM A BUST BY SIDNEY H. MORSE.

Of his earlier life it will suffice to say that by the death of his father he was left, at the age of eleven, dependent on his own exertions for a livelihood. He soon displayed that aptitude for affairs which stood him in such good stead in the historic days to come. Making his way onward and upward, he became a manufacturer of "lead pipe and sheet iron." Though conducting an extended enterprise, he was unwilling that it should wholly occupy his time. "With marvellous ease, by a system peculiarly his own, he managed so as to be always a man of leisure, and ready at any moment's warning to give days, weeks, months to any good cause. Few imagined that the man who flung himself so exclusively for months into recruiting negroes for the army, taking up his residence at different and distant points, was at the same time at the head of a large and busy house." Machinery

of his own invention aided him in securing the wealth he so lavishly bestowed. He was a lover and patron of music and of art. In busiest days he found time for the symphony at the Music Hall, contributing liberally to its support. Nothing ever detained him from Emerson's lectures. He could not afford to miss Emerson or Beethoven.



FROM A BUST BY SIDNEY H. MORSE.

His charming residence in Medford, opposite College Hill, soon became known to the poor and unfortunate, no less than to the gifted and illustrious, as the abode of refined, yet generous hospitality. There Kossuth found earnest sympathy and a welcome of "material aid." There John Brown breathed the atmosphere of aims and purposes as lofty as his own. An anecdote illustrates the spirit of the family. On one occasion, Brown had described the suffering of the Free State settlers in Kansas. Young Harry Stearns, a lad of some ten years, listening, impressed by the recital, made his way to the captain's side, bearing in his hands the contents of his toy bank, exclaiming, "I want you to buy something with this for those Kansas sufferers, and I want you to write to me, Captain Brown, and tell me what sort of a little boy you was." Brown promised. Months later, Harry received the coveted letter, since several times published as "Brown's Autobiography."

At the exciting and critical period when Webster's zeal for Union seemed to have outstripped his love of liberty, Stearns gave himself unreservedly to the cause of the slave. The call for personal service became imperative. He was ready, if need be, to quit the counting-room forever. He believed the time had arrived for the Anti-Slavery sentiment to become politically aggressive. Slavery could never be persuaded out of existence; it must be defeated. "Moral suasion" must be reinforced.

As far back as '47 he had spoken with Charles Sumner in regard to the successor of Webster, urging that a strong effort should be made to have Massachusetts represented in the Senate by a thorough going Free Soiler. Would Sumner permit the use of his name? The proposition was a surprise to Sumner, but he was persuaded by Stearns to waive a personal conviction that he had no fitness for politics and a public life, and leave it to the judgment of his Anti-Slavery friends. When the time came for the senatorial con-

test, the party of liberty confirmed the choice thus early made. Sumner entered the Senate as the apostle of a new era. The evil his predecessor had done he was expected to undo. His supporters were ardent, not to say impatient. They demanded immediate action. When weeks passed and the new senator sat silent in his seat, there was not wanting an intimation that he had been "bought off." Among those who felt no anxiety, but on the contrary approved his deliberate course, Mr. Stearns was conspicuous. He wrote: "Do nothing until you feel thoroughly prepared." At length the trumpet gave no uncertain sound. Pro-Slavery was enraged; Anti-Slavery stood on tiptoe, delighted and expectant of great results.

Of this first speech, "The Crime of Slavery," Stearns issued pamphlet editions, circulating it by thousands. Subsequent speeches he also published at his own cost, distributing them over the country. It must be remembered that the Boston press of those times fought shy of the new senator's utterances, and little else but garbled extracts, calculated to prejudice popular feeling, were given to the public.

Through the exasperating period of the federal hunt for fugitive slaves, Stearns lost no opportunity to serve the cause he had espoused. Many a runaway under his supervision found shelter in the Queen's dominion, denied him in the northern states. The fate of negroes stored away in vessels arriving from southern ports often fell to his hands. After his death the captain of a merchant vessel told Mrs. Stearns, that on one occasion Mr. Stearns and himself had done some lively work in the fugitive line. Arriving in port one day he found the city in great commotion over the fate of Thomas Sims. Chains were around the Court house, and the Marines filled the square. Things looked ugly. He sought Stearns and told him he had a "fugitive" for him.

The crew were given a holiday; and that night at eight o'clock, while Boston brooded in suspense over the fate of Sims, his more fortunate brother, washed, clothed, fed, in strict violation of "law," was put on board a train of cars that went speeding to a land where that "law" was of none effect.

The repeal of the Missouri compromise in 1854 precipitated the struggle on the plains of Kansas. The "Cradle of Liberty" rocked with a new agitation. A Kansas Aid Committee was formed, with Stearns as chairman. Stearns gave to this work his whole time, devoting the summer and fall of 1856 to that object alone. Canvassing the state, he raised something over forty-eight thousand dollars. He was fully alive to the emergency. The invaded territory must be held for freedom, at all hazards.

It was about this time, or early in 1857, that John Brown came to Boston and was introduced to Mr. Stearns. The meeting of these two men was an event fraught with far-reaching results. Their intercourse meant a concentration of powers. Unlike, they were yet kindred spirits. Brown remained in Boston and vicinity during the winter and early spring of 1857, making the acquaintance of leading men, and seeking aid for his cherished work. He was suffering at the time severely with fever and ague contracted by exposures enforced in the border war of the previous year. This alone was sufficiently depressing, but more difficult to bear were the apathy and indifference to coming events encountered in Boston as elsewhere. He had expected much and realized little. One stormy Saturday Stearns called and found him much distressed in spirit. But he had on his mind a little plan in which he believed Mrs. Stearns would be interested, and desired to see her. It transpired that he wished to consult her in regard to the since famous "Farewell to Plymouth Rocks, Bunker Hill Monuments, Charter Oaks, and Uncle Tom's Cabins." Would Theodore Parker read that address to his congregation the next Sunday morning? Mrs. Stearns, while heartily approving the document for herself, doubted the propriety of Parker's reading it to his people. To be properly understood, a more intimate knowledge of the circumstances under which it was written was required than even congregations at Music Hall could be credited with. After Parker's

death the manuscript was found among his papers. On the occasion of this same visit, Brown exclaimed, "Oh, if I only had the money smoked away in Boston in a single day, I would strike a blow at slavery that would make it totter from its foundation." The tone and manner of the man left no doubt on the mind of his auditor but that he was wholly competent to keep his word.

But while thus brooding over his straightened circumstances, longing for "sinews of war," one more fortunate in that respect came to his relief. George Stearns called to say good-by, and placed in his hand a bit of paper, entitling the bearer to seven thousand dollars. No question was asked, no pledge was given. "He will make as wise use of it as I should," Stearns quietly remarked on returning home. Other sums were as freely given at later periods.

On the night of Oct. 17, 1859, this consecrated captain took possession of Harper's Ferry. He had entered the Old Dominion, the venerable home of slavery. With unsuspecting heroism, he had given the emphasis of a great deed to Garrison's stalwart cry for "Unconditional and Immediate Emancipation." The startling news flew through the states. The whole land rocked as with the throes of an earthquake. 'Twas the beginning of the end. Freedom's prophet stood face to face with slavery, proclaiming the inevitable new time. Wounded, lying on the ground a prisoner, a bystander asks him: "Upon what principle do you justify your acts?" "Upon the principle of the Golden Rule. I pity the poor in bondage that have none to help them." To Governor Wise he says, "You can easily dispose of me. I am nearly disposed of now. But you must dispose of it — I mean slavery — or it will soon dispose of you." The long-dreaded, long-avoided hour had come — would the Union survive or perish?

We see clearly enough now, but at that disturbed time only prophetic eyes could see the converging lines of fate.

> "Great men in the Senate sate,
> Sage and hero, side by side,
> Building for their sons the State,
> Which they shall rule with pride.
> They forebore to break the chain
> Which bound the dusky tribe,
> Checked by the owner's fierce disdain,
> Lured by Union as a bribe.
> Destiny sat by and said: —
> 'Pang for pang your seed shall pay.
> Hide in false peace your coward head,
> I bring round the harvest day.'"

It is a striking commentary on the time, that this act of Brown's inspired at first only terror and misgiving even among the Abolitionists. "The cause is set back thirty years," cried one, who thirty days later saw in it the deliverance of the nation. "The severest blow the slave has received," others said. The *Liberator* pronounced the attempt, while honoring the motive of Brown, "an insane one." It is no secret that Brown was at no time a congenial spirit to Garrison. The latter's peace proclivities were as rudely shocked by Brown's faith in an armed crusade, as was his devotion to freedom by the crime of the slave-owner. Yet at Tremont Temple, on the day of Brown's execution, he made a speech that commanded the applause of Brown's most ardent defenders. It will not be amiss to quote here a paragraph. He said:

> "I not only desire but have labored unremittingly to effect the peaceful abolition of slavery by appealing to the reason and conscience of the slaveholder; yet, as a man of peace, an ultra peace man, I am prepared to say, success to every slave insurrection at the South, and in every slave country. I thank God when men who believe in the right and duty of wielding carnal weapons are so far advanced that they will take those weapons out of the scales of despotism and throw them on the side of freedom. It is an indication of progress and a positive moral growth; it is one way to get up to the sublime platform of non-resistance; it is God's method of dealing retribution on the head of tyrants."

Brown placed emphasis on "doing." He despised "mere talk." He would do for others what he would have others do for him. The character of his "doing" in Virginia, considered from a military point of view, struck the country generally as it did the young Virginian who asked in amazement, "What on earth did you think you could do here with nineteen men?" The "folly of the thing" was the phrase everywhere tossed about. It is by no means certain that there was so much folly in it as was generally supposed. It is claimed that a strong defence can be

made of Brown's original plan. He said that he betrayed himself by a too tender regard for the feelings of the inhabitants. But, to wander in uncertain speculations of this sort, is to lose sight of the whole significance of the deed as it stands confessed in history. What is of consequence is to follow along the train of events his action marshalled into victorious motion, swelling the party opposed to slavery by millions of hearts, fixing, as the succeeding months illustrated his deed, the signature of the North to the proclamation of the emancipation of which Lincoln was but the scribe. "A new saint," said Emerson, "than whom none purer or more brave was ever led by love of man into conflict or death, — a new saint waiting yet his martyrdom, and who, if he shall suffer, will make the gallows glorious like the cross." When his body lay in the grave at North Elba, New England's orator, casting the horoscope of the future, uttered these thrilling words: "Men walked Boston Common when night fell on Bunker Hill, and pitied Warren, saying, 'Foolish man! Thrown his life away! Why didn't he measure his means better?' We see him standing colossal that day on that blood-stained soil, and severing the tie that bound Boston to Great Britain. That night George III. ceased to rule in New England. History will date Virginia Emancipation from Harper's Ferry. True, the slave is still there. So, when the tempest uproots a pine on your hill, it looks green for months, a year or two. Still it is timber, not a tree. John Brown has loosened the roots of the slave system; it only breathes; it does not live hereafter."

Blind to the light within the shadow coming events were casting, the Senate of the United States appointed a committee of investigation, impressed with the idea that there were many others in the North, deserving the fate of Brown. Witnesses were summoned in great number, and the name of Stearns was not forgotten. His appearance, when he came before this committee, is said to have much surprised the southern members of it. They beheld a man of gentlemanly bearing, faultlessly attired, an exaggerated account of whose wealth had been furnished. How a man of so much character and sense could lavish time and pour out his thousands upon a cause so despised and apparently hopeless was to their minds a veritable mystery. Governor Andrew had instructed Stearns to be sure and let the southern men know of the large sums of money he supplied, for that would "open their eyes wider than all else." The fact that the cause had a financial backbone as well as a moral one gave it a new significance. Mason is said to have closed the examination of Stearns with these words:

"If there are many more at the North like you, Mr. Stearns, there is nothing left for us but war."

Stearns stood three hours before the committee, making frank confession of extended pecuniary relations with Brown, and stating his Anti-Slavery convictions without reserve. To the question, "Do you disapprove of such a transaction as that at Harper's Ferry?" he replied:

"I shouldn't had I known of it at the time when it was contemplated; but I now consider John Brown the representative man of this century as Washington was of the last — the Harper's Ferry affair and the capacity the Italians have shown for self-government, the great events of the age. One will free Europe; the other, America."

Samuel Johnson writes:

"It was not accident that made George Stearns unintentionally provide the money and arms for the Harper's Ferry raid. We hear the ring of those rifles in his swift indorsement of them, not more courageous than it was prophetic."

Stearns returned home convinced that stirring events were near at hand.

It is now 1860. Following the execution of Brown has come the election of Abraham Lincoln, amid the ominous mutterings of the South. Union and liberty are taking serious hold of the northern mind. Freeman Clarke, in a lecture referring to this time, says:

"Garrison and Phillips and the other old Abolitionists were abstaining from voting, and arguing that the only way to abolish slavery was to dissolve the Union. We now see they were mistaken. At any rate, slavery was abolished by those who did not believe in the dissolution of the Union."

Stearns does not appear to have been either a Union-saver or a Union-destroyer. His only aim was to make all things con-

verge to the emancipation of the enslaved race. If he voted, it was for the slave's freedom. When he enlisted regiments for the war he had no other purpose in view. No partisan — save of liberty — it was his mission to see the serviceable side of each occasion and event that came within range of his alert vision. As Whittier wrote:

"He plucked off the old bark when the inner
Was slow to renew it,
And put to the Lord's work the sinner
When saints failed to do it."

With malice toward none and charity for all, he waived unfruitful controversies and passed on to the tasks nearest him. His relation to the state might have inspired the verse:

"Let man serve law for man, —
Live for friendship, live for love,
For truth and harmony's behoof;
The state may follow how it can
As Olympus follows Jove."

We find him actively engaged in promoting the election of John A. Andrew to the governorship. That was one effective way for the Bay State to let its light so shine that the slave would take courage. Andrew was a man of sterling qualities, and became the most efficient of the war-governors. In December after his election he invited Stearns to accompany him to Washington. Stearns's attendance on the Harper's Ferry committee had brought him in contact with leading southern men, on whom he called, with Andrew, to get their view of the situation. With Mason and others they held protracted conversations. Stearns thought he would also learn something of the sentiment of the southern people. He accordingly sent into Maryland and Virginia an intelligent agent, who after some days returned and reported:

"The old men and boys are drilling. There is one unvarying voice for war. Plans are discussed for the invasion of the North. They count on easy victories, and calculate the amount of wealth that can be seized in northern cities."

Thus he gathered in many ways the drift of the southern mind. The situation was undoubtedly critical. The South was awake; the North, asleep. On the way home he urged Andrew to put Massachusetts at once on a war footing.

"Events are hastening which will be your ample justification. Let your soldiers be ready to march at a moment's warning."

While thus employed in Washington, Stearns incidentally heard that Senator Sumner had been approached on several occasions by suspicious characters, and was in receipt of many threatening letters. Sumner was not disturbed. He had "lost no sleep." But Stearns was convinced that the Capitol was not then a place of safety for men of pronounced Anti-Slavery views. He made it his business to quietly provide against danger. He called into service the same man he had sent into Virginia — a man well drilled in the border campaigns of Kansas. From September, 1860, to April, 1861, this trusty man drew his pay from Stearns and faithfully carried out his instructions to "guard Sumner in all his goings to and from the Capitol, nor relax in vigilance until the Senator is safely indoors for the night." Of this watchful providence provided by his friend, Sumner never knew.

The war came and Andrew was ready. His troops held the way to the Capitol, and the first danger was passed. With the war came, to use Moncure Conway's phrase, the "golden hour for emancipation." The war power gave the President the opportunity. Stearns was among the first to urge the propriety and the necessity of this step. One other step Stearns quickly saw to be fated — the arming of the emancipated negroes. They must bear a part in the struggle that had its chief justification in the fact that it would encompass their deliverance. So sure had he been that both of these events were foreordained in the very exigencies of the case, that he had sought the acquaintance of leading colored men in the northern states with a view to prepare the way for the enlistment of the colored troops, when the hour for their service arrived. It was not long after the proclamation of emancipation that Governor Andrew began to cast about for the formation of a colored regiment. A committee to raise funds was selected, with Stearns as chairman. Several weeks passed. Only some three hundred enlistments had been secured. Early in

the war many negroes had volunteered their service and been rejected. Their zeal, notwithstanding emancipation, had not been rekindled. Much depended on the effort, and Andrew could not afford to fail. He sent for Stearns and confessed that he was about discouraged. The interview closed by Stearns asking for and obtaining authority to act upon his own judgment and complete the regiment. A little over two months, and the 54th marched through the streets of Boston, Colonel Shaw commanding. Few people in Massachusetts knew how this colored regiment had sprung into being. At the great meeting in Tremont Temple in honor of the event, Wendell Phillips gave the public the first intimation. "Massachusetts," he cried, "owes this regiment to the energy and unfailing hope of one man, George L. Stearns." Under date of May 28, 1863, Phillips writes Stearns as follows:

"I cannot let this day close without writing to you. To-day the 54th passed thr ough our streets to their boat for South Carolina. Every square foot was crowded, like a Fourth of July, and State Street roared with cheers. Isn't that triumph? The regiment, all agree, looked remarkably well. I could not but think of you, and last Monday I had the pleasure of linking your name with Andrew's, giving the credit to your energy, sagacity, and unfailing hope, that we had a 54th mustered in and a 55th filling up. Tremont Temple cheers lustily for the Buffalo King."

Stearns had made his headquarters at Buffalo, from whence he sent his agent into Canada and through the West. To fill the 54th, he sent Andrew six hundred men. He had worked from fourteen to eighteen hours a day. He writes:

"When you reflect that two hundred thousand or two hundred and fifty thousand blacks are scattered among a population of twenty millions you can understand how much more difficult this work is than the recruiting of whites."

To meet his payments, he had borrowed on his own responsibility $10,000.

Andrew, satisfied with the work accomplished, now telegraphed Stearns to return. But Stearns had two hundred men towards the 55th. What should he do?

"Complete the regiment if you can do so in thirty days."

"Thank God," Stearns responds:

"Your telegram gave me great joy. If we had stopped, the colored race would have been thrown back into their old but reasonable distrust of the whites, and no more regiments could have been raised."

The 55th was reported within the specified time. There now appeared a special order of the war department, assuming control of the service, forbidding states or individuals to raise colored troops. Stearns writes:

"I was obliged to decide what should be done with my recruiting organization. I could not well disband a force so perfect in its operation, and at the same time the only sufficient agency in the country for raising colored troops. The order of the secretary decided my course. I at once proceeded to Washington to offer my agency to the government, and then retire as soon as officers appointed by the department should be sufficiently instructed in the detail of its management."

To his surprise Stanton proposed that he should go on with the work. Would he not take charge of the recruiting service for colored troops, North, and South? Stearns had planned a trip to Europe, the health of Mrs. Stearns causing such a course to seem imperative. For a moment he was in doubt. He would consult with his family. Word came without delay that he must forego all else and accept Stanton's proposal. He reported for duty, and was invested with the title of assistant adjutant-general, with rank of major. He had accepted the position on the explicit understanding that the colored men should enter the service on the same terms with white men, "the same pay, the same uniform, arms, and equipment." For his own services he declined remuneration. "No amount of money would compensate me for leaving my home; but I am glad to serve the country in its need."

He was ordered to Philadelphia, where he established Camp William Penn. He had hardly got to work when he heard that the pay of the negro soldiers was likely to be cut down to ten dollars, without clothing. He had a hundred or more men enlisted, and was determined not to go on under the least misapprehension. If he could not keep faith with his soldiers, he resolved not to enlist them. The report turned out to be true, and when he sought an explanation he

was roughly told the matter was settled, and if negroes did not like government terms they need not enlist.

It would be interesting to discover just what "considerations of state" entered into the secretary's sudden change of mind. Something was said about the want of adequate funds. It seems to have been taken for granted that there was no constitutional provision for the payment of the colored troops. Stanton undertook to get over the difficulty by regarding their enlistment as a "war measure," and told Stearns their pay would come out of the contingent fund of the war department. Stearns at once discharged the men he had engaged, but was too much in earnest to retire from the work, defeated. Deliberating one night, he took the morning train to Boston. There he at once opened a subscription for recruiting colored soldiers, and soon returned to Washington with a fund of fifty thousand dollars. The astonished secretary may have congratulated him; but he manifested little interest in the matter beyond that. Giving Stearns a letter to General Rosecranz, he ordered him to Nashville in the department of the Cumberland. Two months passed without further instructions, save the telegrams that cautioned Stearns to be careful and not quarrel with Governor Andrew Johnson. Weary at length of this reiterated and seemingly unnecessary bit of advice, he gathered up a handful of such despatches and carried them to the State House, to inquire of Johnson what it all meant. The Governor was as much in the dark as Stearns himself, and was greatly amused. Stearns related at Johnson's request what he had been doing in Massachusetts and had attempted in Philadelphia. He had been sent to Nashville, he supposed, on the same business. Johnson gave him the heartiest assurance that he approved his whole course, and volunteered to render him all the aid in his power. He was disposed to place the whole negro population of Tennessee under Stearns's management. Johnson had already discovered that Stearns had not been idle during his few months' residence in Nashville. He had made the acquaintance of the leading colored men of the city, and won their confidence. When he arrived there, he found a cruel system of impressment in force. The colored people, slave or free, found in the streets were seized and put to work on the roads and fortifications without pay, and with no adequate provision for food or shelter. Toiling in the hot sun by day, sleeping on the ground, exposed to the dews, at night, they sickened and died by hundreds. Stearns appealed and remonstrated in vain. Despatches sent to Washington brought no response. He called a mass meeting in one of the negro churches and stated the peril of the situation. The fortifications must be completed, and it was for the interest of the colored people quite as much as anybody's that the work should go on. The success of the Union troops would undoubtedly bring freedom to the slave. This had been a white man's country so far; they could help make it the black man's country as well. If they would volunteer for the work, he would be personally responsible for their food and shelter, and the payment of wages. The next day two hundred and more came to his headquarters, singing the John Brown hymn and cheering for "the man who stopped impressments." They flocked to their hard task with zeal. It must be remembered that Nashville at that time was "the goal of both armies," and its possession of vast importance to the Federal side. Stearns received from Governor Johnson from that time forth the heartiest sympathy and coöperation. Two months later, ten black regiments had been put into the field at the cost of a little more than ten thousand dollars.

In vain, however, were all of Stearns's efforts to persuade the government to deal honestly by the negroes. Returning to Washington to procure, if possible, a more satisfactory arrangement, he received instead a reprimand for not having returned to their masters the fugitive slaves escaping to him from Kentucky.

"It would greatly strengthen us in that state," said Stanton. Stearns had learned to expect almost any proposition from the administration, as it was then drifting under the "border state" policy. This

last demand, however, overwhelmed him with astonishment. He was now convinced that the time had come for him to resign. But he would put no obstacle in the way of the government. He writes to his wife:

"The administration needs all the support it can get, and must be supported in spite of its shortcomings. It has the reputation of being Anti-Slavery and will be compelled to be so ere long, in fact."

So he surrendered his commission and without betraying the least personal grievance.

From this on to the close of the war, he found abundant opportunity for keeping himself well employed. He felt that the administration was not acting as thoroughly as he was upon the idea that slavery made the war, and freedom must end it. "God has bound up justice to the negro with the end of this war," he exclaimed, "and the sooner the fact is recognized, the sooner the war will be over." In the final issue of the struggle he bated no jot of heart or hope. When the end finally came, it was no secret that the victory of the North was the result of its reinforcement by the liberated negro race. Were it possible to have eliminated from the Union cause the slave's freedom, who doubts that the cause would have been shorn of its chief glory?

Looking back, the impartial mind sees, however, how the northern conscience was weighed down by the sense of plighted faith and obligations to the constitution. It is clear that the feeling remained far into the war that there was this obstacle to any meddling with the peculiar institution of the southern states. This is the secret of Seward's despatch that it was "not the purpose of the government to disturb slavery." The doctrine of the state's right to regulate its domestic affairs in its own way was not easily cancelled even by that state's deadly war upon the federal government. In this spirit Lincoln wrote to Greeley that it was his business to "save the Union with slavery if possible and without it if necessary." But he was careful to add that he in no way surrendered his "desire that all men should be free." In his mind it was simply a question as to what he could officially do. Now this "desire" was without doubt uniform throughout the North. But it was a desire regulated and controlled by a supposed superior obligation to respect the limitations of the Constitution of the United States. Lincoln's avowal was the frank expression of a yet widely spread survival of this American worship of legality. It is not the first or only time when respect for "law and order" has crowded out or driven the moral sentiment to the wall. Lincoln had the reputation of being "shrewd." It seems quite in keeping with his character to suppose that when he said he would save the Union — out of regard for his duty under the Constitution — with slavery if possible, he knew in his heart that he could do nothing of the sort. He could not but have shared the belief of the millions of the North that, despite all constitutional barriers, the gun fired on Sumter would prove to be the South's farewell to slavery. This faith lent energy, and patience as well, to such men as Stearns. And the sublime faith of the black race, held under dire cause for much misgiving until that memorable First of January that proclaimed their "Jubilee," will forever insure for it a consecrated chapter in the history of the great struggle.

The end of desolating war was the beginning of reconstruction — a difficult, not to say bewildering problem. Sumner's plan of territorial government for the southern states, by which the negroes could be guided through a course of initial education up to suffrage, under the supervision of the national government, met with Stearns's approval; and very soon, to advance this idea, *The Right Way* appeared. This small sheet, filled with earnest discussion of the absorbing topic, found its way into unexpected hospitality. The attorney-general of Texas wrote Governor Andrew, "I have seen a little paper called *The Right Way*, published in Boston, that presents my idea perfectly. I wish cartloads of it could be sent here for distribution." For two years, upwards of fifty thousand copies of this paper were every week scattered over the country, at an expense of sixty thousand dollars.

Other, if not wiser counsels prevailed. But it is not to be noticed that in the gradual settlement of the question, the negro has been steadily brought to the front in equality of opportunity of education and political privileges.

It was evident to many friends of Mr. Stearns in the winter of 1866, though not to himself, that his health had been undermined. Sharer of ideas

> "Which always find us young,
> And always keep us so,"

he clung to his work with a tenacious spirit. He seemed yet endowed with the heart and courage of youth. The slave question had engrossed and absorbed him, but he does not appear to have thought that with its downfall came the millennial dawn. While yet urging his view of reconstruction, he was also turning his thoughts to a broader horizon.

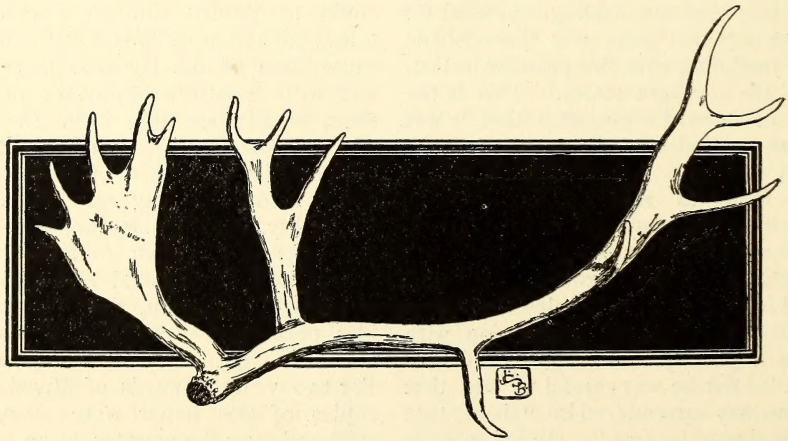
Chattel slavery swept from sight, he descried the mightier problem that lay just beyond. The labor question in its universal aspect opened before him. His epigramatic declaration, "The capitalist may be as bad as the slaveholder," shows him to have been quite as ready to face the evils conspicuous nearer home, as he had been those far removed. The Anti-Slavery record was not yet complete. But it was only a look that Stearns was permitted to give in this direction. Death closed the windows, and he quickly obeyed another summons.

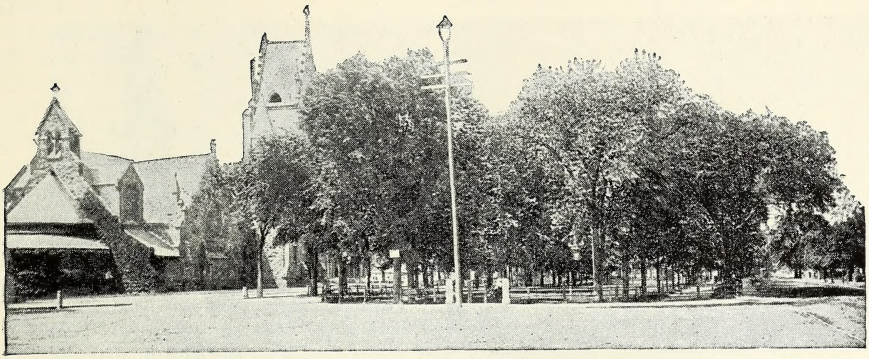
A word more to call attention to the cheerful, constant faith he preserved in human nature, despite whatever record of inhumanity. He placed himself in harmony with that which keeps the world to its upward and onward purpose. Leave the past; accept the future — work. He was himself a worker, but was no less a seer. Knowing and doing to-day's business, he could also divine the new task of to-morrow. He had no one panacea for the world's redemption. The steps were many and successive. He folded his arms over no achievement. He was never in love with his victories. So well did he know the meaning of the lines:

> "Time makes ancient good uncouth,
> They must up and onward
> Who would keep abreast of truth."

His optimism included his own energy. He felt himself allied to the power that ever returns from whatever seeming defeat or divergence to the one only plan — the improvement of mankind. He lived to help broaden and deepen the channel of the River of Life.

> "Stainless Soldier on the wall,
> Knowing this, — he knows no more, —
> Whoever fights, whoever falls,
> Justice conquers evermore,
> Justice after as before, —
> And he who battles on her side,
> God, though he were ten times slain,
> Crowns him victor glorified."





St. Stephen's Church and Lynn Common.

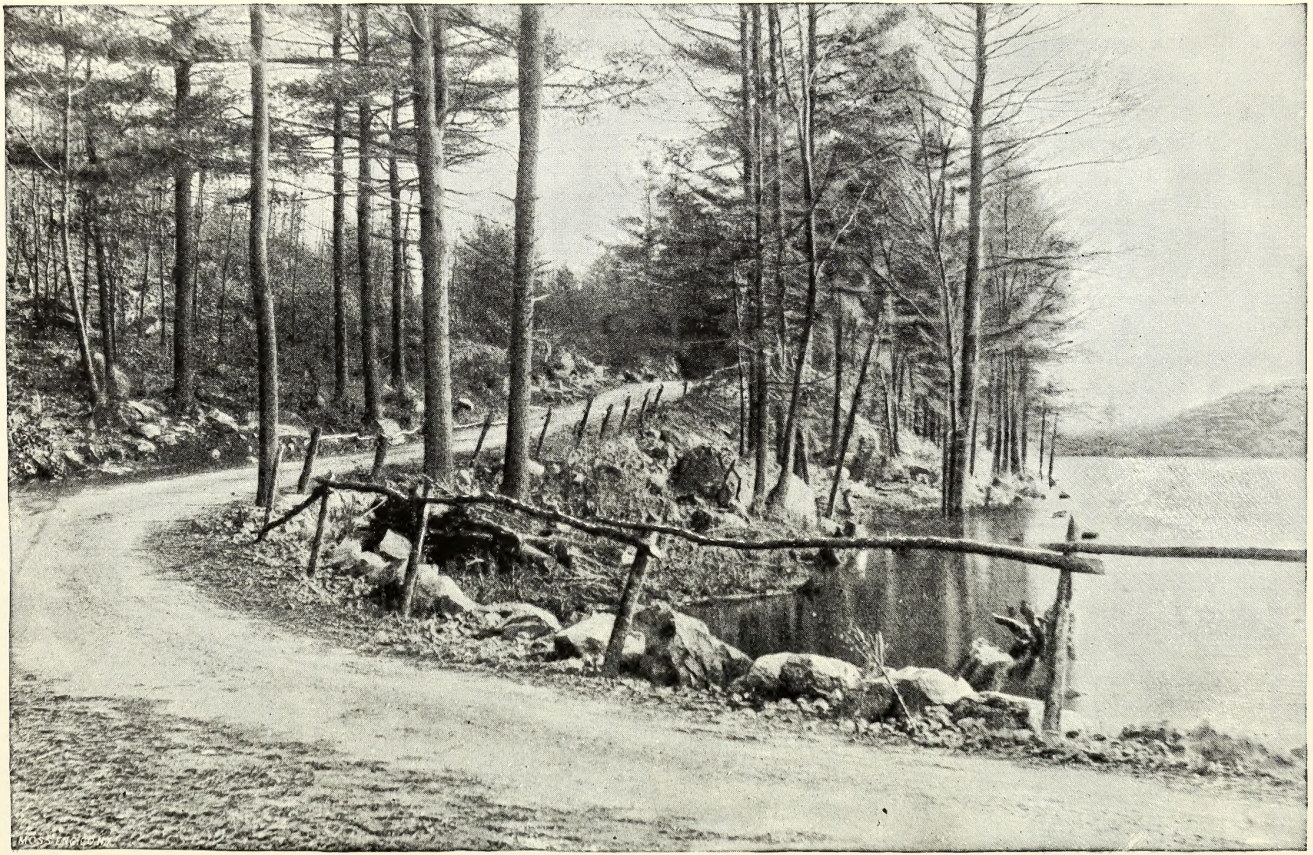
THE CITY OF LYNN.

By Edwin A. Start.



IF one were called upon to name a typical American city, a city embodying the distinctive characteristics of our social, political, and industrial life, he could choose none better than Lynn. Dating its beginnings back to those of New England, abounding in historic associations and old traditions, Lynn is, nevertheless, a modern town, summing up in its past and present all that is essential in the American life and character, so far, at least, as its Anglo-Saxon elements are concerned. Settled in 1629, by men from Governor Endicott's Salem colony, three years after the settlement of that town and a year before the settlement of Boston, Lynn received the stamp of all the early Puritan settlements, God-fearing, industrious, thrifty, and brave, with the stern fortitude of the New England pioneer. From this early stage it has passed, by the natural steps of development, into the busy, aggressive life of to-day, retaining, however, to a notable degree the impress of its earlier years. It stands, as has been said, a typical city — stirring, enterprising, open-hearted, self-reliant, and buoyant, mercurial, intense in thought and action, quick to experiment and equally quick to reject unsatisfactory results, eager for intellectual advancement, but maintaining always a sturdy, moral vigor. This is Lynn as we find it to-day, after its more than two and a half centuries of history.

Whatever else it may be, Lynn is never dull or slothful. Through sharp conflicts, which inevitably arise in a city where every man has his own positive convictions, it passes bright and smiling, the parties to the struggle emerge from the encounter with wits sharpened and a new page added to the education of experience. Sufficient unity is always maintained to keep Lynn at the forefront in every public work and municipal improvement. Fortunate in its situation on breezy shores beside the shining sea, fortunate in the manhood and the womanhood it has produced, and that make it what it is to-day, Lynn has asked nothing of fate, but has taken what it would, meeting misfortunes cheerfully and turning them into the brightest of good fortune. It is the largest city in New England



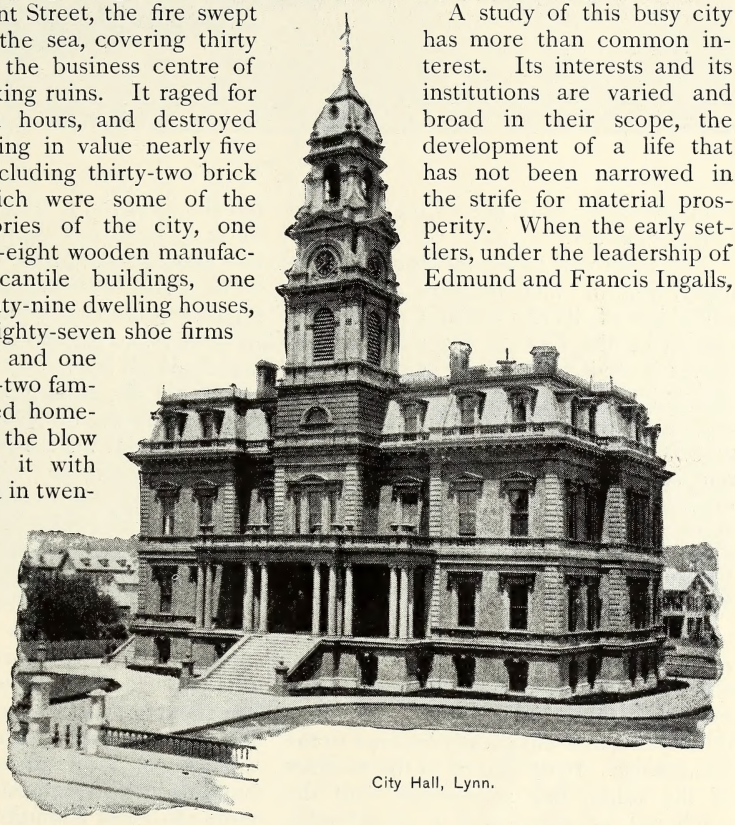
IN LYNN WOODS.

"SHADOWED ROADWAYS SWEEPING PAST PONDS SHINING THROUGH THE TREES."

east of Boston, and its citizens claim it will yet become the second city in population in New England.

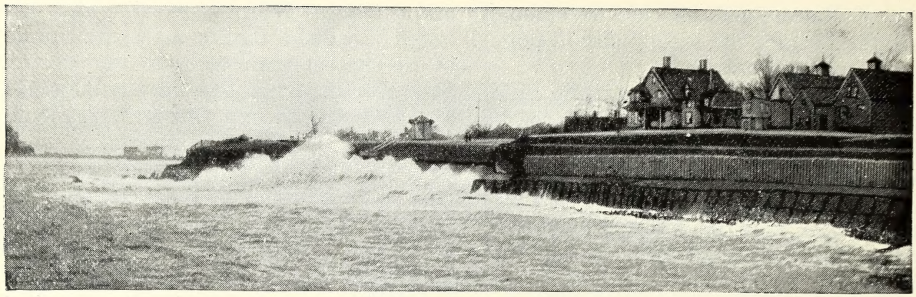
Upon this city, at a little before midday on the 26th of November, 1889, fell the demon of fire. Beginning in a wooden building on Almont Street, the fire swept eastward toward the sea, covering thirty acres of land in the business centre of the city with smoking ruins. It raged for more than seven hours, and destroyed property aggregating in value nearly five million dollars, including thirty-two brick buildings, in which were some of the finest shoe factories of the city, one hundred and fifty-eight wooden manufacturing and mercantile buildings, one hundred and twenty-nine dwelling houses, and a church. Eighty-seven shoe firms were burned out, and one hundred and sixty-two families were rendered homeless. Terrible as the blow was, Lynn faced it with Yankee pluck, and in twenty-four hours from the time of the great disaster it was known, wherever newspapers are published, that fire-swept Lynn was undismayed. Millions of dollars in property had gone up in smoke, but the indomitable energy that had made the city was strengthened by the ordeal. Nothing could have brought out in sharper relief the vast recuperative resources possessed by the people of this city. Strangers passing through on trains of the Eastern Railroad, have been wont for years to note the metropolitan aspect of the streets of Lynn, the large volume of its trade and industry. Those who see the city hereafter will receive this impression yet more strongly, for out of the ruins, which marred the Thanksgiving time of 1889, has come a new and reinvigorated Lynn, handsomer and more substantial than the old, and more than ever typical of New England energy and activity. With the morning that followed that disheartening night, the people of the city set their faces to the sunrise, and now many of the devastated acres are covered with imposing structures, and Lynn is itself again.

A study of this busy city has more than common interest. Its interests and its institutions are varied and broad in their scope, the development of a life that has not been narrowed in the strife for material prosperity. When the early settlers, under the leadership of Edmund and Francis Ingalls,



City Hall, Lynn.

came over the hills from Salem, they found the site of Lynn as attractive as any on the rugged New England coast. What is now included in Lynn of the large tract embraced in the old town lies mainly between the hills and the sea; rimmed along its seaward edge by silver sands, with the twin Nahants (Indian, Nahanteau) for a pendant, and buttressed on the landward side by the rugged Saugus hills. Here these wanderers from Salem established themselves, and the place was known as Saugus. The Indian population was small when the whites came, though formerly the great sachem of the Pawtuckets, Nanepashemet, had made this his principal residence, and his degenerate sons still

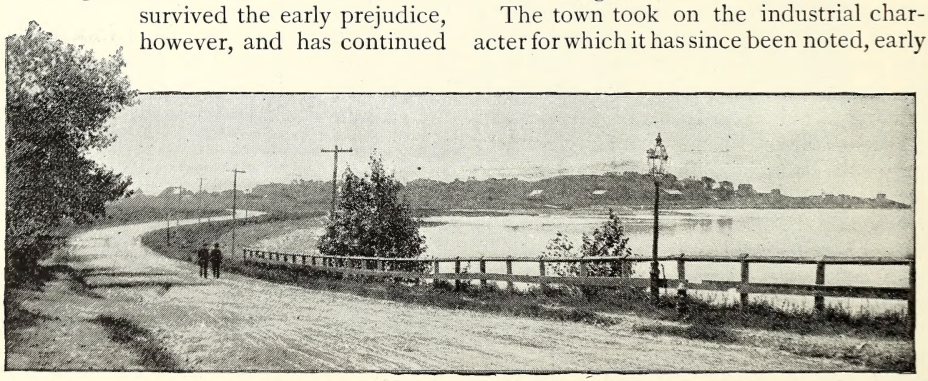


On the Lynn Shore.

retained some semblance of their father's forest grandeur.

The town was never incorporated formally, but it was recognized by the admission of its representatives to the session of the General Court, by which august body it was ordained in the year 1637, in one of the most unique of recorded legislative enactments: "Saugust is called Lin." Thus did the town receive the name which was to continue to belong to it, while the old Indian appellation was later to be assumed by one of its children. The name of Lynn was chosen out of respect to the Rev. Samuel Whiting, second minister of the town, who came from Lynn Regis, or King's Lynn, an ancient borough of old England. Mr. Whiting ministered to the spiritual wants of the people for forty-three years, and was greatly beloved in the community. Lynn shared in the troubles of the other Bay settlements with the witchcraft delusion, and a considerable stir was likewise caused by the advent of the Quakers. The church of that sect survived the early prejudice, however, and has continued to exist since 1677. The life of the town in its early years was simple and primitive, like that of most of the early English settlements, but more so than in some of them, for there were no people of means among its settlers. From the year 1630, it enjoyed a small but steady increase in population, but its people were poor. In spite of this they were thrifty, and acquired in their struggles for a livelihood that spirit of self-dependence which has always strengthened the town and city in succeeding battles with adverse fate. Up to the middle of the present century, Lynn did not compare in wealth and prosperity with Marblehead or Danvers, both of which it has now so far outstripped. In 1848 there died a citizen of Lynn worth fifty thousand dollars, who was reputed at that time to be the wealthiest man in town. To-day several residences are built, or are in process of building, which represent the outlay of more than that amount; and there are as many millionnaires in Lynn as there were in New England in the fifties.

The town took on the industrial character for which it has since been noted, early



On the way to Nahant.

in its history. Francis Ingalls established, within the limits of the present town of Swampscott, the first tannery in the Massachusetts Bay colony, the germ of the vast leather industry of the Lynn of the present day. On the banks of the Saugus River, where now stands the centre town of Saugus, were established about 1643, the first iron works in America, at which was cast in 1644 the first piece of hollow ware made in this country, a small iron pot, having a capacity of about one quart. This pot is now in possession of the heirs of Alonzo Lewis, the old historian of Lynn, having descended as an heirloom in the family. The picture at the beginning of this article fairly represents this interesting relic. The Lynn iron works included a blast furnace, foundry, and forge, but no representation of them is extant. They flourished for a number of years, but legal complications and prejudices finally caused them to be given up.

Fishing and farming were the chief occupations of the early settlers, the fisheries being mainly carried on from Swampscott. There seems to have been an attempt at linen manufacture in a small way in the early part of the last century, but it never became a serious industry. The production of shoes, upon which Lynn's later prosperity has been built, was almost coeval with the town, though its beginnings were small and the work was crude. Edmund Bridges and Philip Kertland are named as the pioneer shoemakers in 1635, and a little later a corporation or guild of shoemakers existed, of which little is known, as the records seem to have been destroyed, probably about the time of the Stamp Act riots. It was with the advent of John Adam Dagyr, a skilful Welsh shoemaker, who came to Lynn in 1750, that Lynn shoes began to acquire their reputation. It is a sad fact that this craftsman, who taught the lesson of good workmanship to the shoemakers of Lynn, died in the almshouse in 1808. In 1750, but three shoe manufacturers in Lynn employed journeymen. The business progressed slowly until the period of the Revolution, during which it suffered a natural depression. At the close of the war it revived somewhat, but by 1792 it was found that



Paradise Road in the Autumn.



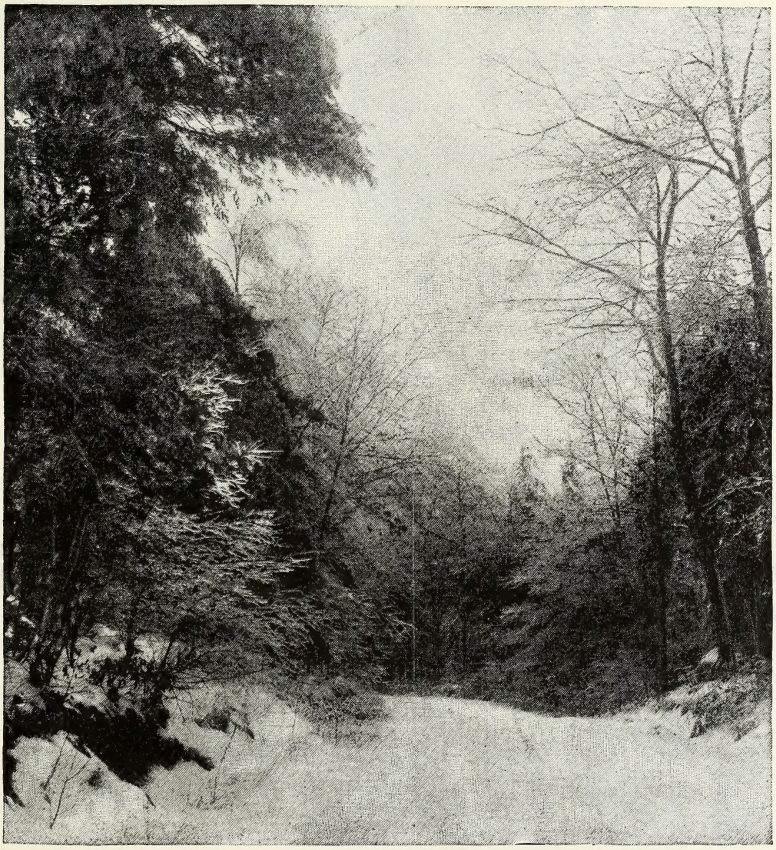
Market Street after a Snowstorm.

the trade was suffering from foreign competition. Then it was that Ebenezer Breed of Lynn, with the co-operation of a Lynn man then doing business in Philadelphia, by some very shrewd management secured the adoption of the first protective tariff on shoes.

In 1810, Lynn produced one million pairs of shoes, valued at $800,000; in 1830, after Lynnfield and Saugus had been cut off from the old town, the product had increased to 1,670,000 pairs; and in 1855, after Swampscott and Nahant had taken up a separate existence, there had been a still further increase to 9,275,393 pairs. This was after the stitching machine, introduced in 1852, had made way for the factory system and for a development hitherto undreamed of. The average annual product from 1865 to 1875 is said to have been not less than ten million pairs, with an average value of $1.20 a pair. The census of 1880 showed that there were in the city one hundred and seventy-four shoe factories, with an average number of employes stated at 10,708, with over four million dollars of invested capital, paying each year about five million dollars in wages, and producing goods valued at nearly twenty-one million dollars. The average yearly product per employee was $1,956, yielding a net profit per employee of $70; while the average yearly earnings per employee amounted to $461. Estimates of the business at the present time increase these figures at every point, and to all appearances the development seems to be steady and healthy, notwithstanding occasional checks. The city seems to be devoting itself more, year by year, to producing high grade shoes.

Labor in Lynn, as in other manufacturing cities, is well organized, but men of broad views who know Lynn well, who have traced its healthy growth under many different conditions in the past, and who see its continuing growth to-day, are willing to trust its affairs to the often proved good sense and intelligence of the people, and the gradual evolution of industrial conditions.

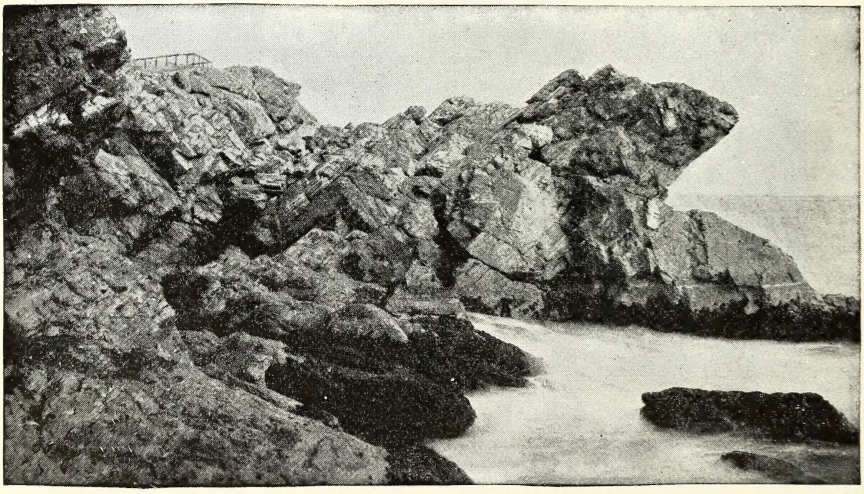
Year by year, from its small beginnings before Dagyr established the business on a basis of real merit, has this great industry, the manufacture of fine shoes, developed in this city by the sea, and gathered around it a populous, wealthy and enterprising community. During all this time the history of the shoe industry has been the history of Lynn. Out of the little shops a dozen feet square, that abounded on every street in the early part of this century, and that only gave way in the fifties to the introduction of machinery, with its corollary of great factories, came the vigor, enterprise, and keen intellects that have made Lynn what it is to-day. The early shoemaking was done by the home fireside in the winter, or in the intervals of farm work. With the increase of the business the little shops sprang up all about the town, and in these shops the "crews," as they were called, of from four to eight journeymen worked at their benches. In the earliest days of the trade, the finished product was packed off in a bag to Boston, where the market was. Later it was handled by the manufacturers at home, who furnished the work and material and paid off the journeymen on Saturday. It was a life of steady toil and unceasing economy. Wages in the middle of this century averaged less than five dollars a week. To save was difficult. To be forehanded in this constant struggle with poverty was to acquire habits of thrift marvellous in the eyes of people of the present day.



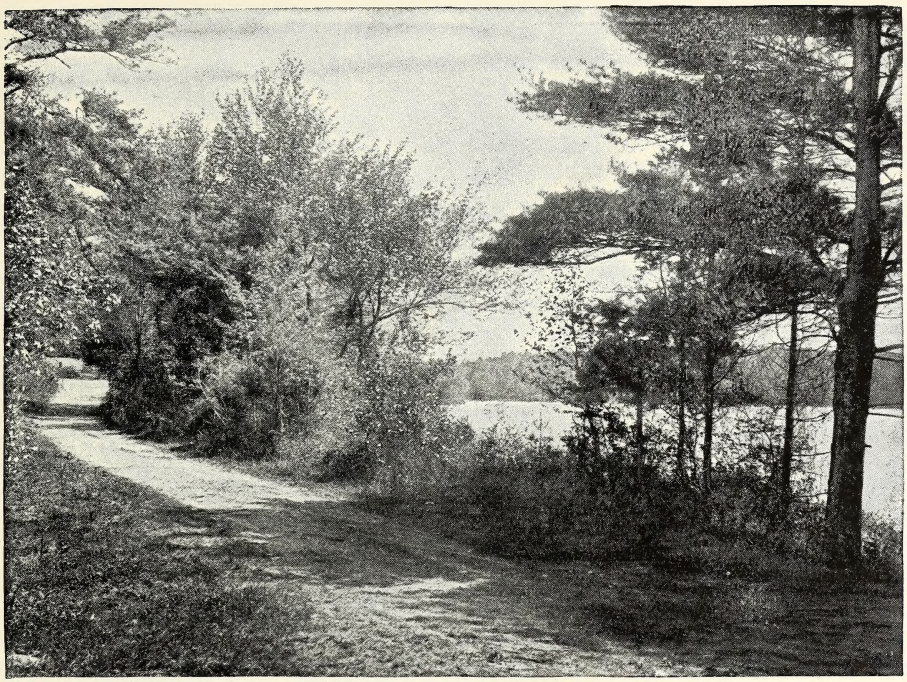
The Downing Road in Winter Dress.

The life in these shops was the purest democracy that this democratic nation ever saw. Intellects were whetted by debates upon all sorts of questions. A virile independence was cultivated that has made Lynn from that day to this a centre of radicalism and free thought. The city has been quick to take hold of advance movements and reforms. When the Know-Nothing mania swept over Massachusetts, Lynn contributed largely to the vote of that party. It was a strong anti-slavery town, though there was an aggressive pro-slavery minority to keep the battle warm. Here Frederick Douglass found for some time a pleasant home and warm friends. In the legislative halls of the state and nation, the spirit which has always characterized Lynn finds its best expression: it is thoroughness. And in every true cause her representatives make her influence felt. The present conditions are different from those of the past. Lynn is now a city of wealth and great factories, but still in all its life, and even in its great labor organizations, the individualism and independence that grew up in the little old shops of half a century ago seem to be ineradicably fixed.

In 1828, when the project of building the Eastern Railroad through to Salem was first broached, a detailed statement of the traffic between Lynn and Boston was made by the business men of the town. It is worth noting that at that time the average number of passengers daily between Lynn and Boston was given as eleven, the fare being placed at one dollar and a quarter. It was not until the fall of 1836 that the railroad was pushed through. It is hardly necessary to say that it made marked changes in the old town. Hitherto, the tide of travel between Boston, Salem, and the farther East had moved along Boston Street, and later, Western Avenue, the new turnpike road opened in 1803. While Boston Street was the highway, the Anchor Tavern had been among the most famous of the wayside inns of the country. This noted old tavern was situated on a slight elevation west of the Saugus River. For over a century, ending about 1750, the Anchor retained its name and fame, and from that time until the diversion of travel by the opening of a new highway to the westward it continued to be the representative inn of the section, though known by other names. The Lynn Hotel, larger and more modern, succeeded to the fame of the old Anchor, and even increased it, during the early decades of this century. Many and famous were the guests that it sheltered, and full of life were the scenes about it.



Nahant Rocks.

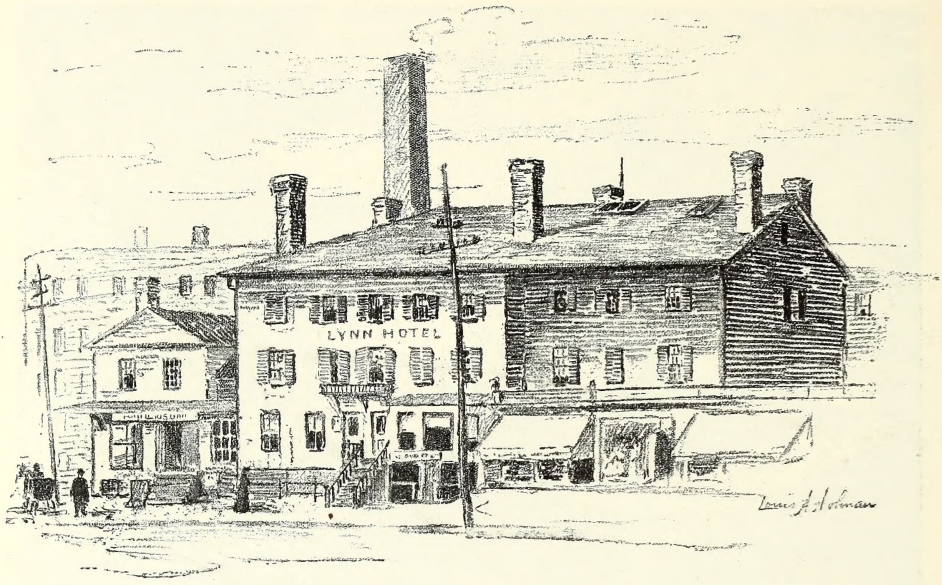


Sun and Shadow by Spring Pond.

In 1836, just before the building of the railroad to Lynn, twenty-three stages left the hotel daily for Boston, and there were usually several extras. The hotel stands in West Lynn, just beyond the common, and about it was, in the days of its glory, the real business centre of the town. The turnpike roads along the North Shore were gay in those old staging days, and one can well imagine the regret with which some of the old frequenters of the popular hostelry saw the prosaic railroad drive out the coaches and divert the lines of traffic. The business centre necessarily established itself more and more about the railroad station.

The city has now so much outgrown the accommodations furnished by the railroad, that it is expected that a handsome new station will soon be erected, such as a city like Lynn is entitled to. Unfortunately, it does not seem probable that the existing abomination of grade-crossings at several of the most frequented streets of the city will be abolished. Our civilization has not yet advanced far enough for most men to appreciate the crime involved in the prevailing haphazard way of throwing together cities and railroads, and overhead wires, and the other complicated machinery of modern life. The grade-crossing problem in Lynn is attended with especial difficulties because of the level nature of the land, but the rapid growth of the city makes the difficulty one that must be met sooner or later. The Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn narrow gauge road gives another excellent means of communication with Boston, and these facilities are supplemented by the Lynn & Boston street railway, which also gives the city an admirable local service of horse and electric cars.

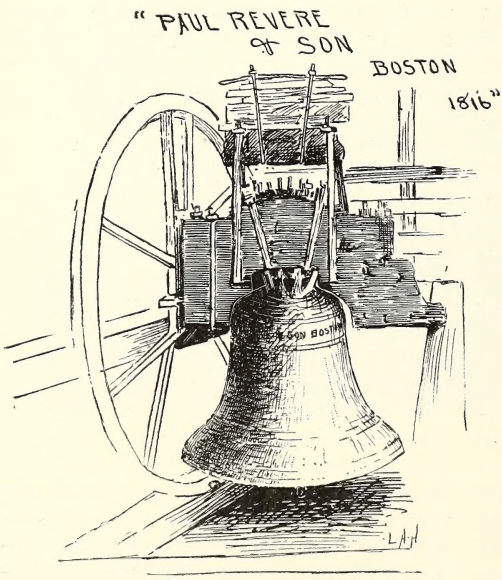
The tendency of the manufacturing of Lynn has been to concentrate about the business centre in great brick structures four and five stories in height. Since the fire, however, there has been something of a movement toward occupying less valuable land with large one and two-story buildings, of thorough mill construction, well-lighted, and ventilated by windows on all sides, and by monitor roofs.



The Old Lynn Hotel.

Such buildings seem likely to commend themselves as the shops of the future, as they are said to allow work and superintendence to be done more economically, while they certainly give better light and air for the workmen.

The business of Lynn has always been in the hands of its own residents, interested in its prosperity and improvement. No foreign corporations have held it in control. Its capital and its labor have always been for its own benefit. It has always been a weekly payment town, without the compulsion of law. Its operatives work largely on piece work, and are remarkably free in their comings and goings. Every kind and grade of shoe is made here, though the finer work of ladies' shoes forms the bulk of the city's product. The market for its manufactures is the whole United States, while foreign exports are by no means inconsiderable.

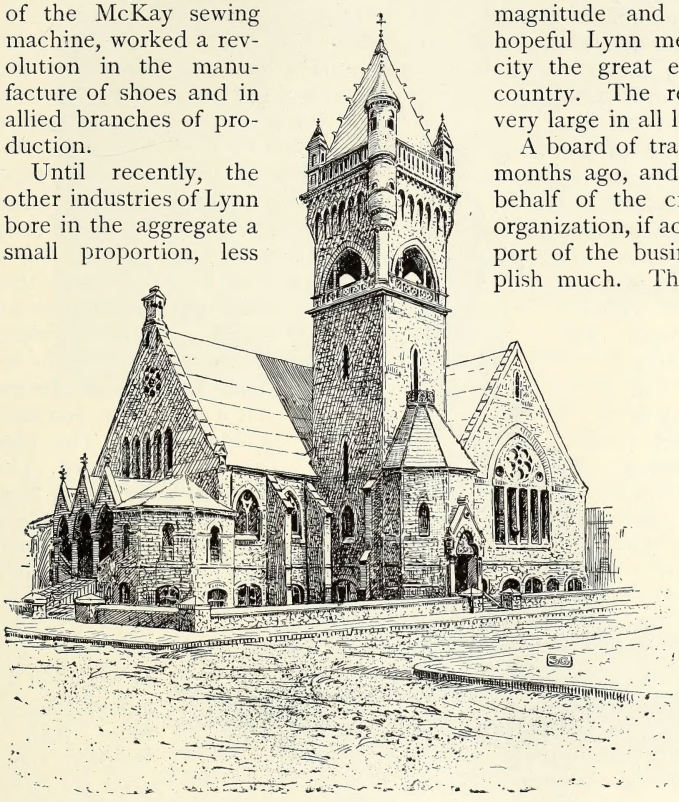


The Paul Revere Bell in the First Methodist Church.

While the manufacture of shoes has played so important a part, it naturally follows that the preparation of leather has not been overlooked. Since Francis Ingalls established his tannery, this has been one of the industries of Lynn, though since the middle of this century the morocco trade has supplanted heavy leather, until it has become the leading leather industry of the city. The leather product of Lynn amounts annually to not far from three million dollars. The great morocco workers' strike, inaugurated last summer, which extended over a period

of more than eight months, and which involved a thousand workmen, brought this industry prominently before the public. The morocco business never became really established in Lynn until after the war of 1812, and like the shoe trade it received its real impetus after 1860. The introduction of the stitching machine in 1852, and later of the McKay sewing machine, worked a revolution in the manufacture of shoes and in allied branches of production.

Until recently, the other industries of Lynn bore in the aggregate a small proportion, less than one-quarter, to the overshadowing shoe and leather business of the city. Brick and boxes are made to some extent. With the loss of Swampscott and Nahant, Lynn's ancient fishery business practically slipped away from her. In the earlier days, at different periods from 1677 to 1832, attempts at shipbuilding in a small way were made, but nothing substantial was ever accomplished. Much was expected from the venture in the latter year, when the Lynn Whaling Company was formed, but the sole result was expectation. Various other industries wese attempted at times, but they are of little interest now. The advent of the great Thomson-Houston electrical business in 1883, with its large capital, boundless enterprise, and large staff of skilled employees, has done much for Lynn, and will probably gather about it allied industries, becoming a rival of the shoe business, or its superior, in magnitude and importance. Already hopeful Lynn men dream of seeing the city the great electrical centre of the country. The retail trade of Lynn is very large in all lines.



First Universalist Church.

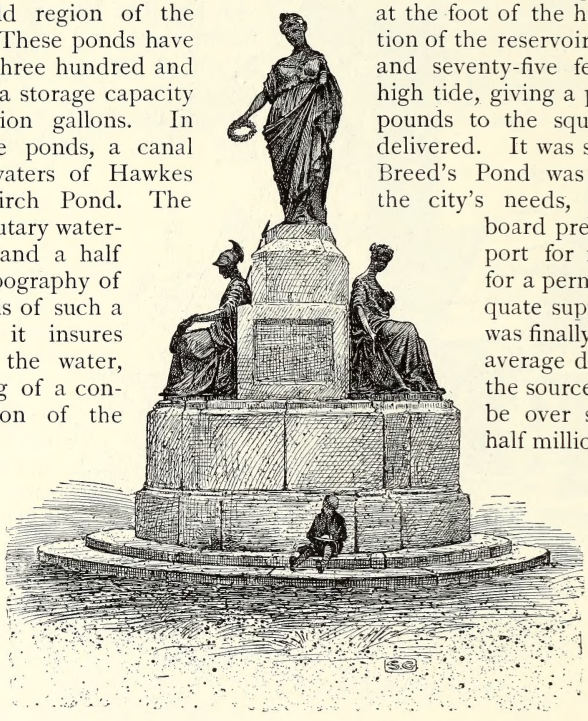
A board of trade was organized a few months ago, and is actively at work in behalf of the city, for which such an organization, if accorded the united support of the business men, may accomplish much. The banking interests of Lynn are represented by six national banks, two savings banks, and two trust companies, all solid institutions. Lynn is near Boston, and its business interests centre there so largely that much of its banking is done by the latter city.

The inherent common sense of the city has enabled it to work out, in the main, good municipal administration, although it has suffered somewhat from the taint common to American cities. The old town of Lynn comprised the territory now included in Lynnfield, which was separated in 1814; Saugus, separated in 1815; Swampscott, which was cut off in 1852; and Nahant, which took up a separate existence in 1853. The city charter was granted in 1850, the town at that time having a population of 14,257.

The city hall, an excellent building for the period, was dedicated in 1867. The "old Tunnel," so called, the historic meeting-house of the first parish, in which town-meetings were held for nearly two centuries, is now incorporated in the

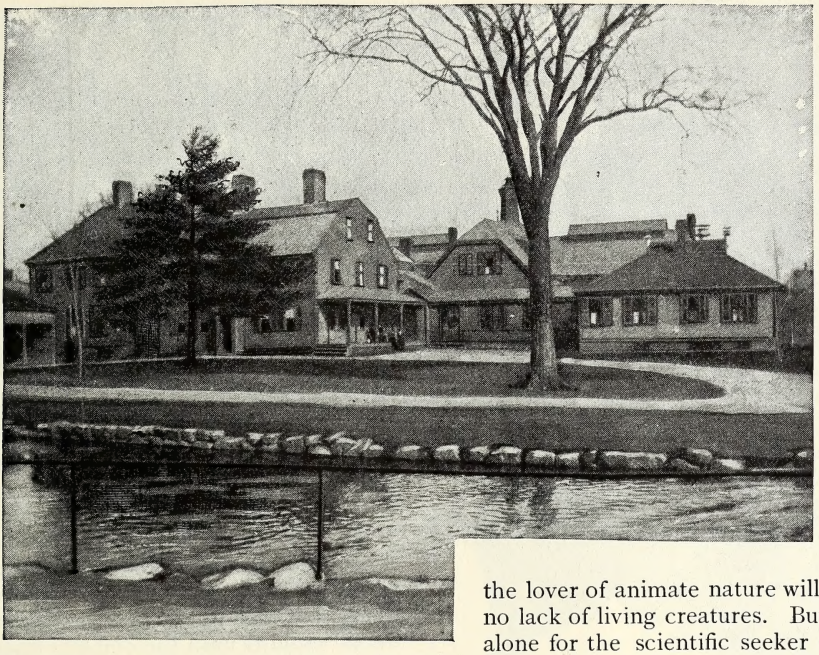
building of the Second Universalist Society. The fire department is admirably equipped, housed and organized; and the police department, enrolling fifty men and working from one central station, prides itself on having been the first in New England to adopt the police signal and patrol wagon system.

The water supply of Lynn deserves mention, as it has some unique features. It is obtained from four artificial ponds or storage reservoirs, Breed's, Birch, Walden and Glen Lewis ponds, constructed to collect the rains that fall on the wild region of the Lynn Woods. These ponds have a total area of three hundred and four acres, and a storage capacity of eleven million gallons. In addition to the ponds, a canal connects the waters of Hawkes Brook with Birch Pond. The area of the tributary watershed is seven and a half miles. The topography of the watershed is of such a character that it insures the purity of the water, while the taking of a considerable portion of the lands surrounding the storage basins for a public park guarantees its freedom from the contamination of future habitations. The construction of these artificial ponds by building dams across some apparently insignificant streams, that were dry during the summer months, was looked upon by many as impracticable; and although it was as demonstrable as any mathematical problem that, given the area of the tributary watershed, the quantity of water that could be stored for consumption for a series of years could be ascertained, it was difficult to convince many of those interested of the wisdom of constructing these basins.



Soldiers' Monument.

The introduction of a public water supply received its first consideration by the city council of 1869, and was specially urged by Mayor Walden in 1870. In that year, Breed's Pond, capable of furnishing a daily supply of one million gallons, was purchased, and the rebuilding of the dam and laying of pipes immediately commenced. To obtain the necessary head, a reservoir was constructed on Pine Hill, with a capacity of twenty million gallons, into which the water furnished to the city is pumped by the engines at the pumping station at the foot of the hill. The elevation of the reservoir is one hundred and seventy-five feet above mean high tide, giving a pressure of sixty pounds to the square inch where delivered. It was soon found that Breed's Pond was inadequate to the city's needs, and the water board presented in its report for 1872 a scheme for a permanent and adequate supply. This plan was finally accepted. The average daily supply from the sources described can be over seven and one-half million gallons, which at the present rate of consumption will be sufficient for a population of more than a hundred thousand people. Should a greater supply become necessary at any future time the city has a right to take the Saugus River, which would add to the present sources twenty million gallons daily. The citizens of Lynn should ever bear in mind that to the late Edwin Walden is due the credit of originating the system they now enjoy. As mayor of the city and chairman of the public water board, for many years, he worked earnestly for its success, and the final adoption of his views, after years of controversy, has verified their value.

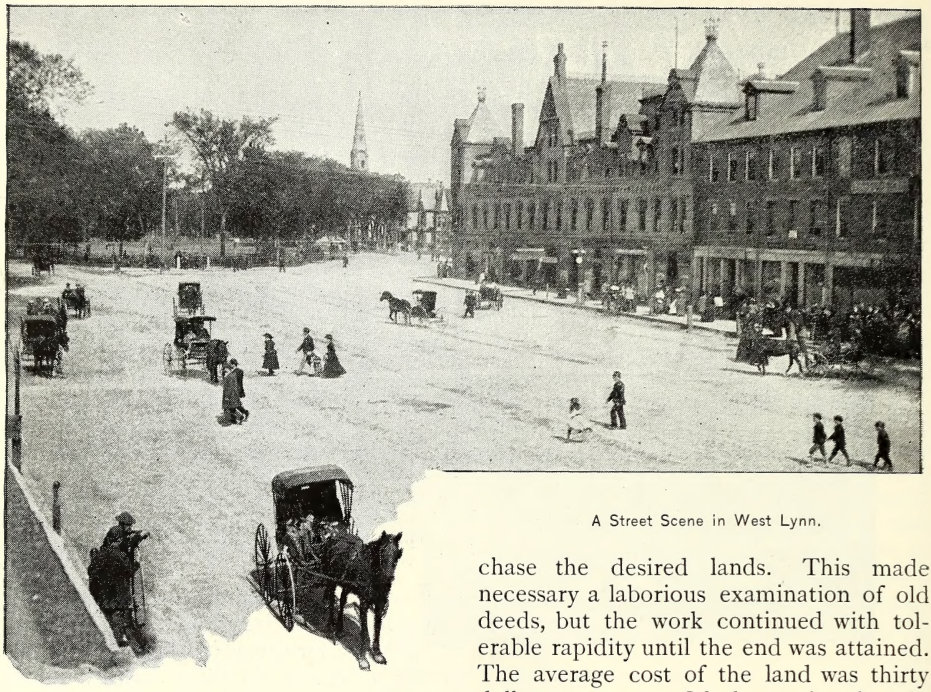


The Lynn Hospital.

Closely related to the water supply stands the pride of Lynn, the public park, a magnificent domain of rugged nature, lying almost within sound of the busy hum of the city and the eternal murmur of the sea, but hemmed in and hidden among the picturesque hills, and forever preserved, by its natural character, hardly less than by the most careful provisions man can devise, as a great conservatory of nature and a breathing place for the people of the city, as well as the source of a pure water supply.

It is this park which Dr. Hale has called, in the pages of this magazine, "the finest park in America." From some of its highest points a view of remarkable extent and yet more remarkable variety is obtainable. Here is a rich field for the geologist, in the strange, rugged formations. In the many colored porphyry of the hills, rich and beautiful reds and blues predominate, and great boulders of granite rest in strange positions among the hills. Veins of quartz, too, are common in the rock formations. The botanist can study in these woods an endless variety of flowers and plants, and the lover of animate nature will find no lack of living creatures. But not alone for the scientific seeker after nature's secrets do these haunts unfold themselves. A kind Providence, working through men of affairs, in a straightforward, energetic way, — as I have said Lynn does everything when once it has put its hand to the plough, — has vouchsafed all this to the weary toilers of the adjacent city that they may recuperate body and mind, form higher ideals by contact with the supreme dignity of nature's solitudes, and make possible better performance day by day. A noble natural park, such as the Free Public Forest of Lynn, is a distinct moral force in any community. It is not more than possible that in the proximity of this wooded domain on the one hand, and of the wide reaches of the vast tidal sea on the other, may be found some of the causes of the extraordinary vigor and independence of thought which have so strongly marked Lynn from the first?

The far-sighted public spirit with which the reservation of this territory has been secured is beyond praise. A few years ago a board of seven trustees was created to hold in trust for the people of Lynn such wild land as should be conveyed to them. This land, of limited extent, was known as the Free Public Forest. Until



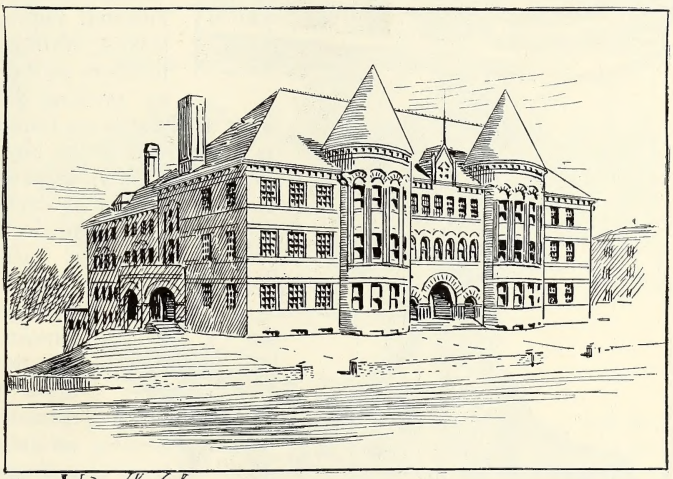
A Street Scene in West Lynn.

1706, all the woodland included in the territory of old Lynn was held in common. In that year it was divided among the householders of the town, according to their individual holdings of improved or enclosed land. This woodland included a large area of rough, rocky, but picturesquely beautiful country among the hills behind the city, land unfitted for cultivation, or residential or business use, but a natural habitat for a countless variety of wild plants and trees, as well as a natural storage place for water. Nature had endowed it with a lavishness that man could not rival. Lovers of nature had long desired to have this territory secured to public use and the requirements of the city's water supply gave a practical support to their desires. In 1888 the city accepted the state park act of 1882, with the power of condemnation thereto attached, and a park commission was created. Liberal citizens interested in the project pledged twenty thousand dollars, and the city appropriated thirty thousand dollars. With these funds available, the park commissioners proceeded to condemn and purchase the desired lands. This made necessary a laborious examination of old deeds, but the work continued with tolerable rapidity until the end was attained. The average cost of the land was thirty dollars an acre. Of the entire domain one hundred acres were city property, five hundred and fifty acres were acquired by the water board, and nine hundred and ninety-six by the park commissioners. However acquired, the dedication of the land to the people in perpetuity remains complete; and thus, after remaining in individual ownership for upwards of one hundred and eighty years, this portion of the old Lynn Commons is restored to the fifty-five thousand successors of the four hundred inhabitants of the older Lynn. A tract of six hundred acres of wild land on the watershed north of Walden Pond may be added to the park in the near future.

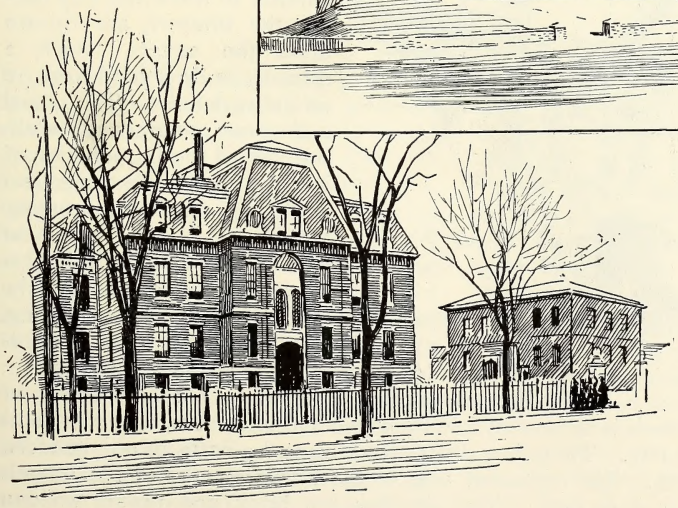
The street railway carries passengers to the edge of the park, which has received its old name of the Lynn Woods, and here the seeker after rest and quiet nature may wander along woodland paths or shadowed roadways, sometimes sweeping past ponds shining through the trees, and find so near to the haunts of men the infinite charm of the wildwood. Hill and glen and tree and boulder mingle here their primeval beauties, and form a noble heritage, not only for Lynn, but

for many other towns which lie in close proximity to the Woods. In this territory, which is equalled in extent by but one other park in the country, Fairmount, at Philadelphia, may be found nearly every tree native to New England, while the pine, oak, maple, and walnut grow in great abundance. Some of the hills approximate three hundred feet in height, and afford magnificent prospects of sea and shore. The expense of maintaining this superb park will be comparatively small, for Nature cares well for her own, and no attempt will be made to substitute for her work scenes of man's device.

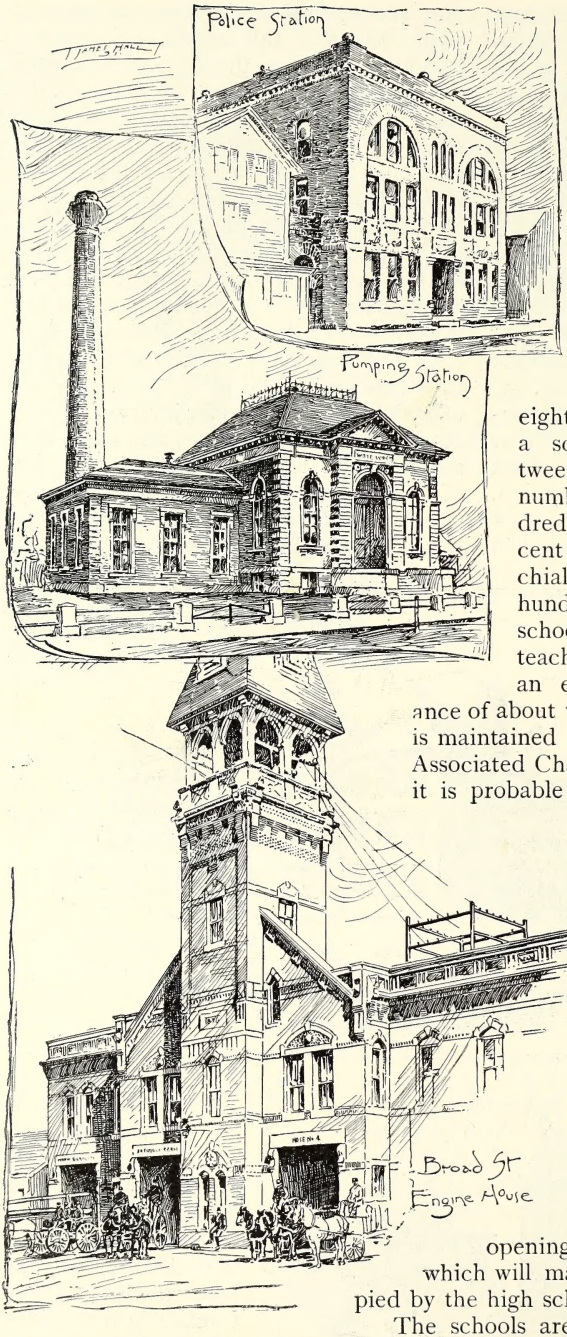
The educational record of Lynn compares most favorably with that of other cities. The public library, the best corner stone of an educational system, is admirable. The first public library of Lynn was the Social Library, organized in 1815, and chartered three years later. In 1850 the property of this association was transferred to the Natural History Society, and a few years later the consolidated libraries, numbering about two thousand volumes, with the natural history collections, passed into the control of the Library Association. In 1862 this association handed its charge over to the city, as a nucleus for a public library, and from this came the Free Public Library of Lynn, now numbering over forty thousand volumes. Guided by wise trustees and skilful librarians, and encouraged by liberal appropriations, the growth of the library to its present proportions has been as healthy as it has been rapid, and the large collection of books represents what is best in our literature. Recently, very close relations have been established between the library and the schools. Special classified lists of books for juvenile readers are given in the catalogue, and these lists are furnished to each school for the use of the pupils. Every pupil of a high or grammar school of the city can take books from the library, without restriction on account of age. The result of the encouragement thus given is said to be extensive reading by the children of the best books. Each teacher in the public schools holds six library cards, on which to obtain several books at one time for class-room use, a plan



New High School.



Cobbet School.



similar in principle to that adopted in Cambridge. The library is cramped in its present quarters in the City Hall, and a movement is on foot to secure a library building, to cost not less than one hundred thousand dollars. Such a building is one of the great public needs of Lynn at present, and should be easily secured.

The school system proper includes English and classical high schools, sixty two classes in the grammar grade, and eighty-four in the primary grades. Of a school population (children between the ages of five and fifteen) numbering eight thousand four hundred and sixty-five, ninety-six per cent are in either the public or parochial schools, the latter having several hundred pupils. There is a training school, fitting twelve pupils to be teachers in the city, and in the winter an evening school, with an attendance of about three hundred. A cooking school is maintained in the city by co-operation of the Associated Charities and the school board, and it is probable that arrangements will soon be made for the maintenance of a vacation school, for the benefit of those children who, through the inability of their parents to leave the city during the summer, are thrown upon the streets. Such a school can do a good work in an industrial city. The school authorities are gradually working toward the introduction of kindergartens. Drawing and modelling are now thoroughly taught, and the establishment of a manual training school is being considered, awaiting the opening of the new high school building, which will make the building at present occupied by the high school available for the purpose.

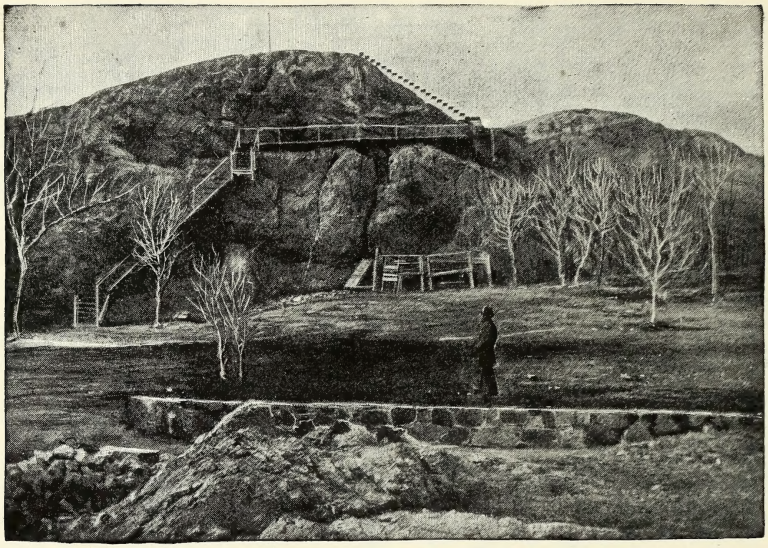
The schools are directed by a school board of twenty-one members, which is at present free from political influences, and represents the best thought of the city. There is a superintendent, and a corps of one hundred and seventy-five teachers. The estimated cost of the administration of the schools for the present year is $169,000. The city has ten brick and twenty wooden schoolhouses, besides several rented rooms in new districts. These buildings are all



Some Lynn Residences.

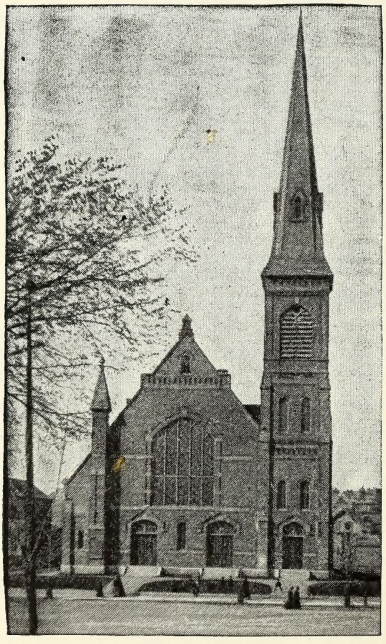
in good condition, maintained thus by a salaried school mechanic who gives his whole time to their care. In the matter of sanitation, Lynn leads New England. It has had an able sanitary committee, instituted in 1885, which has achieved the best of results. The high schools will soon occupy a fine edifice of brick and brownstone, now in process of erection, and to cost over three hundred thousand dollars.

The rapid growth of Lynn gives rise continually to new problems in adapting the school system to changing conditions and to the needs of the average pupil, to whom the common school is all, and therefore all-important. These problems are generally met by the school board and superintendent with promptness and wisdom. During the past winter there was a large influx of Armenians, who came to Lynn to work in the morocco factories. A class in the evening school was provided for these people, as there had already been provided a class for Swedes. Both these classes have been very successful, showing one way in which school authorities may contribute to the solution of problems created by the coming into our large cities of great bodies of working men, as alien in thought as in birth. In addition to general subjects taught in the evening school, instruction is given as it is in the English High School, in stenography and typewriting, the class in the latter school numbering thirty-six. In



High Rock (in the centre of the city).

connection with the High Schools, the city maintains, under the supervision of the school board, the largest military



First Methodist Church.

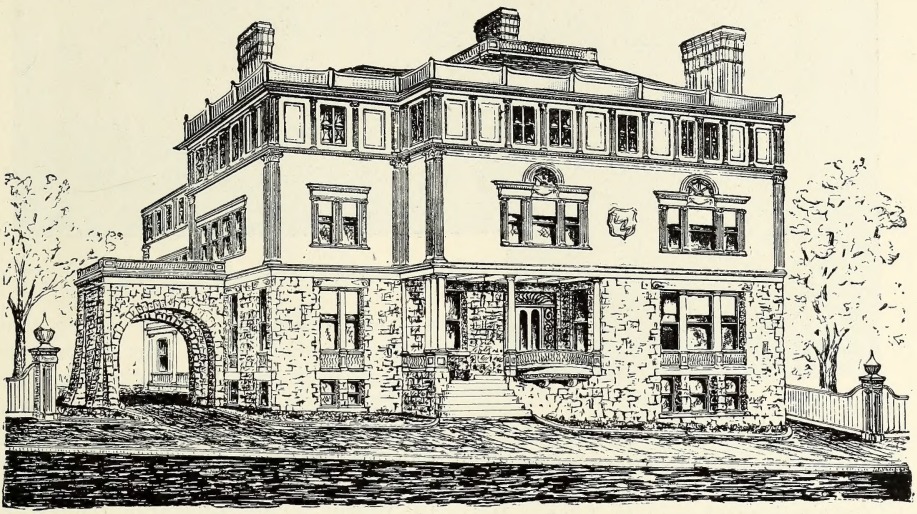
school battalion of any city in the state outside of Boston; and a systematic course of solid physical training, not mere calisthenics, is to be introduced soon. Elementary science is gradually being taught in the lower schools, though as yet this is done more through the personal efforts of the teachers than as a part of the prescribed course. The pupils of the Lynn schools are taught to think, to inquire, to investigate, and thus go out of the schools ready to continue their educational course through life.

Society in Lynn, in the common acceptation of that term, is comparatively new, having arisen with the rising prosperity of the city, and the coincident desire for better things than mere material wealth. It seems but just to attribute to the Woman's Club, with its large membership of thoughtful, cultivated women, much of the stimulus which has made the best social life of Lynn what it is. This club has attained, in its ten or twelve years of wholesome work, a rank second to no organization of the kind in a city of this size. To the club is due much that the women of Lynn have accomplished in connection with the schools of the city, in classes for mental improvement, and in organizing and advancing charities and various public work.

Of the numerous social clubs for men,

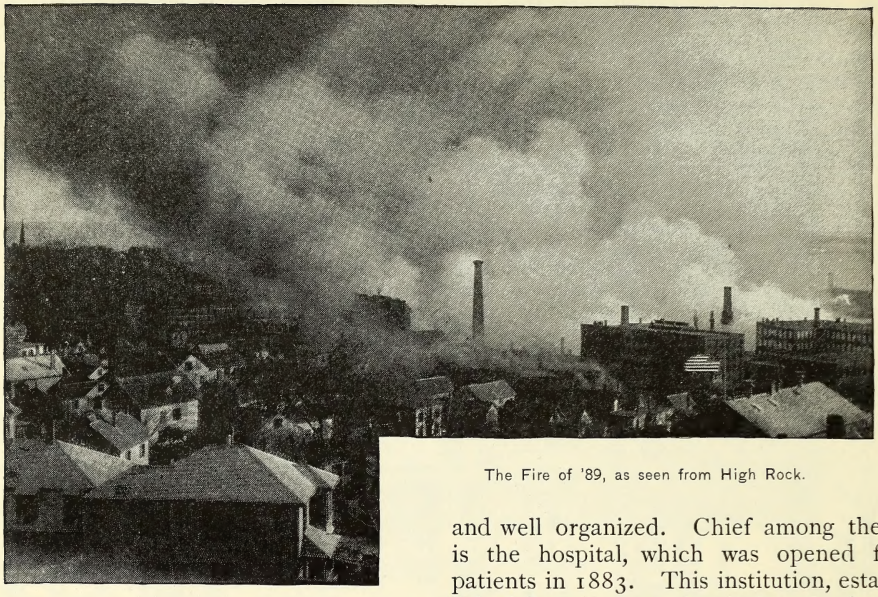
the Park and the Oxford are the most notable. The Park is the older organization, is made up of men of affairs, and by virtue of the character of its membership carries much weight in city matters. It occupies comfortable club rooms in City Hall Square.

that a great and prosperous social body could be, but has been much more. Under its leadership and management were inaugurated the Charity Balls which greatly improved and enlivened the social life of the whole city. From these balls, and from a charity bazar held in its



The New Quarters of the Oxford Club. — From the Architect's Sketch.

The Oxford Club certainly holds a foremost place among the organizations of the city. In the size and prominence of its membership, and in the vigor and progressiveness of its present life, it is a club of which any city might be proud. Organized in 1881, its rapid growth has been phenomenal. With a modest beginning of twenty or thirty members, these first ten years of its history have brought the club to a membership of nearly four hundred. A large portion of the strongest men of the city appear on its roll of members, which also includes many of the younger business and professional men. The achievements of the club have kept pace with its marvellous growth. In its social aspects it has contributed in full measure to the comfort and pleasure of its members. Its extensive and comfortable rooms, which were destroyed by the great fire, were the centre of many of the best entertainments, lectures, and musicales of recent years. The club has not only been all own rooms, the club has realized and paid out to the charitable organizations of the city over thirteen thousand dollars. At the time of the Marblehead fire it was the call of this club which brought the citizens of Lynn together to consider the needs and sufferings of its neighbors. These are only illustrations of the prominent part which the Oxford Club has taken in the recent years of the city's life. It is now busily and enthusiastically engaged in building a home for itself. It has purchased a valuable piece of land in Washington Square, on which its new clubhouse is to stand in the near future. This will be a handsome and commodious building of colonial architecture, with all the usual conveniences of the modern clubhouse, besides bowling alleys, a spacious hall, and a suite of apartments connected therewith, which may be reached by a separate entrance, and used by members or their families who wish to give private receptions or entertainments. The present growth of the club leads to

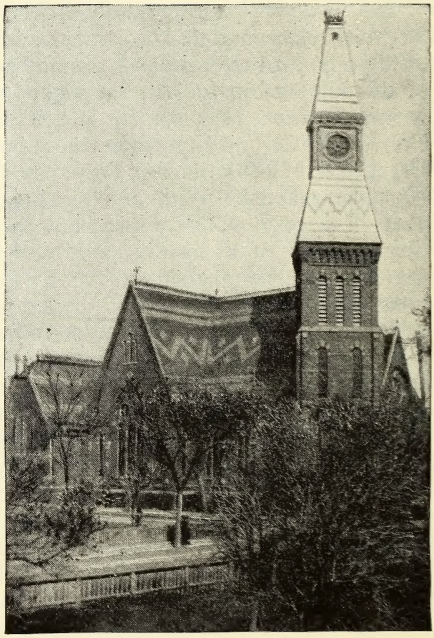


The Fire of '89, as seen from High Rock.

a belief that it has a great future before it. It has added to its roll fifty new members since October, 1890.

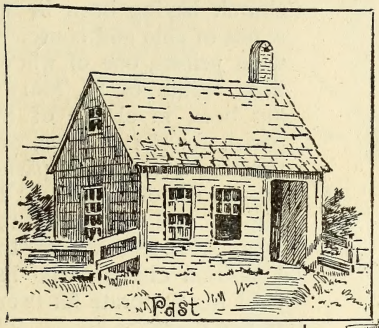
Organizations abound in Lynn. It is hard to find any field of human activity, for amusement, mutual help or business, that is not touched by some club, association, lodge, or union. A riding club, recently organized, owns a spacious riding hall, and is doing much to popularize one of the noblest and most healthful of sports. A camera club, with a hundred and fifty members, may fairly claim distinction for the work done by its members. Its house has been recently fitted with all the conveniences for photographic work and exhibitions. The Lynn Yacht Club is a prosperous and active organization, with a commodious club house on the harbor. Secret societies flourish with the luxuriance of vegetation in the tropics. There are said to be more organizations of this class in Lynn than in any other city of equal size in the United States. There are sixty purely fraternal bodies, and half as many more embodying insurance features. The Odd Fellows, with twelve organizations, the Masons, Knights of Pythias, and Red Men are particularly strong.

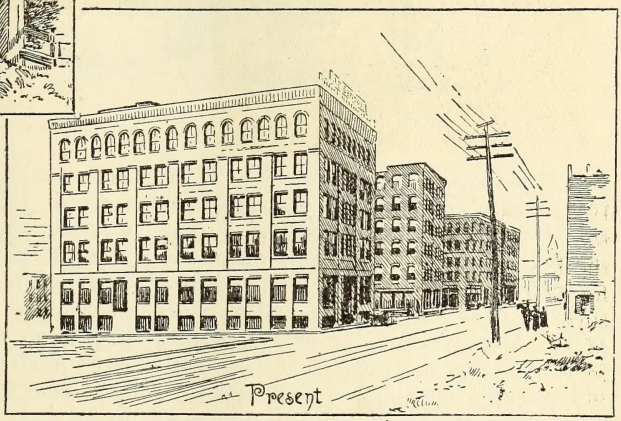
The charities of Lynn are extensive and well organized. Chief among them is the hospital, which was opened for patients in 1883. This institution, established by popular subscription, is doing an admirable work. It occupies a group of comfortable buildings in a quiet part of the city. The hospital fund amounts to nearly ninety thousand dollars, of which something less than thirty thou-

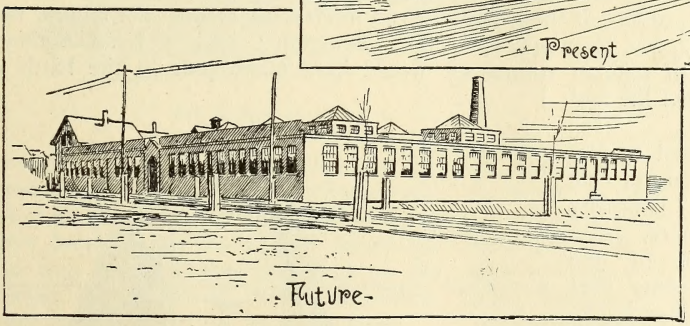


Washington St. Baptist Church.

sand has been invested in buildings and furnishings. The annual cost of maintenance is about ten thousand dollars, of which two thirds is raised by voluntary subscription. The churches, the organizations, the workingmen of the city, all contribute liberally, making the hospital a popular institution in the fullest sense. The Lynn Associated Charities is well organized and does a useful work. There is a home for aged women, and an inebriates' home, both filling well their place in the charitable work of the city.





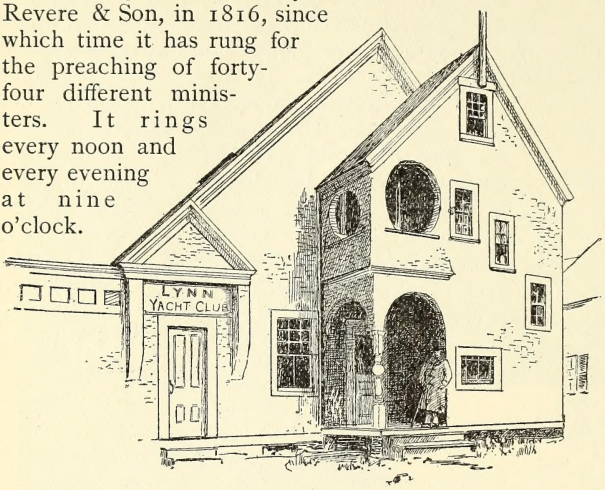


The Lynn Shoe Industry.

Although it is said that church growth has hardly kept pace with the growth of the city in the last twenty-five years, Lynn compares favorably with other manufacturing cities of its size in the number of its religious societies, their membership and their activity. The Methodist denomination leads in numbers, having eight or nine churches, one being African. The Baptists have six churches; the Trinitarian Congregationalists, four; the Roman Catholics three, one being French; the Universalists and Episcopalians, two each; and the Unitarians, Friends, Christians, Swedenborgians and Second Adventists, one each. Some of the church edifices, notably the beautiful St. Stephen's and the First Universalist church, both of which are built of the native porphyritic stone found in the hills behind Lynn, are stately and effective buildings. St. Stephen's has been called by foreign visitors the most beautiful piece of distinctively church architecture in the United States. The church, erected at a cost of a quarter of a million of dollars, was the gift of the Hon. E. Redington Mudge, as a memorial to his son and daughter; and strangely enough the funeral of the giver was the first service held in the completed building. The First Congregational society is a historic body, having been gathered in 1632. It is believed to be the oldest society of the Trinitarian Congregational body in America. It was the fifth society to be formed in the Bay Colony, and is one of but three or four of the old churches which have maintained their loyalty to the old Puritan faith. The First Universalist society is one of the largest in the city, and one of

the leading bodies of that faith in the United States.

In the tower of the First Methodist church hangs a bell cast by Paul Revere & Son, in 1816, since which time it has rung for the preaching of forty-four different ministers. It rings every noon and every evening at nine o'clock.

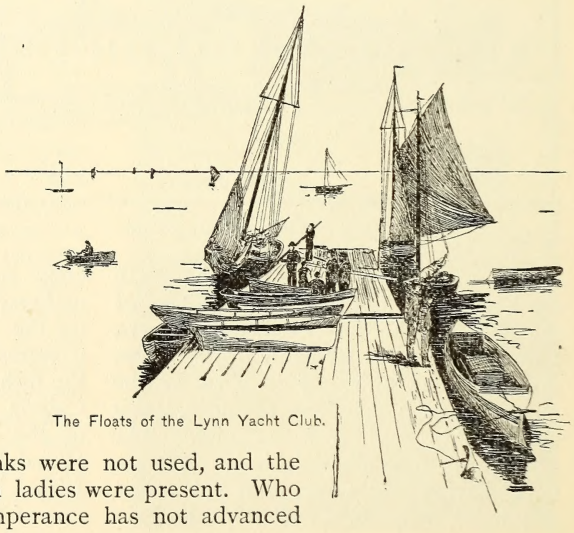


Yacht Club House.

It has welcomed three presidents, Munroe, Jackson and Polk, to Lynn, as well as the Hungarian patriot, Kossuth. It rang for twelve hours continuously when Lee surrendered, and it tolled for the deaths of John Brown, of Lincoln, and of Sherman. Thus, through the stirring scenes of the century, this product of the gallant old patriot's foundry has been appropriately associated with notable events in the drama of national life and of freedom.

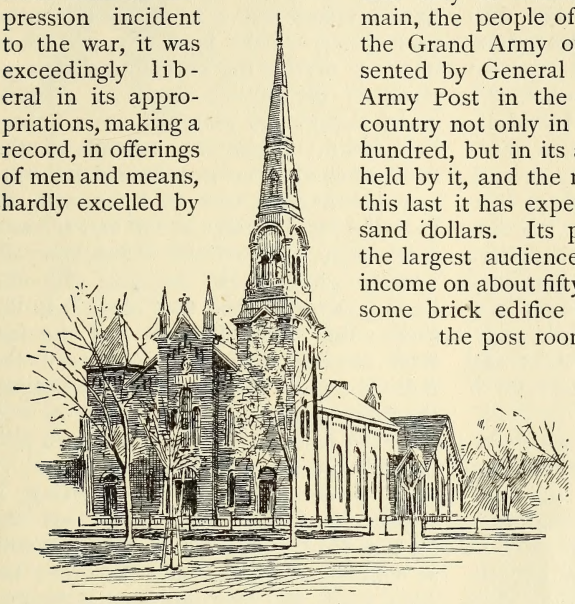
An incident related by Mr. David N. Johnson in his "Sketches of Lynn," is worthy of reproduction here, as a striking illustration of the change that has come over our New England church life. The venerable Dr. Pierce of Brookline, who was present at the ordination of the fifth pastor of the Second Congregational (Unitarian) church, remarked on that occasion (1843) that it was the ninety-fourth ordination he had attended, and that it was the first at which intoxicating drinks were not used, and the first ordination dinner at which ladies were present. Who shall say that the cause of temperance has not advanced since the early half of this century? This Unitarian church, organized in 1822 by dissenters from Trinitarian Congregationalism, has always maintained a high standing from the character and ability of its people and its pastors. The Roman Catholics have been well represented in Lynn, the work of their church having been in the hands of able and conscientious priests, one of whom, Mgr. Strain of St. Mary's, has been in charge of his parish for forty years, antedating every other pastor now in the city, the next to him in seniority being the Rev. S. B. Stewart of the Unitarian church, who has held his pastorate for twenty-five years.

In nothing is the sturdy Americanism of Lynn more apparent than in its intense loyalty. In every patriotic contest of the nation, from the War for Independence to the last great civil strife, its men have done their part. The old town was represented in all the early colonial wars. Several Lynn men were among the minute men at Lexington; and a Lynn regiment would have taken part in the battle of



The Floats of the Lynn Yacht Club.

Bunker Hill but for the remissness of its colonel, whose conduct aroused the bitter indignation of his patriotic townspeople, and who was afterwards court-martialed. Out of its small population, less than three thousand, Lynn gave to the patriot army two colonels, three captains, five lieutenants, and one hundred and seventy-one privates and non-commissioned officers; and although suffering severely from financial depression incident to the war, it was exceedingly liberal in its appropriations, making a record, in offerings of men and means, hardly excelled by any town in the colonies. In 1813, the historic naval duel of the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* was fought off Lynn, and watched with deep anxiety from High Rock and the tops of the higher buildings by the people of the town. A few volunteers went from Lynn to the Mexican war.



First Congregational Church.

The suppression of the rebellion of 1861 aroused all the ardent patriotism of a town that had been from the first one of the arenas of the anti-slavery debate and which had firmly upheld the cause of freedom. Five hours after the president's first call for volunteers, Lynn had two full companies ready for the field, and every requisition for men was met with equal cheerfulness and promptness. At the close of the war Lynn had furnished 3,274 men, or 230 more than her quota. A stately soldiers' monument in City Hall Square commemorates the honorable record of the many among these soldiers of Lynn who died for the cause. This monument, erected in 1873 at a cost of over thirty thousand dollars, is of classic allegorical design, the figures of bronze being cast in Munich, from designs by the late John A. Jackson.

Now that the fratricidal conflict is over and only its lessons and its sacred memories remain, the people of Lynn hold in love and respect the Grand Army of the Republic, which is represented by General Lander Post, the largest Grand Army Post in the country. This post leads the country not only in its membership of nearly eleven hundred, but in its activity, the amount of property held by it, and the magnitude of its relief work. In this last it has expended nearly one hundred thousand dollars. Its property includes the Coliseum, the largest audience hall in the city, which pays an income on about fifty thousand dollars, and the handsome brick edifice on Andrew Street in which is the post room, with large and pleasant reading and amusement rooms and library, open from morning till night, as well as a commodious dining hall and kitchen, affording the members a pleasant social club. The building, which is valued at nearly forty thousand dollars, is the resort daily of numbers of the old veterans, who find their organization a source of pleasure and a staff to lean upon, as well as an honored name.

Lynn is a reading city. Quietly going their daily round of duty are many men who are unusually well-informed in science, history, or literature. They have cultivated thought by careful study, and a love of nature in the quiet haunts of the Lynn Woods and along the rocks of Nahant. This is one of the best suburban markets for the Boston papers, and extends a liberal patronage to its own excellent newspapers. At present two dailies are published here. The *Item* is a large eight-page two-cent evening journal, possessing one of the best equipments in New England. The *Press* is a bright one-cent evening paper, recently established. The newspaper his-

tory of the city began in 1825 with the *Mirror*, published by an original genius, Charles Frederick Lummus, who discontinued his enterprise in 1832, owing to lack of support. The history and traditions of Lynn have been preserved in several volumes by painstaking historians whom the city has been fortunate in possessing, beginning with Alonzo Lewis, whose life extended over some years of the last century and the first sixty of the present. His successor, who has diligently supplemented his work by preserving the annals of Lynn to the present date, is the Hon. James R. Newhall, still enjoying a hale old age. Mr. David N. Johnson, a graduate of the old time shoemaker's bench, is also constantly at work preserving old traditions in a most conscientious manner. It would be interesting to recall what these Lynn writers have recorded of Moll Pitcher, the long-time noted prophetess, who never allowed herself to prophesy save on a "sure thing," of the weird legends of Pirates' Glen and Dungeon Rock, and many other tales of old, both fact and fancy.

Such is this energetic city, which recovered so bravely from its terrible November conflagration that the assessors' returns the following May showed a handsome increase in valuation, the value of new buildings erected in the year exceeding the value of those destroyed, while since May the real estate improvements in the burned district alone have footed up nearly a million dollars. The population of the city has increased from 38,274 in 1880, to 55,727 in 1890.

Ocean Street, lying along the water front, in full view of the graceful sweep of Lynn Beach is one of the most charming residence streets to be found anywhere near Boston, though by no means the only one in the city to which Lynn people may point with pride. The number of pleasant streets of neat, thrifty, or elegant homes in all parts of the city naturally prompts the visitor to say, with a noted English divine, who, some years ago, looked down upon the city from High Rock, "But where do your poor people live?" Happy Lynn, that could call forth such a query. It is a city absolutely without slums. Poorer quarters it has, but slums as they are found in nearly all cities of its size Lynn has not.

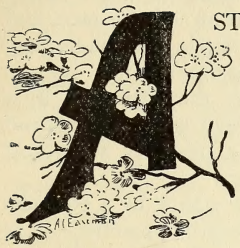
High Rock is a remarkable crag, rising to a height of one hundred and eighty feet in the heart of the city, the abrupt terminus of a spur of the hills that form Lynn's inland wall. At its foot lies the busiest part of the busy city, and close under it nestles the Hutchinson cottage, home of the famous family of singers, whose name a few years ago was a household word. From the summit of the rock, reached by an iron-framed stairway, a comprehensive view of Lynn, with its beautiful surroundings of hill and sea and shore, may be obtained — Swampscott's wooded promontory; Nahant, with the slender chain of sand that binds it to the shore; the Point of Pines and the low tidal marshes, across which creep the railroads, while through them the Saugus, the pretty Indian Abousett, finds its way from the hills to the sea; the rugged hills behind, and the city all around.

It is not surprising that driving is popular in Lynn. Near home are the Nahant road, the beach hard and smooth as concrete when the tide flows out, the wood roads, the Downing road to Saugus, beautiful in summer, and almost more beautiful in winter when the ice storm has dressed it, as well as the longer drives enjoyed by the residents of Lynn in common with all the people of the North Shore.

Lynn has attained its prosperity through no advantages of location. Its harbor is not available for a heavy commerce. It is not a railroad centre. It is on no natural water-power. It is simply an example of what New England energy and brains can accomplish on New England soil. As such there is no better illustration of the fact that New Englanders need not go West to find their kingdom.

A SOUTHERN STUDY.

By Lillie B. Chace Wyman.



A STRANGER visiting certain portions of the southern states is likely to notice many peculiarities which probably escape the attention of most residents. He may not always understand correctly the significance and relative value of all the phenomena he perceives, but he brings, ordinarily, a mind so differently trained from that of the native inhabitants, white and black, that he can scarcely fail to see some things better than they can possibly see them. Communities, like individuals, often need to be interpreted to themselves and to the outside world. It is in this belief, I venture to present this study, not claiming that it embodies the whole truth as to the subjects of which it treats. I do claim, however, that it is full of truth, and that it has been written according to the spirit in which Othello wished his story to be told, — with a purpose to extenuate nothing, "nor set down aught in malice."

To attain my object of simple faithfulness, I have thought it best to describe the conditions existing in a single district in the far South, and to accompany this description by references to other localities and by such comments as seem likely to make clear the impressions made on my mind by the habits and institutions, and by the personal characteristics of the inhabitants. For obvious reasons I do not think it wise to name this district; I shall endeavor to disguise its identity so far as is consistent with the essential accuracy of my report, since the sensitiveness of the southern people as to what northern people say about them is great, and contrasts strongly with the indifference of the northern public to the tone in which their actions and opinions are constantly commented upon by southern newspapers.

The town of Y —— is situated in a county where the pine woods which stretch around on every side, if not the "forest primeval," are still sufficiently ancient and extended to impress the traveller's imagination. They are traversed by roads, and their solitudes are broken by occasional farms. The agricultural habits are primitive. It is customary to leave roots in the stoneless ground and tall stumps and tree trunks standing in the cotton fields. There are more blacks and people of mixed blood than pure whites in the county. No battles were fought there during the Civil War, and the United States troops were first seen when they came as victors. The slaves received their liberty after the event which they still call the "s'renduh," in that memorable month of May, 1865, when on various days the Union soldiers in the interior portions of the South proclaimed at once the tidings of victory and of freedom. The negroes date all things as having happened either before or after "s'renduh."

They are very ready to talk of that period. A vivid recollection remains with me of a sunny December afternoon in that pine-covered land. The sky was like the heaven of Italy, and I lingered in front of a little hut, to listen to the chatter of an old man and woman. He told about his young wife who had been sold away from him several years before the "s'renduh." When he learned that he was free, he started at once and walked all night to the town where he had heard his wife was, and found her. "We looked at each other, en looked, en looked," he said, "en we didn' know what tuh say, we was dat jahfle."

The negroes do not know much of other dates, and some of them seem too ignorant to compute the passage of time with any accuracy, even as it relates to the occurrences in their own lives. On this occasion the old negress had her tale also to tell, and her bleared eyes

grew misty as she tried to recall a time when she was a girl, and had heard that the slaves were to be freed. She could not remember particulars very distinctly, and the man suggested that it might have been in "Linkurn's time." No, she said it was before then, and there was something about it different from that epoch, for it was a "votin' time, not a fightin' time." As I listened I began to realize the dumb way in which these ignorant creatures had probably pondered during all their lives on every hint that reached them of a possible deliverance from their bondage. All the negroes whom I have questioned on the point say that they knew during the war that their freedom was an issue at stake. Those who could read got hold of the papers, and those who waited on their owners heard scraps of talk, and every bit of knowledge acquired in these ways was communicated to the others in the slave quarters.

After the war closed, many of the colored people in this county, as in other parts of the South, tried to get land for themselves. Some failed, probably through incapacity. Some still maintain that in their ignorance they were cheated. The custom prevails to this day of making payments by instalments and in cotton. "Truck" wages are not wholly unknown, and wages when paid in money are low. An adult male farm hand gets not more than fifty or sixty cents a day, and some food, and the same sum represents the wages for work on the railroads. Boys and women receive less for outdoor labor. Naturally, the country negroes seldom have ready money when they wish to purchase land. If they borrow, they are obliged to pay large rates of interest. If they undertake to pay for their farms out of their crops, years of effort await them, with failure frequently at the end. They knew in the beginning so little of legal forms and of the mysteries lurking in written documents, that they were necessarily easy victims to fraud. Hard as has been the lot of the Russian peasantry, it contrasts favorably in some respects with that of the negroes in the United States. The Russians when emancipated were secured certain rights and privileges in the soil, but these American peasants were set adrift among a population inimical to their advancement, and were not allowed one inch of ground on which to stand while they began to work. They have been accounted an inferior race, and yet, undowered by a single advantage, they have made such progress that in one single southern state they are said by a prominent white native to have acquired in twenty-five years, property valued at twenty million dollars.

I remember being struck by a comparison made by a negro preacher. He insisted that it was as hard to make certain of a place in the kingdom of heaven as to get a sure title to land on earth. He used this illustration as if he were quite confident that his hearers would fully appreciate its force. It seemed to me that in these words he hinted of a great deal of disappointment in humble hearts, and of the ruin of many humble hopes.

The chain gang is a permanent institution in the town of Y——. White culprits are legally liable to service on the gang, and report says that one was sentenced to it some years ago, but I have never seen a white face among these chained laborers. One or two white keepers always accompany the band, and one of these is armed with a gun. It seems impossible that such a sight, continually before the eyes of growing youth, should not be a lesson in the cheapness of human and especially of negro life; and the southern people do not appear at present to need that sort of instruction. The outdoor work performed by the convicts must in some respects be better for them, physically and morally, than indoor imprisonment; but this daily exhibition of them upon the streets in fetters is a degradation which can hardly fail to reduce them to the rank of permanent criminals. There are no reformatories for boys in the state, and I have seen little lads, twelve to sixteen years old, dragging their ankle chains along beside their adult comrades in public disgrace.

On Saturdays, the black peasantry pour into the town. Some come from such a distance that they have to start on Friday

and camp by the roadsides all night to make sure of an early arrival next day at the end of their journey. The street life of Y—— becomes on these occasions nearly as unique as that of Naples. The whites abandon, by general consent, an entire sidewalk on the principal thoroughfare to the darker pedestrians, but the dusky stream of humanity overflows its boundary and penetrates all localities. The negroes cluster in groups, and it is easy to catch fragments of their conversation. The talk of the men frequently turns on bargains and other business matters. The women greet each other with hearty cordiality. Queer sunbonnets and ragged hats abound, chickens and small game are offered for sale.

A not unhealthy tendency to rude flirtation is often apparent, when some boy approaches a group of girls. At noon time, men and women lean freely against the walls of buildings and eat their luncheons with unabashed frankness and in a manner suggestive of primitive customs as to the use of fingers and teeth. Once I was walking behind a couple and saw that the woman was about to help herself to some bit of food, which I fancied belonged to the man, for he cried out earnestly, "*Bre'k* off a piece." I heard no more, but was left a prey to the wonder whether he really had such fine feelings as to object to her biting instead of breaking a piece, or whether he had some other motive for his entreaty.

The circus attracts crowds of the rustic negroes to the town. They come driving in. Sometimes, the children are asleep under quilts in the wagons, long after the ox or mule belonging to each has been unharnessed, and when each dusky little mortal awakes, he makes a small volcano in the cart, as he upheaves his coverings, and thrusts forth his limbs and his round woolly head. Occasionally, chairs are placed in the wagon and the women sit there behind the driver as they enter the town. At other times they all squat comfortably on the boards or sticks which extend between the wheels, the legs of some dangling below, or otherwise disposed of at the best convenience of their owners. The chairs they bring frequently have the seats made of skins, tied to the frames with leather thongs. The harnesses for mules and oxen are mostly made of cords, and the oxen are driven by strings passed around their horns. Collars for both horses and mules are sometimes woven of braided corn shucks and are of home manufacture.

Many of the peasant negroes who flock into town on circus days are too poor to pay the entrance fee to the tents. Their joy is found in watching the procession of the sorry little shows through the streets, and in mingling with the crowd outside the canvas walls. By such association they share the general excitement, and doubtless feel that they are seeing life in its larger aspects. The thrifty ones bring wood with them, hoping to sell it during the day, and either pay for their pleasures or return home richer than they came.

One negro woman of the plantation type I once saw standing near the tent on circus day, accompanied by two very stupid-looking little girls. I asked if they were going in to the exhibition, but could get no response from the children, so at last the old negress answered, "No, they c'u'dn't." They had come in from the country, she said, seven miles, walking beside their ox cart, which was loaded with wood. If they sold their wood, they could ride home at night in the empty wagon. She grinned cheerfully, and willingly accepted tickets of admission for the children, but declared she did not want one herself. Her scruple as to taking a ticket was so unexpected, and it masked itself so politely as indifference, that it deceived me, and not until it was too late did I realize that she had been more sensitive to the delicacy of the situation than I, for of course she had really wanted to see the wonderful sights behind those woven portals.

As night draws on, after one of these holidays, the country folk turn their faces away from the town, and seek their little cabins in the solitary depths of the outlying pine forests. The city negroes still linger at the corners, while darkness settles on their narrow world, and if it is very cold they light a fire in the middle of the street and cluster around it. The

"fat wood" or "larder" burns brightly, and throws strange gleams upon their faces and figures. Sometimes a negro uses a lighted brand of this wood for a torch, and goes with it along the otherwise dark streets, himself the centre of a flaring, moving yellow glow.

Many of the colored people are apathetic in their ways, but sometimes they have a striking manner. I have seen two negro men railing sarcastically at each other on the street with a mocking courtesy of bows and gestures that was inimitable, and occasionally I have observed attitudes and movements so free and dramatic that they would have been fit to represent heroic passions on the stage.

The speech of the negroes in this part of the South, at its best, is an exaggeration of the peculiarities of accent and pronunciation observable among the whites. From this point it degenerates into a sort of dialect, in which the tendency to sound *th* like *d* and *v* like *b* is confirmed; *ing* is rendered simply as *n* after some vowels, and after consonants is occasionally turned into *un* or *en*, and a general habit prevails of reducing words to monosyllables. The fact seems to be that the moving about of negroes by sale in slavery, and their voluntary migrations since they were free, together with widely different experiences as to association with more or less educated white persons, have caused their speech to become so modified that its manner in any given case is largely a question of individual fortunes, and not merely one of local dialect. They speak by ear, and not by rule or according to confirmed customs. I have, for instance, heard "gwine" used in a neighborhood where "go'n'" is the habitual contraction made of *going* by both whites and blacks. Negro voices are generally softer than those of the white people, and they have a persuasive tone.

The white people have had a library in Y—— for several years, supported and patronized by a library association. No colored people are members, and the understanding is that they would not be allowed to become such, and to take out books, because, as the librarian said, when questioned on the subject, "the southern people do not believe in 'social equality.'"

There is an opera house in the town, and at ordinary entertainments the negroes are permitted to sit in one portion of the gallery. When the foremost colored man in the country came to lecture in the place, there was much discussion how to arrange the audience, which it was expected would be a mixed one. I do not know whether the mind of the white manager was enlightened to perceive the incongruity there would be in permitting a colored man to stand on the platform while his hearers of kindred blood were confined to half the gallery, or whether motives solely of a business nature were operative, but it was finally decided that the floor of the house must be opened to the colored people. Society was guarded from the peril of such a step by excluding the whites from the floor and sending them up into the gallery to sit on narrow wooden benches. From this place of hardship they could overlook the lower room, which was not filled, and behold the empty cushioned seats, where they might have rested comfortably but for the social spectre that has power to affright the American imagination.

My acquaintance with the negroes was not of a kind to lead them to unfold to me their superstitious ideas very freely, yet I easily discovered traces of a belief in ghosts and witchcraft. Servant girls will tell the Br 'er Rabbit stories, usually imparting less vigor to their narratives than is to be found in the selected versions which have been published, and sometimes the dusky story-tellers will add a tale about cats and pots of blood, quite suggestive of uncanny practices in magic. One girl once told me the story of Red Riding Hood, with some variations, being apparently entirely unconscious that this legend had a different genesis from the Br 'er Rabbit myth. A mulatto gave as a reason for believing in ghosts, the statement that he had seen them, and he shuddered perceptibly in my presence at a mysterious sound, with a muttered explanation of his terror, which did not refer the noise to any human agency. Negroes generally declare that the blue

jays disappear from sight on Friday. I was never able to persuade one to tell me what became of the birds, but their reticence on the subject inclined me to think they believed, as writers say they do, that the birds visit hell on that day. One man said thoughtfully, that he had never taken particular notice on Friday, so he could not be sure blue jays were never visible then, but he did feel certain that these birds were seldom to be seen the latter part of the week. There were always more of them about, he said, on Monday and Tuesday than on other days. Finally, I interrogated a small black girl, who rejoiced in the name of Hosanna Sylvester Ella Baxter Bush. To my surprise, she looked up from the log where she sat busy with some crochet work, and calmly said, "Yes, I'se seen blue jays on Friday." — "Why, how did it happen?" I asked. — "I've heard," she replied, "folks say da' wan' none roun' dat day, so I looked, an' saw 'em."

Overcome with admiration for this young person's investigating spirit, I went on talking with her, and discovered that she thought heaven to be a place where people would do better things than they did on earth, where they would be "safe"; and I also learned that if she could do what she most liked to do on earth, she would not go to dances, she would spend most of her time at church, for among all mundane pleasures that which she most loved was "Tuh yeah de word of Gawd."

The log cabin of a very primitive class is to be found in the country and in the suburbs of southern towns. In the regions with which the writer is most familiar, a dwelling containing one room, with an outside chimney at one gable end, is called a "single pen house." If there are two rooms, and a chimney between them piercing the roof, the building is called a "double pen house." These names arose from the resemblance borne by the log structures while in process of erection, to cattle pens. Many of the cabins have no glass in the windows, which are closed by rude shutters. In the country towns the frame houses occupied by the negroes usually contain two or more rooms, but each room frequently constitutes a tenement, and shelters a family. Rents average about two dollars a month for each room. Sometimes the little huts have small verandas attached to them, and when they lack these porches, the doorsteps serve as a family sitting-room. Chimneys are built of a rough, light-colored brick, but are also frequently constructed of sticks and clay, and often are not tall enough to reach the roof. In these cases the gable usually extends over the top of the flue and the ridge is cut out to form a hole, through which the smoke is drawn upward.

When one has learned to regard things from the purely æsthetic point of view, and to be indifferent to sanitary or moral considerations, it becomes possible to find something picturesque in the tiny habitations which are scattered over the southern states. It is interesting to fancy how the women and children huddle together in the darkness, with door and shutters closed, when the rain beats outside and the wind drives the water in through large chinks in the walls, which serve in brighter hours to let in the sunshine. The lightning's flash may sometimes penetrate the same openings, and display the terror on dusky faces when the tempest grows ominous. One alleviation to the situation remains, — the housewives need not in the mildest weather fear a day of reckoning as to drenched carpets, and no shadow of a plumber's possible bill ever deepens the gloom of a December storm. Notwithstanding all desire, however, to find it otherwise, the element of beauty is frequently small in the landscape, and its modifications by human endeavor.

The country has its fascination, but it chiefly lies in the appeal which the scene makes to the historical imagination, when after following some road that seems to lead quite away from the haunts of men into the sequestered abiding places of birds and animals, one comes suddenly upon a cluster of negro huts, and a little, unpainted wooden church surrounded by tall-stemmed, green-tufted pine trees. If the time be early spring, violets very large and very dark blue, and small, bright yellow flowers strew the ground; white lilies

grow among the pine needles, and the wild azalea flaunts its pink loveliness. The sky above is brilliant, and the air is soft. A negro girl comes in sight, carrying a black baby. Her hair may be twisted in exceedingly tight braids, bound throughout their whole length with dirty white twine, and fastened to her head, or it may stand out loose and woolly about her face. Her garments are scanty. Her countenance is that of an amiable savage, and suddenly the strange story of her people rushes across the beholder's mind. The full significance is for an instant apprehended of her presence in this land chosen for the stage on which to try republican principles. All the wrong and suffering in the past takes upon itself the character of a destiny which has laid upon the American people the weightiest task, and given it the noblest opportunity ever granted to a nation to incarnate a great ideal as to mercy, justice, and love into the solid substance of national existence. Gazing at this barbarian as she passes, the wonder comes whether she may not, through her frailty, be all unconsciously dowered by God with more power than Browning's Pippa exercised as she passed on her innocent way to bring to the test the subtle qualities of good and evil in human nature, and thus to demonstrate the truth of the old assertion that harm done to the least of the little ones of earth, is harm done to the world's best life.

The infusion of white blood among the negroes is large, even in the Black Belt. There are many mulattoes and quadroons in the parts of country, whose conditions the writer has most studied. In a large proportion of cases, however, there is only white blood enough to lengthen the hair a little, and to modify slightly the features and complexion. A person not very familiar with the characteristics of the mixed race would often be unable to tell which ones, in a given group of colored people, were partially of white origin.

There is much difference in the color of negroes. Many in this particular vicinity are jet black; others, who are apparently of unadulterated African blood, are dark brown in color. Most of them have the full lips and prominent jaws of the familiar negro type, and many of them are so ugly that the first impression made by the aspect of the people is somewhat unfavorable. A closer survey of them, however, greatly modifies the results on the mind of this first view. When one has become accustomed to the type and color, and has, therefore, ceased to estimate all features and tints by the rather pallid and attenuated ideals of beauty prevailing in northern lands, it becomes readily evident that an artist would love to mix the pigments that should represent on canvas the warm brown and rich golden hues that blend upon the skins of many of these people. He might even find delight in the attempt to reproduce the faint red flush which modifies the complexion, that to the careless eye seems merely jet black. Some of the outlines of chin, cheek, nostrils and lips have, moreover, a generous sweep of curve that is not without beauty. The eyes are nearly always fine, and the negro hand is apt to be well shaped. Among the children, the line from ear to chin is frequently very delicate and pretty.

I was once very much struck by the appearance of a girl in one of the schools, whose woolly hair fitted low on her forehead like a cap, and whose head was shaped and poised like that of the Clytie. In a little country church deep in the woods, where I one day attended a temperance meeting arranged by some northern ladies, I saw a young woman, black as night, so lame that she could scarcely walk, and possessed of great gaunt hands, whose face was ideally beautiful in its chiselling. She was, evidently, a very unintellectual being, and she seemed to find only a sort of stupid amusement in the occurrences of the meeting, but I talked with her as long as it was possible to think of anything to say, merely to have the opportunity to gaze on her wonderful features. Her hair was covered by her turban, but her brows was fine, and her perfect eyes were shaped like large almonds. The bridge of her nose was straight, but the nostrils were a trifle fuller and more curved than the Caucasian variety. They differed from

that type only to surpass it in beauty of form. This was true also of the mouth. The Cupid's bow of the upper lip was faultless, and the lines of the lower one were enchanting. The ear was extremely small and round. The whole face had but one defect; it was a little haggard, and the flesh sank in below the cheek bone so as to mar the outline when her countenance was slightly turned. Her beauty would have glorified marble. Notwithstanding her lack of soul and mind, the absence from her ebony skin of any rose tints, of flushing lights and warm shadows, imparted a severe and noble character to the features, that compelled me to pause when about to say that hers was the strangely appealing loveliness that some animals have. This pathetic animal beauty is, however, a quality often discernible in the comelier faces of the negroes. It is like that of a cow or a deer.

A very great difference exists among the blacks as to the amount of intellect expressed in their faces, and this amount is not necessarily coincident with the greater or less conformity of their features to the Anglo-Saxon model, although the tendency of increased intelligence seems to be producing a modification of the savage African type. The boys of this generation look as if they would develop in manhood more mobile and brighter faces than those which distinguish most of the older men whose youth was passed in slavery. Few human creatures can bestow a more sadly, unintelligent stare than that which an old "uncle" or "aunt" will give to a person met on a road that leads from outer districts in the forest and agricultural region of the southern "black belt." Its contrast with the pleasant and thoughtful look of boys and girls of the same race in town schools intimates the different effect upon the growth of the mind of life in slavery and in freedom.

In this part of the country all the negroes, old and young, stupid and bright, slave and free born, have generally a docile and amiable appearance. The lads and girls are, however, acquiring the free and easy manners which invariably mark the passage from subjection to responsible independence. Self-assertion is always the first step in the evolution of self-respect in a rising people. It should not be too much detested because it is not very agreeable to outsiders. Its most objectionable manifestations often constitute a tonic exercise which conduces to the growth of a worthy independence in those who exhibit it, and to the development of wisdom, toleration, and spiritual faith in those who first suffer from it, and then learn to recognize it as indicating a necessary stage in social and individual progress.

Old negro men and women duck their heads the moment they become conscious that a white person's glance is turned upon them. The movement is too suggestive of ancient terrors to be wholly pleasant to behold. These terrors can easily be imagined, if even a cursory study is made of the laws relating to slaves and free people of color which prevailed in several of the southern states for many years, and during the lives of several generations of whites and blacks. However ungracious any reference may seem to these past laws, and to the customs they upheld, it is necessary to make such reference in any sincere investigation of the present characteristics of the two races, and of the mixed race in the South. The institution of slavery was too drastic in its nature not to affect thoroughly the mental habits of all persons concerned, and that effect continues in greater or less operation to-day.

If the stories told by the colored people of the treatment they have received in the South do not represent the substantial truth, they indicate an intellectual ability so great that it is certain to be a dominant factor in determining the future of that part of the country. Hence it is important to inquire what is the character of these stories, and to see what light they throw upon the relations of the races. I can simply say, for myself, that no incident in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or in "The Autobiography of a Female Slave," which was written by a Kentucky woman, but finds its parallel in horror, in tragedy and wretchedness in the narratives in which numbers of freedmen and women have, to my knowledge, claimed

to relate their own experiences in slavery and those of their friends and kinsfolk. In town and country, in the city streets, and in the recesses of the forest, the same tales are told; no, not the same, that is the horror of it, for the persons differ in each story, — it is only the cruelty and the misery that are identical. In listening, one gets a fearful sense of duplicated and reduplicated suffering and moral insensibility and degradation. It has not happened to me to hear quite so much in this way of the unwritten history of the days when the Ku-Klux flourished, but still I have been told of occurrences in that period which would have served very well to add flavor to Tourgee's story of "A Fool's Errand."

In telling these things, the colored people do not manifest as deep a sense of injury as it seems probable most races would show in similar circumstances. This softness of mood may be due to some temperamental peculiarity, or it may be that the poignancy of their resentment is reduced by the action of their great joy in bare freedom. Still, they do think of these things.

The memory of their past wrongs is in their minds. It is idle to suppose that this memory does not to-day influence their characters, their purposes, their hopes and fears. It is worse than idle to imagine that any right solution to "the race problem" can be reached, which does not take into account the fact that, stimulated by such memories, some of the most thoughtful of the freedmen now believe that the white people of the South do not desire to arrange such customs and institutions as affect both races according to the principles of impartial justice.

The race problem does not involve merely the question how far the white man will admit the negro into the body politic, civil, and social; it has begun to involve a serious question as to the negro's patience, forbearance, and fortitude, and also the old historic question which no earthly forces of government have yet been able to set aside, as to the relative merits of submission and resistance.

The negro appeared to me ready to take alarm, and various events that occurred in the South in the winter of '89–90 were of a nature to justify him in this uneasy attitude of mind. Passing along the street one day in the town I have described, which is situated many miles from the locality which was that year unfortunately distinguished as a scene of bloodshed and a theatre for race oppression, I saw two colored men standing in a doorway. One of them was a tall, portly negro, very well dressed and very black. He was evidently a stranger visiting the place, and probably he was a travelling elder of the church. As I passed, I heard him say, "I am always afraid when I am in Jessop." The remark did not seem to me the sort of one that it ought to be natural to make in the Republic of the United States.

I came across various indications that the negroes are sometimes so far under the influence of fear, that they dare not even now relate their experience when slaves. The most marked instance was when an ignorant old woman gave to a friend of hers the explanation that she hesitated to tell me, whom she did not know well, her story, lest "they" — the mysterious indefinite "they" which represented to her the human authority that had controlled her life — "lest they should take her out some night and kill her."

The most serious difficulty in modern times is the difficulty of determining how those people who are in a superior position shall deal with free people who are on a less fortunate footing, because of either mental, moral, or pecuniary inferiority. The world at large has had a training in this exercise which the southern people have not had, and the experience they have had renders most of them especially unfitted to model a large portion of a great republic where the social conditions are such as to necessitate the careful consideration of the principles which should govern the relations of free but alien classes and individuals. The institution of slavery kept the South for many years out of the line of the world's progress, and made unfamiliar to its inhabitants the thoughts that were moulding character and shaping institutions in the north and in

western Europe. Events and ideas lost their significance when contemplated from within the shadow of this anomalous system. Interpretations of social life failed to be understood. Hence it happens that the average southerner scarcely dreams as much as other nations know of social methods. He does not realize the danger that lies in keeping masses of free people in a situation that must sooner or later waken sentiments of animosity. This mental attitude towards certain problems of society is almost that which a western European might have still maintained had the French Revolution never occurred.

The morals of the negroes in the extreme South are not very good. The marriage tie, which had practically no force thirty years ago, is still very lightly esteemed among the lower blacks. Men desert both wives and children, and women often prove false to their conjugal obligations, even if according to their abilities they observe their maternal duties. The huddling together of all ages and both sexes in cabins containing only one or two rooms cannot fail to have a deleterious effect. The tenement house question, in spite of all the ameliorations of the soft climate, demands in the South much the same consideration as in the north, from all persons who would promote the well-being of society.

It would indicate a most superficial examination of the subject to leave unrecorded the fact that the moral condition of the colored people is intimately connected with the morality of the whites. It seems to be a historic fact that a separation of two classes, either because of race or of other aristocratic prejudice so absolute as to render marriage a social or legal impossibility, never leads the men of the upper class to respect the virtue of the women of the lower, and does not tend to create such a sentiment among these women as would cause them to consider irregular unions as disgraceful as they might hold them to be were regular ones practicable.

Those persons who speculate upon the undesirability of having this country occupied by a mixed race overlook the fact that a mixed race already occupies a large portion of it. The alleged tendency to sterility in such a people does not afford reasonable ground for the expectation that the mixed race will pass out of existence. If, indeed, there be such a tendency, it must operate most strongly among mulattoes, and would prove fatal finally only if mulattoes invariably united themselves to mulattoes. Instead of doing that they constantly marry persons in whom the white or black blood predominates, and who therefore by their nearer approach to either pure stock may naturally be supposed to be in a measure relieved from any inheritance of weakness which depends on the amalgamation.

Mixed unions abound in the United States. Those of one class are considered disgraceful, and are seldom openly maintained or legally consecrated. The propriety of the other class is never questioned, and they are always held to be honorable when, as is generally the case, they are lawfully consummated. Indeed, society does not appear to think of them as mixed in character; yet it is impossible to deny that there is as much amalgamation of race when a mulatto, that is a person who belongs half to one and half to the other race, marries a pure-blooded negro, as when a mulatto marries a full-blooded white. A greater diversity of blood exists in the marriage of a quadroon or an octoroon with a negro, than in the marriage of such a person with a white, yet the former species of marriage is approved on social grounds, while the latter is held to be objectionable.

Young colored girls in the South are exposed to great dangers, owing to various features in their ordinary home and industrial life. Their parents, having been generally bred in slavery and ignorance, are often unfit to guide the daughters through the perils which beset them, and if evil befall them no remedy is possible, unless the wrong has been suffered within the lines of their own race.

In spite, however, of drawbacks, the better class of the colored people in different regions are trying to elevate themselves morally, and to establish a higher standard in ethics. In Y—— there is a club of young women who meet under

the direction of an educated married colored woman, to consider the customs which best promote personal virtue and the principles upon which family and social life should be established. These girls seem to be as pure and earnest in their desires and purposes as any maidens in the land.

The Knights of Labor have penetrated among the colored people. In Y—— a large society of men was formed some time since, but it did not prove to be a very efficient organization. The negro women united in a similar association, which was more prosperous than the male branch, because the women administered their affairs more wisely than the men had managed theirs.

In this same town a society of another sort was inaugurated within a few years, at the suggestion and with the help of a northern lady. The membership was large, but the management was unsuccessful, and after a career of several months the association collapsed. It aimed to develop its members intellectually, and also to provide care in cases of illness or distress resulting from death. I attended one meeting of this society. It was held in a church, and was very interesting to any student of human, not to say African, nature. The proceedings were marked by that indifference to punctuality and order which characterizes most attempts made by the southern negro to conduct evening entertainments. After the church was full, we waited an hour before anybody did anything but move around or speak a few inconsequentive words. Finally, in came one of the leaders, a "bell boy," from a hotel. He was gorgeously attired in a long, light overcoat, and from the moment of his entrance he snapped his intellectual whip over the audience in a manner diverting and admirable. He walked up and down before the crowd, told people what to do, and saw that they did it. He used very big words, but he tumbled them off easily from his tongue, and though our northern wits were sometimes unable to follow his ideas when they became very much tangled up in his sentences, it was quite evident that his own brain drove a steady team of intention right through every thicket in his language. His manner was always perfectly comprehensible. It expressed conscious rectitude and righteous authority. He ordered the people to keep still before he would call on "the ladies" who were to read papers; and after he had effectually hushed the house into an almost alarming quiet, he calmly turned away to the desk and began to attend to some other business, leaving the crowd agape for the promised entertainment. A little restless movement at last aroused his attention, and wheeling about he reiterated his orders for absolute silence. "The great part of the moriel," he said, "is obed'ence. Whut yuh all want is to be moriel. Yuh can't be moriel widout bein' obed'ent. So mind me en be still."

As a reward for the obedience which the awed audience finally manifested, three colored girls were called upon to read original compositions. The first was entitled "People will Talk." Its sentences would not have parsed and analyzed to advantage. Their construction showed the unconsciousness of the untrained mind whether a thing has really been stated or only referred to in ambiguous phrases which have not been supplied with subjects and predicates in due proportion. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, there was noticeable in this paper an independent tone of mind which gave it almost the effect of original thinking. It was a sort of challenge to society, such as the writer had known it among her compeers, and it was impossible to one in whose veins ran the blood of another race and whose experience of life had been wholly unlike hers, not to wonder just what phases of human weakness had come under her untutored observation, and had inspired the defiant words which fell so aptly from her lips. She spoke boldly in behalf of girls whose reputation had been carelessly gossiped away.

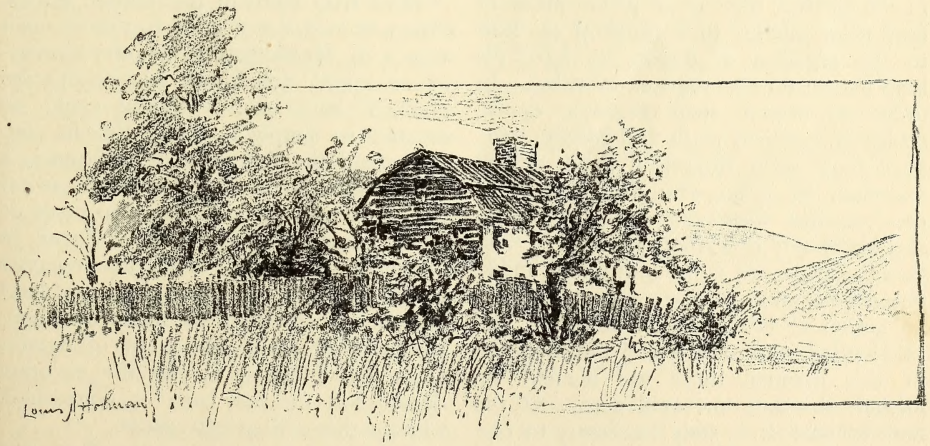
Another paper was an earnest though not very well-expressed plea to the colored people to educate themselves, and the writer urged the grown men and women who were ignorant not to be ashamed to go to school like children, She availed herself — poor girl — of the immemorial privilege of the American citi-

zen as to titles, and when she urged her hearers to study, she said, "People are growing more and more particular about education, and the time is coming when a young gentleman that can read won't marry a young lady who can't. And," she added with naïve candor, "I suppose that's what you all want to do, to get married."

It would have been easy to laugh as she went on with her rambling plea for education, if it had not been almost as easy to cry, for there was something exceedingly melancholy in her gentle acceptance of the fact that her people stood at a disadvantage in this country, and that they could only hope to escape contempt by great and persistent effort. The same pathetic feeling pervaded an address made by a young minister, a quadroon from Louisiana. My companion and I were the only whites present, and it seemed probable that we had surprised the tone these people took among themselves when they seriously regarded their situation.

The third paper treated of the theme beloved by young essayists, the question which is greater, man's influence or woman's. It gave the preference to woman's power to affect the destiny of the race. The girl read this composition in a quiet, low voice. Her sentences generally began, proceeded, and ended properly, and were rather forcible in their phraseology. The audience greeted her sallies with much appreciative laughter. She closed by declaring that if women could vote, they would not sell their votes "for a drink of whiskey or a loaf of white bread." This remark was received with loud applause, as it is a common saying in this part of the South, that for the things she had mentioned a colored man will sell his vote.

On the way home, two colored girls went by us, and I caught snatches of their talk. One of them repeated the assertion made at the meeting, that women would not sell their ballots if they had any at their disposal, and the other responded heartily, "That's so." As they spoke, they passed on into the shadowy night, but they left behind them in the mind of one listener the conviction that unknown possibilities lurked in the future, if negro girls had already begun to discuss political purity and woman suffrage on the streets of a southern town, at a later hour than their fathers and mothers could once have strolled from their huts without danger of arrest and flogging by the patrol.



A MASSACHUSETTS LAND TITLE.

By George A. Jackson.



MONG the surviving curiosities of New England, in the eyes of the great body of Americans who dwell beyond the Alleghanies, — fit to rank with the now-departed well sweep, and titheing-man and town crier, —may be reckoned the descriptive clauses in our ordinary deeds of land.

Apropos of the interest now awakening among real estate men, and all who have to do with land titles, in the so-called Torrens system, it may be well to spread upon these pages the form and history of a typical New England title.

The system proposed by Sir Robert Torrens (and, like our improved ballot system, coming from Australia) is, in brief, a plan for the official recognition of the title to a given piece of land, at the date of its transfer, in such manner that, upon its subsequent transfer, it will not be necessary to trace the titles back to government, or through some long succession of owners.

The plan works in this way. The party in whom the title to a given piece of land rests applies to a registrar (as now to the registrar of deeds) to have his land placed on the register of titles. In order to obtain such registry, deeds, abstracts, certified plans and surveys, etc., must have been submitted to an official examiner of titles, who must report to the registrar that the land is clearly and accurately described [whew ! !] and that the applicant is in lawful and undisputed possession of the property, so that no action at law could eject him. The title having been once tested and recorded in this manner, there are needed no further abstracts or evidences. At the next transfer it is only necessary to cite the record, as sufficient evidence of right to convey. The above exclamation is supposed to be made by owners of Massachusetts farms, when they think of how far their deeds are from giving clear and accurate descriptions of their boundaries. Speaking only of the bearing of the new system upon such country titles, I should hold that the change was desirable, if only to compel that definiteness and accuracy now so notably absent in the tracing of rural boundaries. Our statute of limitations, by which twenty years of undisturbed possession practically secures the land, lessens the demand for any change, as compared with states which have no such statutes, and where long and costly abstracts are required; but this incidental advantage would in the end be found of great value. The indefiniteness referred to will appear as we go on.

Before citing my typical Massachusetts deed, and that the contrast between it and a typical American deed may the better appear, let me give the descriptive clause of a deed lying before me of three hundred and seventeen acres of land in Kansas. This is the whole of it:

"The South half of Section Fifteen (15) in Township Ten (10) Range Fourteen (14) East of the Sixth principal Meridian, Except Three (3) acres deeded to R. L. C——"

Most farm lands in the United States, it may be said, are deeded in this succinct way. A Massachusetts country conveyancer might well think his occupation gone, if land in his vicinity could be located so simply as that. For in contrast, read the following description in a deed, which is the only means the writer has of identifying a certain 130 acres of land, known as Musterfield Farm in Northern Berkshire, which he presumes to call his own. His own deed is of later date than this, but it was made by a conveyancer who was impatient of details, and is worthless, so far as the accurate description of the land is concerned, without this earlier instrument.

A highway runs across the farm, and although from beyond the memory of man it has been one estate, it is more conveniently described as two parcels, to wit:

"Beginning at a stake and stones S. E. of the schoolhouse [burnt to the ground years ago] and in S. West Corner of a piece of land I deeded to Juliana Clements, thence easterly on the walls 17 rods to stake and stones, thence easterly on said Clements' South line about 124 rods to Levi Kitchum's land to a stake and stones, thence southerly partly on said Kitchum's and partly on Valoreous Chilson's one hundred thirty-four rods to a Corner in the line of Levi Kitchum's woodlot, thence Westerly on Levi Kitchum's and S. Clarke's 172 rods to stake in the medder wall, thence southerly on the medder wall to Nicholas Clark's land, thence westerly on Clark's line 90 rods to the road, thence Northerly on the road to place of beginning. Also a piece West of the road. Beginning at a corner in the line of the County road in line of the bridle road running west, thence running on the wall westerly to the wall or fence running North, thence on the wall Northerly to Eli Clark's Northeast Corner, thence Westerly on the fence to a Stake, and thence Northerly on E. Clark's East line to Daniel and John P. Clark's land to stake and stones, thence Easterly on sd Daniel's and John's to the five acre lot, [! !] thence Northerly on Daniel's and John's to Benjamin Clark's land, thence easterly on B. Clark's line to Corner, thence southerly on Clark's and Porter Harkins' to Corner of Harkins, thence easterly on Harkins' line to the road, thence southerly on the road to the place of beginning. Containing one hundred and thirty acres more or less.

(Signed) SALAH CLARK.

January 18, 1854.

It will be noticed that there were seven Clarks owning land on ten sides of the above described piece, the ten corners and division lines being largely matters of tradition in the Clark family. Who knows, for instance, where that "stake" should be driven, at the end of the tenth course? For the stake of 1854 has gone back to dust. And who can give me accurate information as to the limits of the "five acre lot" at the end of the twelfth course? Against the testimony of the man who sold me the land, there might be presented that of a dozen Clarks. A little difficult, I imagine, it would be for me to establish those ten corners and courses to my satisfaction, if the successors of Salah Clark and their relations, the successors of the seven surrounding Clarks, should conspire to crowd me. The statute of limitation might not avail me, for I have only held the land ten years; and what were pointed out to me as my boundaries, and what I supposed I was purchasing, might be made to appear very different from what Salah Clark conveyed. Happily for me, however, the Clarks of that region are all honest men.

It may be thought that the lines indicated in the above instrument are exceptionally hard to trace, so that it is not a typical deed. Not so. It is a very ordinary deed. It simply follows the pattern set for such instruments, at the beginning of our colonial history. In tracing backward the title to a bit of land upon which I reside in eastern Massachusetts, I have come upon the following deed, the third transfer of lands originally granted by the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay to Ex-Deputy Governor John Humphrey. With others given in that first half century, it established customs which no change or progress has been able to overturn.

To all Xtian people to whom etc. . . Know yee that wee . . . do freely, fully and absolutely give, grant, bargain, sell, alien, enfeoff, assigne and confirm . . . all that my ffarme given me by my honored ffather, Daniel King, deceased, being 1200 acres of upland and meadow, bee it more or less, being situate and lying in the township of Linn commonly called by the name of Swampscott, which land is butted and bounded with the sea, ab't the westerly end of the long pond lying along by the sea syde and soe upon a straight line quite over to a little [207 years ago! !] red oak, standing on a brow of a hill on the southerly syde of a path goeing to my ffarme where George Darlinn did live, which tree is marked with (D: & A K) on the northerly syde and an R & A K on the westerly syde, & soe this lyne runs between Linn & my ffarme & soe to run all along between Linn & my ffarme, to a running brook at the sutherly end of John Farrs & Edward Richards Lotts, and over Swampscott pond [long ago dried up, and lost to the memory of the oldest inhabitant] to a walnut tree on the westerly syde of the pond marked with (R K) on the northerly side with (N F) and soe to run westerly to another walnut tree marked with (R: K:) on the syde and (N: F:) on the northerly, and is bounded on ye northerly syde with the land of Ezekiel Needham and soe all along upon a brow of a hill westerly, and soe to the highway that goes to Linn, to a stake & heap of stone & from thence southerly down to the sea against the highway."

(Signed), RALPH KING.
ELIZABETH KING.

Dated July 28, 1684.

I am morally certain that the few feet of land which I own in Swampscott are included within the above-named boundaries. But suppose there were no statute of limitation in Massachusetts, and suppose a diamond mine should be

discovered in my door yard. If the descendants of Ralph King should appear and claim the mine on the ground of purchase from Lady Deborah Moody, who bought it of Deputy-Governor Humphrey, not all my diamonds would hire a surveyor who could with certainty run those lines. Being quite in the interior of the supposed plat, I should probably, independently of exact lines, establish my claim; but if my door yard were somewhere in the vicinity of that "little red oak," or along the line of Swampscott pond "and the walnut trees," my perfect abstract for two hundred years might be of no avail. The Kings might take the diamonds.

No doubt the vagueness and uncertainty of such descriptions had much to do with the principle of limitation through peaceable possession, which has so long prevailed among us. So long ago as 1657, and again in 1697, laws were enacted providing that undisturbed possession of lands for certain limited periods should debar any and all claimants from entering suit for possession.

But now to go back to the Berkshire farm, the deed of which I have called typical. The main body of what I claim having undoubtedly been in the peaceable possession of my predecessor for above twenty years, there is no ground for any controversy over it. I could hold it against all comers, "in spite of envy and the Jews," as the old hymn runs. The possible contention with the Clarks would be simply over the details of boundaries, and with land at forty dollars an acre this could be no serious matter. I therefore (as yet) have no interest in any records of titles from a money point of view. As a matter of historic interest, however, I have applied to Mr. Merchant, the courteous Registrar of Deeds for northern Berkshire, to enlighten me as to the origin of my claim to the said lands.

At first one would think that this was one of the easiest titles in the Commonwealth to verify; since instead of two hundred and fifty or more years, as in Eastern Massachusetts, we have to go back a little less than a hundred years to the original sale and transfer authorized by the Great and General Court. The circumstances of that sale were these: When Massachusetts was still a province of Great Britain, warrants had been given to companies of "proprietors," authorizing them, for a consideration, to take up townships west of the mountains. There lies before me a leaf from the Record Book of the proprietors of East Hoosac, Colony of Massachusetts Bay (now Adams and North Adams, Massachusetts,) bearing dates some ten years prior to the Revolution.

The warrant giving the proprietors authority, in consideration of a payment of £3,200, to "survey, improve, and sell" the township, was signed by a magistrate holding his commission from George III. Nearly all of the territory of the colony had been so conveyed long before the province became a State.

Soon after the adoption of the constitution, however, it was brought to the attention of the Great and General Court that the Commonwealth still owned a certain remnant or "gore" of land lying north of the above named town of Adams. This was done by the following petitions, presented by Nicholas Clark, an ancestor of the aforementioned race of honest Clarks:

(Copy of the original at the State House.)

To the honorable Senate and house of representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in General Court assembled:

The petition of Nicolas Clark and others hereby showeth, That your petitioners have for a considerable time last past been in the peaceable possession of the several Lotts of Land, described in the plan which accompanies their petition, without molestations or Disturbance to or from any person whatsoever.

Your petitioners therefore hereby pray that the Lotts of Land which appear in the plan with our Names affixed to them, and the Number of Acres each Lott contains figured on each Lott, may be granted to us on such restrictions and regulations as are Customary in the like Cases. And your petitioners as in duty bound shall ever pray in behalf of the Petitioners. Dated on the land called the Gore.

NICOLAS CLARK.

October 24, 1784.

In response to this petition, several bills were introduced which passed only one house, but at last an act was engrossed and signed (Gen. Artemus Ward being then Speaker of the House) au-

thorizing a commission to dispose of all the lands of the Commonwealth in Berkshire County. After various changes, that commission in 1794 consisted of "Ebenezer Pierce, Israel Jones, Esquire, and Daniel Brown, Gentln., all of the County of Berkshire." By this time, too, the Clarks had induced the commission to take action concerning the land situated in the "Gore."

But instead of granting to the petitioner the several "Lotts of Land" of which they were in such peaceable possession, in the case of Nicolas Clark, the principal petitioner, at least, they advertised and sold the land at public auction. Not unlikely, however, the advertising was a mere form, it being expected that the petitioner or his friends, who had, no doubt, partially improved the land, would be the only bidders. At all events, through the action of the Commissioners, the Clark family acquired a perfect title to something over a square mile of land in the "Gore." Following is the instrument of sale by the Commonwealth:

"Whereas, in and by a Resolve of the Great and General Court . . . Empowering, etc., etc.

"Know ye, That we the said Ebenezer Pierce, Israel Jones and Daniel Brown, having in pursuance of the aforesaid Resolve duly advertised the sale of the same Land in the Stockbridge Newspaper, and having upon the sixteenth day of December, 1794, at Adams, exposed for sale the following tract or parcel of land lying in the "Gore," so called, north of Adams in said County, bounded as follows: Beginning at Peter Carpenter's North West Corner, Thence Westerly on a straight line to the North East corner of a fifty acre lot deeded to Samuel Short; Thence running N. 7° 40m. E. or parallel with Williamstown East line to the North line of the State at Stamford; Thence Easterly to the Northwest corner of land sold to Jesse Bronson; thence Southerly on the said Bronson's West line to the corner first mentioned, laid out for Seven Hundred and two Acres, one quarter and twenty rods, be the same more or less . . . and having on the sixteenth day of December, 1794, at Adams aforesaid, exposed the same to sale at public vendue, Stephen Clark of a place called Seaconk [a name given to the "Gore," region by early settlers, but later displaced by the name Clarksburg] in said County, Yeoman, then and there approving and offered the sum of Thirty pounds, fourteen shillings, which was more than any other person offered, therefore . . . by virtue of the power given to me by the Resolve aforesaid . . . we do convey and confirm to the said Stephen Clark, his heirs and assigns forever, the afore described premises, with the privileges and appurtenances."

Dated, Dec. 18, 1794.

No legal inquiry would ever go behind this instrument, but our interest being historic, we may ask upon what grounds the title to these lands became thus vested in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

First, the Commonwealth having, upon the adoption of its constitution in 1780, assumed all the obligations, adopted the laws, and became the sole representative of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, it of right held whatever land titles rested in the Province.

The Province of Massachusetts Bay, in like manner, upon its enaction as a Province by the charter of William and Mary in 1692, was granted all the landed interests of the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England.

Following is the endowment clause of the charter:

"William and Mary by the grace of God King and Queen of England . . . Whereas [Patent gives by James I. and confirmed by Charles I.] and Whereas [Patent "cancelled, vacated and annihilated] and Whereas [Petition made by the colony for a confirmation of right] etc, We [do enct "the Province of Massachusetts Bay in New England"] and of our special grace, certain Knowledge and mere motion. . . do give and grant unto our good subjects, the inhabitants of our said province or territory of the Massachusetts Bay and their successors all that part of New England in America [former grant recited with limitations and additions] . . . Provided also that it shall and may be lawful of the said Governor and General Assembly to make or pass any grant of land lying within the bounds of the colonies formerly called the colonies of the Massachusetts Bay and New Plymouth and province of Main, in such manner as heretofore they might have done, by virtue of any former charter or letters patent; which grants of lands, within the bounds aforesaid, we do hereby will and ordain to be and continue forever of full force and effect, without our further approval or consent . . . .

Witness ourselves at Westminster the 7th day of October in the 5 year of our reign.

By writ of privy seal.

This carries me back to the original settlers who obtained their title to the lands by the sovereign grant of Charles I. of England by the following patent:

"James I., by the grace of God, King etc. [given letters patent to the Council of Plymouth to occupy and possess all lands hereinafter described] [The Council of Plymouth having conveyed their title to certain gentlemen, among them John Endicott and John Humphrey] Charles I. by the grace of God, King etc. [confirms to these proposed settlers the lands] To be holden of us, our heirs and successors, as of our manor of

East Greenwich in the county of Kent, in free and common soccage, and not in capits, nor by knight's service: yielding and paying therefor unto us our heirs and successors the fifth part of the ore of gold and silver which shall from time to time, and at all times hereafter happen to be found, gotten had and obtained in any of the said lands within said limits, etc. [The following described territory and lands.] "All that part of Newe England in America which lyes and extendes between a great river then comonlie called Monomack river, alias Mimmack river, and a certen other river then called Charles river, being in the bottome of a certen bay then comonlie called Massachusetts . . . bay. And also all and singular those landes and hereditaments whatsoever lyeing within the space of three English myles of the south parte of the said river called Charles river, or of any or every parte thereof: And also all and singular the landes and hereditaments whatsoever lyeing and being within the space of three English myles to the southward of the southernmost parte of the said baye called Massachusetts . . bay: And also all and singular the landes and hereditaments which lye and be within the space of three English miles to the northward of the said river called Monomack alias Mimmack or to the norward of any and every parte thereof, and all landes and hereditaments lyeing within the lymith aforesaid north and south, in latitude and bredth and in length and longitude, of and within all the bredth aforesaid, throughout the mayne landes then, from the Atlantic and within sea and ocean on the east parte, to the south sea on the west parte: And all lands and groundes, place and places, soyles, woods and wood groundes etc., etc. [excepting, however, from this grant any territory which at its date is] actuallie possessed or inhabitted by any other Christian Prince or State." . . . Sealed with the great seal of England.

March 18, 1628.

Such a gift by a European sovereign, it must be conceded, seems an imperfect basis of ownership. Still Charles I. had the same right then to grant Massachusetts lands to the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay that the King of Spain or Napoleon Bonaparte had to sell to the United States our Spanish and French domains; the same right indeed that the Great Powers of Europe are exercising to-day, as they carve and distribute the wild regions of Africa. And such claims are not wholly fictitious. Under the protection (nominal at least) of the English flag, a stable and beneficent government was guaranteed to this new territory. If therefore it be granted that the United States Government at Washington can give me a solid claim to a section of land in Alaska, my claim to Musterfield farm, based upon the patent of Charles I., must be recognized as solid.

For myself, however, I prefer not to look across the ocean for the origin of my title. When the original Patent or Charter was annulled by Charles II., and Sir Edmund Andros came over as their arbitrary governor, he told the people of Massachusetts that, having no charter, they no longer had any claims to the undivided lands. Upon which John Higginson, minister of Salem, declared that the people of New England held their lands "by the grand charter from God." Is not such a charter sufficient for the people of any sovereign Commonwealth? They, not a portion of them, but all of them collectively, own all the land within the limits to which they extend their governmental and industrial care. When, for its better administration, they see fit to intrust a parcel of land to an individual — as the Commonwealth assigned those 702 acres to Stephen Clark — it should be deemed, not an absolute relinquishment, but an allotment during the pleasure of the people, or until the best interests of all can be subserved by some new distribution. Holding to their view, I do not claim to own any more of Musterfield Farm than any other citizen of Massachusetts. I occupy and improve it, because all the people, deeming this wise, have for the time granted me certain exclusive rights. What, therefore, should I, or should any man, care for land titles, beyond the fact that all the people, who "by the grand charter of God" own the land, allow us, for the time being, to administer it?

A few words only as to the titles of the Indians to these lands. In general, it may be said that Massachusetts dealt fairly with the claims of the natives. The instructions to the first governor, Endicott, were uniformly followed out. "If any of the savages," he was told, "pretend right of inheritance to all or any part of the lands granted in our patent, endeavor to purchase their tytle, that we may avoid the least scruple of intrusion." In Berkshire County there were but few Indians, and all, so far as I can learn, in the southern part of the country.

The farming lands which they claimed in the Housatonic Valley were purchased of them, and even the vague claims which they laid to the neighboring regions as their hunting grounds were recognized and liquidated. No doubt there were occasional frauds practised upon these nations; but the following legislative enactment, dated March 4, 1784, will show that they had rights which the Commonwealth compelled men to respect.

"An act for impowering certain Persons to examine the sales that have been made by the Moheakunnuk Tribe of Indians, and for registering the future sales of all lands of the said tribe of Indians:

"Be it enacted. . . That John Bacon, Jahleel Woodbridge, Esqrs., and Mr. John Sargent, missionary to the said Indians, all of Stockbridge, be and hereby are appointed commissioners to examine the sales of all lands heretofore made by any of the Indians belonging to the Moheakunnuk tribe residing in Stockbridge, in the county of Berkshire, which have not been legally confirmed and that the said commissioners or any two of them be and they hereby are authorized and empowered, if they shall judge such sales to have been justly and freely made, and that the Indian or Indians making such sales have received the just value thereof; in such case and not otherwise to confirm the same, by entering their approbation on the back of the deed conveying such lands, signed with their hands in the presence of two witnesses; which approbation so signified and attested, together with the deed, shall be recorded by the registrar of the said county, and that such deed there approved shall be of equal force and validity with a good and lawful deed made by any subject of this Commonwealth."

So far as I have been able to learn, no Indians ever laid claims to lands in Berkshire much north of Pittsfield, and for all that they did claim, as before said, they were paid.

And now having cleared our title backward from the deed of the Commonwealth, let us follow it downward from that point.

The Registrar informs me that Stephen Clark conveyed his purchase to Joshua Clark, by deed dated July 4, 1808. Joshua Clark reconveyed some lands to Stephen Clark, "excepting two hundred acres [this is my *bête noir*] lying on the west side of the highway which leads by the now dwelling-house of sd Clark, the excepted premises extending the width of two lots on the said road and back far enough to make two hundred acres."

Joshua Clark conveyed two hundred acres of land, more or less, in Clarksburg, to David Darling, by Deed dated Sept. 12, 1818 [presumably the above excepted two hundred acres], and Stephen Clark conveyed to David Darling, Jr., two hundred acres, more or less, by deed dated Sept. 13, 1818. Lastly, David Darling conveyed to Salah Clark — the man signing the deed of the one hundred and thirty acres which I call mine — two hundred acres, more or less.

This, one would say, should be one of the easiest of Massachusetts titles to trace. Only sixty years and six transfers from the Commonwealth to Salah Clark. And yet the Registrar has to acknowledge himself "all at sea" as to the line of succession. What would be recognized by a critical examiner as a perfect abstract of title cannot be made out from any official records. There is no doubt in the Registrar's mind, or in my own, that my one hundred and thirty acres are a part of the seven hundred and two acres conveyed by the Commissioners. But which two hundred acres did David Darling convey to Salah Clark, — the two hundred bought of Joshua, or the two hundred bought of Stephen, or a part of both? And is it certain that the one hundred and thirty acres conveyed by Salah Clark were all or any of them a part of the two hundred acres bought of Darling, rather than a part of that three hundred acres which Stephen Clark had left after he had sold two hundred to Darling, and which Salah had acquired by inheritance or otherwise?

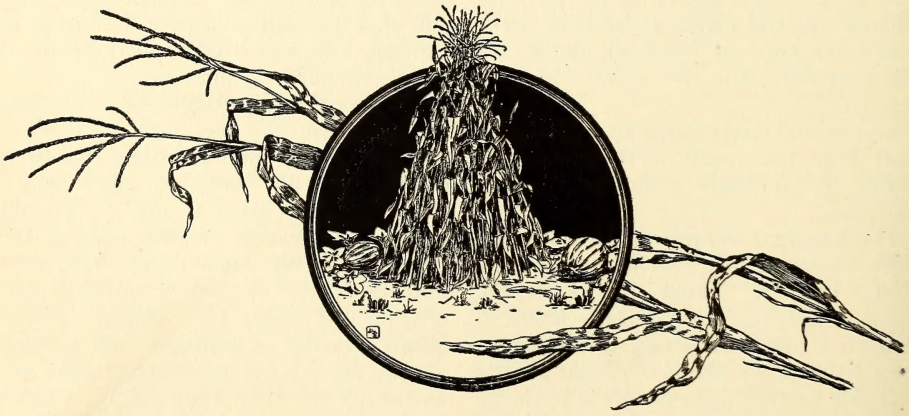
Fortunately, the statute of limitations makes these, for me, only speculative questions. But there are other questions connected with boundary lines which might prove of great moment. As said before, the location of that stake at the end of the tenth course of my deed, viz.: from Eli Clark's Northwest corner "westerly on the fence to a stake," is now purely a matter of tradition. As pointed out to me by my predecessor and admitted by the then head of Eli Clark's family, since deceased, the "stake" was originally driven into a certain split rock which we three agreed to call the corner where my tenth and eleventh courses met.

But the "fence" was and still is a rod or more inside of that split rock. Both my predecessors and the Clark representative assured me that it had been so built by them (in common) because it was more convenient, by reason of trees, than to build it on the exact line.

Now a year or two ago, when there was a passing gold craze in that region, my boy found in a ditch near by and running in the line of that strip of land between the split rock and the fence, a bit of fool's gold, and thought he had a treasure. Suppose it had been gold and the vein had run straight through that strip in question.

The old man on the Clark side, who admitted my corner at the split rock, and told why the fence was built off the line, is dead. Suppose the living Clarks (a wild fancy concerning such people), but suppose these honest Clarks should fall from grace, and contend that that split rock was all a fancy of mine and my predecessors, and that the fence was the line, and the vein of gold theirs. I could summon my predecessor, but he might be outnumbered, and that by members of a family supposed to know and to cherish all the traditions concerning that land in the "Gore," deeded to Stephen Clark. In which case, justice might fail.

All of which goes to show two things. First, that a man in Massachusetts may have an equitable and undisputed title to his land, derived from the Commonwealth, or the old Province, or the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay; and yet, if urged for an abstract of title for even two generations, be unable to give it. But further it seems to be shown that there is need of some change by which the boundaries of farming lands in Massachusetts shall be accurately determined and officially certified, instead of being left to the memories of not always friendly neighbors. A good many things may happen along the borders of farms even in twenty years. Under our present system of bounding by "little red oaks," and "walnut trees," and "five-acre lots," and "brother Eli's Northeast corner," and "stakes" which decay and disappear, and "fences" which are frequently moved — and that without any official registry of title — there is nothing approaching the accuracy possible under the United States system of describing lands. And that there has been no great amount of litigation among us, over farm boundaries, speaks rather for the good character of our rural population than for the correctness of our happy-go-lucky way of telling where a piece of land is.



THE EDITORS' TABLE.

SOCIALISM is asserting itself in all sorts of ways in this time, however men may quarrel over the word — the principle, that is, of public management of what concerns the public good. Twenty years ago people would have laughed at free ferries; it is a poor creature that will let us pay his fares, they would have thought. To-day all sensible people see plainly enough that a ferry-boat is only a moving bridge — and toll-bridges are pretty generally recognized as belonging to the dark ages. This was recognized of the tollgate on the turnpike before it was recognized of the bridge, and the public took into its own control what was so clearly a public matter as the roads. To-day most sensible people are beginning to see that a road is not less a road because built of iron instead of dirt, and beginning to see that in the new order of things most men use the iron one much more than the dirt one. The railroad has become one of the necessary public conveniences and instruments, as truly so as the city street or the country road. Who can doubt that its history will run the same course as that of the turnpike and the bridge, and that we shall look back to our present system of letting roads be run by private men for private gain, instead of by the public for the public convenience, as belonging to the dark ages of railroad history, as we now look back to the tollgate? Who can doubt that we shall very soon look back with wonder and with mirth at sober arguments in our legislatures against giving a city the right even to light its own streets? Most men laugh and wonder now when told that forty or fifty years ago, people fought as earnestly against the establishment of public water-works, — the laying of an aqueduct, at the public cost, for the public good, to Lake Cochituate or elsewhere. What right to interfere with us who make money by supplying people with water from our own pond? they asked; what right to endanger in this way our vested interests? Why do most men laugh and wonder at this? Because it was yesterday, and not to-day, and most men require distance to see the ridiculous.

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THE State of New Hampshire has recently become a Socialist in an interesting way. It has, as a state, undertaken to help its people sell a great lot of their "abandoned farms," and it has undertaken to help them in the summer boarding business. This latter it does by issuing, from the office of the Commissioner of Agriculture, a most attractive handbook, describing all the various summer resorts among its lakes and mountains, enforcing its commendations by great numbers of beautiful photographic views, and giving lists of all the good hotels and boarding-houses, with their terms. This is certainly a very sensible thing for the state to do. We think that the people who staid in these hotels and boarding-houses last summer left five million dollars behind them in payment of their bills. Probably no five million dollars spent within its borders during the year helped the people of the state more. The cotton factory is not a more important factor in the material welfare of a state like New Hampshire than the summer hotel and boarding-house — and this will become more and more emphatically true. It is as wise as it is enterprising for the state as such to give its intelligent supervision to an interest so important, and to cooperate with its people in commending their charming summer resorts to the people of the country.

Concerning the matter of the "abandoned farms" of New Hampshire, as of Vermont and Massachusetts, much has been said. More than a year ago the New Hampshire Commissioner of Agriculture, Mr. Bachelder, after careful correspondence with the selectmen of the various towns of the state, issued a pamphlet describing nearly fifteen hundred of these "abandoned farms" — that is, farms going to decay, and for sale at low rates — and sent several thousand copies to all parts of the United States, and even to Canada, England, and Sweden. Up to August, 1890, as appears from the report before us, over two thousand letters of inquiry were received as a result. It is interesting to notice the localities whence these inquiries came: 975 (almost half) were from Massachusetts; 422, from New Hampshire; 244, from New York; 90, from Vermont; 54, from Pennsylvania; 48, from Illinois; 44, from Maine; 39, from Connecticut; 36, from Michigan; 34, from Maryland; 30, from New Jersey. Then the numbers from each state became small, but almost every state is in the list, and two inquiries from London are registered. Those farms which have become occupied are mainly taken by Americans. A large number have become occupied by city people desiring homes in the country. "Fortunate, indeed, will it be for the state," says the Commissioner, "when the unsold, abandoned farms are utilized by this class of people." "The summer boarding business," he adds, "was never so large in the state as in 1890, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the widespread attention recently called to the attractions of New Hampshire has had some effect in this direction. We believe that the appreciation, both at home and abroad, of New Hampshire's advantages, which has surely resulted from the enactment of this law, can be strengthened and extended by a liberal policy on the part of the state, until the capacity of our summer hotels and boarding-houses will need to be doubled, and no abandoned farm worth any one's attention need be without occupants."

Here, surely, is a piece of Socialism which has had very quick and beneficent results, and commends itself at once to common sense. We think that it suggests many things in which every state in New England, and every state in the country, might profitably follow the lead of New Hampshire.

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THE recent very successful rendering of the music of the "Parsifal" in Boston, through the earnest effort and under the direction of Mr. B. T. Lang, may almost be said to mark an epoch in

the study of Wagner in America. Half a dozen years ago, in connection with the performances at Baireuth the summer after Wagner's death, the disciples of the great composer in Germany published a striking memorial work, in which the various phases of his life and genius were treated by numerous special students. There were tributes not only from the great body of German admirers, but also from France, Italy, England and America. The brief paper from America was by Elizabeth E. Evans, who gave to her word the caption, "The Music of the Future in the Country of the Future." It will be serviceable, we think, to take this American word out of the German book, and give it currency here at this time.

America's part in the recognition and dissemination of Wagner's ideas and Wagner's music is at present rather to be described in prophetic vision than recorded as past achievement. And, as usual with prophecies which fulfil themselves, the vision is founded upon actual facts and reasonable inferences. For in America "the music of the future" has not to contend with a natural lack of musical ability, nor with a national hatred of German production, nor with a deep-rooted preference for a long-established and opposing school of harmony: the Americans are by nature a musical people, and no prejudice hinders their welcome reception of the master's immortal works. What is wanting is a thorough and widespread knowledge of these great tone-dramas; and it will not be long before every possible advantage for the study of the Wagner operas will be available in our own country for all who are gifted with the necessary talent. Fortunately, there is no dearth of excellent material for the development of the new school. Almost every village in the land can boast of more than one voice, which under proper training would secure for its possessor fame and fortune on the stage. American singers are already occupying the first place in many old-world theatres, and experienced teachers abroad are loud in praise of the remarkable sweetness and flexibility of trans-atlantic tones. It is our abundant sunshine, our dry, elastic, stimulating air, which we have to thank for this national distinction.

It is true that thus far the majority of singers who go abroad to study devote themselves principally to Italian opera, one great reason for this choice being that most of the students know but little about the German opera, especially the compositions of Richard Wagner. Such ignorance is not to be wondered at nor blamed, when one considers the immense extent and scattered population of the country, and the very recent opportunity acquired by a limited portion of our citizens of turning from material exigencies to the cultivation of æsthetic pleasures. It required many years, even in Germany, to make Wagner acceptable to his countrymen, and at this day there is a strong party working with all its might against his innovating ideas.

Of all foreign countries, America has shown most zeal in the introduction of these much discussed and generally misunderstood compositions. Wagner's earlier operas have long been known to the lovers of music in our large cities; and when in 1875 Lohengrin was given for the first time in London it was an American *prima donna* (Mdlle Albani) who filled the *rôle* of Elsa. All American singers studying abroad are sure, sooner or later, to be deeply impressed with the excellencies of the new school, while the thousands of Americans who travel in Europe for pleasure return home full of enthusiastic admiration for the Wagner operas, and thus strengthen the growing desire of the general public to establish a suitable centre for the development of this tone-cult within our own borders. This desire has already taken shape in a definite plan, the work of certain progressive minds, which will not allow the scheme to fail for lack of earnest endeavor. Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, and Der Fliegende Holländer have for several years been given occasionally in our largest cities, and the recent grand concerts of Mr. Thomas have begun to familiarize a favored portion of our citizens with the magnificent harmonies of Parsifal and the Nibelungen ring. But it is impossible, even with such singers as Materna and Scaria, and with such an orchestra as Thomas's, to impart, within the limitation of a concert, any adequate idea of these wonderful compositions. Wagner's operas are great dramas, demanding, even more than other operas, fit illustration through action, costume, and scenery. What we want in America is a Wagner-theatre, a theatre built in accordance with Wagner's ideas, which ideas will ultimately be discovered to apply to the proper rendering of all music whatsoever. For in no case ought an orchestra to be placed between the singers and the audience, and in no case ought upholstery and decorations to be allowed to neutralize the acoustic advantages of a theatre or concert hall.

There is a widespread notion that Wagner's music ruins the voice, and as a corollary to that proposition it is supposed that a peculiar kind of voice and a peculiar method of vocal training are requisite to secure the desired effect. But under proper conditions Wagner's music does not require injurious exertion on the singer's part. The screaming too often indulged in and justly complained of is partly the fault of imperfectly trained singers and partly due to the excessive noise made by poorly conducted orchestras. It is an erroneous and highly mischievous idea to suppose that because Wagner's music consists mostly of sustained notes and is entirely void of florid effects, it can be successfully performed by any strong voice without much previous study. Every thoroughly trained singer knows that the proper rendering of a sustained tone implies a full mastery of all the graces of song. So far as the development of tones is concerned, precisely the same training is necessary for Wagner's music that would be imparted to a student of Italian opera, and the slow, steady, natural development produced by the "old Italian" method is as true and safe and sufficient to-day as it ever was. The reason why so many voices break and fail is that they try to accomplish the work of several years in as many months, and aspire to execute Wagner's abrupt transitions and passionate climaxes when they ought to be still practising the scale.

But while it is true that a thoroughly trained voice can adapt itself to any style of music, it is also true that the Wagner operas require special

instruction from teachers who have been educated under the influence of the master himself. Every tone and phrase, every movement and gesture must be true to tradition, in order to produce its full effect, and all the accessories must conform to the original standard; for Wagner, besides being a musician and poet, had the eye of a painter, and the very rainbow in the sky does not display more delicate separation and harmonious blending of color than charms the beholder in the stage effects which he personally superintended, or for which he gave minute directions.

It is safe to foretell that close upon the realized enterprise of a Wagner-Theatre in America will follow the founding of a Wagner School of Music, wherein competent teachers shall impart the knowledge of that artistic union of tone and expression and dramatic action which constituted Wagner's idea of an opera. There ought to be such a school in America; there would be, if Wagner's transcendent music were better known; there will be, so soon as it becomes familiar to the people at large. If individual munificence do not soon lay the foundation of an institution so eminently conducive to the public good, united enterprise must secure the advantages of this powerful element in the progress of national culture.

For we must not overlook the grand ethic and æsthetic service which Wagner accomplished for his native country, and for the whole world, in choosing the heroic legends of Germany for the subject of his tone-dramas. No existing history, nor poem, nor romance, nor picture is able to give so vivid a representation of the life and thought of this ancestral people as is offered in the Wagner operas. And besides sharing in the universal sympathy of humanity with every faithful portrayal of the passions of our common nature, we have an inherited interest in the story; for that land of river-myth and forest-legend is our old home — our race was German before it was English or American.

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THE bust of Wagner, a copy of which forms the frontispiece to the present number of the magazine, has an impressive history. It was modelled by the sculptor, Lorenz Gedon, the enthusiastic admirer of the master, who died at Munich on the 27th of December, 1883, — Wagner having sat for it. The sculptor brought it to its present degree of perfection, however, after the death of Wagner, on commission of the owner of the bust, Herr Friedrich Schön of Worms. Sick, with death already staring him in the face, the artist worked on the bust with touching devotion, again and again rejecting his result and then beginning anew, so hard was it to satisfy himself. Tortured incessantly by terrible suffering, he did not rest until the work, which must be called his last work, was accomplished. When, only a few weeks before his death, an important part of the bust was shattered by an unfortunate accident, he stole repeatedly from his death-bed into his *atelier*, and completely repaired the damage. "My work must be an honor to the master," he would say — and that it is, but no less an honor to Gedon himself, who in his work has undoubtedly given us the best bust, and the only one, writes one competent to speak, which in the features gives expression to the mighty spirit of Richard Wagner. It was announced that after the shoulders, left unfinished by Gedon, had been completed, arrangements were to be made for having casts of the bust made, to meet any public demand, and we trust this has been done.

THE OMNIBUS.

PAST THE FIRST MILEPOST.

ONCE I really thought it true,
"Man proposes, gods dispose;"
Now the adage I construe,
"Gods, dispose man to propose!"

— *A. E. Hoyt.*

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CALEB'S COURTSHIP.

"I ALWUZ said," remarked Uncle Rube, tilting his chair into a more convenient angle against the piazza-post, and pausing to spit another volley of tobacco-juice into space, "I alwuz said that Kellub Hayes wuz never prop'ly broke. He wuz alwuz dretful hard to git along with when he wuz a leetle child, but his mother wuz mostly to blame, 'n I alwuz said so. He never wuz broke. Why, that woman 'd work an' slave for him f'm mornin' 'til night, an' he'd never lift a hand to help her. Jest laid 'round an' didn't do nawthin 't all. Couldn't help a'growin' up wuthless an' good-for-nawthin'. He hed a turrible temper too, an' when he'd git them fits on him, sir, he'd act jest like a crazy crittur; stomp an' rare 'round 'tell 't'ud fairly frighten ye to see him. Nobody liked him, an' he hedn't no friends, an' ez he grew older he got more disagreeable an' hard to git along with."

Uncle Rube paused reflectively to pick his teeth with the stem of a maple leaf.

"Tell us about that love affair of his," I suggested coaxingly. He gave a little chuckle.

"Wa-al it does seem to me ez that wuz the queerest courtin' I ever see. It wuz jest charactriskit o' the boy, an' nary a soul blamed the gal for refusin' him. Women won't be druv," — he wagged his grizzled old head in emphasis, — "an' I cal'late Kellub re'lizes that now. But ez fur ez that goes, no gal in her senses 'd ever want to marry a feller of Kellub Hayes's disp'sision. Why, he threat'ned he'd kill her ef she didn't marry him, an' she wuz re'lly afeard of her life whilst he wuz a' tormentin of her to make her hev him. She wuz a nice girl, Jennie Marstin, smart an' handy, an' her father wuz pooty well off, so't she hed 'bout what she wanted. She

took a notion to go to teachin' school one winter, an' got a chance in Raynersville, where Kellub Hayes's mother lived, an' that's how Kellub fust come to know her. She didn't like him f'm the fust, an' he pestered her 'bout to death, 'tell finally she actially hed to gin up an' go home; an' bless me ef the feller didn't foller her! Yes, sir, he tagged right after her, an' camped down at one of the neighbors', tho' land knows they didn't want him, he was so 'tarnal disagreeable. Then what did the crittur dew but buy some lumber, an' he went to work an' built a shanty right nigh to Hiram Marstin's house; an' they couldn't do nothin' 'bout it becuz nobuddy knew who owned the land, — so there he wuz, right under their noses, an' no mistake. Wal, sir, the way that pesky young varmint tormented them people wuz a caution! It did seem ez ef a devil hed persession on him. He'd hide behind the bushes in the road, an' watch for Jennie when she went out, an' then he'd bounce out at her, when she come along, and frighten her haffen to death; an' he'd dror them wicked brows o' his'n together an' say, "Wal, ye goin' to say yes? Ye might's well, fur by the Lord ye'll never marry any one but me, not while I'm a livin', now ye mark my word!" An' he'd go fur Jennie's mother, an' try to make her say she'd make Jennie hev him. An' ez fur Jennie's father, Hiram Marstin, it seemed ez tho' the feller couldn't do enough to spite him, and he never wasted an oppertunity to do Hiram an injury. Hiram wuz a peaceable man, an' couldn't bear to hev a fuss with nobody, but sometimes the cuttin's up o' that Kellub Hayes 'ud be too much even fur him to stand, an' he threatened two or three times to hev him arrested. But law me! threat'nin's didn't do no good, and Kellub grew worse an' worse. Wal, the things that feller done, sir; why, ye wouldn't believe! He must 'a' sat up nights to think 'em out. He seemed to be fairly bubblin' over with pe-ewer cussedness! He'd go an' lay logs acrost the road so't Hiram'd hev to lug 'em away agin, an' he'd cut the well-rope an' let the bucket fall down into the water, an' he'd let down the bars o' the cow-yard so't the cows 'ud git out an' Hiram 'd hev to go an' hunt 'em up; an' mind ye, this wuz all becuz they wouldn't favor him fur Jennie's beau. Never see a feller so sot! But Lor' bless ye, it didn't make Jennie or any of 'em change their mind; an' it wuz sech a ridicklous way to go to work 'bout it that a good many of the neighbors avowed Kellub Hayes had gone soft in the brain, — an' I vummy it did look like it. Guess t'would be truth enough to say he never hardened, — he! he!

"Wal, things come to a head one day when Hiram wuz a'hayin'. He'n Kellub'd hed a set-to the day before, an' Hiram hed told Kellub ther' warn't no use in his pesterin' Jenny, for she'd never hev him, an' he'd better go home to his mother an' not be a'hangin' 'round like a whipped hound, an' so forth; an' Kellub went off avowin' turrible things. Hiram hayed the next day, an' he wuz anxious to git it all in, becuz it looked kinder smutty up the nor'east. When he come along with the fust load, he see Kellub a'watchin' fur him out'n the door of his shanty; an' jest ez he turned the road that led to the barn, up come Kellub an' throwed himself ri' down in the dirt in front of the horse, so't Hiram hed to pull him up or run over him. Kellub laid there an' wouldn't budge, an' when Hiram 'ud turn the horse onto the side o' the road an' try to git by, Kellub 'ud hop up an' go lay down in front of the horse ag'in. Wal, 'twas the aggravatinest actions ye ever see, an' ef I'd be'n Hiram Marstin I vum I'd 'a'run spang over him. Hiram reasoned and urged, but 'twant no use, an' it looked every minute ez tho' 'twould rain, and Hiram wuz clean pu'plexed. Ye see Kellub jest wanted to keep Hiram f'm barnin' his hay so's 'twould git wet an' spiled. He jest done it for spite, that's all. Finally, Hiram got down off the wagon, unhitched the horse, an' took him up to the barn. His brother, 'Lias Marstin, hed hearn o' the fuss an come over, and Hiram told him to hitch up the buggy an' drive to town an' see Lawyer Pepper 'bout it. So off he went, an' Hiram got his Bible an' hymn-book, an' went back to the haycart where Kellub wuz, a'lyin in the dirt like a dog. Hiram clim' up to the seat, an' opened the Bible, jest like t'was a meetin', an' began an' read a chapter in Psalms that kind o' fitted the case, speakin' up strong an' loud, 'speshully where it says, "Let not mine enemies triumph over me," an' "Let them be ashamed, oh Lord, which transgress without cause," an' so forth. Then he gave out the hymn, an' sung it right threw, all the varses, little Jimmy Davis, who wuz sittin' on the fence, a'joinin' in the chorus. An' there Hiram sot an' read an' sung a good hour, with Kellub a'huggin' his spite an' chewin' grass, fur all the world like a balky mew-el. But the fust thing he knowed, up druv Hiram's brother with the constable, who yanked him on his feet in no time, an' he wuz arrested fur obstructin' the highway, an' hustled off to town in the constable's team, an' popped into the town jail afore he knowed what hed happened to him. Haw! haw! ye'd orter seen Kellub's face when he went a'swishin' off to town with the constable. An' ez they druv by the house Jennie stood in the doorway, a'wavin' her han'k'chief an' makin' bleeve cry an' hollerin' "Good-by, Kellub; hev a good time, Kellub," an' then laughin' fit to split herself. An' that wuz the last of Kellub's courtin' of Jennie Marstin, fur by the time he'd got threw with that scrape an' hed marnedged to scratch up the money to pay the fine, Jenny hed gone to Craftsville to visit her aunt, an' when she come back she wuz married to John Baker that she'd been a'goin' with fur years. When Kellub come back an' found that Jenny wuz goin' to be married, he blustered aroun' an' vowed he'd shoot both on 'em an' himself, too. Lord knows nobuddy'd 'a'shed ary tear ef he'd 'a'put himself out o' the way, but he wuz too big a coward to do either.

"What became of him? Oh, I dunno. He cleared out an' went off out West somewheres, I believe. Poor Kellub! 'twuz mos'ly his mother's fault — I alwuz said so. He warn't brought up right', an' he never got over it. "Wa-al," — the old man arose slowly and stretched himself with a mighty yawn, — "I can see my old 'ooman a'beckonin' to me, an' I guess it's 'bout time fur me an' the chickens to go to roost."

— *Alice Fessenden Peterson.*

MYTHS.

By Maria S. Porter.

In the dear days of old we severely were told
That good little children were seen and not heard;
So, asking no question, with ostrich digestion
We swallowed of all that we read every word.

Of late they write history, and in mythical mystery
They fade away from us like mists of the morn —
The poets and heroes, the Homers and Neros,
Till we wonder at last if they ever were born.



"I dont believe there's no sich a person!"
Betsey Prig to Sairey Gamp in
Martin Chuzzlewit.



Men famous of eld, and the saints dearest held,
To whose skirts all our faith we did pin,
Into myths are resolved, or at least are dissolved
Into air that's exceedingly thin;

Till we're very much vexed, or are sadly perplexed,
When late writers declare, "he's a myth; that's a hoax."
Through the mist of the ages we can't see the sages,
And a credence in them we in vain try to coax.

With what ease we were able to swallow the fable
Of the wolf-nurse that suckled those wonderful twins!
Now the men that write history involve that in mythtery,
And Rome's famous story just dwindles and thins.

In the days of Pompilius (or Tullus Hostilius)
We were once told those wonderful triplets were born;
That the brothers Curatii fought the brothers Horatii —
A mill that the wiseacres now doubt with scorn.

Metius Curtius's leap down that chasm so deep
Is a tale that on slightest of evidence leans;
With Rome's cackling geese it is all of a piece,
And both are fit stories to tell the marines.

And scholarly Newman, with keenest acumen,
Declares it's rank folly to go by the books;
E'en Cataline's treason he doubts, with good reason,
And at "Et tu (O) Brute" suspiciously looks.

As to brave William Tell, we are told it's a sell
About that small apple, and arrow he sped;
Nor did Gesler the tyrant, imperious and irant,
Bid him shoot off the fruit from his son Albert's head.

And brave Pocahontas no club did confront, as
She warded the blow from John Smith's waiting head;
Nor in the dark midnight, unguided by starlight,
Sped she swift through the forest with tidings of dread.

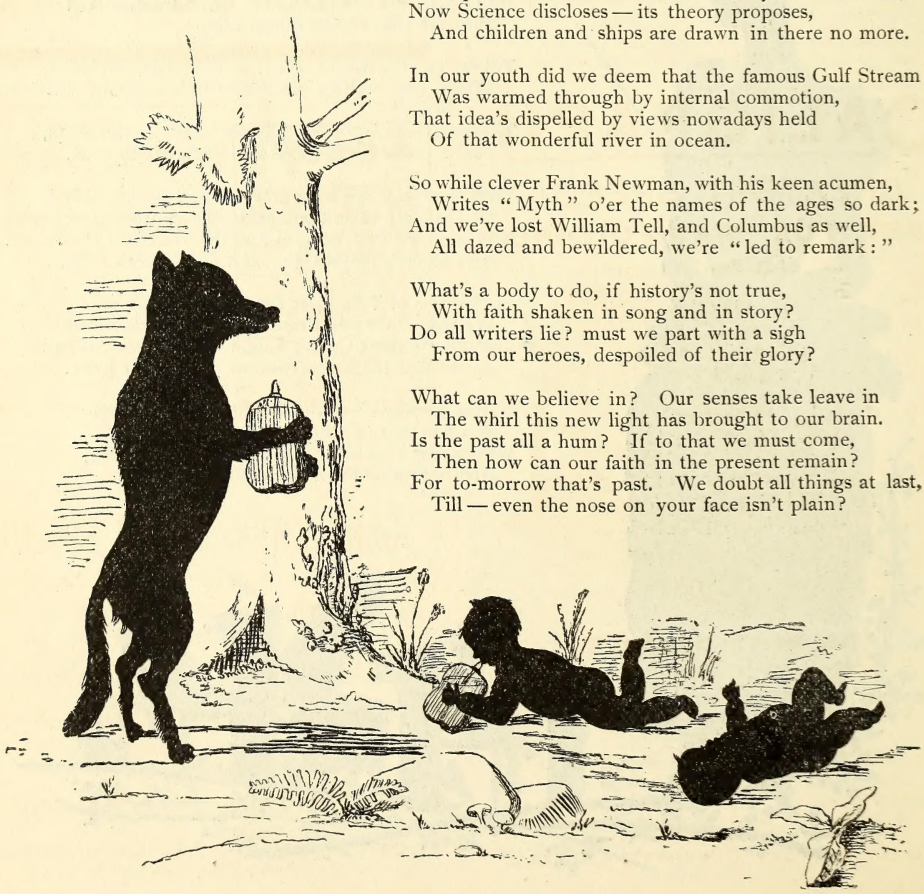
E'en Shakespeare the Great was not deemed so of late
By Miss Bacon, who told us he wrote not the Plays,
That while letters endure, we are perfectly sure,
All nations will join in delighting to praise.

To Lord Bacon 'twould seem, whom Pope sang of as mean,
Would his namesake those works of rare genius accord.
Though in matters of state his lordship was great,
To Shakespeare alone those creations award.

Ah! sad is our fate to hear Goodrich relate
A tale that he (Aaron) profoundly believes:
C. Columbus he's told was a villain most bold,
Assassin and robber — companion of thieves.

At this dastardly tale all language doth fail
To express the contempt for its vender we feel,
This Goodrich so bold, who's unblushingly told
That our famous Columbus did murder and steal.

If the stories in vogue prove Columbus a rogue,
Instead of the good man we read of of yore;
Then our hearts, fondly turning, will ever be yearning
For the faith of our childhood — we'll question no more.



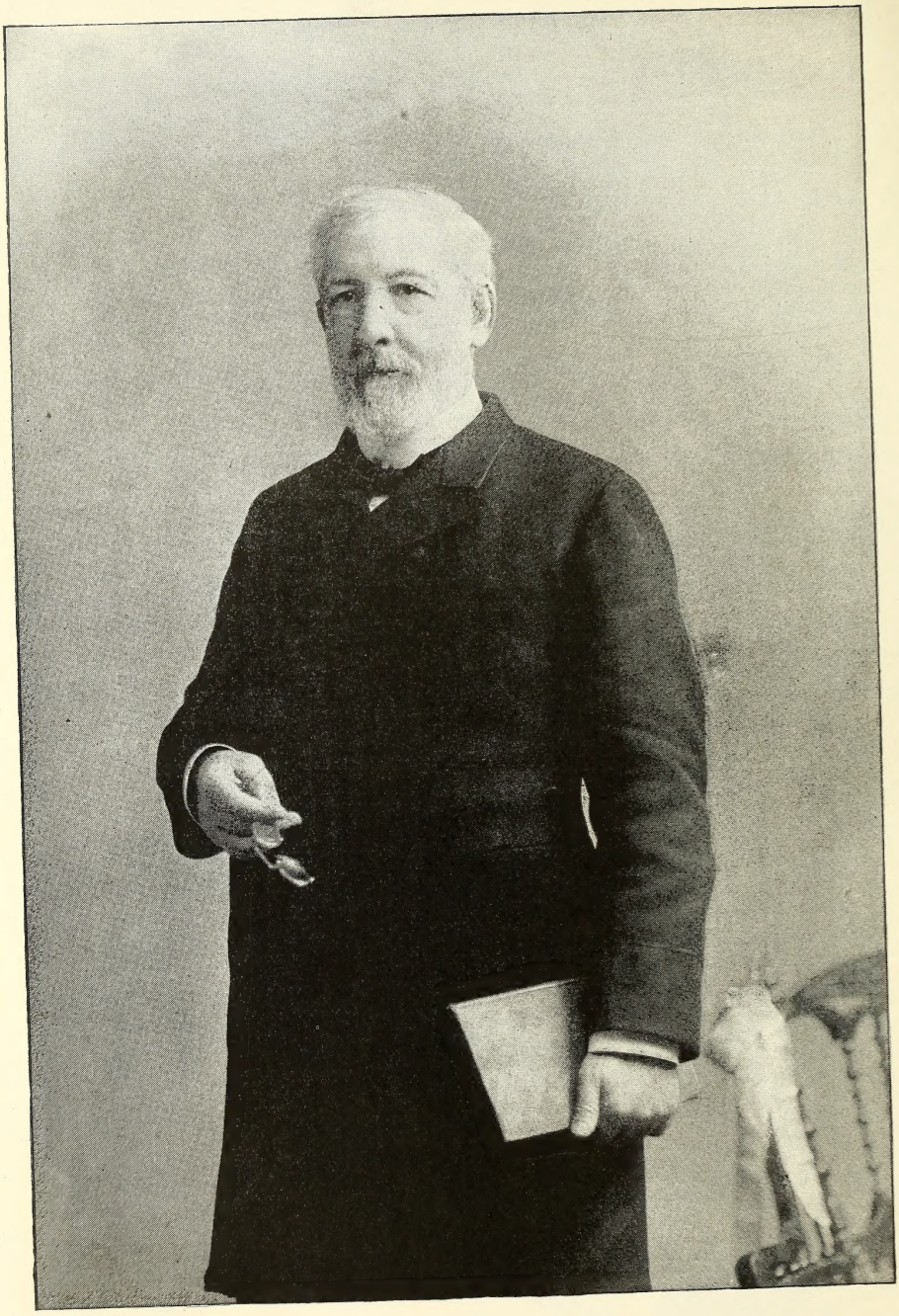
In that childhood we pondered and open-eyed wondered
At pictures of Maelstrom off Norway's bleak shore;
Now Science discloses — its theory proposes,
And children and ships are drawn in there no more.

In our youth did we deem that the famous Gulf Stream
Was warmed through by internal commotion,
That idea's dispelled by views nowadays held
Of that wonderful river in ocean.

So while clever Frank Newman, with his keen acumen,
Writes "Myth" o'er the names of the ages so dark;
And we've lost William Tell, and Columbus as well,
All dazed and bewildered, we're "led to remark:"

What's a body to do, if history's not true,
With faith shaken in song and in story?
Do all writers lie? must we part with a sigh
From our heroes, despoiled of their glory?

What can we believe in? Our senses take leave in
The whirl this new light has brought to our brain.
Is the past all a hum? If to that we must come,
Then how can our faith in the present remain?
For to-morrow that's past. We doubt all things at last,
Till — even the nose on your face isn't plain?



JAMES G. BLAINE.

THE

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. JULY, 1891. VOL. IV. NO. 5.

THE STATE OF MAINE.

By Nelson Dingley, Jr.

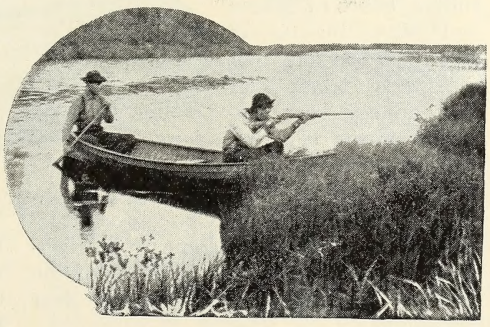


THE State of Maine presents in its early history and in its remarkable combination of natural scenery more of interest to the student and tourist than almost any other state of the Union.

Although the youngest in statehood, yet Maine was the first of the North Atlantic States to be visited by white men, and the earliest to invite European enterprise. Icelandic tradition affirms that the Northmen, voyaging from Iceland and Greenland, and crossing the comparatively narrow ocean to Labrador, followed the coast southward to Maine, about the year 1000. But dismissing uncertain tradition, there is no doubt that the English navigator, Sebastian Cabot, discovered the shores of Maine and of New England in 1498, before any other European had seen the coast of either of the original thirteen states, and carried back to Europe intelligence of the rich cod fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland, which for more than a hundred years thereafter, formed almost the sole connecting link between Europe and the territory comprised in the North Atlantic States.

It is probable that the French navigators, who ascended the St. Lawrence, and landed on the shores of Nova Scotia, also visited the coast of Maine as early as 1555, but they left almost no record of their voyages. In 1602, Bartholomew Gosnold, the next year, Martin Pring, and in 1605, George Weymouth, all English navigators, reached the Maine coast, sailed up the Penobscot bay and river, and took possession of the territory in behalf of the English crown; while in 1604 the French navigator, De Monts, also visited these shores at Mount Desert and other places, and took possession of the same territory in the name of the King of France.

The territory now embraced in the state of Maine, thus taken possession of by two rival European powers in entire disregard of the rights of the native owners, was occupied along the sea-coast and river valley by from



On the Rangeleys,

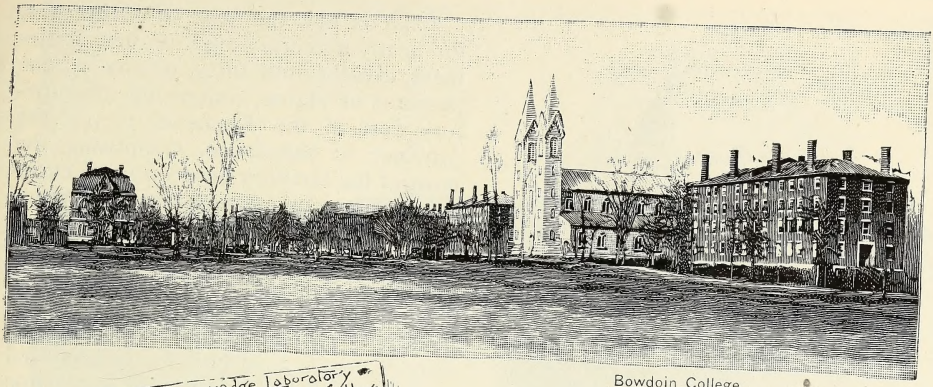
twenty thousand to thirty thousand Indians, who subsisted on the fish caught in the rivers, lakes and bays, the corn and beans raised on the intervales and the game killed in the forests, and clothed themselves with the skins of the numerous fur-bearing animals which they captured. These Indians, although known by the general name of Abnakis, and confederated for the purpose of defence against the Mohawks, were divided into eight or ten small tribes. When Captain John Smith of Virginia fame visited the Maine coast in 1614, he counted thirty Indian villages, with whose dusky occupants he exchanged trinkets and bright colored cloth for valuable furs. Soon after, a fierce war broke out between the eastern Indians and the Mohawks, followed in 1616–19 by a great pestilence, which reduced the number of Indians in Maine to about ten thousand at the time of the first permanent white settlement of the state a few years after. The close relations between the Indian tribes of Maine and Massachusetts are shown by the fact that the stately Indian chief who appeared at Plymouth at the close of the first dreary winter which the Pilgrims passed through, with the salutation, "Welcome, Englishman!" was Samoset, a sagamore of the Maine Wawennocks, who lived near Pemaquid.



From the Statue in the Capitol at Washington.

The various colonizing schemes which resulted in the permanent settlement of Maine were largely due to the efforts of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, president of the northern branch of the North and South Virginia company, and chief agent of its successor, the new Plymouth or New England Company, formed in 1620. Sir Ferdinando persuaded his company to send out an expedition to colonize Maine in 1607, — the same year that the first permanent English settlement of the United States was made at Jamestown, Va. This expedition, under the command of Sir George Popham, located near the mouth of the Kennebec river, within the present town of Phippsburg, and established a colony, with a well-ordered system of government, under auspicious circumstances. Unfortunately, the colony became discouraged, and early the next spring abandoned their undertaking and returned to England.

Not daunted by this failure, Sir Ferdinando continued his efforts to interest merchants in his commercial and colonizing plans, which resulted in the despatch of vessels to engage in fishing and trading in the waters of Maine as early as 1609. Monhegan Island, which to this day retains its primitive character, was the headquarters and supply station of these vessels during the fishing season. Captain John Smith, who made a successful trading voyage to the coast of Maine in the interest of Gorges in 1614, found



Bowdoin College.



The Colleges of Maine.

here a fishing settlement and obtained supplies for his vessels; and the Pilgrims, at the close of their first winter at Plymouth, relieved their pressing needs with food and other necessaries obtained at Monhegan.

The first permanent settlement of Maine in a social sense was made in 1623 at the mouth of the Saco River, at a place called Winter Harbor, by Richard Vines, who commanded one of Gorges' trading and fishing vessels, and who had here spent the winter of 1616–17. About the same time a permanent settlement was made at Kittery, the oldest town in Maine; and fishing settlements were es-



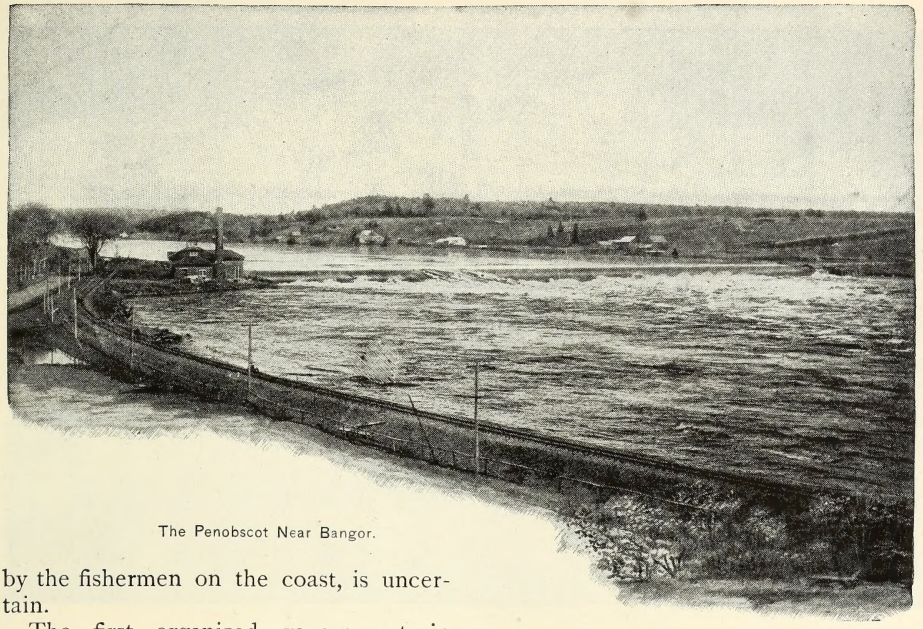
Hon. Thomas B. Reed.

tablished at Pemaquid, Cape Newaggen (Southport) and Richmond Island in Portland Harbor. Soon after, trading stations were established by the Plymouth Pilgrims, who received a grant of land from the New England Company for this purpose, at the mouth of the Kennebec river, and at Cushnoc (Augusta), Machi s and Castine. The last two stations were taken by the French in 1632–3, who held Castine for nearly a century.

What is now the state of Maine was, for nearly a century after its first settlement, divided into three provinces; the province of Maine, comprising the territory west of the Kennebec river; the province of Sagadahoc, comprising the most of the territory between the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers; and the province of Acadia, comprising the territory east of the Penobscot river, (including Nova Scotia). The territory east of the Penobscot was claimed and held most of the time by the French till the treaty of Utrecht in 1712, when it was surrendered to England. The province of Sagadahoc was granted in 1664 by Charles II. to his brother, the Duke of York, who had purchased all the rights acquired by the original grantee in 1635; and the province of Maine was acquired by Sir Ferdinando Gorges in 1635, when the New England Company was dissolved, which grant was confirmed by King Charles I. in 1639, when Gorges was made the Lord Proprietor, at which time the name of "Maine" was given the province, and subsequently applied to the whole territory now comprised in the state. Whether this name was given in honor of Queen Henrietta Maria, who is alleged to have had the province of Mayne in France as her patrimony, or in recognition of a name given the "Main" land



A Camp in the Woods.



The Penobscot Near Bangor.

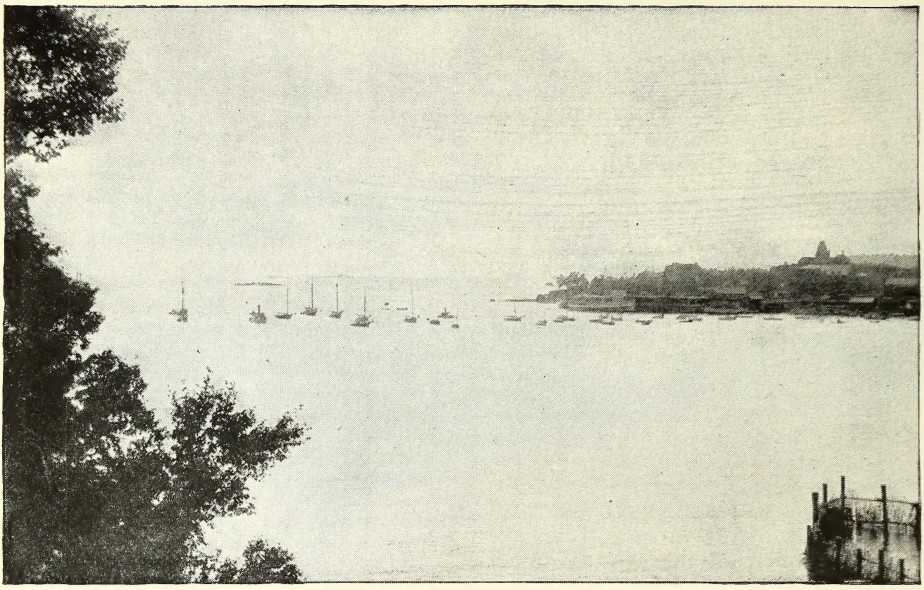
by the fishermen on the coast, is uncertain.

The first organized government in either of these provinces was established in 1636 by Sir Ferdinando Gorges, for his province of Maine, with his nephew, William Gorges, as governor. Up to that time only a local magistracy for the different settlements had existed, and this was all that continued at Pemaquid and Sheepscot, the only organized settlements in the province of Sagadahoc, up to 1664. The French province east of the Penobscot had no settlements, beyond the trading post at Castine. In 1642 Sir Ferdinando Gorges, ambitious for the fame of his new province, made Agamenticus (York) the capital, changed its name to Gorgeana, and gave it a city charter, thus making it the first chartered city in the United States. In 1647, Sir Ferdinando died in England, at the age of 74, without ever having seen the shores of Maine, which he had done so much to colonize.

Gorges' government for the province of Maine continued only five years after his death, and sixteen years after its establishment, when it was superseded in 1652 by the extension of the jurisdiction of Massachusetts Bay Colony over this province, under a new interpretation of the Massachusetts charter,— an interpretation which the people of Maine welcomed in view of the disorder which had arisen in consequence of the conflicting claims to the territory of the province by the heirs of the Gorges and Lygonia patents. Under this doubtful interpretation, the province of Maine was for forty years an integral part of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, as the County of Yorkshire, or was provided with a separate government, with more or less conflicts of authority, until in 1692 Massachusetts and Maine were united under the charter of William and Mary, which government continued till the Revolution was inaugurated in 1775.

In 1665, the next year after the Duke of York had been granted the provinces of Sagadahoc and New York, royal commissioners, representing the duke, appeared in Western Sagadahoc and organized the province under the name of the County of Cornwall, with Sheepscot Plantation (New Castle) as the shire town, and Pemaquid the capital of both West and East Sagadahoc.

This government continued till King Philip's war in 1675, when all the settlers fled, returning at the conclusion of the war in 1677, at which time Sir Edmund Andros, the duke's governor of Sagadahoc and New York, again took possession

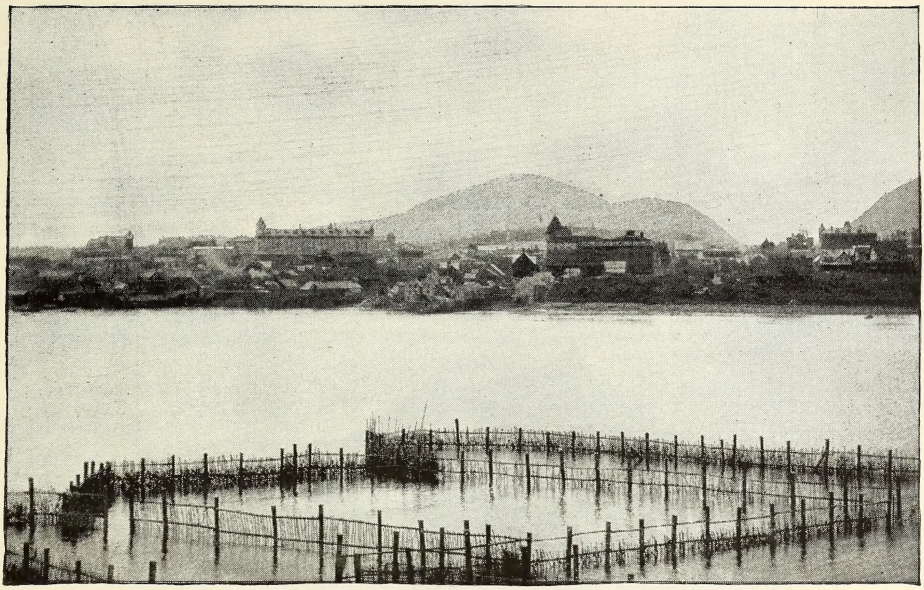


Bar Harbor, Mount Desert.

of the Sagdahoc province, erected a fort at Pemaquid and re-established the Cornwall government, which continued till Massachusetts assumed her authority over the province, and all of Maine was united with the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1691–2.

In 1692, Sir William Phips rebuilt the Pemaquid fort of stone, giving it the name of Fort William and Henry, and manned it with sixty men. This fort was destroyed by the French four years later. For nearly thirty years the Sagadahoc province was practically abandoned by the English in consequence of French and Indian ravages. In 1729, when about one hundred and fifty families had returned to Pemaquid and Sheepscot, King George gave David Dunbar a commission to rule the province, under the patronage of the governor of Nova Scotia, notwithstanding the protest of Massachusetts. With extraordinary energy, Dunbar introduced a large number of excellent settlers from the north of Ireland, repaired Fort William and Henry, whose name he changed to Fort Frederick, promoted settlements at Boothbay, Damariscotta and other points, and laid out a city with paved streets at Pemaquid. In 1732, Massachusetts secured the revocation of Dunbar's commission, and the province was again placed under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts. In 1747, the fort was attacked by sixty Indians, accompanied by a few Frenchmen, who were repulsed. In 1758, the fort was dismantled and abandoned for the last time. The visitor who looks upon the grassy slope by the seashore at Pemaquid, now finds no evidence that two hundred years ago there was located on that spot a city, the capital of a province united with New York under the rule of the brother of an English king and subsequently associated with Nova Scotia under a ruler commissioned by King George, beyond that afforded by the paved streets which have been uncovered by antiquarians, the depressions in the surface which mark the location of ancient cellars, and a few brick and stone ruins of the fort around which surged attacking bands of Frenchmen and Indians.

The rival claims of the territory of Maine east of the Penobscot, by England and France, were intensified by the long struggle between these two European powers for the possession of Canada. Situated in the northeasterly angle of the

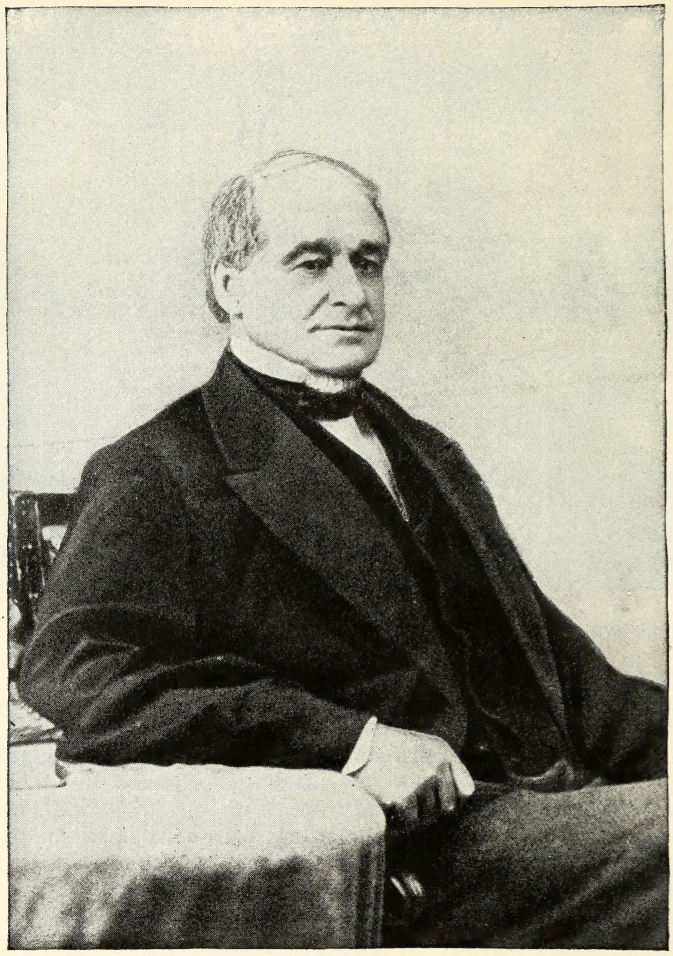


FROM A PHOTO BY PEABODY.

United States, with Canada on the east, north and northwest, and the Atlantic Ocean on the south, Maine's isolated position and importance as a Canadian outlet to the ocean,— as important to-day in British eyes as it was two hundred years ago to French statesmen,— early invited French aggression and made the territory and inhabitants of Maine the centre of attack during the long and bloody Indian and French and Indian wars, which continued with brief intermissions from the opening of King Philip's war in 1675 to the fall of Quebec in 1759, and the final surrender by France of eastern Maine and Canada to England in 1763.

The story of these bloody wars, which practically exterminated the Indian tribes west of the Penobscot, wellnigh swept out of existence the English settlements in Maine, and set back the colonization of Maine nearly a century, is replete with deeds of cruelty and ferocity that seem almost incredible.

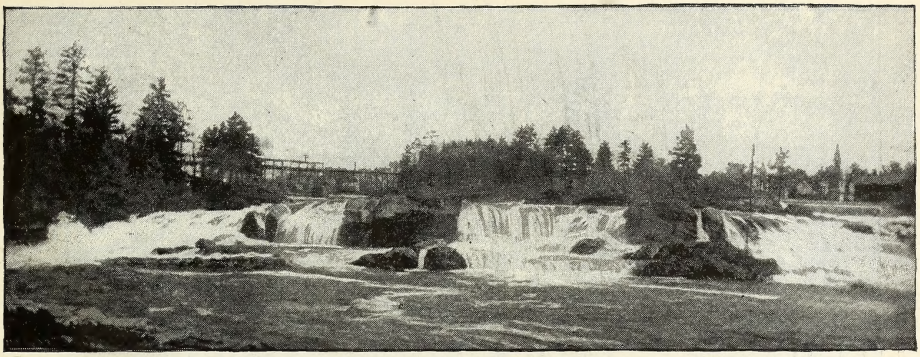
The most conspicuous leaders on the side of England and the colonies in the French and Indian wars were Sir William Phips, the first royal governor of united Massachusetts and Maine under the charter of William and Mary, and Sir William Pepperell, both natives of Maine. Phips was born at Woolwich, February 12, 1650, and was the tenth of his mother's twenty-six children, twenty-one of whom were sons. His father died when he was a child, and young Phips remained with his mother till he was eighteen, when he left home to learn the trade of a ship carpenter in a ship yard on the Sheepscot River. Having had his business broken up by King Philip's war, Phips went to sea. In one of his voyages he learned that a Spanish ship, laden with a valuable freight of silver bullion, had been wrecked and sunk near the Bahamas. He persuaded an English nobleman to furnish the means to equip a vessel to proceed to the locality under his charge, and search for the sunken treasure. Phips was successful in his search, and his share of the treasure recovered was $70,000. Returning to Boston, he took a prominent part in public affairs, and was appointed in 1690 to the command of the expedition fitted out to recover Nova Scotia. In two months Sir William captured Port Royal, and took possession of all the French settlements as far as the Penobscot.



Hannibal Hamlin

After this success, Phips was sent to London to solicit the king's assistance in another expedition, and while there received the appointment of royal governor of united Massachusetts and Maine, entering upon his duties in 1692. He died in February, 1695, at the comparatively early age of forty-five, having made a reputation as a soldier and statesman, which placed his name among the first of the distinguished men who laid the foundations of prosperity and good government in Maine. Sir William Pepperell commanded the land force which reduced the French fortress of Louisburg, on the island of Cape Breton, in 1744, and compelled the surrender to the English of this important key to French dominion in North America. He died at his seat in Kittery, July 6, 1759, at the age of sixty-five, greatly mourned in the colonies.

The people of Maine were in full sympathy, and heartily co-operated with their brethren of Massachusetts proper all through the controversy between the colonies and Great Britain which led to the American Revolution. When the news of the repeal of the Stamp Act reached Falmouth in May, 1766, guns were fired, bells rung, flags displayed, and

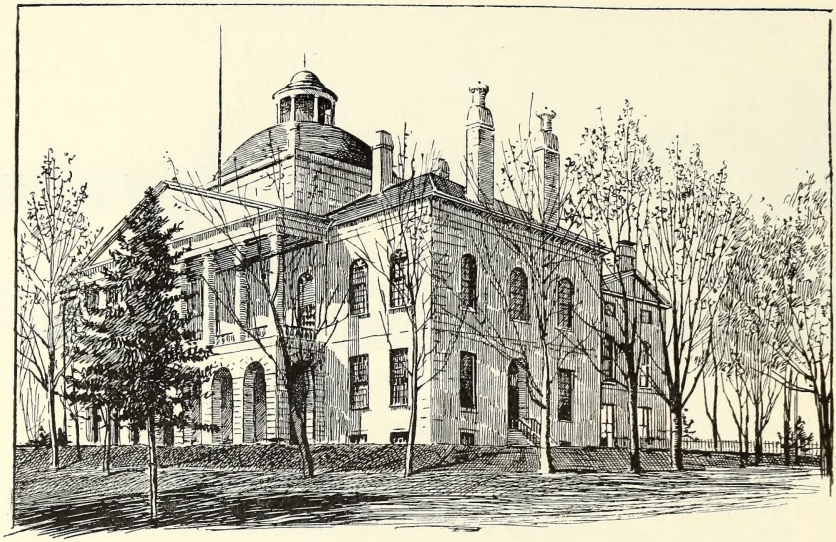


Falls of the Androscoggin at Lewiston.

houses illuminated. In 1774, after the passage by the British Parliament of measures which deprived the colonists of important civil rights, and closed the port of Boston, the inhabitants of Falmouth, Biddeford, and other Maine towns held meetings and adopted resolutions to support their brethren at Boston in defence of their rights and liberties. In September, 1774, a convention of delegates from nine towns in Cumberland County met at Falmouth, where five hundred armed men from eastern towns were also gathered, compelled the county sheriff appointed by General Gage, the last royal governor, to give a pledge that he would obey the province law and not that of Parliament, and recommended that the representatives elected from the several towns of Massachusetts and Maine meet and form a Provincial Congress to take the place of the General Court dissolved by General Gage. The Provincial Congress met at Salem in October, 1774, and elected delegates to the Continental Congress. The second Provincial Congress met February 1, 1775, and May 5 passed a resolution that ended British government in Massachusetts and Maine, and set up a new state government under the colonial charter, which was formally inaugurated July 19, and continued till the adoption of a state constitution in October, 1780, with John Hancock as



A Group of Guides.



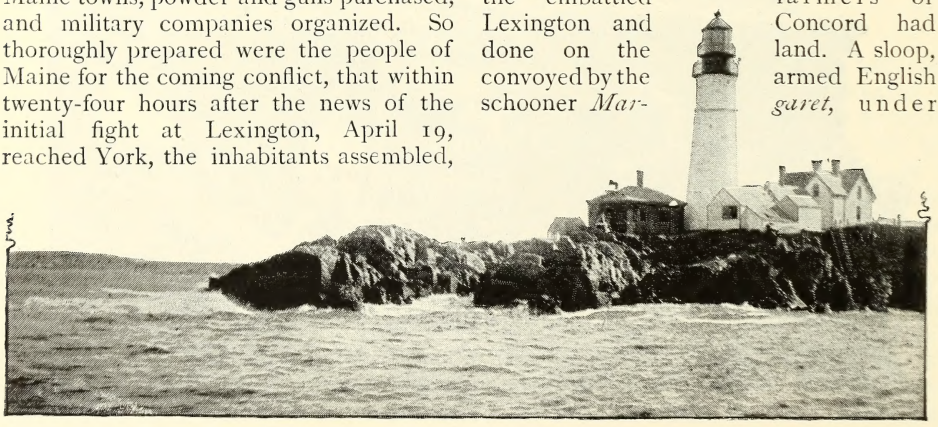
State House, Augusta.

DESIGNED BY BULFINCH.

the first governor. In this Provincial Congress there were seventeen members present from Maine, of whom the most prominent were James Sullivan of Biddeford, who was soon after appointed a judge of the Supreme Court, and in 1808 was elected governor, Ichabod Goodwin of Berwick, Samuel Freeman of Falmouth, subsequently judge of probate of Cumberland County and first postmaster of Portland, and Timothy Langdon of Pownalboro.

Committees of Safety were appointed in 1774–5 by Falmouth and many other Maine towns, powder and guns purchased, and military companies organized. So thoroughly prepared were the people of Maine for the coming conflict, that within twenty-four hours after the news of the initial fight at Lexington, April 19, reached York, the inhabitants assembled, enlisted a company of sixty men, furnished them with arms, ammunition, and provisions, and the company marched fifteen miles on the road to Boston. As an illustration of the patriotic spirit of the inhabitants of Maine, it is recorded that the settlers of New Gloucester in a few days raised twenty men for the Continental army, and voted to perform the domestic labor of each soldier during his absence, and pay his wages at the town's expense.

It fell to the men of Maine to initiate the Revolutionary struggle on the sea, as the "embattled farmers" of Concord had done on the Lexington and convoyed by the armed English schooner *Margaret*, under



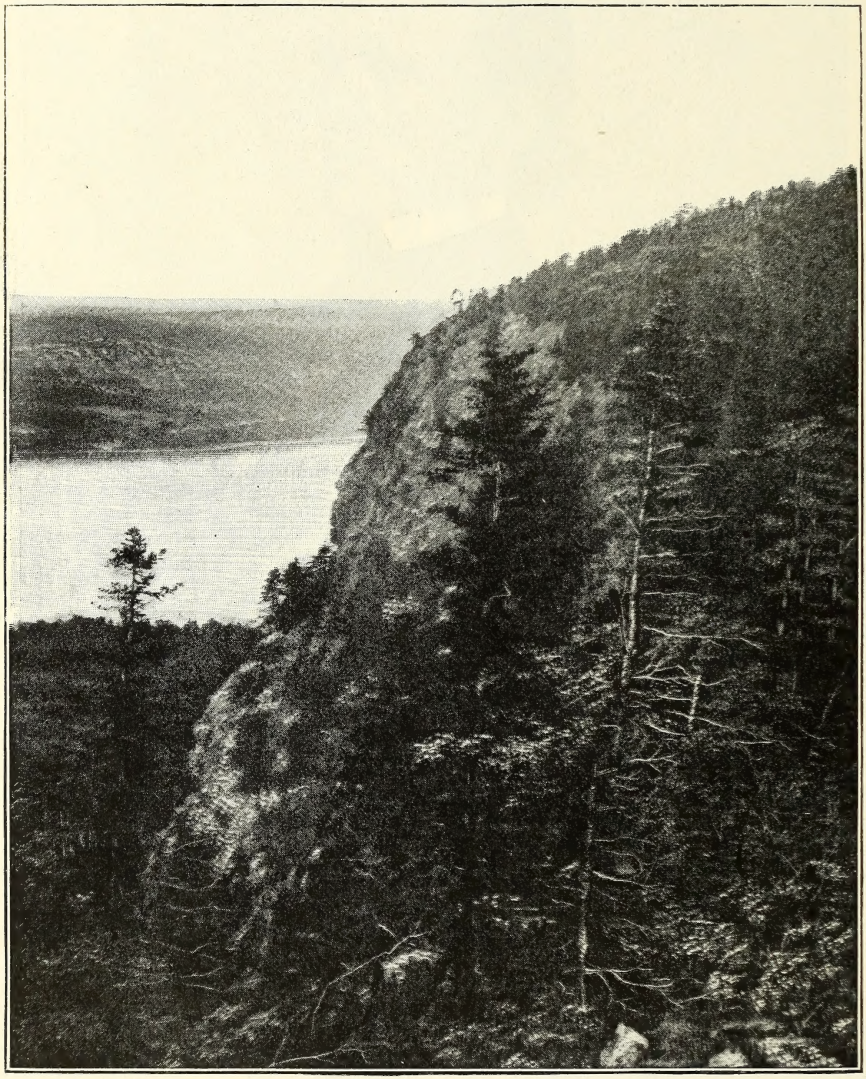
Portland Head Light



William Pitt Fessenden.

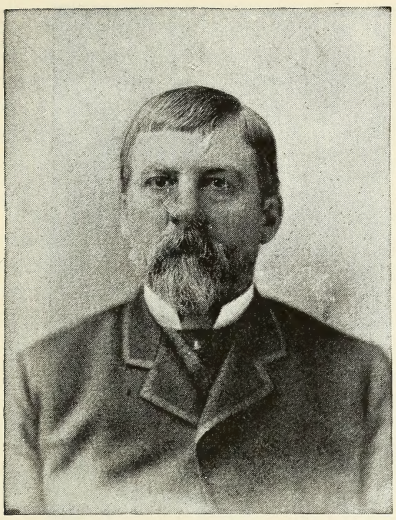
the command of Lieutenant Moore, was sent from Boston to Machias to procure wood for the British troops. Both vessels arrived at Machias, June 2 1775, and brought the first news of the bloody conflicts at Lexington and Concord. The intelligence deeply stirred the people, who gave expression to their patriotism by erecting a liberty pole, which Lieutenant Moore ordered to be removed under the threat of firing on the town. The people at once armed, and, seizing the wood sloop, took measures to capture Lieutenant Moore and the armed schooner, which they succeeded in doing on the 12th of June, after a sharp fight in which several men were killed on each side. When the news of this first patriot victory on the sea reached the Provincial Congress in session at Watertown, Mass., on the 26th of June, that body passed a formal vote of

thanks to the heroes of "The Lexington of the Seas." Benjamin Foster and Jeremiah O'Brien, who led the Machias patriots, were soon after commissioned to command privateers.

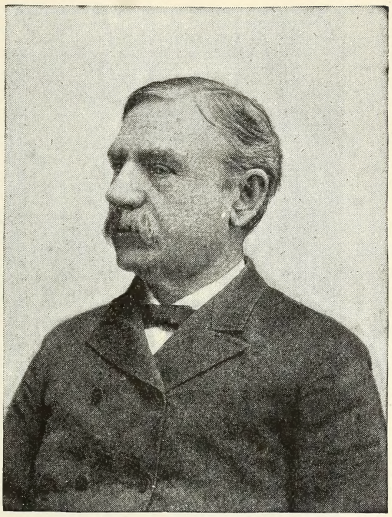


Mount Kineo, Moosehead Lake.

The first offensive military movement undertaken by General Washington after he had assumed command of the patriot army was Arnold's memorable expedition against Quebec, by way of Kennebec River and through the wilderness of Maine, in the autumn of 1775, in cooperation with Montgomery's expedition against Montreal. Although the expedition failed of its object, yet the successful manner in which the brave army, composed in part of Maine men, surmounted the enormous difficulties of so long a march through the wilderness, at an inclement season of the year, and the bravery exhibited in the final attack which came so near success, have made



Eugene Hale.



William P. Frye.

The Present Senators from Maine.

this initial unsuccessful campaign in the War for Independence almost as famous as subsequent victories. It is noteworthy also that among the officers associated with Arnold in this expedition were many notable men, including General Henry Dearborn, who subsequently settled at Monmouth, Me., and was a representative to Congress and Secretary of War; Samuel McCobb of Georgetown, Me., afterwards Brigadier-General in the Continental Army; and Aaron Burr of New Jersey, subsequently Vice-President of the United States.

The proximity of Nova Scotia and the British naval station at Halifax made the coast and frontier towns of Maine the special object of attack by the English in both the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, and necessitated the retention at home of a considerable body of Maine troops. The beautiful city of Falmouth (now Portland) was bombarded and in large part burned October 18th, 1775, by a British fleet under Captain Mowett, in defiance of all rules of civilized warfare. In 1777, an English expedition from Halifax sailed up the Machias river and burned many vessels and buildings, but was at last compelled to retire by the patriot militia. June 12, 1779, a British fleet and land force took possession of Castine, built a fortification, established a British Custom House and, notwithstanding a strong but unsuccessful attempt by the Americans to re-capture the place, retained possession until the close of the war.

The most distinguished citizen of Maine who participated in the Revolutionary struggle was Gen. Henry Knox, a



The Longfellow Statue, Portland.



View on Mount Katahdin.

FROM A PHOTO BY MISS ROSE HOLLINGSWORTH.

native and for many years a resident of Boston, who removed to Thomaston, Maine, where his wife had inherited a large landed interest under the Waldo patent, on his retirement from the position of Secretary of War in 1794, and built a fine mansion which he called "Montpelier," where he dispensed princely hospitality until he died, October 25, 1806, at the age of eighty-six.

The era of prosperity upon which Maine entered at the close of the Revolution was interrupted by the embargo of 1807 and the war with Great Britain in 1812–15. In 1814, a British force captured the American forts at Eastport and Castine, and held the latter place till April 26, 1815. A British force also visited Belfast, Hampden, Bangor and Machias, and threatened Wiscasset.



On the Beach.

Boothbay, and other towns on the coast, The Maine militia were called out and several skirmishes took place. At Castine a British custom-house was established, where duties were collected for over a year under the authority of Great Britain.

The first representative in Congress elected from Maine in 1789, on the organization of the federal government under the Constitution, was George Thacher of Biddeford, who had been a delegate to the Continental Congress. General Henry Dearborn of Monmouth, and Peleg Wadsworth of Falmouth, subsequently of Hiram, were added to the representation in the national House in 1794, when the District of Maine was given three representatives.

Among the other representatives in Congress from Maine, before the separation from Massachusetts, who occupied prominent positions in the new state, were John Chandler of Monmouth, from 1805 to 1808, and John Holmes of Alfred, from 1817 to 1820, when both were elected the first senators from the new State of Maine; Albion K. P. Parris of Portland, from 1815 to 1819, and Enoch Lincoln of Paris, from 1818 to 1827, the first of whom was, in 1822, elected the second governor, and the latter, in 1827, the third governor of Maine; and Ezekiel Whitman of Portland, from 1809 to 1811, and from 1817 to 1823, who was afterwards an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the new state. Prentice Mellen, who was a senator from Massachusetts at the time of the separation, was made the first chief justice of the Supreme Court of Maine, which position he held for fourteen years; and William King, who had taken a prominent part in promoting separation, was almost unanimously elected the first governor, which office he resigned in 1821 to accept the position of commissioner of the general government on Spanish claims. He died at Bath, June 17, 1852, at the ripe age of eighty-four. The new State of Maine, which was admitted into the Union as the twenty-second state, March, 15, 1820, was fortunate in having men of such ability and worth to lay its foundations.

Among the prominent citizens of Maine who gained a national reputation in the comparatively uneventful period between 1830 and 1850, were George Evans of Gardiner, who entered the House in 1829 at the age of thirty-two, and was promoted to the Senate in 1841, where he served one term; John Fairfield of Saco; and Edward Kent of Bangor. Although the latter never represented Maine in the national councils, yet he gained a wide fame from the fact that his election to the gubernatorial chair in 1837 was the first instance of the election of a Whig to this position in Maine since the organization of that party, and from the further fact that his re-election in 1840 by a very narrow majority, in a state so generally Democratic, was the initial victory that foreshadowed the election of William Henry Harrison to the presidency in 1840, and which suggested the familiar political song that the Whigs sung from Maine to Louisiana:

"Have you heard the news from Maine?"

In the administration of John Fairfield of Saco, who occupied the gubernatorial chair in 1839, between Governor Kent's two terms, occurred the exciting episode, generally referred to as the "Aroostook War," which came near precipitating the United States into a conflict with Great Britain. For years there had been a controversy between the two countries over the northeastern boundary between Maine and New Brunswick. The controversy came to a head in the winter of 1839, in consequence of the arrest by the Maine authorities of British trespassers, who were cutting timber on the territory which the State of Maine claimed, and over which it had exercised jurisdiction, and the seizure and imprisonment by the New Brunswick authorities of Mr. McIntire, the Maine land agent, who had been instrumental in the arrest of the New Brunswick trespassers. Governor Harvey of New Brunswick at once issued a warlike proclamation, and ordered a draft of militia for immediate service; whereupon, by authority of a resolve passed by the Maine legislature, Governor Fairfield promptly sent forward a small force to the seat of war, and ordered a draft of ten

thousand men from the militia, to be held in readiness for immediate service, who speedily commenced their march for the Aroostook, two hundred miles from the state capital. The national House at Washington promptly passed a bill justifying the action of Maine, and authorizing the President to raise 50,000 volunteers to repel invasion. Meanwhile, on the 6th of March, General Scott and staff, acting as the agent of the general government, reached Augusta, the capital of the state, where the legislature was in session, and opened negotiations with Governor Fairfield of Maine and Governor Harvey of New Brunswick, which resulted in an amicable arrangement, pending negotiations for the settlement of the boundary dispute, by which the prisoners on both sides were released, and the militia withdrawn. It was not, however, till 1842 that the boundary question was settled by what is known as the Ashburton-Webster treaty. In 1842 Fairfield was again elected governor, but resigned in 1843 to accept the position of United States senator, which he held till his death, December 24th, 1847.

In the decade before the Civil War, there came into prominence in Maine a remarkable galaxy of public men, who filled conspicuous positions in the nation during that great contest. In this galaxy the most prominent, by virtue of his long public career, was Hannibal Hamlin, who was born at Paris, Maine, August 27, 1809; was a representative in the Maine legislature from 1836 to 1840; speaker of the House two terms; United States senator from Maine from 1848 to 1857, when he resigned to accept for two months the position of governor of Maine, (to which he had been elected by an overwhelming majority, at the state election of September, 1856); and senator again from 1857 to 1861, when he resigned to accept the position of vice-president, to which he had been elected on the Lincoln and Hamlin ticket, in November, 1860. After serving in the vice-presidency from 1861 to 1865, he was appointed Collector of the Port of Boston; and was again elected to the United States Senate in 1869, serving two additional terms till 1881, when he declined a re-election and retired to his home in Bangor, where, at the age of eighty-two, with faculties well preserved, health unimpaired, and interest in public affairs as keen as ever, he is spending the evening of his life, after a public career of more than half a century, during which long period he has maintained the confidence of the people to an almost unexampled degree, by the purity of his private life and the ability, industry, and fidelity with which he has discharged the duties of every public trust committed to him.

William Pitt Fessenden of Portland, Lot M. Morrill of Augusta, Israel Washburn, Jr., of Orono, and Nathan Clifford of Portland, formed a notable quartet in this galaxy of Maine statesmen and jurists who made national reputations before the Civil War, and were prominent figures in public life during the war and reconstruction period, but who have all passed away, leaving reputations for legal learning, statesmanship, and probity, which place them in the front rank of the great men of the nation. Mr. Fessenden, who was the son of Samuel Fessenden, an eminent lawyer of Maine, after successfully serving in the Maine legislature and one term in the National House, was elected to the United States Senate in 1854 at the opening of the political upheaval, which in that year brought into power in Maine the political elements that soon formed the Republican party, and was continued in that position, with the exception of one year (1864–5) when he was Secretary of the Treasury, until he died, September 8, 1869, at the age of seventy-five. In these fifteen years, covering six years of the slavery conflict which led up to secession, the four years of war for the maintenance of the Union, and the four years of the reconstruction struggle, Fessenden was easily one of the great leaders in Congress who molded the financial and administrative policy of the nation, in the days that tried men's souls. Keen, incisive, logical, he saw at a glance the strong points of his own case and the weak points of his adversary; and although he was called upon to meet such giants as Douglass, Sumner, Carpenter and Trum-

bull, yet by common consent, as a debater he was without a peer in the Senate.

Mr. Morrill, who was in early life the law partner of Timothy O. Howe, a native of Maine and subsequently a Senator from Wisconsin, entered public life as a Democratic representative in the Maine legislature, and in this body first met Mr. Fessenden as the Whig leader, and measured swords with him in debate as a political antagonist. Afterwards the great political upheaval brought both together as leaders of the Republican party in 1857, at which time Mr. Morrill was elected governor; and by a singular coincidence four years later, Mr. Morrill, who had been elected to the United States Senate, became the colleague and political associate of his whilom antagonist. Mr. Morrill continued to serve in the Senate with distinguished ability and success until 1876, when he resigned to accept the position of Secretary of the Treasury under President Grant. When Mr. Hayes became President, he appointed Mr. Morrill Collector of the Port of Portland, which position he filled till his death, January 10, 1883, at the age of seventy.

Mr. Washburn was a native of Livermore, Maine, and one of the four distinguished Washburn brothers who, after leaving their beautiful ancestral home on the Androscoggin, represented Maine, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota in the halls of Congress. Israel remained in Maine, and settled in the practice of law at Orono. In 1851, he was elected to Congress from the Penobscot district, and served five terms through the stormy ante-war period with great ability and acceptance, resigning in 1860 to accept the position of Governor of Maine at a time when his experience and energy were of so much value in devising ways and means of extending efficient aid to the general government in the prosecution of the war for the maintenance of the Union. After serving two terms as governor with distinguished success, he declined a third election, and in 1863, was appointed Collector of the Port of Portland, which position he held for ten years. He died at Philadelphia, May 12, 1883, at the age of seventy, leaving a reputation for integrity, ability, and statesmanship equalled by few of the public men of his day.

Mr. Clifford, after serving in the Legislature and as Attorney-General of Maine, entered the House of Representatives in 1839, where he served four years. In 1846, he was appointed by President Polk Attorney-General of the United States, and subsequently commissioner to negotiate the treaty of peace with Mexico. In 1858, President Buchanan appointed him an associate justice of the Supreme Court; and in 1877, by virtue of his seniority as an associate justice, he became president of the Electoral Commission which decided that Mr. Hayes had been elected President. He died July 25, 1881, at the age of seventy-eight.

With such statesmen of ripe experience as counsellors, with a new generation of able, civil and military leaders as active participants, and with an intelligent and patriotic people largely descended from the Pilgrims and the Revolutionary fathers, it was in accordance with the fitness of things that Maine, from the day President Lincoln issued his call for seventy-five thousand volunteers to maintain the Union, to the surrender of Lee, should have been foremost among the loyal states in responding to the requisitions for men and money to crush the armed rebellion. The official reports show that Maine furnished seventy-two thousand one hundred and fourteen volunteers, in addition to many who enlisted in the navy at the beginning of the war, besides such gallant officers of high rank as Major-General Oliver O. Howard, who served throughout the war with conspicuous ability and success; General Hiram G. Berry, who was killed at Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863, while bravely leading a charge; General Joshua L. Chamberlain, who performed distinguished services at Gettysburg and on many other fields, and was Governor of Maine from 1867 to 1871; General Seldon Connor, who was so severely wounded in the battle of the Wilderness that his life was for a long time despaired of, and who was also Governor of Maine from 1876 to 1879; and many other gallant officers.

The most conspicuous statesman of

Maine is James G. Blaine, who removed to this state in 1855 from Pennsylvania, where he was born January 31, 1830. Taking up the profession of journalism, for which he had special qualifications, Mr. Blaine speedily impressed himself as a young man of marked ability. Entering public life as a member of the state legislature in 1859, at the age of twenty-nine, in which body he served for four years — the last two as speaker — he was in 1863 promoted to the national House, in which body he continued for nearly fourteen years — the last six as speaker — when he was transferred to the Senate to fill the seat vacated by Lot M. Morrill's appointment as Secretary of the Treasury. On the inauguration of President Garfield in 1881, he made Mr. Blaine his Secretary of State, which position he occupied till after Mr. Arthur succeeded to the presidency, when he resigned and devoted the time of his retirement to writing his book, "Twenty Years in Congress," which had an almost unprecedented circulation and popularity. On the accession of President Harrison to the presidency in 1889, Mr. Blaine accepted an invitation to again become the head of the State Department, which position he is now occupying with his accustomed ability and success. When the partisan prejudice, always aroused by so conspicuous and aggressive a party leader as Mr. Blaine, has passed away, he will be accorded by common consent a prominent place in the galaxy of great statesmen who have done conspicuous service and made themselves loved and honored by the American people.

The Governor of Maine at the present time is Edwin C. Burleigh, who is successfully serving his second term in the gubernatorial chair. The delegation in Congress consists in the Senate, of William P. Frye, who, after serving in the legislature, as Attorney-General of the state, and ten years in the national House with great success, was promoted to the Senate in 1881 to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Blaine, and was re-elected in 1883 and 1889; and Eugene Hale, who, after serving in the legislature and for ten years in the national House, with ability and acceptance, was also promoted to the Senate in 1881 to succeed Mr. Hamlin; and, in the House, Thomas B. Reed who, after serving in the legislature and as Attorney-General of Maine, has for fourteen years ably represented his district in the House, the last term as speaker, in which position he was brought into great prominence on account of his rulings and the ability with which he led the Republicans of the House; Nelson Dingley, Jr., who has served in the state legislature six years, two of them as speaker of the House, two terms as Governor of Maine, and ten years in the national House; and Seth L. Milliken and Charles A. Boutelle, who have each successfully served eight years in the House.

Maine is distinguished, not only for its statesmen, jurists, and professional and business men who have achieved wide reputations at home and abroad, but also for its authors, poets, scholars, and artists. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the first of American poets, was a native of Maine, educated at Bowdoin and for six years a professor in that college; N. P. Willis, the distinguished poet and author; John Neal, the cultured journalist and litterateur; Seba Smith, the brilliant writer and the original of "Major Downing," and his wife, Elizabeth Oakes Smith, who was the first woman in this country to appear on a public platform; George B. Cheever, the distinguished clergyman, who was prominent in the early days of temperance reform in this country; John S. C. Abbott, the well-known author; Elijah Kellogg, the charming writer of juvenile stories; Sarah Orne Jewett, the popular author of "Deep Haven," and other charming books; Harriet Prescott Spofford, the gifted author of "Sir Rohan's Ghost," and other stories; Lyman Abbot, the well-known author and preacher; Sargent S. Prentiss, whose eloquence thrilled and moved great assemblages as no other orator has since Whitefield; Edward A. Brackett and Franklin Simmons, the distinguished sculptors; Walter M. Brackett, George W. Seavey, and Harry Brown, the well-known painters; John A. Andrew, the distinguished and scholarly war governor of Massachusetts; John D. Long, the charming talker and writer, who graced the gubernatorial chair of the old

Bay State and the halls of Congress; and Chief Justice Fuller of the United States Supreme Court, whose addresses stamp him as a cultivated scholar, — were all natives of Maine. Nathaniel Hawthorne spent one year of his boyhood in Raymond, Me., where he lived, as he says, "like a bird of the air," and graduated at Bowdoin in the celebrated class of 1825, in which Longfellow, John S. C. Abbott, George B. Cheever, James W. Bradbury, United States senator from Maine, 1847–53, and Commodore Horatio Bridge were his classmates, and Franklin Pierce in the class before him. Harriet Beecher Stowe, although not a native of Maine, yet for fourteen years resided at Brunswick, Maine, where her husband Calvin E. Stowe, was a professor in Bowdoin College, and while residing here wrote the marvellous story of "Uncle Tom's cabin," which has been read more widely and exerted a greater influence for good than any other work of fiction ever given to the world.

Maine would not have been true to the ideas which animated its early settlers if it had not early taken measures to promote general education. By an ordinance of 1647, when there were only a few hundred settlers in the territory now included within the boundaries of the state, all towns were required to support free common schools at the public expense; and after the Revolution the establishment of academies for instruction in branches higher than those covered by the public school was encouraged by state aid. In 1820, when Maine was separated from Massachusetts and erected into a new state, there were about one thousand schoolhouses in the state, in which public schools were maintained by a tax on the inhabitants of the several towns. There were also at the same period twenty-four academies in the state, supported by private contributions and tuition charges, supplemented by state grants of land, and filling an important place in the system of popular education. Some of these academies are still in existence and doing the work for which they were established; some have grown into seminaries and collegiate preparatory schools, or normal schools for the training of teachers; and more have become free high schools for the communities where they exist, under the wise provisions of a law enacted in 1873, by which any town is authorized to enlarge the scope of instruction contemplated by the free school system and establish a high school, one half of the expense to be paid by such town and the other half, not exceeding a certain sum, by the state. Under this law, in the year 1889, two hundred and four free high schools were maintained in as many towns, in which 14,900 pupils were taught in the higher branches, at a cost of $139-799. In the same year, 143,113 pupils received instruction in the 4,364 school houses dedicated to the use of the common schools of the state, at an expense of $1,089,280. Inasmuch as the state school fund is small, the expense of maintaining these schools is borne by one half of the savings bank tax and a state tax of one mill on the dollar on the real and personal estate, all of which in 1889 yielded $374,153, which was distributed by the state to the several towns according to the number of children of school age, and the balance ($737,221) was met by municipal taxation and local funds.

Recognizing the necessity of training schools for the special preparation of young men and women as teachers in the public schools, state normal schools have been established at Farmington, Gorham, and Castine, and normal departments at Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, the Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield, the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill, the Eastern Conference Seminary at Bucksport, and Westbrook Seminary at Westbrook.

While Maine was still connected with Massachusetts, the far-seeing founders of the state recognized the importance of encouraging the higher education. Accordingly, in 1794, a charter was granted for the establishment of Bowdoin College at Brunswick, although the institution was not opened to the first class till 1802. Colby University at Waterville, which was given collegiate powers in 1820, under the name of Waterville College, was the second college established in Maine. The third

college in Maine, which owes its existence to the indefatigable efforts of its president, Rev. Orrin B. Cheney, D. D., was incorporated originally in 1855, as the Maine State Seminary, and located at Lewiston, and was given collegiate powers in 1863, under the name of Bates College, when the first class entered. Subsequently a Free Baptist Theological School was established in connection with the college. In 1866, the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts was established at Orono. In 1816, the Congregationalists established a Theological Seminary at Hampden, which was removed to Bangor in 1819. All of these colleges, as well as the seminaries at Kent's Hill, Bucksport, and Westbrook, the Coburn Classical Institute at Waterville, and the Collegiate Preparatory Schools at Hebron and Houlton, are in a flourishing condition.

The state has been mindful of the unfortunate within its limits in establishing an asylum for the insane at Augusta, and taking initiatory steps for another such at Bangor; a reform school for boys at Cape Elizabeth; an industrial school for wayward and exposed girls at Hallowell; and a home at Bath for the needy orphan children of those who served their country in the late Civil War. The deaf and dumb, and the blind children of the state are cared for in institutions elsewhere. The Maine General Hospital at Portland, which was opened for patients in 1874, and the Maine Central Hospital at Lewiston, recently established, are doing noble work. The General Government also maintains a Maine Hospital for sick and disabled seamen at Falmouth, and the Soldiers' Home at Togus for needy and homeless soldiers. The small remnants of what were once the powerful tribes of the Penobscot or Tarratine Indians at Oldtown Island, and the Passamaquodies at Princeton, numbering 377 of the former and 523 of the latter, receive annual payments from the state, in accordance with the provisions of the treaties by which they surrendered their rights to large tracts of land, and obtain whatever is required for their subsistence beyond this by making baskets at the various summer resorts, serving as guides for sportsmen in the summer, and driving logs on the rivers in the spring.

The population of Maine, which for nearly 150 years after its first settlement in 1623 until the close of the devastating Indian and French and Indian Wars in 1763, rose to scarcely twenty-two thousand, and was often reduced to one half of that number, began to increase rapidly immediately after the close of the Revolutionary War, when for the first time the inhabitants were freed from the dread of savage incursions and foreign invasions. The opening up to peaceful settlement of the territory east of the Penobscot at that period, for the first time in the history of Maine, and the encouragement given to settlers by grants and sales of lands at nominal prices, led to a large influx of settlers immediately after the close of the Revolutionary War. In 1790, the population of Maine had risen to 96,540, and in 1810 to 228,705. The embargo of 1807 and the War of 1812, which seriously injured its shipping interests and export lumber trade, retarded the growth of the district; but from 1820 to 1840, during which period the valuable timber lands of Maine, within the reach of rivers and streams, were rapidly stripped of their lumber, the population increased from 298,267 at the former date, to 501,793 at the later period. In the next two decades the rate of increase was much smaller, in consequence of the large emigration from the state induced by the cheap and fertile lands of the West, to which ease of access was afforded by newly opened railroads, and by the decline in ship-building and supply of timber, and the delay in introducing manufacturing industries into Maine. The fact that the state is out of the routes of immigration and has its borders on lands that could be offered free of cost to settlers, and until recently but few manufacturing industries, has deprived Maine of the increase of population which so many other states have had from immigrants. In the decade from 1860 to 1870, the inroad made by war on our young men, and the settlement of large numbers of them in the South and West at the close of their term of service, caused a decline of the population of

Maine. This decline has been arrested since 1870, notwithstanding the alluring inducements offered by the new West, and the great centres of trade and industry have continued to draw away many of our enterprising young men. The census of 1890 shows a population of 661,086 — an increase of 34,171 in the last two decades, mainly due to the development of manufacturing industries.

While Maine is not distinctively an agricultural state in the sense in which the states of the fertile West are, yet it has much productive soil, especially in the river valleys and in the Aroostook region, recently settled, and is by no means without important advantages for certain kinds of farming. This might be inferred from the fact that half of the inhabitants are farmers or depend upon the products of the farm for a livelihood. The census of 1880 showed that there were then in Maine 64,309 farms, mainly in the southern, central, and the northeastern sections of that state, containing 3,484,908 acres of improved land, valued at $102,357,615, — an increase of nearly five thousand farms, and over a half million improved acres in ten years. The value of the products of these farms in 1879 was $21,945,489, and including betterments, $33,470,044. Of these farms 61,528 were cultivated by the owners. The most important products were 1,107,778 tons of hay, 8,000,000 bushels of potatoes, 2,265,575 bushels of oats, 3,720,783 gallons of milk, 15,272,000 pounds of butter and cheese, 7,059,876 dozens of eggs, 2,776,407 pounds of wool, $4,939,071 in value of animals slaughtered, $1,563,188 in value of apples, and a large crop of sweet corn for canning, to all of which the soil and climate of Maine are especially suited. The census of 1890, covering the farm statistics of Maine for 1889, is not yet available, but there is no doubt it will show a marked advance in the agricultural interests of the state, notwithstanding the increasing Western competition arising from the large reduction of through rates for cattle, produce, and dairy products.

When Maine was settled, its territory was covered with a dense growth of valuable pine, spruce, oak, and other hard wood timber. For years, lumbering was the chief business, and farmers depended upon lumbermen to buy their surplus crops. In process of time the original pine and oak within easy reach was practically all cut and sold, and the spruce left only at the head waters of the rivers and in the northern part of the state, a long distance from navigable waters, where fortunately it remained safe until the adoption of the wise policy of cutting out only the larger trees at periods considerably apart, so that in the last two decades in consequence of this policy and the appearance of second growth pine the timber supply of Maine has increased rather than diminished. Inasmuch as there are immense areas in northern Maine covered with the virgin forest, and better fitted for growth of timber than for cultivation, this policy is likely to preserve an increasing supply of timber for future generations. The hard wood growth of Maine, composed mainly of maple, birch, and beech — all beautiful cabinet and finishing woods — is almost inexhaustible and easy of access, and is already supplying the materials for many minor manufacturing industries.

It is within a comparatively recent period that manufacturing industries, outside of lumber mills, have been introduced into Maine to any considerable extent; yet in 1880 the value of the products of Maine manufacturing industries was $79,829,793. The value of the product of the most important of these industries was: cottons, $13,319,363; woollens (including mixed textiles), $8,526,010; sawed lumber, $7,933,868, leather, $7,100,967; boots and shoes, $6,120,342; flour and meal, $3,966,023; vessels, $2,909,846; and paper, $2,170,321. The manufacturing statistics collated with the census of 1890 are not yet summarized, but it is certain that there has been a large increase of product over 1880. In boots and shoes, paper and wood pulp, and manufactures of wood, the growth in the last decade has been surprising. In the ice, lime and granite industries of Maine, for which the statistics for 1890 have been obtained, the increase since 1880 is marked. In 1890 the output of Maine

granite was valued at $2,235,839, almost double that of 1880; the lime product, at nearly $2,000,000; and the ice-crop, at nearly as much.

It is inevitable that Maine will become one of the important manufacturing states of the Union, as it has greater facilities for manufacturing enterprises, so far as water power, building materials and a climate favorable to prolonged muscular effort are concerned, than any other state. In addition to the large rivers like the Kennebec, Penobscot, St. Croix and Androscoggin, navigable into the interior for some distance, there are in the state, 5147 rivers and streams, with 1568 lakes and ponds, covering an area of 2200 square miles, as their sources, delivering twelve hundred millions of cubic feet of water annually, and falling the mean distance of six hundred feet on their passage to the sea; which, when harnessed to machinery, will furnish 2,656,200 horse-power, equivalent to the working energy of thirty-four million men.

Shipbuilding has always been one of the important industries of Maine. The first vessel constructed in the United States was built by Gorges' colony, in the autumn of 1607, on the Kennebec river, not many miles below the city of Bath, which for many years has been the most important wooden shipbuilding centre in the United States. The first vessels were built by Maine settlers for employment in the deep water fisheries, always one of the most valuable industries of Maine, and still important, although the decrease of mackerel and cod on the coast within the last thirty years has lessened their importance. Then came the demand for vessels for transporting lumber to the West Indies and Europe; and from 1848 to 1856 was added the extraordinary demand for American vessels for the foreign, coast, and California trade, caused by the Mexican War, the discovery of gold in California, and the Crimean War. In 1810 there were 141,057 tons of shipping owned in Maine; in 1820, only 140,373 tons; in 1840, 318,062 tons; in 1850, 501,421 tons; in 1870, 394,003; and in 1890, 373,929 tons. In 1840 the number of tons of vessels of all classes built in Maine was 38,964; in 1850, 91,212; in 1860, 57,868; in 1880, 37,165 and in 1890, 56,319. During the past year an iron and steel shipbuilding plant has been successfully established at Bath, where two gunboats for the U. S. Navy are in process of construction.

Inasmuch as the northern half of Maine, with the exception of a part of the Aroostook County, is unsettled, the railroad system of the state is as yet confined to the southern and central sections. The number of miles of railway constructed and in operation in the state is 1401½, of which 144½ miles, running from the Canadian border on the west across the northerly part of the southern half of the state to the Mattawamkeag, where it connects with the Maine Central system, is owned and operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and 89½ miles, running from Portland to Island Pond, is leased by the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and forms a part of that system. Of the remainder, 657¼ miles, including the trunk line running through the centre of the southern half of the state, from Portland to Vanceboro, and numerous branches, is owned or leased by the Maine Central Railroad Co. The Boston and Maine Railroad controls the two parallel lines running from Portland westward to the New Hampshire line. All of these roads are managed with commendable efficiency and enterprise, and together with numerous steamboat lines afford ample facilities for freight and passengers to the sections of the state which they reach, and special conveniences for summer travel. The tourist can leave Boston in the morning, and reach Bar Harbor, the Rangeley Lakes, and most of the summer resorts in Maine the same day. At the present time, plans are in progress which promise to speedily give direct railroad communication to Aroostook and Washington Counties, which have as yet had only indirect railroad connections through New Brunswick.

The fact that Maine is in the extreme northeastern angle of the United States has given the impression that the climate is more rigorous and inhospitable than that of any other state. But six states of the Union, Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Washing-

ton, extend forther north than Maine. Covering five degrees of latitude and four degrees of longitude, — an area nearly as large as the other five states of New England — with its extreme southern boundary as far south as the northern part of Iowa and Nebraska and nearly half of the State of New York, the temperature of the state must have some varieties. These varieties of climate arising from differences of latitude are further affected by proximity to the ocean and by the contiguity of mountains, forests, lakes, and rivers. Near the sea-coast the fall of snow is diminished and the cold of winter softened, while the summer heat is greatly mitigated by the more uniform temperature of the ocean. Proximity to mountains, forests, and fresh water lakes also tempers the sun's rays in summer, and invites an earlier fall of snow in the late autumn and a longer stay in the early spring than in more open localities. In the most of the state, however, snow remains on the ground and sleighing is good from December to late in March; but experience shows that this covering of snow and the rapid advance from spring to summer are favorable to vegetation, which comes forward with exceptional rapidity as soon as the soil is ready for cultivation. As a rule the atmosphere is comparatively dry in winter and summer, and the rainfall or equivalent snowfall so evenly distributed that droughts are rare. In winter, especially, the comparative dryness of the air makes an apparent low temperature less felt than the higher temperature of localities further south, where the moisture of the air is excessive.

The air of Maine is pure, healthy, and bracing, and statistics show a low death-rate. Miasmatic diseases are almost unknown. The more prevalent diseases are of a pulmonary character, as might be inferred from the severity and length of the winters, and the tendency to live in overheated and under-ventilated rooms in cold weather. It is noticeable, however, that in the last two decades greater care has been exercised in this direction, with a marked diminution of pulmonary diseases. In the late spring and summer and early autumn, it is difficult to find in the Union so comfortable, health-giving, and delightful a climate, and so attractive natural scenery as are found in the State of Maine.

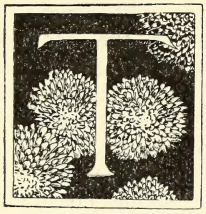
Sportsmen have long known that the Maine rivers and lakes, notably the Rangeley Lake region in northern Franklin and Oxford, the Moosehead Lake region in central Maine, and the Schoodic Lake region in eastern Maine, afford the best resorts of fresh water fish, and the forests in northern Maine the most favorable localities for the wild game which the hunter delights to pursue. The lordly moose has been nearly exterminated by reckless hunting; but, thanks to the game laws, deer are abundant, many fur-bearing animals are found, and the smaller game birds, like partridge and ducks, are numerous in their season. Cod, haddock, hake, and mackerel are still caught in considerable quantities on the coast of Maine. By the efforts of the State Fish Commissioners, the rivers, lakes, and ponds have been successfully stocked with shad, bass, trout, and salmon.

Within the past two decades the advantages afforded by the Maine coast and lakes, and even of the interior hilly towns, as summer resorts, have been more and more realized by the denizens of the cities of the other states, until now thousands of visitors, increasing rapidly in numbers every year, are finding most inviting temporary homes at Wells Beach, York Beach, Old Orchard, Scarboro, Portland Harbor, Harpswell, Small Point, Booth Bay Harbor, and Mouse, Squirrel, Southport, and other islands and resorts about that harbor; at Pemaquid, Monhegan, Wiscasset, Rockland, Camden, Northport, Castine, Eastport, and the popular summer resorts at Bar Harbor, Sorrento, and other localities on the coast; and at the many attractive summer resorts on the Maine lakes and rivers, as well as in the fine hotels at such well-known interior summer resorts as Poland Springs, not to mention the neat and attractive summer boarding-houses in other places too numerous to mention. No part of the world excels Maine in its marvellous combination of ocean, lake, river, mountain, and forest scenery. At Lewiston and Auburn the falls of the Androscoggin in high water

equal the celebrated Falls of the Rhine. There are hundreds of lakes as beautiful as Killarney, Windermere, or Lake Geneva. There are hills, mountains, and forests that surpass in attractions the Trossachs of Scotland; and for a large proportion of the days in the year, the sky of Maine is as clear and blue as the famed skies of Italy. The time is not far distant, and indeed is already realized in part, when all the accessible islands and shores of the Maine coast, and even the shores of the interior lakes and ponds, as well as thousands of inviting homes in the hill towns, will be occupied each summer season by hundreds of thousands of visitors and tourists from the crowded cities, who find Maine the most delightful summer residence in the United States.

THE MUNICIPAL THREAT IN NATIONAL POLITICS.

By John Coleman Adams.



HE problems of city life thrust themselves persistently upon public attention. They dominate the social field. They try the patience and ingenuity of political thinkers. They tax to the uttermost the resources of the church. They are therefore presented from almost every imaginable point of view, and discussed in relation to almost every phase of the national life and development. But as yet the working of the forces which have become so portentous has been studied almost entirely in relation to the municipal life alone. The American city is treated as if it were a separate organism, isolated within its own limits and shutting up within its own borders the consequences of its crimes and mistakes. The misfortunes of the citizen, plundered by the tax-collector that politicians may wax fat while he grows lean under his burden of bad government, shiftless police, dirty streets, inadequate water-supply, are looked upon as local troubles, like the east winds of Boston or the heats of St. Louis. We are sorry for those who have to bear them, but they do not concern people who live somewhere else. Sufficient unto the city is the evil thereof, expresses the sentiment with which most Americans, until very recently at least, have regarded the growing evils of municipal misgovernment. Or if we have contemplated these evils in any larger than local relations, it has been to deplore the social demoralization and the damage to public morals and safety which they have caused. We have been pondering De Tocqueville's prediction very seriously of late: "I look upon the size of certain American cities, and especially upon the nature of their population, as a real danger which threatens the security of the republic." But we have conceived its meaning to be rather a prophecy of general social demoralization than of direct political influence; or at most we have figured to ourselves the rule of the rabble in the mayor's chair and council-chamber of every considerable city, and the drama of Tammany Hall re-enacting itself in the plunder of every town worth looting, without connecting such brigandage with the prizes of the presidency and the control of national institutions.

But already the alarm is growing, as we see the wider range these malign influences may take and their inevitable tendency to involve the very integrity of the national body politic. It does not take long for the sober second-thought to perceive that you cannot shut up municipal evil within local limits. Political diseases are like physical, and affect the whole organism. If they become epidemic they

will no more stay in one locality than the grippe or the cholera. The city or the town is but a member in a larger body of the nation. The misgovernment of the cities is the prophecy of misgovernment of the nation; just as the paralysis of the great nerve centres means the palsy of the whole body. There is graver danger to the republic in the failure of good government in our cities than arises from the moral corruption which accompanies that failure. The misgovernment of our cities means the break-down of one of the two fundamental principles upon which our political fabric rests. It is the failure of local self-government in a most vital part. It is as great a peril to the republic as the revolt against the Union. For the republic is organized upon two great political ideas, both essential to its existence. The first is the principle of federation, which is embodied in the union; the second is the principle of local self-government, which places the business of the states and the towns in the hands of the people who live in them. Both of these are vital principles. The republic has survived the attempt to subvert one of them. It has just entered on its real struggle with a serious attack upon the other.

The nation to-day is the living witness of our success in one of the most stupendous and momentous experiments in political history. We have united nearly fifty independent sovereignties in a federation so strong that the most determined effort of arms in the nineteenth century could not break it. The Union is the culmination of a long series of political changes in which larger and larger groups of men have allied themselves for the sake of peace and security, until it only remains to take the last great step in the "federation of the world, the parliament of man." Family, clan, state, or nation, form the successive groups by which society has enlarged its compacts and alliances for the sake of peace and orderly living. With every enlargement of these banded bodies there have come more tranquil society and higher civilization. It was reserved for the American Union, acting under the guiding genius of Hamilton and Madison, to demonstrate to mankind how separate states, with all their internal interests administered by laws framed within their own borders, could yet bind themselves together in a permanent pact, which should provide for their common life and adjust their relations to one another in some peaceful system.

This was the principle, fraught with the most momentous consequences to the whole world, which was put in peril by the civil war. The attempt of the South to sunder the Union was more than a national calamity. It was the threat of a world-wide disaster. It cost a high price to prevent it. But the vitality and force of the first great principle on which the foundations of the republic rest, have been demonstrated for all time.

The other principle, is that of local self-government. The only way in which we can keep this great federation intact and harmonious is by remitting the care of local interests to local bodies. Every group in the body politic is expected and trusted to take care of its own affairs. The nation guarantees to the state the care of its internal affairs, the state guarantees the same to the towns. This is perhaps the most sagacious of all our political arrangements; because no government from a distance can be so satisfactory as that whose seat is near at hand. It was a principle with our Germanic ancestors, that "where the law was made, there it was to be administered." In that idea is the germinal principle of the English-speaking race, "The preservation of local self-government," says John Fiske, in that remarkable little book on "American Political Ideas," "is of the highest importance for the maintenance of a rich and powerful national life." And he adds, "It was only England among all the great nations of Europe that could send forth colonists capable of dealing successfully with the difficult problem of forming such a political aggregate as the United States have become. For obviously the preservation of local self-government is essential to the very idea of a federal union." It was this principle, deeply grounded in the habits of our race and people, which became one of the two sides of the arch which supports our liberties and our life. For the only way

in which sectional jealousies and interests are kept from becoming a derisive and a rupturing force is by putting the administration of local affairs into local hands. Maine could not legislate for Florida: nor could the representatives of all the states. So Florida and Maine shall each legislate for itself, except in a few particulars, when powers are given to the central government. Within the states the same principle applies and the town is left to administer the town's affairs.

Here, then, is the foundation of one half the political and social structure on which this nation rests; viz., the self-government of its separate local communities. It is as fundamental as the principle of federation. Weaken either side of an arch, and it is liable to collapse. Weaken either principle of our government, and its integrity is in peril. Attack the Union, and you threaten the life of the republic. Attack the self-government of town and city, and you simply change your point of approach, you are aiming still at the very life of the land.

Now it is safe to assert that such an attack has already begun. A power as real, as active, as dangerous as that which fostered the spirit which broke out in the rebellion is at work in every considerable city and town, grasping the powers and usurping the functions of the people. It is not yet a combined power, and in this is our chief hope. But it is taking the control of the municipalities out of the hands of the people. Our municipal governments are ceasing to be "a government by the people, of the people, for the people." They are governments now "by the boodlers, of the boodlers, and for the boodlers." Our cities and towns are in the hands of oligarchies made up for the most part of men who make a trade of politics for what it will bring. The citizens of our larger towns have handed over their rights and privileges to a small and select class of professional politicians. They have created for themselves a name, and side by side with "the barons of the South" who threatened the perpetuity of the Union by trying to subvert the bonds which held it, will go down the "bosses" of our cities and towns, who are sapping the self-government of the local bodies. This is the new threat to the national life.

Is not this a plain statement of the fact? It is already in the power of a few great cities, of *one* great city, to turn the scale of a national election. It happened in 1884 that the change of a few hundred votes in the city of New York would have changed the result of the poll of the whole people. That city is fast in the clutches of a few "bosses." Suppose other cities in close states to be held under similar bondage to the oligarchs of the saloon and the machine; and suppose it occurs to the managers of elections to concentrate their forces upon the bosses of these few cities, making it worth their while in any of those ways in which it can be made worth while to a boss or a machine-man in politics, to throw the votes of those cities for a particular candidate. What, then, becomes of the pleasant fiction about "government of the people, by the people, for the people?" The tremendous majorities which the two dominant parties have so long commanded will not always last. The Republican party is losing its grip upon its strongholds in the North; the new issues will weaken the great margins of the Democratic party in the South. With this change will come an increase in the power of the cities. With that addition to their political influence and its national significance, they will become still more attractive in the sight of the managers and bosses. Already it has become next to impossible to divorce city politics from national. "The habit of party warfare," says Mr. Bryce, "has been so strong as to draw all parties into its vortex; neither would either party feel safe if it neglected the means of rallying and drilling its supporters, which state and local contests supply." If to this indirect advantage, which the political managers are unwilling to forego, is added the direct increase of power in the decision of national issues, will not the problem of rescuing our cities from the rule of rings and bosses be enormously enhanced. May it not be a growing perception of the tendency of political power in national issues toward the great cities which leads the bosses to grasp with an increasing tenacity their

already enormous advantages? The scent of a "boodle" which is national must be exceedingly attractive to the keen olfactories of these trained and greedy creatures.

But there is another and even graver side to this matter. The political power of our cities is increasing not only through the shifting of majorities, but also through the shifting of the ratio of population. It is admitted that for almost a century population has been tending toward the cities. The figures and conclusions of the Hon. Wm. M. Springer, in a recent number of the *Forum*, are most interesting in this connection. He makes a moderate estimate that twenty-three per cent. of the people of the United States now reside in cities having more than eight thousand inhabitants. Making every necessary abatement from these figures, they point a moral too obvious to be ignored. The trend of populations to the centres is indisputable. But mark what this signifies in its bearing on the threat of the great cities against the national life. Let the cities remain in the hands of the bosses. Let the balance of political power pass into the hands of the cities. Have we not thus put the balance of political power in the grasp of the bosses? Have we not increased the facilities of corruption beyond all estimate? Have we not practically destroyed the integrity of self-government by the larger local groups? And have we not inflicted as serious a blow upon the second great principle of our national life as secession aimed at the first?

But this is not all. To correct the abuses wrought by this degradation of municipal government, we see frequent attempts made to throw back the management of the great cities into the hands of the states in which they are situated. Weary of this rule, the city rushes to its state government, and asks it to interfere, to assume power, to appoint commissions, to put up restraints, to take the care of local interests. It is a step backward. It is a retreat from the time-honored custom of Anglo-Saxon peoples. It is a reversion from all the principles on which this government is founded, to let the farmer from Southold, or the lumberman from the Adirondacks, have any large power over the affairs of Brooklyn or New York. But in the confusion of our local affairs and the apathy of our citizens, it is no wonder that this has been attempted as a remedy. When men are in pain they will go far out of their usual line of diet and of hygiene for relief. But drastic remedies will not serve as a steady diet; and systems of government must be framed not to meet special emergencies, but to conform to normal conditions. This is a tendency which has been especially strong since the civil war. It corresponds to the disposition to force more and more power continually upon the general government, and curtail the powers of the states. But centralization, whether in relation to a state government or the general government, is always a direct attack upon the wise principle of local self-government which has been centuries in formulating and strengthening itself in the mind of the English-speaking race. It will be a sorry day when we turn our cities over to our commonwealths for safekeeping; for it will be the confession of the failure of our time-honored principle, when applied to American cities. It will be the proof that we cannot take care of our home interests with our home forces.

But these evils are complicated with another. It is in our great cities that the great hordes of men are found who are least fitted for the duties of citizenship and least accustomed to the exercise of the right. The men who founded this country, and the people who have governed it for many years, have come of the old Teutonic stock who have been trained to the work of self-government for the last three thousand or four thousand years. How can we expect men who have been held in the gyves of paternal government to enter on these duties before they have been in this country a year, or learned its language, or formed any conception of its institutions?

Now this is but a bare hint of a great peril. The point is, that one of the two vital principles of our national life is as seriously threatened to-day as the other was forty years ago. And, still further,

the same patriotism which was summoned to defend the *Union*, is now under call to defend the *cities* of the Union. The work of patriots for the next quarter-century must be an earnest fight for the preservation of government for, by, and of the people within our cities. We have before us the task of rescuing them and keeping them from the hands of rings and bosses. We have to face the hour prophesied by De Tocqueville. That hour has come. That threat has become a fact. So far we have failed to master it. It is the problem of the present to turn that great American failure into the great American success. It will take vast energies and efforts. But it is the call of our land, and unless we heed it our most vital institutions are likely to fall. Thus is our country in serious danger, for the second time in a century: once, when it was sought to overcome the centripetal force which holds all its political units to the centre; again, when the forces are gathering which threaten to overcome the centrifugal power which neutralizes the tendencies to centralization, and hence to tyranny. It was a vital struggle which kept the federal bond intact. It is an equally vital one which maintains the power and principle of local self-government. The patriotism which saved the country once on the battlefield must rally now in the ward room and the city's polling places. For as our states would have perished in the wreck of the Federal Union, so would our Union perish in the degradation of our towns. The call is now for a new patriotism, a patriotism which will rally men in a love of their own cities and towns, and consecrate them to sacrifices for the institutions nearest to their own firesides. We need a revival of the old Teutonic love of the local group. Let us have a deeper and warmer municipal patriotism, till we say of our cities and towns, as the Psalmist of his own city, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning."

Is it asked how we are to accomplish such a result. It must be confessed the obstacles are most disheartening. For local patriotism implies some local pride; and local pride implies stability of residence, personal identification of the citizen with the city, the establishment of *homes* as hostages to good government. What hope, it may be asked, has America, when every condition of her life retards the growth of this social sentiment? What pride will men take in cities when they are to them but so many transient market-towns, where they are only stopping long enough to amass fortunes? How is stability of residence to be secured when the conditions of society, commerce, and industry force so large a fraction of the population into almost nomadic habits? How shall we establish homes when the rush toward crowded centres stimulates the growth of the "flat" and the "family hotel"? What sort of a local sentiment can be expected, it may be asked, of populations which consist of great groups of aliens, German, Irish, Italian, Scandinavian, French, English, Spanish and Chinese? How can the municipal problem be solved until we have discovered whether we can Americanize our foreigners, and teach them even the rudiments of our system?

The truth is, the two are parts of one great problem. They must be solved together. The hopeful signs of assimilation and patriotism which grow apace in our foreign populations may be interpreted as indications of a more loyal interest in the good government of the cities where these elements concentrate. Already the eastern cities have begun to take pride in their histories, and the western cities show a more or less eager desire to make a history in which their children may take a pride. But the work of enlightenment needs to be pushed with persistence, assiduity, and intelligence. It is a task both long and arduous. Nor can we hope to see it accomplished until we ourselves, Americans to the manner born, realize its intimate connection with the perpetuity and integrity of our institutions.

HER IN ALL THINGS.

By Philip Bourke Marston.

UNTO mine ear I set a faithful shell,
That as of old it might rehearse to me
The very music of the far-off sea,
And thrill my spirit with its fluctuant spell;
But not the sea's tones there grew audible,
But Love's voice, whispering low and tenderly
Of things so dear that they must ever be
Unspoken, save what heart to heart may tell;
And hearing in the shell those tones divine,
Where once I heard the sea's low sounds confer,
I said unto myself, "This life of thine
Holds nothing, then, which is not part of Her,
And all sweet things that to men minister
Come but from Love, who makes Her heart his shrine."

MASTER SHAKESPEARE'S STAR.

By Elizabeth B. Walling.

IT hath aye been esteemed a privilege by me to record in my day-book the doings of myself and the family I have served my life long, and much practice with the pen hath given me some facility; so when my lady's motherless lasses besought me, for the sake of the days when my dear lady was young, to write this oft-told tale for them, I found it not in my heart to say them nay.

I' faith it was an innocent masque, and yet methinks not one my lady would fain have seen her own lasses imitate — nay not for all the wealth of Indies which have of late augmented the map of his Majesty's dominion; but she, poor weanling, was orphaned at her birth, and Judy, my wife, had brought her up by hand; and early in the business the Lady Anne had taken her head, and got Judy clean under her little thumb, to say naught of one who should in agreement with holy writ be the head of his wife, but who, too oft, hath found his lawful authority set at variance. Now while still in short kirtles, our little lady was sent away to acquire the learning and accomplishments befitting her station, and ne'er did we glimpse her winsome face for five long years. When she did come home so altered out of mind was she, that even Judy greeted her as a stranger, and laughed and cried like one bereft over her lovely nursling; for the lass had waxed tall and lissom, and fair to look upon like the daughters of Asher. Her hair was the color of burnished copper, but her eyes were dark and clear like a brook that winds through shadowy glades, yet touched with glints of light and sparkle, even as sunbeams fleck the dark water. Her skin was as a fresh-plucked white jasmine-flower, and her mouth a scarlet poppy at dew-fall. She had learned strange uncanny ways, and gave constant speech to passages out o' play-books, flinging her arms about like one distraught, for a knowledge of Master Shakespeare's writings had crept into her school of virginity (how God wotteth!)

even as sweets and codlings did pass secretly from mouth to mouth. In my humble opinion, Master Shakespeare was aye a most kind and courteous gentleman, albeit held in small esteem by many, being but a writer and enactor of plays which they deemed of less value than the paper they were writ on, while the sect of Puritans, then waxing valiant amongst us, did deem the theatre the house of the devil, even as the church the house of God. But the Lady Anne was none of these.

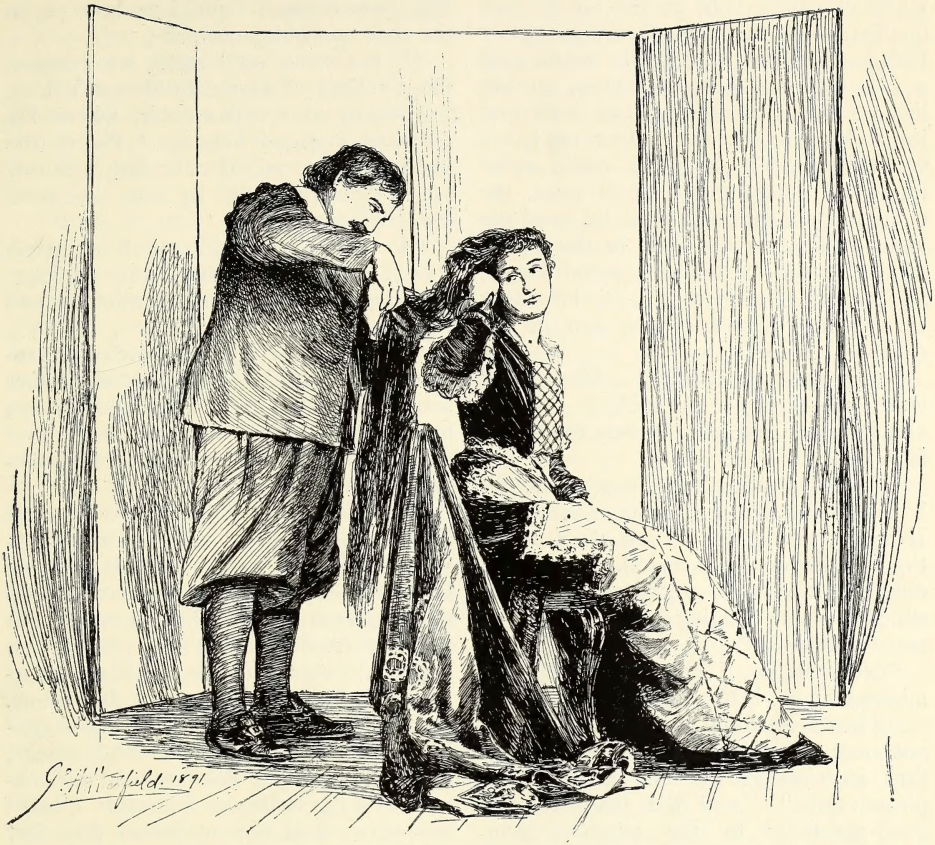
"By my troth!" quoth our brave young mistress, "'tis a cruel decree that condemns a woman to hide her talent in a napkin. How can a man" — and she uttered the word with a contempt I rejoiced my Judy heard not, for that she is aye prone to lack of reverence for her lawful head, albeit a God-fearing woman — "how can a man portray the passions of a woman's heart? That France should take the lead of glorious England in such a matter! Now hark ye, Elbow, I'll be the wedge to pry open the door of the stage for women of like mind as myself, else is my name never Anne Berkeley. I'll show them what a woman's wit can do when put to 't, I warrant you!"

Now perceive the shrewd temper of the lass, for she did take me one side and say (Judy would aye have it she but spoke thus to cozen consent out o' me), "Good Elbow, women, as thou well knowest, are given to vain babbling, and I must have a servant who can be faithful as a bloodhound and silent as the grave withal. Methinks I know one can be both for my sake, nor shall his fealty go unrewarded an' he serve me well." Moreover, my lady held out right pleasing prospects of the gay London doings, and did cajole, and beseech, and when my craven heart misgave me, wept and vowed she should die o' disappointment; until, like many a wiser man, I did yield me to a woman's wiles, and promise to serve her even as she would. My Judy, with the insatiate greed for knowledge — when not of a useful sort — which doth aye possess the souls of womankind, did surmise that something was afoot, and did so beset and harry me with her importunities and floutings that I fear me if the delay had been extended she would have had the truth out of me willy-nilly, so determined was her temper; for I, though holding sound scriptural doctrine on the subjection of the weaker vessel, which I would fain see enforced throughout the universe, am at heart of an exceeding mildness of disposition, and oft unjustly used in consequence. Howbeit the Lady Anne and I did speedily set forth by the coach, despite Dame Judy's cries that it was a shame for a young lass to journey without her nurse to give her countenance, and a violence of language toward me, that self-respect forbids me to repeat; for, in truth, Dame Elbow was sore disappointed to miss the fine sights o' London, and would have given her two eyes to stand in my shoe-leather, albeit vain as a peacock of her shapely feet and ankles, which she loved to display in fine stockings and scarlet shoe-ty, aping the tripping gait of a marketable wench at the sheap-shearing; also sticking not to jest loudly at the honest size and shape of the foot-gear of her better half.

"Nay now, good nurse," quoth my lady, her dark eyes laughing under her hat-brim, "pr'ythee berate him not. Elbow is naught to blame, and thou knowest the maids must be overlooked, else would ruin stare us i' the face, and who so prudent a housewife as thou, good Judy? Trust me to bring thee the finest fardingale and ruff in all London. Fare thee well, nurse."

All the night long my lady leaned back in her own corner of the coach, but sleep sate not upon her clear-shining eyes (my lady's eyes did aye put me in mind o' that verse of Scripture which treats of "clear-shining after rain") which stared out of her jasmine-flower face at the flaring torches as one who sees spirits, — if the Almighty permits the departed to revisit this earth, which some question; for me I confess I like not the churchyard nor the rambling passages of the castle o' dark nights, — and ever and anon she would burst forth into speech:

"Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!"



"It seemed no other than sin to clip away the bright mass."

And with such wondrous pathos did my lady cry out on heaven that almost methought in verity the young Lady Anne, with all her merry quips, was the grief-beshrewed mother of the princes foully murdered in the tower. And my eyes did wellnigh burst their bounds, and my blood ran cold in my veins when she prated o' the dagger she saw before her, her white hands clinched, and horror frozen in her gaze, until such chills sped one another down my marrow as might befit a hallowmas eve i' the graveyard, and despite myself I was fain to cry out and beseech her to desist, whereat she did laugh right merrily, and seemed excellent well pleased at my foolish straits. And forthwith she did burst out in lighter vein, "I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry?" And thus did she comport, until at Warwick some players bore us company in the coach, and my lady subsided into silence, with her veil drawn closely about her face that none might decipher her features. And in good sooth the players were but indifferent company for a gentlewoman, albeit protected by as faithful a servant as e'er drew breath. And as the night waned, frequent recourse to the bottle had so unloosed their wit that but for one of their number the Lady Anne would have been put to the blush, but at any approach to aught unfitted for a lady's ear this youth would curb his comrades with unsparing tongue. And in sooth he was a proper young man to look upon, with as shapely a leg as any in all England. My lady could see her fellow-travellers from behind her veil, albeit they could never have unravelled her from the illest-favored piece of Eve's flesh i' the kingdom. At length one of the fellows,

made unnatural bold by the ale he had quaffed, swore that Jove should hurl great thunderbolts upon him, but he would steal a kiss from the sweet mistress, an her lips be worth the tasting, and with that intent he did attempt to tear my lady's veil away; when, before I could make move to protect my dear mistress, the comely youth with one blow did send the varlet rolling on the floor of the coach, where he did sit up with rueful visage, and, anon, on pretence of breathing the air, did depart to the top of the coach.

"Give you good thanks, kind sir!" cried my lady in trembling accents, clutching her veil more closely round her face.

"Gracious lady, 'twas naught; would I could serve thee with rarer opportunity. Howbeit, rest assured thou shalt reach thy destination unmolested. An' thou deign to vouchsafe a glimpse of a face which must be passing fair to match so sweet a voice—"

"No! oh, no, I cannot!" cried my mistress again, half affrighted.

"Then shalt thou not, lady. I would not force thy inclination. Thou shalt go thus enshrouded to the tomb, an' it please thee." And the youth turned good-naturedly to the window, from which a faint saffron-colored gleam could be seen creeping up the east.

At length did we rattle into London, and I did gaze with speechless wonder on the plumed and ponderous coaches thronging the streets, and the shining river gay with pleasure boats, the bridge lined with stately mansions, among them the renowned Nonesuch House, made all of gilt and wondrous carving in Holland, put together with wooden pegs. Anon a sound of lutes and trumpets burst upon the ear, whereat the prentice lads in front of the shop doors did cease their 'wildering din of, "What d'ye lack, gentles? what d'ye lack?" and rush to the parapets to glimpse their gracious majesties (God preserve them) who sat in gilded barges, canopied with gold embroidered sarcenet, attended by their royal train, clad in blue satin, spangled with silver, rowing down to Greenwich. What wi' the flags flying and jewels glinting, 'twas a brave sight, I promise ye, in the clear morning sunshine!

All too soon, methought, we reached the dwelling of Dame Prudence Valour, the widow of a silk-mercer, where my lady had engaged lodgings. Plainly the good dame marvelled at my lady's closely veiled figure, attended by none save stout Peter Elbow.

"I crave pardon," quoth Mistress Valour, "but methought the lodgings were bespoke for a young gentleman and his serving-man."

"Thou sayest true, good dame," returned my lady. "My brother comes anon. I wished but assurance of his good comfort, and mayhap, with your approval to await his coming, before taking farewell."

"Certes! certes!" exclaimed Mistress Prue, bustling about to serve her ladyship refreshment, and beseeching her to lie on the day bed, that perchance sleep might refresh her after her journey. But my lady declined food and drink, and begged to retire to her brother's apartments, and there were we at last alone.

And the Lady Anne bursts out laughing, and cries she, "By the rood, Elbow, thou art as sober, discreet, and owl-visaged as King Solomon himself! Come! how likest thou our adventure thus far? For me, I am like to suffocate and forget the look o' daylight!" and she throws back her heavy veil, and discloses her fair forehead beaded with pearly drops, and the lovelocks pressed as tight to 't as e'er a wooer presses his lady when first she yields consent to wedlock.

"First shalt thou enact the sheep-shearer, honest Elbow; then shalt thou fetch doublet and hose, for the prologue is well-nigh finished, and the comedy about to begin. Come—despatch!" and my lady gave me her scissors to despoil her of her long hair. It seemed no other than sin to clip away the bright mass which did twine closely about my fingers as if to cozen me out o' resolve to separate it from its mistress; but 'twas not for me to question, and anon the discarded locks lay mutely grieving on the floor, and my lady's head rioted o'er with ruddy curls like a pretty boy's. She looked in silence at the sunbrown tendrils, with a

smile o'er tremulous for merriment, while a somewhat glittered in her eye that she would not I noted.

"Come, Elbow, wend apace, good Elbow, and fetch me brave apparel; and mind, Elbow, I am aweary, and would not that any disturb me until thou return."

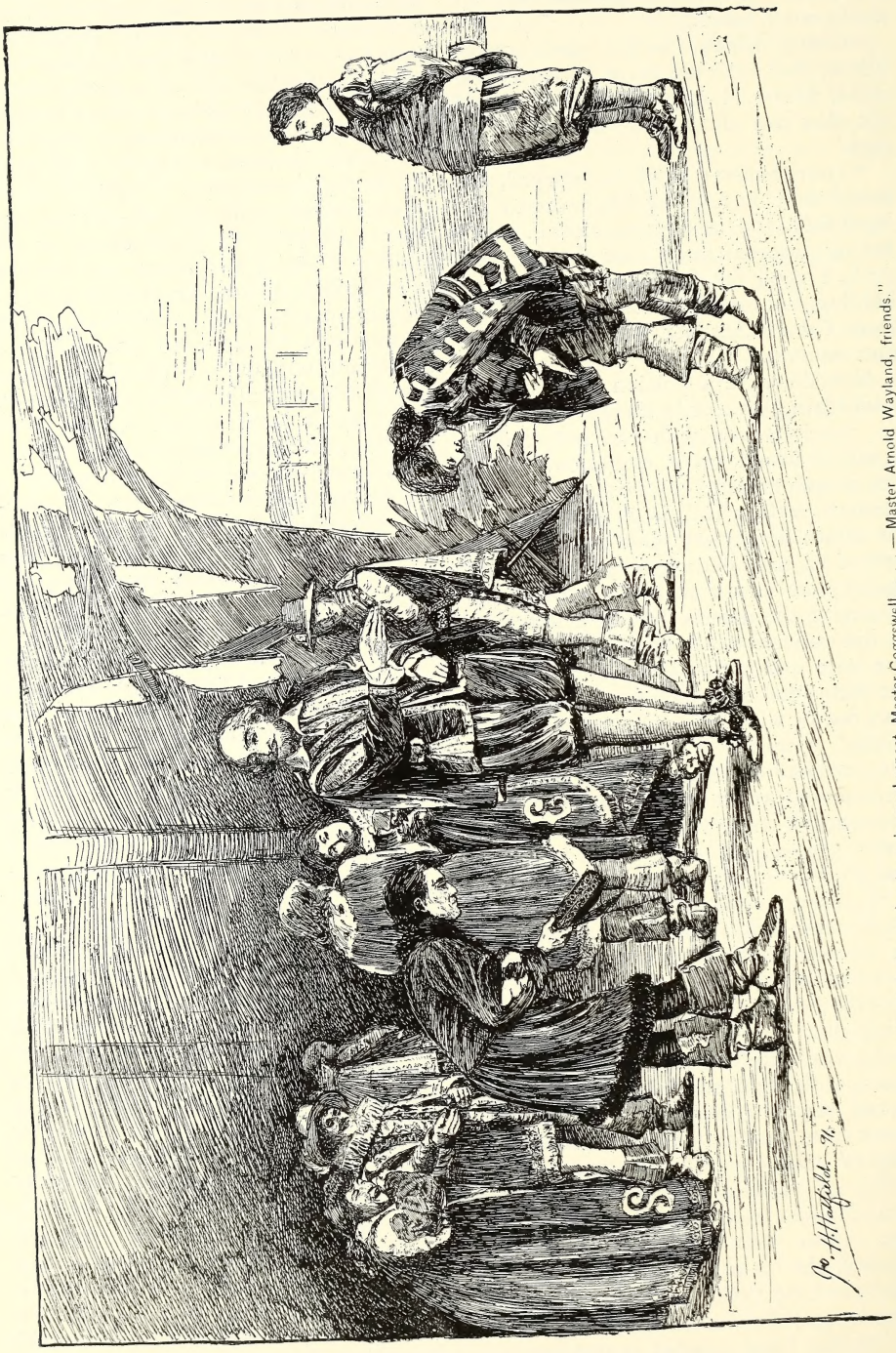
"Your behests shall be obeyed, my lady," said I, feigning blindness to her April face, and making obeisance. And having approximated her height and girth, I sped me forth to do my lady's bidding, but first did pause to warn Mistress Valour that her lodger would rest uncomraded.

Now there be a portion o' this tale I would fain pass o'er in silence, but that it be closely woven with the rest, and to ignore it would breed confusion. From the moment, then, of entering her door, Mistress Valour did look with favor — far above his deserts God wot! — upon one of us, who doth hereby confess with shame and sorrow that so far from discouraging the dame's ill-judged affection, he did rather liven the flame by praising of her beer and victuals, of which she did set forth the best, and (that the worst may not be withheld) did crown his unfaithful atrocities by chucking her under the chin, and denominating her a buxom, well-favored wench withal. Such be the depravity of mankind. Howbeit sinners suffer grievous requital, I wis! Marry and amen!

So having admonished Dame Valour of the Lady Anne's behest, and received an amorous glance from her — poor lady! — I hied me forth into the streets, where the coil did greatly harry and confuse me, being but country bred; albeit 'twas monstrous entertaining to behold the booths with merchandise of various kinds spread forth to view, choice tapestries, armor from strange countries, chains and rings of beaten gold, rapiers and daggers with jewelled hilts, and more exhibitions than I could name you in a summer's day. Also were there divers shows, whereof, the price being but a penny, I did yield me to the temptation of a five-legged pig, the same being an imposture so foul that I was minded to demand my penny again, but did deem it the part of discretion to keep silence, and hold fast my remaining lucre; for mine own eyes did behold a subtle cutpurse invade the throng about the ballad-monger, and with a straw tickle the ears of a gaping clown to make him pull his hands out of pocket, whereat the scurvy patch made away with the poor innocent's angels. Another rogue did twitch off a gallant's cloak of blush-colored satin, and take to his legs with it, despite the hue-and-cry at his heels. Whereat I did hear one whisper his neighbor, "Dost see yon stern, pale-visaged man smiling at the broil? 'Tis Master Ben Jonson who will work the scene into a play." On a high scaffold stood Master Kindheart the tooth-drawer, and nigh at hand a thief waiting to be whipped, and two bloody rogues i' the stocks were the butt of the jesters.

I did bethink me with some compunction of conscience how the fine sights would pleasure Madam Judy, and how roundly she would stare about her, her curiosity being aye lively in all matters. But when at length I reached the haberdasher's shop, and would make choice of raiment, meseemed I knew my own mind no better than a foolish woman, or the weathercock on the village spire, the shopman did bring forth such variety of apparel, slashed and embroidered, thick laid with lace, bedecked with tinsel, and laced with gold and silver cords, that I was fair bewildered, and did thereby commit a most grievous blunder. It happened in this wise: a certain doublet of cloth of gold embroidered with pearls suited me excellent well, but I misdoubted if the Lady Anne would be minded to wear such costly raiment to personate a poor player; and what trick should my unruly tongue play me but to blurt out, in answer to the shopman's solicitations, "I' faith I know not if my lady would be pleased" — whereat I clapped hand to mouth, and would have fled, but that the wily shopman (as I did speedily learn is aye a trick o' the trade) by smooth speecherie did soothe my affright, and fetch others of his wares before a body could cry, Christ save us!

"Why, an my master apparel himself to pleasure his lady, so much the better husband is he. Go to! Fye upon thee



"Thy beneficent planets are in good aspect, Master Coggswell, . . . —Master Arnold Wayland, friends."

that would have thy master consider naught but his own hardened eye i' the matter!"

So did I fetch breath again, and at length made choice of a doublet of dark green muray cloth slashed with white velvet, peach-colored silk hose, a long felt cloak lined with taffeta, and a bonnet bedecked with heron plumes caught up with a silvern buckle; and taking them in my arms sped me back to my lady. Nor could I rest until I did confess my betrayment and exceeding confusion thereat, at which she laughed right merrily, albeit she admonished me in all soberness to let it serve as a lesson to me.

"And now pray thee get thee hence, good Elbow, and engage Dame Valour in converse while I prank me out in my new attire. Marry, thou hast shown marvellous good taste, and methinks 'twill become me bravely well. And attend, Elbow, when thou hear'st the big knocker clap once, jump from thy seat, and cry, 'Body o' me!' or such like phrase, ''tis my young master'; speed thee to the door, cast thyself upon my neck, and fall to kissing me as roundly as thou had'st gone back to the days o' thy courtship. Nay now, an thou let aught of reverence stand in the way of my behest, thou art no true friend to me. And, Elbow, if thou 'my lady 'me henceforth, thou'lt cause me to curse my nativity, to say naught o' thine own! I am Master Arnold Wayland, a young gentleman who seeks engagement at the theatre. Understandest thou?"

"Aye marry do I," quoth I, albeit somewhat ruefully, for the fantasy did abash a man of my kidney; moreover, to understand and to perform be aye different matters. So with quaking legs and spirit I betook myself to Dame Valour's domain, where I found the poor, deluded lady smiling and smirking, arrayed in her Sunday gown of green taffetadel with cherry ribands, and naught would serve but I must refresh myself with a cheese-cake and a sup of home-brewed ale. I fear me I paid but indifferent attention to the good dame's prattle, being in a sweat o' terror for my wilful mistress. And anon the clang of the big knocker rang through the house.

"'Tis — 'tis my young master," gasped I, and therewith did stagger to the door and fling it open, close followed by the dame possessed of all the round-eyed curiosity that doth aye curse her sex. Herewith it did speedily appear that I had naught to dread, for as I am a true and zealous Protestant my lady's marvellous gifts o' speeches steaded her so excellent well that I could scarce withstand the delusion that some magic had witched me into service of her brother who ne'er drew breath.

"By my troth 'tis Elbow! excellent Elbow! How dost thou, Elbow?" cried my new master, kissing me roundly. Then did he gracefully doff his bonnet and make obeisance. "Give you good morrow, mistress. My sister, Elbow, is she come?"

"My mistress awaits your coming above stairs," quoth I, entering somewhat into the spirit of the masque.

"With your good permission, dame, I'll seek her, for she leaves me to-night," and my new master bounds up the stairs after the manner of impatient youth.

"Arnold!" cries my lady's voice above.

"Aye, sweeting, 'tis Arnold, thy brother—" The door clicks, and Dame Prudence and I stand staring in the hall below.

"Beshrew me, but thy young master is as proper and courteous a youth as e'er I clapped eyes on!" cries she. But for me, I am too bewildered for praise-making in my courteous master's behalf.

After some days, which my lady deemed expedient to 'custom her to boy's apparel, sought we Master Shakespeare at the theatre, and by rare good hap found him at leisure to give ear to his visitor.

"So thou desirest to become a player, sweet youth. Alack-a-day! Thou might'st be better — and worse. Pr'ythee give example of thine aptitude."

So my lady cast away her cloak, and did give speech to many passages out o' book with such wondrous skill, meseemed no more in the bare playhouse, but transported to such scenes and companies of noble lords and ladies as naught but the very art of magic could bring to pass.

And anon Master Shakespeare did leave his seat, and pace to and fro, and his countenance went all ruddy and alight even as the red glow of a great night fire doth spread o'er the welkin, until the heavens are aflame with glory; and when silence fell, he broke it not for a space. My lady stood wringing her white fingers, for in sooth she knew not that Master Shakespeare was thrilled well-nigh to boo-hooing, like a wench deserted of her lover.

"Boy," cried he at length, wheeling toward her, "thou art gifted beyond any that ever I heard utter! Thou showest me the men and women of my brain even as I conceived them with all their virtues, follies, passions, made alive, not as sticks of wood gifted with unnatural discourse. Thou art a treasure beyond compare. Thy hand, boy — so! 'tis white and soft as a girl's." (At this methought Master Wayland did hang his head.) "Thou art o'er young, and thy pipe o'er slender for aught but gentle ladies sighing and storming for love. My word for't, thou'lt make thy name famous i' London."

At this, Master Wayland doth blush and stammer mightily, and take leave to inform Master Shakespeare that because of his Puritan kindred, 'tis his good policy to conceal his true name, and doth conclude with a saying of Master Shakespeare's, concerning (as I gathered) the unimportance of allotting their rightful names to things. And therewith I make bold to differ, for methinks confusion would stalk abroad in such case. If a man go to purchase a joint-stool, surely it seemeth the part of unwisdom to call for a garden hoe. Now what strange crook o' conscience did possess my lady to make known this small portion of deceit, I profess not, the minds of women being hard to ravel, for that they be too small to hold all matters fair spread to view as do the minds o' men, and must needs twist and cramp their contents like a fardel crammed with odds and ends in dire confusion. Before Master Shakespeare could reply, a hireling of the theatre did summon him to rehearsal, and he did cry, "By'rlakin! thou banished memory from her seat! Howbeit, thou camest i' good time. Now cans't thou see His Majesty's Servants," that being the name of the company of players, "and perchance give exhibition of thine abilities."

So he conducted my lady, I following, to the stage strewn with rushes, where were assembled the players to rehearse a play called "As you Like it." And I promise you, you would have liked it but ill, for that a gentle lady, called Rosalind,— who, for certain reasons, did deem it expedient to don boy's apparel and dwell in a forest,— was to be enacted by a raw-boned man of middle life, with the bristles of a three days' beard bedecking his swart cheeks. Moreover, methought he did feel his unfitness for the gentle lady, for Master Shakespeare saith to him, —

"Thy fortunate planets are in good aspect, Master Coggswell, for here is a young gentleman — Master Arnold Wayland, friends — (here the Lady Anne did clap her bonnet to her breast and make obeisance) who would fain relieve thee of a distasteful duty. Thou seest his youth and comeliness do fit him for playing the woman, and trust me he conceives his parts shrewdly well." More than this, Master Shakespeare saith not lest he breed jealous dissension.

The ill-favored Rosalind did clap Master Wayland on the shoulder, and swear he loved his comeliness better than ever a black-eyed wench i' the kingdom. So was my lady furnished with a fair copy of all Mistress Rosalind hath to say, and the play did begin. At first she seemed as one distraught with fear, and did stammer and grow pale, until I was in a sweat of terror lest she fall into a swoon. Howbeit as the play progressed, methought the gentle Rosalind did forget other identity, and comported herself so marvellous natural that His Majesty's Servants did gape and stare like zanies, and forget their own lines with watching her. Now never credit me if there appeared not among the players our fellow-travellers in the London coach. The varlet who insulted the Lady Anne was called Master Skelleg, and my word for't he improved not on acquaintance. The young gentleman who so gallantly defended my lady was

Master Richard Fletcher, and methought the others hung upon his words as trustfully as a yearling babe upon its mother's kirtle. And even as Master Shakespeare he also did take Master Wayland by the hand and swear naught save nature e'er bestowed such wondrous gifts on one so young. Thus was my lady engaged as one of His Majesty's Servants at a recompense of three crowns weekly, she bargaining for naught save a private tiring-room, which, after some parley, was granted her.

"Gained thy master the employment he sought?" inquired Dame Valour, when the candles were long i' the snuff that evening.

"Aye verily," quoth I shortly, for in truth I dared not trust my slippery tongue to gossip of my lady's affairs.

So the dame, marking my misliking, did straightway turn to other matters. "Dost like London, Master Elbow? Art happy here?"

"Aye — in moderation," quoth I. "Though i' fecks 'tis monstrous lonesome." Thereat the good lady's smile did give place to an expression of such discomfort that I feared me she suffered with a gripe o' colic — it being the season of unripe fruit — and did meditate commending a brew of hot ginger, being o' my personal experience an infallible remedy for such distemper. Howbeit it passed o' the instant.

"How meanest thou — lonesome?" quoth she.

Now should I have replied boldly, "For that Judy, my wife, is absent." But the devil is at all times vigilant beyond our mortal ken, and I did rather answer, "The Scripture saith it is not good for man to be alone; and a hired lodging is not as a man's own hearthstone."

"But — an' — if — thy hired lodging were in verity thine own hearthstone then wouldst rest content?"

"As touching that," quoth I warily (being as wax i' the hand o' Satan), it must needs depend on others."

Then did Mistress Valour draw nearer, and lay her hand gently on my knee. "What others?" saith she, soft as a summer zephyr sighing i' the tree tops.

At that instant my lady did call loudly for me to bear her some despatches; and methought I heard Dame Prudence roundly beshrewing her lodger for a parlous, heady boy, albeit under her breath.

Ne'er have mine eyes looked on so beautiful a youth as young Ganymede (being the name assumed by Mistress Rosalind i' the forest) clad in doublet of white satin, thick laid with silver lace, and orange-tawny hose, the jewels at his sword-hilt flashing in the candlelight. And saving Master Fletcher, who enacted a youth enamoured of Rosalind, none approached my new master in speeching. From the languid gallants, displaying their satin cloaks and starched and scented beards on the stage-stools, to the noisy groundlings, cracking nuts and jests together, none but did stint their diversions and wax silent as moonrise when the new player gave utterance. When I did bethink me 'twas in verity my lady, my blood raced like coursers in my veins, and thundered at my ears, but whiles I did forget, as methought did she, aught save gentle Rosalind. I' faith from the three trumpet-soundings to the falling of the players on their knees to beseech God's blessing on the king, 'twas a wondrous triumph. After the play a brace of noted gallants did despatch their pages to beg in courtly phrase that Master Wayland sup with them; but he did courteously decline. And anon I hailed a waterman to row us back to lodgings.

Methought the radiance of St John's heavenly revelation was shed abroad o'er the water in shimmering belts of jasper and topaz and ruby, turquoise and opal in the sunset; and the roseate glow had crept into my lady's fair cheek, and under her bonnet, drawn far o'er her brows, her eyes gleamed like stars, aloof and unsearchable.

"Master," quoth I, for that the waterman might hear, "didst note a black-eyed wench who sought to engage thine attention at the theatre?"

Then did my lady's spirit return to its tabernacle, and she laughed right merrily. "Fye upon thee!" quoth she, "that would cozen a poor player into belief that he is a gallant to turn the heads o' the lasses. I noted no such wench." Nor could I persuade her 'twas aught but

a quip; and anon we reached our abiding-place; and Dame Prudence, with praiseworthy forethought, had prepared hot spiced wine to refresh her lodger, whereof, when I had borne it to him, she would have me return and drink a loving-cup with her — poor lady!

Now as Master Shakespeare did predict, the new player's fame spread as spreads a flame in a high wind. The theatre was thronged with noble lords — aye and ladies for the first time condescended to a public playhouse to see the boy player go mad as Ophelia, or die as Juliet, and 'twas rumored that the king would soon bid his servants to court. But before the time was ripe, this selfsame Juliet was in a manner the cause of my lady's undoing. The bold-faced slut I had noted ogling my new master at his first appearance, Moll Peevy by name, and daughter of a citizen, was constantly at the theatre when she had been better employed mending her mother's napery, and she did cast sheep's-eyes at the handsome young player until my lady, being but young and merry-hearted, thought it rare sport to ogle and languish in turn. And straightway Mistress Moll, like many an addle-pated wench before her, did deem herself mad wi' love for a play-actor, and 'gan sending her father's prentice with love-plaints and tokens to Master Wayland's lodgings.

I can see my lady now, making merry over the damsel's glove, which would have held both her own little fists. She did call it the fairest guerdon e'er bestowed on graceless knight, and did hang it on the wall with its fingers spread wide apart, fall on her knee, waft kisses to it, and vow she was unworthy to touch its little finger. In the midst of her pretty dissembling, like a clap o' thunder out o' blue sky, came a challenge to Master Wayland, wherein Master Skelleg did accuse him of alienating the true affection of his sweetheart, and swear he was no gentleman withal; albeit how aptly sped that arrow to its mark methinks he dreamed not.

My lady went pale as ashes, and did make piteous moan, crying, "Why had I none to counsel me of my folly! I am but a motherless girl, with none to counsel me!" Betimes she did pluck up courage, and did write her challenger a most humble apology vowing she dreamed not Mistress Peevy was aught to him, and promising all courteous amendment. And therewith was he forced to be content, albeit the scurvy churl did thereafter exhibit such contumely I was minded more than once to give him the drubbing he soundly deserved. As for Madam Moll, her mouth drooped like that of a child deprived of its plaything, and when her smiles and blandishments availed not, such a look of grief came into her moon-face I was fain to rue on the wench. And the Lady Anne did truly mourn, crying that she had unwittingly wrought a mischief she knew not how to amend.

Now what follows was afterwards related us by Master Fletcher who for reasons that shall appear did shrewdly mark all that concerned Master Wayland. When the boy-player quaffed the Lethian cup as the Lady Juliet, 'twas his custom to have it filled with muscadel, both that the act might appear natural, and to refresh him after this fatiguing love-lornness; Madam Moll, being aware of this, did bribe a hireling of the heatre to mix with the wine a love-philtre, which I doubt not some alchemist had assured the silly fool would kindle love in the breast of a stone. The hireling, being a Judas, did betray the wench to Master Skelleg, who waxed exceeding wroth, and did substitute for the philtre a brew of simples which though not deadly (for the varlet had no stomach for boiling alive at Tyburn) would yet cause exceeding uneasiness to any who partook of it. Thus when I went to the door of my lady's tiring-room to escort her home I found her with a face like sun-bleached napery, her lips set in a colorless line. She did speak but four words: "Send for my nurse."

So when I had left my poor mistress cast like a rainbeaten flower upon her bed, I sped me to despatch a message bidding my wife straightway to London, which, but for the sorry cause, I knew would rejoice her soul. For two days my poor lady suffered exceeding anguish, and whiles she lay unconscious; but she did straitly charge me to summon no medical man, for that it would discover her secret.



"Vile Wench! what dost mean by calling my lodger, Peter, my duck?"

So was I wellnigh distraught with anxiety. And on the evening of the second day my wife arrived, and ne'er, since the days of our wooing, had her face looked so comely to me. She did take her nurseling in her arms, and rock her to and fro, crooning over her like a mother over her ailing first-born. And the Lady Anne did open her eyes with a wan smile, and put up her hand and stroke her nurse's cheek, and did say,

"There, there, nurse, I shall mend apace, now thou art here."

Rarely well pleased at my wife's coming and the turn affairs had taken, I did leave the two together, and betake me to the kitchen for a space.

Now, if it please the Lord that my pilgrimage exceed that of his servant Methuselah, may He forfend another such period of misery as that which I now must relate, for to a man of my unwarlike parts 'twas in truth a taste of very hell. I sat i' the chimney-corner well enjoying a pipe of Virginia tobacco, striving to blow the smoke in a fantastic manner approved of the gallants, and Dame Valour was mulling some wine at the fire, whereof she had invited me to partake, when Mistress Judy did appear to heat my lady's broth.

"Well, nurse," quoth Dame Valour who dreamed not my wife was other than a stranger, "how dost find thy patient?"

"I' bad case, poor young gentleman!" returned Judy with an owlish blink at me, as who should say, "Perceive you how discreetly I take my cue?" After some further discourse on indifferent matters, she did turn to go, and passing my corner stopped to thrid my locks with her fingers, after a manner o' her's when good-humored, and saith she:

"Peter, my duck, wilt come anon and help me move my lady to the day-bed?"

With those words methought the crack o' doom had come! To think that after the guard I had set upon my lips for many weeks, the foolish wench should out with the secret at the very hour of acquiring it! But the wise man knoweth that a woman with a secret is a woman with a firebrand in her pocket; either she poppeth it out to fend scorching, or it burneth a hole and 'scapes unawares. Howbeit had my wife craved assistance in persuading a mad bull, Dame Prudence had marked it not. She wheeled around

from the fire like a tragic player, with a stoup of wine pointed at Mistress Judy, and cried she:

"Vile wench! what dost mean by calling my lodger, a respectable serving-man, Peter my duck? Dost think I harbor wantons? Get thee gone o' the instant!"

Ne'er, though my days indeed exceed the prophet's, shall I forget Dame Elbow's face at that moment. For a breathing-space 'twas blank as a new-born babe's; then blazed such a fire in her gray eyes as flashes on an angry falchion' i' the sunlight. "What!" cried she, "dar'st thou assail as honest a woman as walks God's earth? O-o-o-h!" And in excess of fury she did cast away the bowl of steaming broth with such violence that a large splotch did take me i' the nose, and scalded it so severely that it did swell to a great size, causing me sore discomfort for many days. Then did she rush upon Mistress Valour, and dash away the stoup of boiling wine, whereof also I received a portion down my neck, howbeit of neither of these misfortunes was I conscious for the space of some time.

Then was I fain with a valiant exterior, far from being matched in spirit, to cast myself into the breach; or, more truthfully, to force a breach between the angry dames, and hold them apart from plucking each other's eyes, while I sought to soothe them with fair words.

"Soft, now, soft, my wenches! Judy, 'twas but a mistake. Dame Prudence, thou comprehendest not. Soft! Soft!"

As well might a man have sought to lull the north-wind howling down the chimney at yule-tide. I' faith it taxed my sinews to the utmost to hold them apart, so determined were they to have at each other; and for that they could not they did with one accord set upon me, and did so grievously entreat me, that the sleeve o' my doublet was torn away, and flung high in air, and my jerkin, albeit of rabbit-skin, hung in rags and tatters, to say naught of divers wounds inflicted upon my person. Nor was that all. For many days, aye and weeks, my wife did use me so unseemly, refusing me all speech save in a spirit of grievous unkindness, even taunting me with my great red nose, that life was a species of torment. Nor was Dame Valour far behind: there were no more loving-cups drunk 'twixt her and Peter Elbow, I promise ye!

A ray of light in gloom was my lady's recovery and resolve to renounce the stage and go home; yet for that the term of her engagement had greatly waned she determined in honor to complete it. But Providence did decree that her first appearance should be likewise her last. The play was King Henry the Eighth. Master Wayland was welcomed with exceeding cordiality, and all went "merry as a marriage bell" until Cardinal Wolsey's masque was in full tilt, when some pieces of ordnance were discharged and suddenly a fearful cry rang out,

"Fire! The theatre is on fire!"

In a breathing space was the playhouse in smoke. Yells and curses rent the quivering air. Men and women comported themselves like wild beasts, scrambling and fighting until it was a marvel none were mangled under foot. Yet though there were but two narrow doors of exit, and the building was totally destroyed, God in His infinite mercy did permit all to escape uninjured, A chronicle expounding the event saith: "Nothing did perish but wood and straw and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broyled him if he had not by the benefit of a provident wit put it out with a mug of ale."

The players rushed to and fro, gathering their arms full of apparel, which they did recklessly cast out of the windows to be devoured of ravening thieves below. My poor mistress, weak and bewildered from illness, was buffeted cruelly, and finally cast prone upon the floor behind a pile of boxes, while I did dash here and there like a madman in search of her, calling loudly on Almighty God for aid. Methought my brain must crack in sunder as the heat scorched my face, and the devouring flames drew on apace, lapping away the structure as a cat laps cream, when suddenly a tall form bounded past me, darted down behind the pile of boxes, and rose with the Lady Anne clasped to his breast. Methought he feared her soul had returned to Him who gave it, for he

did give utterance to a cry, not loud, yet with a thrill in it to wake the very dead:

"Sweetheart!"

My lady opened her eyes like a startled fawn upon him, and seeing whose arms encompassed her, a smile fluttered across her pale features; she did put her hand up softly to his cheek, and swooned away. Methought Master Fletcher possessed the strength of ten giants as he did fight his way through the seething human mass, bearing the fainting form of the boy player in his arm, I keeping close at his heels, until he laid his burden on the sward at a safe distance, and fetched water to restore my mistress to her senses. Then did he summon a coach to bear her home, and though I kept close at hand, methinks they noted my presence no more than I had been a fly on the wheel. My lady's cheek was faintly tinged with pink, like a pale cloud at sunset, and she saith:

"When didst thou learn my secret?"

And saith Master Fletcher, "I have known it long. I would have guarded it, or thee, with my life."

The tint of my lady's fair cheek deepened, and she murmured with downcast eyes, "My friend, I thank thee."

Then cried Master Fletcher tumultuously, "Nay, thank me not! Nor call me friend! I do love thee in the deeps of my soul. Wilt thou not give me, dearer title?"

And my lady's clear-shining eyes were downcast, and she spake not.

Then did Master Fletcher begin humbly, "I know thou art of noble birth—"

Suddenly lifted my lady her white lids, and lo, her eyes gleamed bright with tears. "Not so!" cried she. "Wert thou a hundred times a player, and I a princess of the blood, yet would I wed thee, for I do love thee even as thou sayest!" And a look came upon Master Fletcher's face, methought none save the angels were worthy to behold, and I did turn me aside to the window.

Now Master Richard did counsel my lady that she reveal herself to none, but rather take example of the meteor that flashes across the sky, and whence it cometh or whither it vanisheth is known of no man. And she did yield to him in all things, albeit when he had finished she saith:

"Yet if it be not against thy will, there is one to whom I would fain confess the truth, for he hath shown me great kindness, and I do love him, even as a father."

And saith Master Fletcher, "Sweetheart, thy will is mine."

So they did seek Master Shakespeare at his lodgings, I attending them, and when he did come into the room, my lady hung her head and cast down her eyes like a child expecting to be chidden for a fault well known to it. Then did she flash a glance from under her dark lashes, and with a smile dimpling her rose-flushed cheeks, stretched forth both her hands, and saith, "Friend, wilt thou forgive me?"

Master Shakespeare did appear greatly puzzled, and saith he, "Why comest thou in stage apparel?" Then smote he his thigh, and did fall into a chair and stare roundly at the Lady Anne for the space of a minute, and quoth he, "By my halidom! Full aptly hast thou played thy part, my lass!"

"Wilt thou keep my counsel?" faltered my lady.

And saith Master Shakespeare heartily, "Trust me 'tis as safe with me to my dying breath as thereafter in my grave." Then turned he to her companion. "Master Fletcher—"

"Richard, Earl of Surrey," quoth he, making obeisance.

"More maskery! A mad world, indeed, my masters!"

Then did Lord Richard expound how having, even as my lady, a great love for play-acting, and it being contrary to custom for noble earls to thus disport themselves, he did engage as plain Richard Fletcher.

Saith Master Shakespeare, "Good my lord, the lass hath my promise to guard her secret. Desirest thou like friendliness?"

Lord Richard filliped with his fingers i' the air. "For myself I care not that," quoth he. "Word it! Word it! Perchance 'twill serve to draw th' attention of the gossips from my lady's disappearance."

Then with a twinkle in his eye did

Master Shakespeare look from my lady to Lord Richard, and from Lord Richard back to my lady, and saith he, "My lass (for he knew not she was of noble birth), but now thou asked of me a boon; now would I crave one of thee."

"Before 'tis asked 'tis granted," saith my mistress eagerly, "it is — "

"That thou bid me to the wedding!"

So we three bade farewell to London, and did wend our way homeward; and when I saw the gray turrets and dark mullioned windows of the castle loom against the amber of the sunset, methought there was no fairer dwelling in all the land. And straightway did begin such preparations for the wedding that, even as for Noah's dove, meseemed there was no spot for a quiet man to set the sole of his foot. Judy did swell like a turkeycock at her share in the coil, and therein (God be praised!) she did forget her grievance, and use me in a wifely manner once more. In the midst of the confusion my lady bethought her to send a wedding gift to Moll Peevy, who was soon to be married to Master Skelleg, and little joy had the poor wench of her husband I ween. And the Lady Anne did likewise send a costly fairing to Dame Valour, to console her for the husband she could not have, she saith.

The wedding day drew on apace, and Lord Richard did arrive with his postillions and outriders, and all the pomp becoming a noble earl riding to his nuptial with a lady of equal rank. My lady remembered her promise to Master Shakespeare, and did bid him to the wedding; and despite the distance he did come, and did bring as a wedding gift such of his plays as had then been printed bound in white vellum with the Lady Anne's name in gold letters across the cover; and inside was writ: "The brightest star i' the firmament hath set to rise upon a worthier sphere." But, saving us who had known Master Wayland, none dreamed of its significance. Judy did apparel her lady for the marriage in her gown of milk-white satin o'er shot with silver threads, which gave it a mysterious shimmer when she moved, like moonlight on marble. Many and many a time alas! have I leaned from my high turret casement and marked the moonbeams playing over the headstone of my lady's solitary grave, until, what wi' thinking o' the past and the salt water in my eyne, I have seemed to see the flinty marble melt in the moonlight into my lady's silvery gown, and above it her little curly head and clear-shining eyes with a wistful look in them — waiting. Many and many a time have I seen the earl, a bent, heartbroken figure creep like a thief in the night out o' the castle and wend his lonely way to her grave, there to change into the proper youth who wooed the gentle Rosalind, and wedded her surrounded by a gay company of noble dukes, and earls, and ladies; my Lord of Monteagle, bearer of a wedding gift from the king, who did send as embassador his most famous courtier; Master Shakespeare the life of the wedding feast, the merry quips running off his tongue as nimbly as water off the eaves in a down-pour; the great boar roasted whole, flagons of red wine flowing as freely as the milk and honey we wot of in the Book of Life; the jousts and tournaments, and fireworks, and dexterous, tilting horsemen; Lord Richard in his satin doublet and hose fit for the king himself, and shining in his eyes withal the love-light that methinks no jewelled crown or sceptre e'er bestowed or took away on this earth; my Judy, younger and comelier by many a summer day, clad in all her wedding bravery her ruff almost scraping the skin off her ears with stiffness, laughing and sobbing in the doorway; but through all and above all, the gleaming candles and jewels, the flowers and the brave apparel, see I always the face of my lady like a white rose opening to the sun, her clear-shining eyes alight with happiness.

Twelve years of wedded bliss did God grant them, then gathered He my lady to Himself; and the earl caused the inscription in Master Shakespeare's play-book to be graven at her head. And God was merciful to Lord Richard in that he tarried not long behind. My wife tended my lady's lasses, even as she had nursed and tended their mother, and even as she were they sent away to acquire the skill and learning befitting their ladyships. We miss their winsome faces and merry



"By my halidom! full aptly hast thou played thy part, my lass."

voices ringing through the castle, as year by year goes by, and it seems o'er long to wait. For we twain grow old apace. Year by year our locks whiten and our steps grow feebler, so that perchance when our little ladies come again they will find naught of us but the grave-grass sighing i' the wind. God's will be done. And every night upon her knees doth my wife pray that even as we served her on earth we may be adjudged worthy to serve our dear lady in heaven, to which I add a silent petition that wide heavenly spaces may intervene 'twixt us and one whose name hath ever been — aye, and is so to this hour — to Dame Elbow as a red rag to a bull. For in very truth should they meet, methinks there would be troublous discord even around the throne of the Lamb.

SMALL AND GREAT.

By P. H. Savage.

BE but for now the bird within this nest: —
The grasses blossom high above thy head,
Pushing their coarse green stems up through the dead
And twisted mass of summers gone; thy rest
In fear the dropping acorn breaks; around
The cricket loudly shrills, and the great bee
Rolls in his course; and thy vast home, this tree,
Rumbles and spreads above thee on the ground.
This world is still a mighty world to me.
When, gazing on the moon, and following down
Around the curving globe, it seems to be
Grown petty, may I die; nor be so weak,
Ne'er be so slight a man I cannot own
A tender sense to make the small things speak.



Natural Bridge, Virginia.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE OF VIRGINIA.

By Katherine Loomis Parsons.

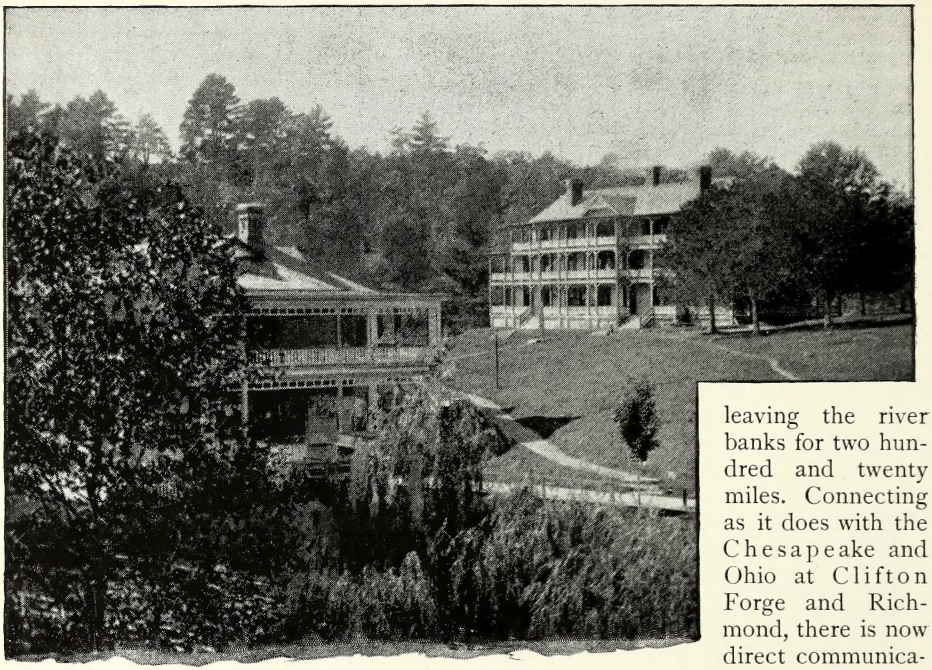
THE finest portions of the State of Virginia are undoubtedly the Valley of the Upper James, the Shenandoah Valley, and what is known as Southwestern Virginia. Somewhat north of the middle of the state (approximately about 79° 30′ longtitude and 31° latitude) is situated the Natural Bridge. Lying midway between the sharp and beautiful peaks of Otter, and the great hills which flank the town of Lexington, it is one thousand five hundred feet above the sea, and in the most picturesque part of the James River Valley. Ranging about the headwaters of the James, and sweeping northward, westward, and southward to West Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina, are the Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains. They hug silently their untold mineral treasures, and are swept by winds so pure and fresh that the wonder grows that there are people here who are either old or poor. The rich promise of this region is like an unlimited letter of credit. The scattered population is a vigorous and hardy one; but they till the soil, instead of sinking shafts far below its surface.

A stranger, a tourist, bringing an intelligent attention to bear upon the subject, would perhaps seize the significant facts of the State's case with more accuracy and clearness than one whose eyes are obscured by familiarity and affection. Such a one would say, Virginia's best chance for future prosperity lies in the development of her mineral wealth. Let him start at Norfolk or Newport News, where the Old Dominion steamships come in from the North. These are, broadly speaking, the "transfer stations" for western traffic. Newport News is a growing place, the terminus of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, built up by it, and changed, recently and rapidly, from the sleepy "landing-place" of historic fame.

To an alien eye, "tide water" and the Lower James, and so up to Richmond are thoroughly depressing. Endless stretches of yellow broom, sprinkled with low scrub-pines; lonely negro cabins, made of unhewn logs and "chinked" with mud, shrink to the edge of miniature forests of cedars, and look like wretched bedraggled chickens with head under wing; cornfields are slowly scratched by weary ploughmen, sallow and sickly and bored; fat old colored women leaning on hoe-handles pause to watch the train as it passes, calico skirts tucked up, handkerchiefs on heads, and feet innocent of shoes. Their round and pleasant faces remind some of us of dear old "mammies" of the long ago.

There are the few great houses, "old Virginia mansions," of which Shirley and Brandon are the most notable; there is quaint old Williamsburg, with its traditions, and pride, and moss, and grass-grown streets; one sees the fragments of Jamestown.

Allons! The falls at Richmond check the passing up and down of boats, and above that the only navigation of the river is monopolized by ferry-boats, commonly yclept "flats." It is a picturesque sight, the crossing of one of these "flats." The train stops at a small station opposite Cartersville, for example. The river bank, — fringed with willows, and horse chestnuts and water-elms, great and small, — is not a dozen feet away. The water slips away in a cool, clear, smooth flood, absinthe green, or of an opaque yellow if there has been rain. The further bank, perhaps a hundred yards, is a little higher than the hither one, and against the sunset sky rises a cluster of roofs and chimneys, with two or three sharp spires, and a blur of great old trees. A road winds down to the landing, and there is the "flat," being held by a chain at one end, the ferryman steadying it by a pole against the current at the other. Two men on horseback ride on; then a very ancient carriage, with paintless wheels, two horses which have evidently just been torn from the



"The stage sweeps around a curve, and the hotels are in sight."

plough, an old colored man holding the reins, — and from the window looks a sweet, high-bred face, framed in snowy hair. The face of a *grande dame*, tied under a rusty bonnet, with delicate, calmly folded hands in threadbare cotton gloves — a not unusual type. Then comes a load of hay, drawn by two white oxen, and a half dozen school children, and several barking dogs. The "flat" proceeds laboriously across the stream, the two colored men leaning against their poles. What a picture, — the smooth river, the sunset and the silhouette, the low hills, the crowded "flat." Virginia seems never to tire of the old ways.

This is not irrelevant, because we are making our way up the river, — slowly approaching the bridge; and these are the little things which go to make up the whole impression of the journey. Formerly, the James River and Kanawaka Canal (opened in 1841) followed the river to Buchanan and Lexington, and, with its short branches, was the only outlet to the world. Then the Richmond and Alleghany railroad was built, against great opposition, along its towpath, hardly leaving the river banks for two hundred and twenty miles. Connecting as it does with the Chesapeake and Ohio at Clifton Forge and Richmond, there is now direct communication between the mountains and the sea. They say that once the whole valley of the James was a waving wheat-field, unrivalled in richness by any in the world. But now the cultivated farms are comparatively infrequent, divided by hundreds of untilled acres, which, in some localities, would bring perhaps two dollars an acre, could a purchaser be found. It is said that the soil has been exhausted by the excessive and injurious use of fertilizers. It is also suggested that the great agricultural profits of *ante bellum* days were not wholly owing to unusual natural fertility, but largely to the comparative cheapness of labor. Now, one must either work himself, or pay seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half a day for field-hands. Alas, the good old times! As I have said, the country is being drained by the large cities, or absorbed into the many "boom towns."

It is the day of land speculation, and of the laying out of town lots. Those who pass over the route from Chattanooga to Baltimore affirm that only upon reaching the latter place does one get out of "city limits." Only the artist and dreamer, however, can regret that this

is so. It is the infusion of new blood, the contagion of restless, Northern energy, which is to revive and revolutionize the old state, and awaken latent fires.

But we have not yet reached the "boom district." Our way lies along the river, where the rolling fields are emerald, and we see the dry canal bed, or pass the occasional locks of hewn granite. There are a few farmhouses and cabins of a better sort, and now and then grist mills, with great, slow-turning wooden wheels. The character of the country is rapidly changing. At Howardsville you see the distant line of mountains; and reaching Lynchburg, you are fairly in the rough hill-country. Lynchburg itself is set upon seven hills, of a most unnecessary steepness. Here are mills and foundries, built upon the fine natural water power; the river is spanned by bridges; it is the culminus of four railroads; it is a great tobacco manufacturing town, and possesses considerable wealth. We have now reached an altitude of five hundred and fifteen feet. The river becomes darkened by higher cliffs, and rushes swiftly between impeding rocks. Cleared fields now become infrequent. The great desolate hills are high and steep, and the narrowing river is rarely out of shadow. The ugly duckling is to become a swan, inevitably.

We are not, as a people, especially blind to the main chance, and only the other natural temptations of the country have left these so long neglected. These heights and depths are full of iron and coal, slate, manganese and marbles. The time is coming and is not far distant, when Virginia will throw off the dragging weight of debt and discouragement, and return to her old place of importance and honor. And it is not traditions of past glory, not the pursuit of old customs, which will win her this rightful place; but



"Steps lead abruptly down to the arbor-vitæ trees which overhang the stream."



"Yet a little further . . . and, without warning, the Bridge is in Sight."

honest endeavor and unabashed toil, — and the wealth in the mountains.

Thirty miles from Lynchburg are Balcony Falls, Glasgow, —

> "Where from Rockbridge, Bath and Highland,
> Many swollen rivers meet."

We are now some seven hundred feet above the sea. Here is a triangle of lifted valley land, between the confluence of the James and North Rivers, and flanked by those valuable hills, some of which rise sheerly, to an altitude of two thousand to three thousand feet above the sea, and at whose bases run three railroads. On this lifted plateau is situated the new town of Glasgow; and ten miles up is Buena Vista, a town two years old and numbering about three thousand souls. A year ago, the site of Glasgow was merely meadow and cornfield, — a large and well-tilled farm. Now for seven or eight square miles, it

is parcelled out in "town lots"; it has graded and titled streets, a handsome Moorish hotel, stores, furnaces under construction, mills, and (best of all) dwelling-houses. Until a new town possesses dwelling-houses, however humble, there is no certainty that its existence is not ephemeral and uncertain.

Glasgow is six miles from the Bridge, and the broad and level road between them is a favorite drive. The views of the mountains, which slope abruptly at Balcony Falls at the water gap, where the river breaks through and makes an abrupt turn; the charm of Arnold's Valley, on the opposite side of the James; the exhilaration of the air, — all make it an agreeable excursion.

Visitors at the Bridge usually arrive by the Shenandoah Valley or Chesapeake and Ohio, (formerly Richmond and Alleghany) Railroad. Connection with the main systems and important cities is easy and direct. The stations are both about two and one-half miles from the hotels, and this distance is traversed in stage-coaches or buckboards or close carriages. Let us assume that it is the good fortune of every pilgrim to arrive there bright and early of a fair spring morning.

In the open space about the small depot stand several traps ("Bridge teams," they will tell you), and among them are a low-swung covered barouche, and a big, red stage, with places inside and out, for thirty people, a boot behind for trunks, four horses, and a regular "ole time nigger" holding the whip and reins. Choose! If you wish to have the city cobwebs swept from your brain, scramble to the top of the coach. If you think you would be unhappy without your cobwebs, step into the close carriage, and take a nap, if you like, until you reach your destination. The stage is usually the favorite. When every one is safely bestowed, and to the accompaniment of cracking whips and the toot of a horn perhaps, and the inevitable barking of dogs, the heavy trap is off.



Cedar Creek.

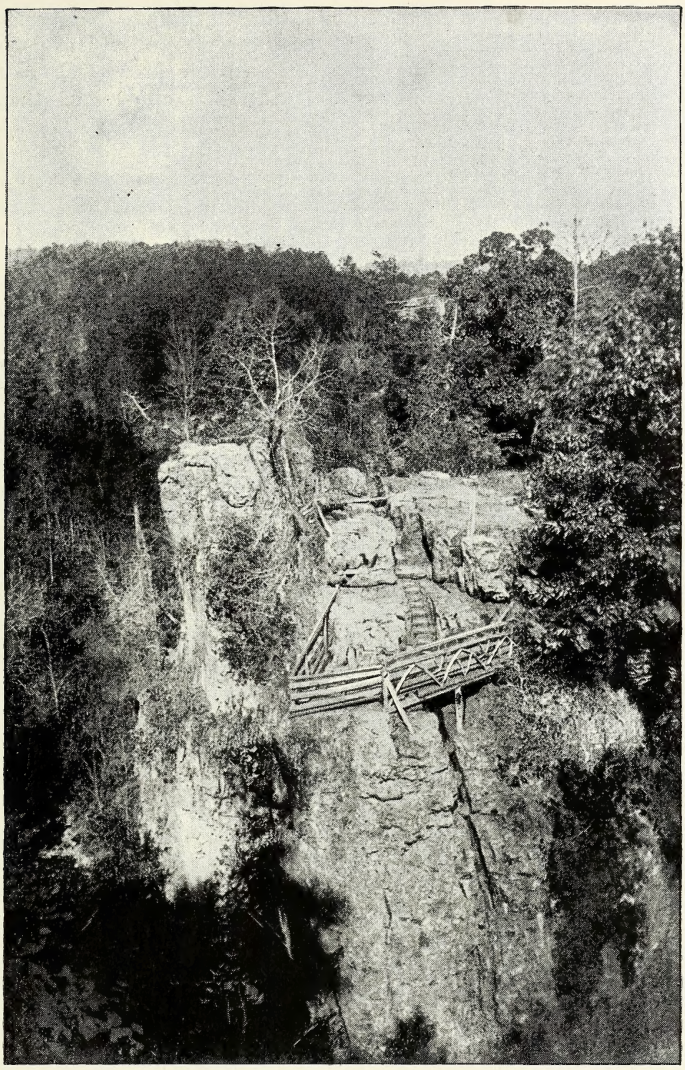
At the top of a short rise there is a magnificent view of the river, a hundred

feet immediately below, and sweeping north and south, shining like polished metal between its willow-fringed banks; and then beyond, the blue hills, fading in soft lines to the dim horizon. The brakes are put down, and the horses trot easily down the incline; the river is lost to sight, and the road turns up beside a little winding stream. There is a log house near by, with a rock chimney nearly as broad as its gable end, gnarled apple-trees hard by, a large spinning-wheel seen through the door, a dozen children, more or less, about the threshold, and the ubiquitous dog. The road passes through dark pine groves, or under great oaks, or between cleared fields. The air is as exhilarating as wine, and the freshness and dew of morning sparkle on every leaf and grass blade. A red-bird hurries in undulating flight across the path, and cat-birds call; a covey of very young partridges scurry under a worm fence to the safety of a wheatfield. The road is ever ascending by easy grades, although the rise from the station accomplishes about seven hundred feet; and at the end of half an hour, the stage sweeps around a curve, and the hotels are in sight. The three main ones are set upon green sloping lawns, with the forests close behind. At Forest Inn, an old rambling hostelry, the travellers stop, leave the stage, and gradually find their respective lodgings, and a good, if simple, breakfast. Later, one walks the short distance to the Gate-house, and thence down the path to the Bridge, which, although not more than two hundred yards from the Inn, cannot be seen from there. The footpath leaves the open lawn, and steps lead abruptly down to the arbor-vitæ trees, which overhang the stream, — the same stream which fills the pond in front of the Inn, and finds its way to Cedar Creek in the Glen. These arbor-vitæ trees, which are commonly little more than large shrubs, have here attained a remarkable size. There are from fifteen to twenty of them, varying from four to ten feet in diameter, and two old and dying monarchs which measure sixteen feet.



Residence of Colonel H. C. Parsons.

Yet a little further along the shadowed way and, without warning, the Bridge is in sight. The noisest party of picnickers would be silenced. There is an overpowering sense of the awesomeness of it. One is in the depths of a dark chasm, beside a bright little stream, and the great arch, bathed "in eternal sunshine," is far above. From out the twilight, one grows conscious of something great and majestic and mystical and inexplicable. The Bridge has one peculiar characteristic: one realizes its full grandeur at sight. There is no first feeling of disappointment to gradually overcome, as with Niagara Falls. Here is an arch over two hundred feet in height, of a blue limestone, which resembles, under polish, the black marbles of the Isle La Motte. The walls are noticeably smooth, with only superficial seams and fissures; and their curves are bold and broad, with that simplicity of outline which produces the impression of grandeur. Pictures do not give an adequate impression of its height; but the illustrations which accompany this article are from the most artistic photographs which have been secured, and those who have not



Pulpit Rock.

seen the Bridge can well judge of its outlines and proportions. One must stand beneath it; observe how it dwarfs trees and men; how it is carven, dark against the sky; how migratory birds fly beneath its arch — to realize its altitude. It is fifty feet higher than Niagara Falls, and carries an avenue ninety feet wide. It has its uses, — now, as in the days of the Monacans, — supporting a roadway and a Boston syndicate. The span itself has the precision of measured masonry; and yet the block of stone between the piers is an unbroken mass containing fifteen thousand cubic feet. The opening has somewhat the proportions of a horseshoe magnet; while the walls are not absolutely perpendicular, but lean slightly to the left. Their faces are tinted dull red and ochre, and soft shades of yellow and cream; colored by the veins of iron and manganese in the hills above. Where the arch protects the walls from the wash, they are of a dark, or delicate blueish gray, with white lights.

The beauty of the structure is enhanced by the beauty of its surroundings. The cañon it spans is a gorge extending for some miles to the east and west, in the bottom of which runs a considerable stream. The precipitous cliffs rise from three hundred to four hundred feet above. In some places these crags overhang their own bases, and the creek washes against their feet; near the Bridge they are bare, and clouded by the dripping of earth-stained water; further up the stream they brawling stream, which is broken into sharp cascades or widens into still pools. Across it, the great trees lean, like Narcissus, to contemplate their shadows. There are several rare varieties of ferns and flowers, — among the former, the walking-fern, (*Camptosorus rhizophyelus.*) Some half mile from the bridge, the irregular opening of Saltpetre Cave appears at the base of a great cliff. The creek is crossed by a rustic bridge, and the path drops into the dense shadow of Hemlock



The Lexington Road.

are softened by lichens and overhung with creepers, and shadowed by gnarled and stunted arbor-vitæ trees, which cling like bats, by their heels, heads down. The path leads away from the Bridge and along Cedar Creek through what is called the Glen.

As one takes a last look back, one might fancy that some portal in a giant's fortress had been opened wide, showing the beautiful world that lay beyond. In the Glen, owing to the high and narrow walls of the gorge, and the multitude of trees, there is a sort of twilight, even at noontide. One walks on beside the bright Grove. There, silence is, and green sunshot dimness and a rich matting of the fine brown needles.

Arbutus and laurel and rhododendron, wake-robin, blood-root, and hepatica bloom here in spring, and partridge-berry vines stray over the moss, brightening it with white blossoms or scarlet fruit like drops of blood. Sometimes the deep drumming of a pheasant startles the uninitiated, and sometimes the barking of a red fox. The path still follows the stream, but the cañon has broadened. There is more sunshine, and hemlock gives way to oak and poplar. Professor Gray says

there are sixty varieties of trees in the glen alone, and that it is the finest fernery in the world.

Then one reaches Lost River. Years ago when the cave was worked for saltpetre, some workmen thought they heard a sound of running water behind the rocks. Blasting disclosed a stream, which leaped through the darkness of a cavern in large volumes, and, by passages unexplored and impassable, found its way, perhaps, to a "sunless sea." At any rate, neither its source nor its destiny has been discovered. One may look in through the low opening and drink of its waters, and hear the sound of it, and know no more. There is a local tradition, like that of Trevi, that who drink here shall return.



Whispering Well.

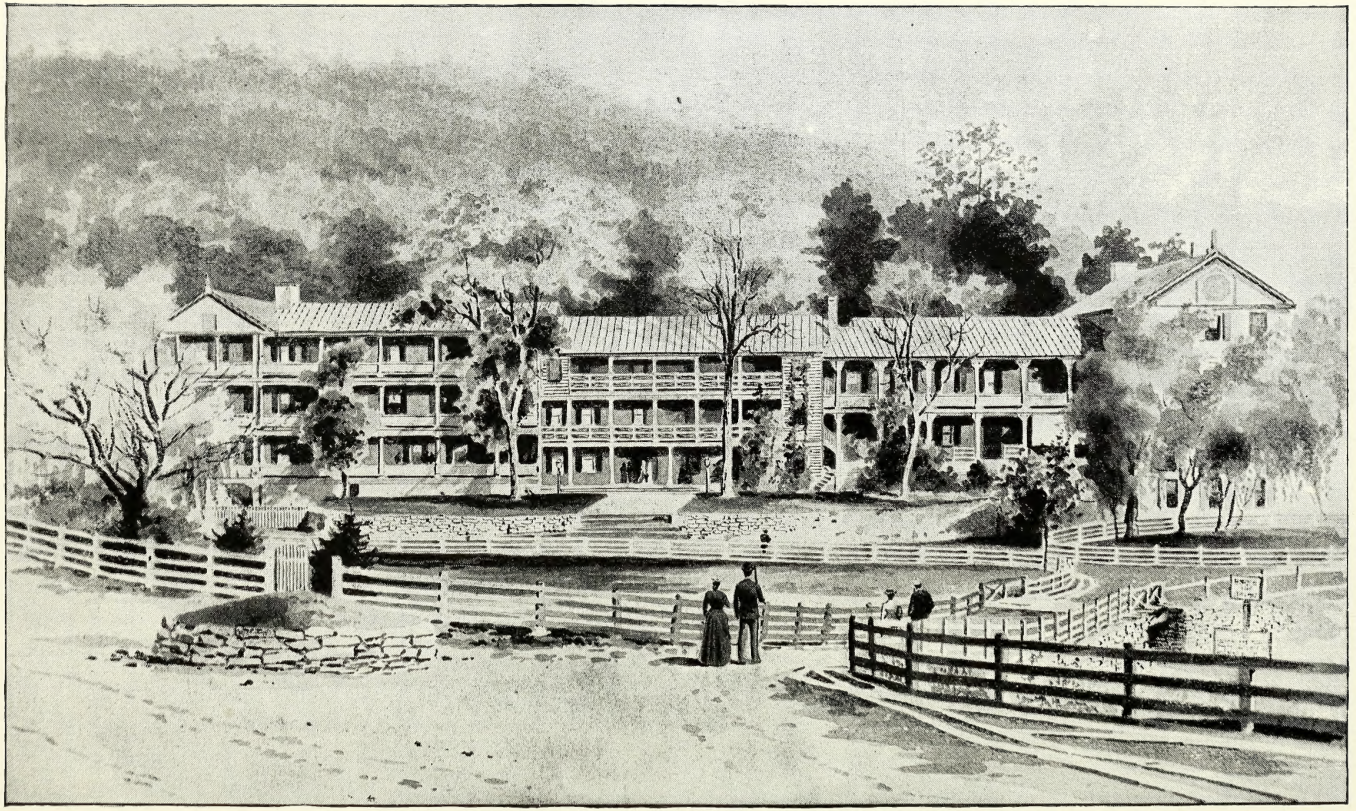
Half a mile farther, the path ends at Lace-Water Falls, where Cedar Creek leaps over the rocks a distance of fifty feet, veiling the bowlders with snowy spray. And then the cliffs narrow in again, and it is too steep for comfortable walking.

Speculation and suggestion, scientific and otherwise, have been lacking in regard to the *raison d'être* of the Natural Bridge. The opinion has been hazarded that it was once the dam of a great lake, whose banks were determined by encircling foothills; that the dam was gradually undermined by the wearing waters, and through a primarily small opening the water rushed in increasing volumes, until the basin was drained, and a huge fragment, an arch of solid stone, remained. Professor Eggleston is of opinion that the bridge is but a section of the roof of a great cave, which, worn and smoothed and crumbled by the insidious action of gases, fell away, until only this portion remains. But, perhaps, where science confesses itself at a discount, this Indian legend may be "hung on the line":

Before the accursed foot of white man had ever invaded the blessed soil of Virginia, bringing contention, and barter, and bloodshed, the red men had already a knowledge of what it was to be at enmity one with another. The Monacans handed down through generations the history how their tribe was wasted and decimated by long wars with the Shawnees and Powhatans. Worn by famine and despair, they were flying, closely pursued, through strange forests when they came upon a great chasm, of incredible depth, a hundred feet from brink to brink, extending for miles to the eastward and to the westward. In the anguish of defeat, they prostrated themselves, and called upon the Great Spirit to spare his children. And when they arose and looked, behold, a bridge spanned the abyss! The women and children were sent forth to try its strength. Seeing that it bore them, the prudent braves followed; and their pursuers coming up, they held the bridge as it were Thermopylae, and put many times their own number to death or flight. Therefore, the Monacans called it *Bridge of God*, and worshipped it.

Here is some choice of theories, and conjecture may be endless. But whatever the principles of construction, truly the Natural Bridge is of beauty, a "Miracle in Stone."

Let the return from the Lace-Water Falls be a leisurely stroll. The glen is a place to rest and dream in, to let stray snatches of poetry and sentiment usurp one's practical and well-ordered mind. Again, pass under the mighty arch and,



A Rambling and Quaint Edifice — Forest Inn.

as the path ascends, recover from the slight feeling of chilliness which is felt in the gorge. The lawns, smooth and bright with rich blue-grass, seem very cheerful and commonplace, and delightful. There are children playing everywhere, it would seem; and upon the galleries of the hotels, women in summer array, and frivolous young men, in riding clothes or with tennis racquets, make one feel that a touch of the artificial and human is not to be despised. The hotels are comfortable, pleasant, almost luxurious. But it is with a feeling that there is something incongruous, that one turns from the bridge, unchanged through untold centuries, to the scenes of a modern summer resort. However, a satisfactory dinner never yet spoiled any one's appreciation of nature or art; and there are few things more satisfactory than the cooking from a veritable Virginian kitchen, which is what one gets at Forest Inn. This building, wherein the business of the management is carried on, was built in the forties, and the original structure has been modified and added to, with the result of a rambling and quaint edifice. There are many ghost-stories, and grewsome tales of the old stage-coach days, connected with it, which you could get any old negro on the place to tell you. The other buildings were built three or four years ago, and substitute comfort for antiquity.

One usually completes the tour of inspection by a walk to the top of the Bridge, a short distance from Forest Inn, up the public road which crosses it. On the right-hand side, and almost on the cliffs, stands the summer residence of Col. H. C. Parsons, the present owner of the bridge. The building is modelled from one built there in 1818; and there is reason to believe that its large limestone chimney was a part of the cabin which Thomas Jefferson caused to be built in 1775 for the two slaves whom he sent there to minister to the needs of visitors. The original grant of the Bridge was made to Jefferson. After he was president, he again visited it, surveyed the place with his own hands, and made the first map.

In 1845, a volume of great value was somehow destroyed. It was the "Book for Sentiments," which Jefferson placed in the cabin to be written in by guests. If the few extracts which were saved are any sample of its excellence, the book must have been wellnigh priceless. Besides the autographs of such men as Van Buren, Monroe, Marshall, Clay, Jackson, Houston, Jefferson himself (George Washington, while an engineer for Lord Fairfax, kindly left "his mark" carved on the rocks under the bridge,) there must have been some very good reading contained in their "impressions." Marshall spoke of "God's greatest miracle in stone"; Clay of "the bridge not made with hands, that spans a river, carries a highway, and makes two mountains one."



Saltpetre Cave.

There are few additional fragments of more or less value, but they are only fragments. On the cliffs is the nameless grave of the stranger who flung himself from the bridge in 1843, and whose uneasy spirit is said to still hang about the place.

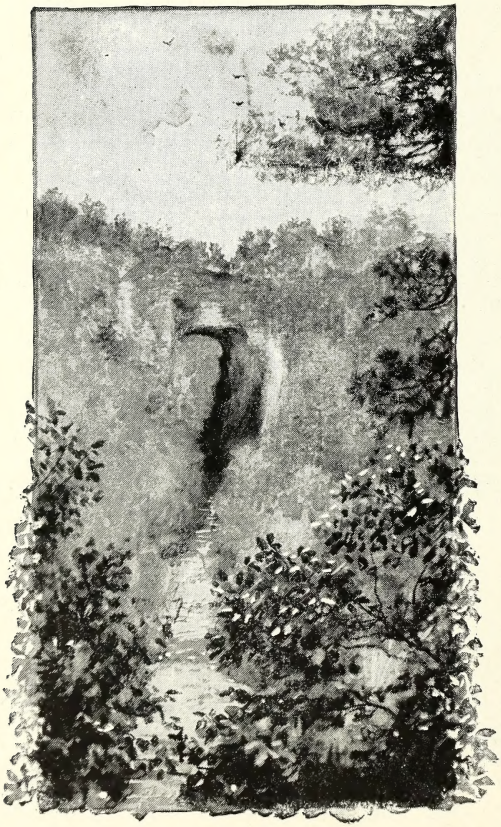
Out in the public road again, and another gate leads to Pulpit Rock. This huge crag projects perceptibly beyond its own base; its summit is protected by a

railing, and thence one sees the arch, about thirty feet away, and somewhat higher than one's head. The opposite cliffs, hung with vines, show all their "infinite variety" of color, and from the gorge comes a moaning, as of many voices rising to a pitch of intensity, trembling with the sweetness of a troubled song, or sinking to a sob. It is only the reverberation of the winds, and the impeded water below.

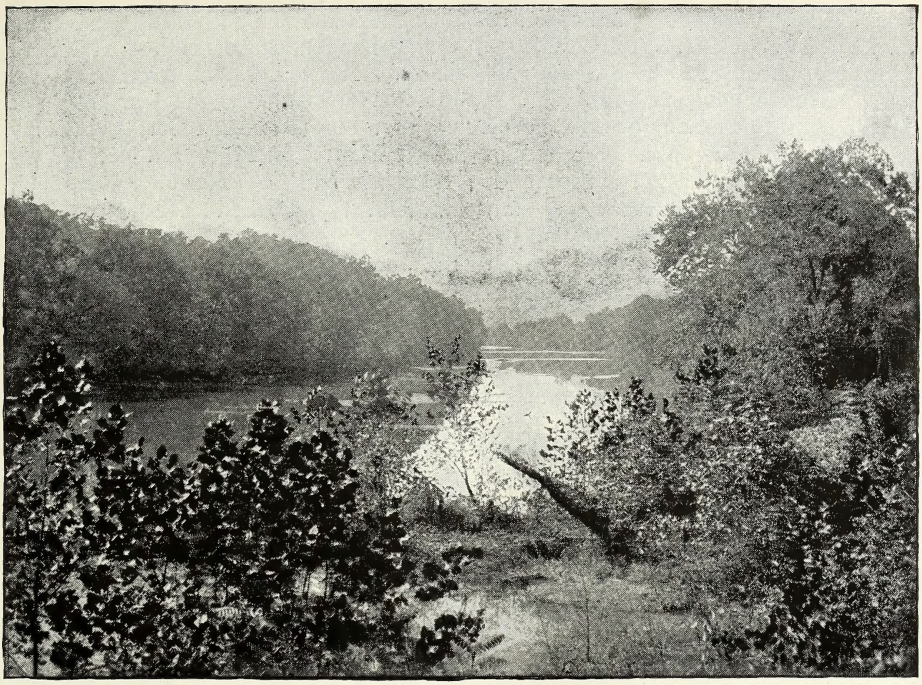
The public road utilizes the bridge. Porte Crayon does not exaggerate when he describes the visit of his party:

> "They then stood over the centre of the arch, and yet so entirely hidden was the chasm which it spanned by the natural parapets of rock and the trees, that they passed over without being aware of it."

From the cliffs it is no uncommon sight of a Sunday to look down upon a baptizing. The deep pool which the creek forms almost under the bridge is a favorite choice for immersion, both of white and colored. Usually a little tent of sheets is put up. From one of the churches, file down those who have experienced a "change of heart," and are come to have their sins washed away. The colored baptisms are more impressive, because these people seem more deeply impressed. From the little tent old Br'er Jimmeson emerges. He is tall, and dark, and solemn; a thoroughly good old man, who loves his brethren, fears God, and teaches the Gospel, without much knowledge of the alphabet. In a black garment (this is optional) and with a staff in hand, he wades calmly and unflinchingly, into the ice-cold water. Standing there, he, and the people crowded about the brink, set up a weird wailing hymn, which lasts perhaps five minutes. Then Br'er Jimmeson wades out, and reaches his hand to a man, who, clad only in shirt and trousers, stands waiting. A little water is dashed upon the sinner's brow, and together they go out until the water reaches waist high. Some solemn words are spoken, another prayer; and then "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," the man goes beneath the water. Struggling and gasping, the penitent emerges, perhaps waving his arms and smiting his hands together in uncontrollable emotion, while he tries to join in the hymn of rejoicing, or the shouts, which are raised by all. This ceremony fully means to the man that his past is forgiven, his sins washed away, that his life begins at that moment, and that he can enter upon it with every hope and security. It has (temporarily) the best of effects upon these people, so hard to control, so irresponsible. Sometimes fifty will be baptized without the preacher once coming out of the water. Br'er Jimmeson says that he has immersed twelve hundred persons under the bridge alone. There are not so many white baptisms, and, viewed from the cliffs, their ceremony is a prosaic thing compared with the excitement and fine singing, and solemnity withal, of the negroes.



Pine Laden.



On the Banks of the James.

There is a charming path leading over Mars Hill, and under the great white pines. It conducts from Balcony Bluff, which is opposite Pulpit Rock, along the brow of the cliffs. We look into the depths; the course of the creek is visible through the shadows in the gorge; towards the west the long low wall of Ghost Mountain touches the sky. One walks, shod with silence, over a thick carpet of golden needles. There is a veritable Lover's Walk through a miniature grove of cedars, where only red-birds and mocking-birds, wood-wrens, and "thrashers" intrude to break the stillness. It is very lovely — the gorge on one side of the path, with the music of wind and water coming softly through the myriad leaves; and on the left, a high rounded hill, across whose grasses the wind sweeps continually from far-off mountains.

From this Mars Hill, one may look southward to the great purple shoulder of Thunder Ridge, and beyond, to the sharp oblique cone of Otter Peak. These are just across the valley, where James River appears and disappears, for miles, like the silver back of a great fish, in a green and amethyst sea. Westward, the ranges lose themselves in wavy lines and haze of distance, towards Rich-Patch and the Alleghanies. Northward the Shenandoah Valley opens; and in the east are the Balcony Falls Water-Gap, and North River, and Glasgow, six miles away. Down the slopes of the Blue Ridge flow countless springs and streams, from which rises the haze which gives the soft and veiled appearance, an azure veil, which is thicker at times, but which is never wholly lifted.

In the west is the very long and level ridge of Short Hill; the name is a proof of much local humor. It is like a great embankment, and it is rich in manganese and iron. Along its slopes granite ledges crop out, upon which there is no vegetation. By moonlight, or of a misty day, these look like white shapes fleeing along the dark hillside; wherefore Jefferson, with that sense of the fitness of things which never failed him, named it "Ghost Mountain."

The Bridge surroundings seem, to the lover of nature, almost as admirable as the Bridge itself. There are miles of drives; through "forests primeval," or fields in high cultivation, or wild, rocky places, set with low pines. The Mount Jefferson drive crosses the Bridge and, leaving the old Buchanan stage-road, turns to the left and winds slowly up the hill. The views from Mount Jefferson are superb; and the air at that altitude, sixteen thousand feet, invigorating and delicious as draughts of some old vintage. One has, from the observatory, a sweep of some two hundred miles of mountain ranges. The drive does not stop here, but winds about for four miles in the Park reservation. There are other excursions also. The ones to Hundred Oaks, and Buck Hill, the view of the Bridge from Pine Laden, and to Gilmore's Mill and the River, all of them over good country roads. And then Lexington, associated with memories of Generals Lee and Jackson, Governor Letcher, and many famous men, is fourteen miles away. Washington and Lee College, and the State Military Institute (the latter burned during Hunter's raid), give a scholarly air to the sleepy and picturesque little town. The Rockbridge Baths and "the Alumn" are thirty miles distant. White Sulphur Springs is ninety miles removed.

A couple of miles from the Bridge, on the Lexington Road, is the Galbraith Farm. Its red brick farmhouse, set close to the road, was the first hotel put up after the Jefferson cabin, — probably about 1815. There is a lonely graveyard, out in a hillside wheatfield, whereon is inscribed "Katharine Galbraith: 1828." This was once one of the finest farms in the country.

Buchan and Liberty, and Fincastle, founded by Lord Botetourt, can be visited. Sam Houston "of Texas" was born at the Bridge.

The history of the Bridge is happily uneventful. Since Jefferson's death it has changed hands but eight times before the present holder. The original grant reads in part as follows:

"George the Third &c., To All, &c.: Know ye that for divers good causes and considerations, but more especially for and in Consideration of the sum of Twenty Shillings of good and lawful money for our use paid to our Receiver General of our Revenues, in this our Colony and Dominion of Virginia, We have Given, Granted and Confirmed, and by these presents for us, our heirs and successors, Do give Grant and Confirm unto Thomas Jefferson, one certain Tract or parcel of land, containing 157



An Old Virginia Farm.

acres, lying and being in the County of Botetourt, including the Natural Bridge on Cedar Creek, a branch of James River, and bounded as followeth," *etc. . .*

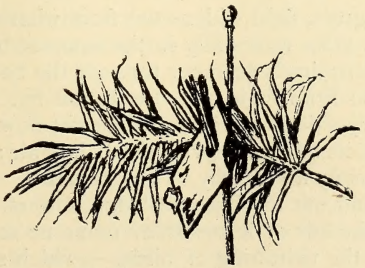
IN WITNESS, &c., witness our Trusty and well-beloved John, Earl of Dunmore, our Lieutenant and Governor-General of our said Colony and Dominion at Williamsburg, under the seal of our said Colony, the 5th day of July, 1774, in the 14th year of our Reign.

DUNMORE."

That Jefferson valued the property very highly is evidenced in the description in his *Notes on Virginia* (second edition only), which may be called the best and most classical writing ever done upon the subject.

The original tract has been added to at various times; and what is known as the Natural Bridge Estate comprises about three thousand acres. This has of late been divided, and the larger part, including the hotels, purchased by a syndicate of prominent Bostonians. They intend making extensive improvements in buildings and grounds. Colonel Parsons has offered one hundred acres in the Jefferson Park reservation toward the founding of a summer school of art. It is proposed that there shall be a school of photography, where diplomas will be given, lessons in out-of-door sketching, in music, and in languages. If this plan could be carried out, the increasing demand in the South for thorough and easily obtainable instruction would be satisfied.

The place has been heretofore difficult of access. At first it seems something of a desecration to open the gates of this southern paradise to the press of tourists which awaits the signal. But to longer selfishly monopolize its pleasures is not to be thought of. It is to be hoped that artists and students will find their way here. It is a place to "learn, mark, and inwardly digest," for its lessons are many and ennobling. There are no petty effects. Everything, from the far sweep of the hills to the bridge itself, is upon a massive scale. The great forests of oak, the stupendous cliffs where the James bursts through the mountain wall, the vast amphitheatre of hills which surrounds this uplifted plateau, their crests making a circuit of fifty leagues, the precipitous overreaching crags, the dizzying depths, — on every hand something impressive or suggestive. It is a place for meditation, for noble thoughts, for closer communion with nature. Written descriptions fail to render the grandeur, the impression on the mind, made by every visit to the bridge. But to those who know it well, — under changing seasons, on bright or stormy days, surrounded by the haze of Indian summer, lightly powdered with snow, or softened beneath a silvery moonlight, — it is still, as it was to the Monacans of almost vanished memory, the "Bridge of God."



THE DAISIES.

By C. Gordon Rogers.

NOW, tell to me, sweet daisies, the things that you have seen,
From when at dawn you saw the sun come up and up and up;
And how he shone through purple haze, and stately trunks between,
Till he looked for all the world like a giant buttercup.

Come, whisper how when dawn awoke, you heard along the road
The roll of wheels and beat of hoofs, as they went moving by;
While the rooster shook his burnished wings, exultant, as he crowed,
And the lark went circling upward to bid the stars good-by;

While you saw the early fisherman go stealing to the stream,
And heard the blackbirds chatter as they gathered in the trees;
And watched the gilded kingfisher, and heard his piercing scream,
As he rose with gleaming feathers, and rushed along the breeze.

Sweet flowers, tell how, when each ray shone warm upon your heads,
You only waved and nodded, as if you felt more gay;
While you smiled at those proud beauties, in their tilled and pampered beds,
Who drooped, and looked so failing, in their garden o'er the way.

And tell about a girl of mine, with earnest eyes, who came
With cheeks aglow, and kindly face, and all in argent drest;
Who tripped so lightly o'er the field, and bending, spoke my name,
As she plucked and kissed you, daisies, and placed you in her breast.

For that is why I've kept you all, fresh watered in the vase,
And not because of clover sweet or smiling sunlight's gleam;
But for the vision of a face your snowy petals raise,
That comes to float in fairy boat in Fancy's golden stream.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

By Laurens Maynard.

THE green field widens out from where I lie;
The grass waves idly in the summer breeze;
The squirrels scamper through the bending trees,
And to and from their nests the robins fly.
From every side the perfume of bright flowers
Mingles its sweetness with the balmy air;
While many a butterfly of colors rare
Darts in and out the blossom-laden bowers.
Yet save the stir of leaves there come no sounds,
Except the twittering of birds, — which seems
A half-heard echo in a land of dreams. —
A mystic hush the hallowed place surrounds
Where peaceful sleep, each in his narrow bed,
The dwellers of the City of the Dead.

THE ARMITAGE ANNIVERSARIES.

By Charles Washington Coleman.

I DO not think that Miss Matilda Armitage has ever quite forgiven pretty Hester Armitage, my great-great-grandmother, for having been so far forgetful of her lineage as to marry a New Englander, and am positive that a slight deprecation of my Puritan blood still lingers in her cousinly regard for me. Be this as it may, she sent me a kind and affectionate letter, though couched in language somewhat stilted and formal, urging me to make my summer home with her in Virginia. The family had always been a small one, she explained, never having conformed to the prevailing colonial custom of seventeen children to a marriage; and now with her the name was about to become extinct. Being the last of this line she considered the greatest glory this mortal life could hold — a glory tarnished by certain melancholy reflections, for which, however, it showed a greater brilliance through contrast.

For reasons of antiquarian tastes and a pardonable curiosity, the invitation was sufficiently tempting to make its acceptance my vacation programme.

When I found myself in the quaint little town, meant once upon a time to be a great city with its vice-regal court and aristocratic society, it was difficult to realize that Williamsburg was a bit of our own America, and not a peaceful English village nestling down among its fine old trees and traditions. The recently constructed railway, which had set me down at its gates, seemed an impertinence.

The Armitage mansion I found situated in the midst of a broad lawn with stately trees, back from the heart of the town, if a town of some fifteen hundred souls scattered over a square-mile of ground can be considered to have any heart at all, or, indeed, as anything other than a collection of outskirts.

Miss Matilda came out from among her numerous gray gables and massive chimnies to welcome me on the low stone steps of the porch, and offered first one cheek and then the other for salutation. While receiving this gracious greeting I could but notice that the cheeks, above which hung little clusters of silvery curls, were exquisitely soft and still mantled by a delicate pink tinge; and later, when she poured me a cup of tea from the old silver teapot with the family crest on the lid, I saw that her hands were thin and white, sharply lined by pale blue veins. The most casual observer must have known immediately that by birth Miss Matilda Armitage was every inch a gentlewoman — and a very comely old woman, too, in her dainty lace cap and black silk gown, with deep ruffles of lace at the throat and wrist.

During tea, which was served in the parlor, my hostess grew voluble on the subject of "the family," from which I soon discovered I was mentally excluded, and that it included herself and those of the race who were dust and mould in the shadow of the neighboring church and in the family burying-ground of certain Virginia plantations. Representations of many of these adorned the walls of the apartment in which we sat, but the faint twilight did not present a clear view of them, and when a maid appeared with two tall wax candles (Miss Matilda eschewed lamps and kerosene), objects suspended from the elaborately carved cornice were even more dimly visible.

"These are the portraits of my family," observed Miss Matilda, with a strong emphasis on the possessive pronoun, waving her thin, blue-veined hand slowly toward the powdered and beruffled personages gazing down upon us through the dim light. "That one above the mantelpiece is Sir Archibald himself, second baronet and founder of the family in Virginia, you know. Vandyck was the artist. To his right hangs his grandson, Sir Richard, many years of his Majesty's Council. That to the left is his wife, the Lady Dorothea, daughter of the Honorable

Edward Griffeth, gentleman. Those two in the alcove are Sir Griffeth, a colonel in the Continental Army, and his wife; while these on the opposite wall are my own portraits, my brother, who died childless, and myself."

"I shall do myself the honor of making the acquaintance of so many distinguished people of the olden time to-morrow when we have a brighter light," I said. "But surely, you will permit me to pay my respects at once to the fair lady last mentioned."

Without waiting for her consent, I lifted a candle and held it before the canvas.

"Ah, I should have recognized this had you not told me. It is she of whom I have heard my grandfather speak so admiringly, and of whom I hope some day to tell my own grandchildren."

Miss Matilda laughed softly behind the tea-tray and its polished silver service.

"Ah, sir, you do but essay to flatter an old woman," she said, a tone of pleasure evident in her voice.

"I could not, if I would, flatter the beauty looking down upon me from her frame," I replied; "and you, madam, are she."

I did not so much flatter as speak truth; and I slyly suspect that from this moment Miss Matilda looked upon me more favorably than she had at first been inclined to do.

"There are other portraits about the house," she said, pushing back her chair. "You will see them during your visit. For instance, there is one of Hester Armitage, daughter of Sir Griffeth, fifth baronet, in the room you are to occupy." She hesitated an instant and then added, "She was your great-great-grandmother, you know."

On retiring to the room assigned to me I was too weary after my long journey to bestow greater attention upon my ancestress above the mantelpiece than to discover that she had been decidedly pretty, and that the glance she threw down at me was saucy and coquettish. With this she had doubtless bewitched the Puritan; and I commended his taste. With a familiar bow of good-night to this truly charming ancestress, I blew out the candle and mounted into the lofty bed, where three persons might have slept unconscious of companionship.

I must have been asleep several hours when I was aroused by a jerk at the sheet, in which I found myself somewhat entangled, and supposing that in my sleep I had endeavored to free myself, I loosened it and turned over to resume my broken slumbers. No sooner had I done so than I heard just behind me a deep sigh, half of weariness, half of relief. My heart rose in my throat with a bound, and I sat well upright.

"There, you needn't start in that manner," said a voice close beside me. "I scarcely thought it fair of you to take all the sheet in the first instance; and now you have taken it all again."

My hair fairly stood on end. Horror of horrors, the voice was that of a woman! Attempt at speech being an utter failure, I sat with beads of perspiration standing upon my brow. Again came the deep sigh, entirely of weariness and enforced resignation this time.

"Well, I must say I think 'tis very unkind of you. To-morrow night I have to dance at the Palace — Lord Dunsmore himself is to be my partner — and I sha'n't have a chance to get back before cock-crow; so I shall have to go and spend the day nearly melting my brains and bobbing out of the way of those nasty black bats, without getting any rest at all. I must say you are amazingly inconsiderate. Here it is nigh three o'clock! The last wedding-guest departed only an hour since. 'Twas old Mistress Dodson, as every one might know for the asking. May her chariot break down in the rain! O dear!"

"I — I am afraid, madam," I stammered in a tremulous, unnatural voice, "there has been some mistake. You — "

"Oh, there now, you needn't apologize," promptly interrupted my strange bedfellow; "all I want is my part of the sheet. I know you are not Jonathan; but you have taken his place and will have to take some of the consequences along with it. Jonathan means 'the Lord gave.' I don't know what the Hebrew is for 'the Lord hath taken away'; but no matter about that now, I shall try to remember it some day when

the bats are not flying about. And 'tis no great matter about your taking his place either; for you might as well have it as anybody else, if only you wouldn't be so selfish about the sheet. My being here comes of keeping anniversaries. Jonathan's people are all Puritans, and anniversaries don't run much in the family — only birthdays and Sundays, and I don't know which is the worst."

By this time my brain fairly reeled with a wild, fantastic idea, to which my tongue refused to give utterance. Could it be possible that my strange bedfellow was my great-great-grandmother? The room was enveloped in total darkness, the blinds having been closed by Miss Matilda's direction.

"Anniversaries are well enough in their way," resumed the voice, after a moment's pause, — for though I had surrendered wellnigh the entire sheet, my companion seemed still volubly inclined; "but it grows mighty monotonous to be always keeping 'em. It keeps one busy year in and year out if there are many in the family. I might as well not be dead, for all the rest I get, what with bats and anniversaries. I sometimes wish the Armitages didn't have a vault under the chancel and had been Puritans like Jonathan's family. There's scarce a good fortnight out of the twelvemonth that I am left in peace — that is, of course, except August. I don't have many anniversaries in August — only one. But 'tisn't time to talk about that now; it makes me sleepy."

This remark was followed by deep, heavy breathing. With a desperate sense that a precious moment was passing, I forced myself to speak.

"May I be permitted to ask, my dear madam, if I have the honor of addressing — "

"Your great-great-grandmother — yes," interrupted the voice petulantly; "and I have just been celebrating the anniversary of my marriage with your great-great-grandfather, only you've taken his place away from him; though that don't matter much, as 'tisn't either a birthday nor a Sunday. But if t'wa'n't for this anniversary you never would have had a birthday to celebrate. And I don't know that that would have been any such great loss, unless you learn better habits with the bedclothes. 'Tis a God's-mercy 'tisn't January instead of July. But you mustn't interrupt me again; I'm counting."

My ancestress again relapsed into silence, though I strained my ears to catch any sound that might possibly fall from her lips. After awhile she uttered a half-impatient, half-desperate exclamation.

"Oh dear! 'tis monstrous awkward when two anniversaries will fall on the same day — one in Massachusetts and t'other in Virginia, at that! 'Tis a blessing that you don't have to trust to the stage-coach after you're dead, or there never would be any anniversaries kept. Now I've got to begin and count all over again. To-morrow night I've got to dance with Lord Dunmore at the Palace. Then comes a week of rest, if it only wasn't for the bats. I don't see why they didn't bury me outside in the churchyard, instead of in that black vault under the chancel, only it wouldn't be so grand. Week after next I've got to celebrate the anniversary of my arrival in New England. They've gone and pulled down the house, or its burned down, or something. Only the chimney's there; and 'tis monstrous dismal sitting out in the damp, enough to give you the pleurisy, particularly when the others don't come, being Puritans. After that comes August and — "

My ancestress paused suddenly. Across the fields came the dull, low rumble of an approaching train.

"There, that rooster is about to crow," she said hurriedly. "I can hear him rustling. 'Tis only in the last few years he has taken to crowing so loud — only since the one-hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at — "

The rapidly approaching locomotive gave a long, piercing wail. Just then the blind of the eastern window was blown open, throwing a dim light upon the portrait hanging above the mantelpiece. I gazed steadily in that direction; but only a pair of saucy eyes and pouting lips beamed archly down upon me. Outside the birds began to twitter and sing; the east grew roseate; at last the sunlight came streaming in through the open win-

dow — and still I sat erect in the bed until the servant came with my freshly blackened shoes. Then at last the spell was broken.

Never since the days of childhood had I held belief in ghosts, nor even now would I acknowledge that childish imagining to be other than a superstition, though confident that I had not dreamed this conversation with that worthy lady, my great-great-grandmother, who, I have since informed myself, departed this life the 25th day of August, 1810, in the fifty-seventh year of her age.

At breakfast Miss Matilda commented upon my hollow-eyed appearance; and at tea informed me that she had ordered my luggage to be removed from the room I had occupied the previous night to a large room across the hall, as she feared I had been imprudent in allowing the east wind to blow in upon me.

On entering the new quarters, my first desire was to ascertain whether any portraits of my Armitage ancestry adorned the walls. First examination disclosed none; but upon shutting a closed door, which had been thrown open against the wall, a small oval picture of a puffy old gentleman in a tie-wig, snuff-colored coat, and long, white waistcoat of ample breadth, was revealed. Though almost exasperated at finding him there, I could not help laughing at the pompous, self-important, little old fellow, with the first and second fingers of his right hand thrust between the buttons on his waistcoat, and his left hand extended.

At the head of the bed, which was after the same antique pattern as the one I had last slept in, was a door leading into another apartment. Contrary to Miss Matilda's injunction, I threw open the blinds of the window nearest the closet door before getting into bed. There was a dim moonlight, the sky being overcast, and when I extinguished the candle the room seemed almost dark.

Notwithstanding exhaustion from want of rest and sleep, my eyes refused to stay closed. Presently the moon, struggling through a rift in the clouds, sent a bright yellow ray across the room full upon the little oval portrait. Soon the light faded; but the picture remained distinctly visible, a small black patch against the wall. Surely it had no appearance of being fraught with ill; but I was beginning to look with suspicion upon the Armitage family portraits. At last, disgusted with foolish wakefulness, I turned impatiently upon one side, my back to the portrait, and after awhile fell into a fitful slumber.

It must have been nearly three o'clock when I reversed my position and beheld the figure of a man standing in the light of the half-obscured room. Instantly fully awake, I lay perfectly motionless, regarding the intruder, feeling sure that he was nothing more nor less than an apparition — a member of the Armitage family celebrating an anniversary. He was short of stature, wore a tie-wig, a dark coat reaching to his knees, and a sumptuous white waistcoat buttoned tightly across a most surprising rotundity; in short, he was no less a personage than the original of the oval portrait hanging just behind him. The first and second fingers of his right hand were thrust between the buttons of his waistcoat, while with his left he gesticulated with a vehemence that put his whole body in motion, the only sound he uttered being a violent puffing and blowing occasioned by this excessive exertion. In spite of every effort I could not suppress a half-smothered laugh at sight of this altogether comical figure. Immediately the gesticulation ceased.

"There is no tradition in the family that I suffered myself to be interrupted," he exclaimed, in a thin, wheezy voice that might have been irate had loss of breath permitted.

"I am sure, sir, I beg your pardon most humbly," I hastened to apologize.

"Oh, well, if you are willing to apologize, that is sufficient," he replied in a milder tone, mopping his forehead with a huge bandanna. "And then, too, you cannot be expected to be well acquainted with the customs of the family, being from Massachusetts Bay."

By this time he had recovered his equanimity, along with his breath, and stood motionless in the gray moonlight, two fingers of one hand thrust into his waistcoat, the other extended.

"I am Sir Griffeth Armitage, fifth bar-

onet, and one of your great-great-great-grandfathers," he continued. "By reference to the genealogical table you will find that you have just sixteen; but mine is the only title among 'em." His fat, round body swelled pompously. "There is a tradition in the family that I was a great orator. To be sure, history says nothing about it; but I never go against family traditions, and let me advise you to follow my example. When you contemptuously interrupted me just now, I was rehearsing the only speech I ever made in my life — not the words, of course, only the gestures. The speech was too long to be got into the family traditions; so where was the use of my remembering it? And, oh, dear me, 'twas all in long esses too! I always speak in long esses, as doubtless you have observed, and 'tis amazing fatiguing. I don't recollect a word of that speech, nor what 'twas about either; but the anniversary will be next week, so I must perforce practise the gestures."

He sighed wearily in the very depths of his rotundity; but stood motionless, like a Dutch figure in terra-cotta.

"Perhaps you would find it more comfortable in that three-cornered chair by the fireplace," I ventured to suggest.

"O, dear, no," he spluttered dejectedly, puffing until he must have been red in the face, "'twould be a departure from tradition. Possibly you have not observed the portrait behind the door."

"I could not fail to be struck by it," I replied politely.

"Then how could I be expected to sit in a three-cornered chair beside the fireplace?" he inquired querulously. "To be sure, 'tis monstrous fatiguing, and gives me the twinges in my gouty leg; and the thread holding that waistcoat button is wellnigh wore in two. But 'tis family tradition, and I never go against it."

I mentally resolved that if I ever had my portrait painted I should be represented in a reclining posture. The possible misery entailed upon the dead by the whims of artists was appalling to reflect upon.

"Now when I am celebrating an anniversary downstairs," resumed my ancestor, "tradition does not place me in this position. My right hand rests upon my sword-hilt ('tis silver wrought and cost two thousand of tobacco), and under my left arm is a cocked hat. 'Tis more comfortable and less damaging to waistcoat buttons. But when conforming to the tradition that I was a — Damnation and shoe-buckles! the British!"

The shrill explanation made me spring up in bed. Across the fields came the rumble of an approaching train, the same that had alarmed my ancestress the previous night.

"They've got a yell in the last few years," cried the little old man, in a great rage, "that's enough to give a good patriot the — the twinges in his right leg; and I won't stand it — 'tis contrary to all tradition! I was a colonel in the continental army," he continued, in hurried explanation, "though before the Revolution I was a Tory, as all gentlemen should be — first Tory, then Whig. But keeping anniversaries I'm sometimes one, then t'other. This season of the year I'm mostly Whig, though some days both at once. There, those British are about to yell."

Stuffing his fingers into his ears, he was gone like a whisk of the wind.

Apparently the spectres infesting the Armitage mansion were most innocently disposed toward mortals, wholly absorbed by their own concerns, which seemed to be principally the keeping of anniversaries; but to beings still in the flesh a certain amount of sleep is a necessity, and with the enjoyment of this refreshment they interfered most inconsiderately. The society of my great-great-grandmother and of her father, my great-great-great-grandfather, I had unquestionably found amusing, but was now beginning to view the matter in a different light. I felt exasperated, spiteful; and determined to express myself freely the next opportunity that offered. Then a new wonder seized upon me — how had Miss Matilda, dwelling all the years of her life beneath this phantom-infested roof, contrived to retain that peach-blossom tinge in her cheeks?

When I went down to breakfast I met the mild gaze of Sir Griffeth's portrait with a defiant stare. It had been painted

when he was a young man, slight of figure and not traditionally a great orator. The face was pleasant, even handsome; but the mild brown eyes and placid, unchanging smile exasperated me to a desire to jerk those shapely fingers from the hilt of the sword which they clasped. Miss Matilda's entrance prevented any unseemly mutilation of her seraphim.

"I make it my rule," she said, giving me a morning greeting, "never to deviate from the traditions and customs of the family. One of the latter is punctuality — and I am five minutes late. But, my dear child, how pale you are!"

I replied with the pleasantest smile I could command, that I had slept badly, but thought a cup of coffee would make amends. The long, hot day wore away, and my third night in Williamsburg came, glorious with moonlight.

On entering my room the first object to meet my eyes was that detestable little oval portrait. Its presence was an abomination. Could I have done so without detection, I should most cheerfully have blotted it out of existence. I opened the closed door. That did not satisfy me. I then thought of locking the nuisance in the bottom of my trunk; but immediately arose a vision of my rotund ancestor standing upon the lid, the first and second fingers of his right hand thrust between the buttons of his waistcoat, the left hand extended.

At last I bethought me of a new idea. If I could not rid myself of the portrait, the portrait should be rid of me. Why should I not migrate to the adjoining chamber, into which the door beside the bed doubtless led? Miss Matilda had her bedroom somewhere on the lower floor, and, so far as I knew, there was no other human occupant of the house. Accordingly I turned the knob and the bolt yielded; but some force from within prevented the door from being opened. This I proved to be a heavy piece of furniture, which by gradual pressure I moved sufficiently to allow me to slip through.

The room, about the size of my own, was sparingly furnished. The object that had retarded my entrance was an antique bureau surmounted by a small square mirror, beneath which was a row of three shallow drawers. Beside one of the windows stood a capacious easy chair. The other window, which opened to the floor, led out upon an upper porch. But there was no bed. This was certainly a disadvantage. But one feature of the apartment far outbalanced such a trifle — the walls were entirely bare, no trace of a portrait anywhere. I determined to spend the night in the easy chair.

After transferring from my room a few necessary articles, I closed the door and pushed the bureau against it. Then with a sense of relief, even quiet joyousness, that tired nature alone can experience, I threw myself into the chair, pressing my cheek against its cool flowered chintz covering as a preliminary taste of the blessed rest in store for me. Outside, the world lay wrapped in mellow moonlight and black shadows; and I sat leaning across the deep window-seat, my head resting upon my arm, gazing out upon the quiet loveliness until my eyelids involuntarily closed in sleep.

When I awakened, it was with a start and a vague consciousness of not being alone. Rising from my half-recumbent position, I found my limbs numb and cold, and great drops of perspiration beaded my brow. But my own discomfort was soon forgotten; for in front of the window opening upon the porch stood a woman, the brilliant moonlight hovering around her like a glory. A white robe fell in airy folds from her throat to her feet. Her face was exquisite, pallid like marble, though the lips were a deep crimson, full and tremulous; and masses of chestnut hair swept shimmering to her waist. One fair hand hung listlessly beside her, the other pressed convulsively the half-exposed bosom. Beautiful — beautiful! — but, oh, the suppressed suffering suffusing the face and overshadowing the tearless eyes lifted heavenward.

As she stood there a shadowy form glided to her side and, gradually expanding into distinctness of outline, developed into the figure of a young man wellnigh as beautiful of feature as the woman. His chest was that of a gallant of an early decade of the last century, elaborate with lace and embroidery. He lifted the

woman's listless hand and touched it with his lips. She did not resist nor look toward him; and still the other hand remained passionately pressed against her heart. He slipped his arm about her waist; and still she stood motionless, nor bent her eyes from the moon-steeped sky. Then he inclined his face down close to her's. Suddenly she threw her long bare arm about his neck and drew his head downward, her own resting against his breast, and their lips met in one long passionate kiss.

As they stood locked in each other's arms the man's figure slowly faded away, and the woman was left alone. With an expression of intense, half-delicious pain upon her face, she raised her naked arms and clasped her hands above her head. Her tall, lithe figure swayed as a reed in the wind, and then she tottered. I made a desperate effort to rush to her assistance, but my muscles refused to obey my will. A dark red stream gushed from her lips, staining her bosom and the white folds of her gown. She staggered across to the bureau and against it leaned her head, the shadow of her hair falling across her face and shoulders. An instant later she had vanished.

My limbs were suddenly freed from the spell that had bound them, and obeying a quick impulse, I crossed the room to the bureau. Hurriedly I opened each drawer, only to find it empty. My eyes fell upon the three little drawers beneath the mirror. Two of these were likewise empty; the third was locked. With feverish haste I snapped the lock, and there lay an ivory miniature set in a narrow gold rim. The face was that of the woman who had just left me, though the lips were wreathed in smiles; the eyes not full of tearless suffering, but soft and warm with youth and joyousness.

Scarcely had I completed the inspection of the miniature when I was startled by the opening of the door behind me, which before going to bed I found to be locked, and which I supposed led into the hall.

Before I could turn, a woman in rustling brocade of gorgeous pattern swept swiftly by me over to the bureau, the drawers of which she opened one after another, seeming to seek something among their imaginary contents. Her hair was done up in an immense pyramid, heavily powdered; her face was bedizened with paint and black patches cut into grotesque shapes, which ill-concealed the lines and wrinkles beneath; her features were twitching with an eager passion, and in those features I recognized, from the portrait downstairs, my great-great-great-great-grandmother, the Lady Dorothea, wife of Sir Richard, fourth baronet.

"The cards have run against me to-night," she mumbled, as she rummaged in the drawers; "but luck must change. Oh, lud, where can that guinea ha' gone! I put it in here last week."

Through the window came the shriek of a distant locomotive.

"God ha' mercy," exclaimed the dame, clutching a glittering coin between her fingers, "there's Betsy Piggott screaming over her winnings! She never could stand good luck."

Like a flash she was gone, the door locked behind her.

So ended my third night beneath the roof of my Armitage ancestry. I threw myself exhausted, mentally and physically, into the window-seat, and the fresh, cool air somewhat revived me. But a horrible dread, a feeling of consternation and grim foreboding, had fastened upon me. The distressing unrest of the Armitage dead turned my blood cold with a sickening possibility. With other blood coursing through my veins was blended a thin stream which they had left me as a heritage. Had the curse of unresting death come with it? — and was I precondemned to perpetual keeping of anniversaries? I thanked God fervently for the preponderance of my Puritan blood, which might counteract this baleful influence. The remarks of my great-great-grandmother gave me comfort in this hope. Each night had my visitant been of the next earlier generation than the one of the night before. Was this to continue indefinitely, back to the original Armitage, who, from family tradition, must have flourished prehistorically?

The sun was well up in the heavens ere I left the window-seat and returned

to my own room. Not wishing it to be discovered that I had not occupied the bed, I disarranged the cover and beat a dent into the pillow.

All through breakfast my eyes dwelt fascinated upon the pictured faces staring down from the wall. The portrait of Sir Archibald I regarded with grim suspicion, for he belonged to the generation next in line. A relieving thought flashed upon me. Might not the house be haunted only by those members of the family who had dwelt within it? Acting upon this hope, I inquired whether the house had been erected by Sir Archibald.

"Oh, no," replied Miss Matilda," his house was unfortunately destroyed by fire more than a century and a half ago. This one was built by his grandson, Sir Richard, fourth baronet."

My heart gave a bound of relief, and as suddenly sank into despondency. It was not, after all, a matter of generations, but of anniversaries.

"There have been a few alterations and additions made in my time," Miss Matilda continued; "for instance, the small lumber-room on the end of the upper back-porch. And then I have so many sad and tender associations with the dear old house, that, lonely old woman that I am, I added a small wing a single story in height for my own bedroom."

I regarded her with melancholy eyes. Mentally I was saying, "My dear madam, you pride yourself on never deviating from the traditions and habits of the family. Such being the case, if you should chance to die in that small wing a single story in height, the Armitage mansion will be uninhabitable."

For me there was a great hope. Miss Matilda had said that a lumber-room at the end of the upper porch had been erected within her recollection. I determined to investigate it. Passing from my own chamber to the one beyond and then on to the porch, I found the room I sought. The door was unfastened. Within were scattered some broken furniture, among other articles an old couch. Here at last exhausted nature found repose, and here I continued, with a single exception, to sleep during the remainder of my stay in Williamsburg, repeating each morning the excusable falsehood of disarranging the bed in the room assigned me.

The night of the 25th of August, Miss Matilda and I sat together on the porch. I was to leave Williamsburg the next day. The night was stiflingly hot about us, not a breath of air stirring the leaves of the great elm trees on the lawn. Both of us were depressed; but possibly the weather had something to do with it.

"Maurice," she said, after a long pause, "your visit has been, as doubtless you have felt, a kind of probation; and it gives me pleasure to say that you have stood the test. The family is about to become extinct, that is in name; but it is an unspeakable comfort to me to know that there lives one of the blood worthy to bear the name. It has always been my intention to bequeath the portraits of my ancestors to the State library at Richmond, but in the past few weeks, now mind, I do not speak positively — I have been thinking that upon the condition of your taking the name of Armitage, they may possibly go to you, along with the rest of my estate, at my death."

"Oh, do not let us talk of such matters now," I cried.

There was a pathetic quality in her voice that went to my heart. Moreover, the possible consequences attendant upon my taking the name of Armitage filled me with consternation, and I immediately resolved that should the portraits be left to me, the State library at Richmond should receive them forthwith.

Owing to the intense sultriness of the atmosphere my little lumber-room, a regular storage-battery for the afternoon sun, proved an impossible sleeping-apartment. The entire upper floor was free to me to go where I would, except for the supernatural frequenters of the mansion. At last, remembering that my great-great-grandmother had said that she had but one anniversary in August, I determined to retreat to the room I had occupied the night of my arrival, and stand the consequences.

The change was delightful, the linen sheets cool and refreshing, and I soon fell into a deep slumber. I had slept several

hours when I was awakened by an impatient jerk at the sheet.

"There, you're taking it all again," said a voice, which I immediately recognized. "Of all the nights in August, and there're thirty-one of 'em, I don't see why you should have chose this one to sleep in this bed."

"My dear madam," I protested, "it is not my desire to be here, I assure you; but the heat — "

"Never mind about the heat," she interrupted testily, "notwithstanding that, considering the circumstances, I must insist upon having my part of the sheet."

"The circumstances?" I repeated.

"Yes, the circumstances. If there's one anniversary I can't abide more than another, 'tis the anniversary of my death — that is, of course, except the anniversary of my birth. I don't know which is the worst, and they must needs come on the same day, and that's now. Oh dear! I might as well not be dead, what with the bats and two anniversaries on the same day! I had the birthday part of it two hours ago. I was seventeen years old on the second round."

"On the second round?" I repeated vaguely.

"Yes, you begin at the beginning and get up to your death-age, and then go back and commence all over again. But you mustn't interrupt me. I'm just about to celebrate the anniversary of my death from the smallpox."

I sprang from the bed as though a bombshell had burst beside me. As soon as I could collect my wits I struck a match and lighted the candle. No trace of my ancestress was to be found anywhere, not even an impression on that side of the bed which she had so lately occupied.

I slept no more that night. The next day I bade farewell to Williamsburg.

A year after my return to the North I received a heart-broken letter from Miss Matilda. The Armitage mansion with its family portraits, silver, jewelry — everything, had been destroyed by fire. It was hard to decide which to pity most — the last leaf upon the genealogical tree, or the unresting dead hovering over the blackened ruins of their former haunts.

There is now, of course, no likelihood of my ever being called upon to take the name of Armitage and the consequent risks.

Postscript. — Miss Matilda Armitage died in Williamsburg, Virginia, July 26, 188–. The Armitage name in Virginia is now extinct, and there is no longer any reason for my withholding this narrative. I, therefore, offer it to the reading public, not that I expect it to gain credence, but because I regard the matter of which it treats as too curious to remain a secret.

A BRIEF FOR CONTINENTAL UNITY.

A Consideration of the Sentimental Objections to Annexation.

By Walter Blackburn Harte.

THERE is an idea prevalent in the United States that the sentiment of the people of Canada is so essentially English, that no commercial advantages would induce them to sever the British connection and become citizens of a Continental Republic. Even some of the most advanced political economists of Canada, in their advocacy of free trade with the United States, are particular to emphasize their belief that commercial union would not imply political union — because they are afraid of being accused of disloyalty to the throne of Great Britain.

It is not my intention to enter here into the consideration of the mutual commercial advantages to be derived from a unification of the two countries. But I

think it is clear that no two countries in such close natural juxtaposition, interlocked by lakes, railroads, and canals, could become commercially a unit, and still remain politically separate and distinct. The fact is there is a good deal of jugglery with the terms "commercial" and "political." Lincoln's definition of politics is the truest I have ever read. He said: "Politics is the commercial idea carried into the affairs of the nation. Politics and commerce are indissolubly linked together, though often divorced by politicians who make a commerce of politics. A country cannot present a commercial attitude to the world different from its political attitude.

If the tariff wall was removed from across the continent, and internal free trade adopted, it is not supposable that in the consideration, or adoption, of commercial treaties with foreign nations either Canada or the United States could long act independently of the other. As a commercial unit they would be compelled to be a political unit. There is not very much doubt in the minds of many sane men in Canada, that once the Dominion has succeeded in throwing off the sentimental tie to Great Britain, annexation must quickly follow on the heels of independence and free trade with the United States. One thing is incontrovertible: if the United States declared itself in favor of free trade to-morrow, and threw its markets open to the world, as Great Britain has done, unless the people of Canada were desirous of committing commercial suicide, they would at once seek admission to the Union. Canada can hold her own fairly well, *with an enormous national debt*, as long as the Congress of the United States continues a policy of protection; but Canada could not manage at all with a great free trade nation of sixty-five millions on her southern border. Free trade would bring the Canadians to their knees, while such measures as the McKinley Bill only serve to arouse a bitter spirit of retaliation and dislike. For Canadians are apt to believe such legislation is intended as a blow at their trade; and are not aware of its true motive; viz., the squeezing of the purse of the American consumer for the enrichment of a clique of millionnaire monopolists. It is well to remember, in considering the future of Canada, that Bismarck secured German unity by welding all the states into a commercial whole, which he easily converted into a solid empire.

I would not for a moment disparage the potentiality of national sentiment in international questions. This article is intended simply as a criticism of the "straw loyalists" who are paraded by the party papers in Canada as the true representatives of Canadian sentiment. As a Canadian journalist, I have visited every province of the Dominion, and gauged the public feeling in each, and I may safely say that the Canadians as a people laugh to scorn any idea of closer political relations with England. The whole trend of public opinion is in the opposite direction. The most popular and influential leaders in Canada are already openly looking forward to a severance of the tie with Great Britain. The Conservative Government only retains power by a curious compound of loyalty and nationalism, which, reduced to plain English, means: Canada for the Canadians. Sir John Macdonald, in the discussion over the national policy, was warned by the Imperial Conservatives that a protective policy for Canada would injure the British connection; and his emphatic response was, "So much the worse for the British connection." Those friends of unrestricted reciprocity who are dubbed "traitors" by the government organs retort by reminding them of Sir John's famous and popular reply to the Imperial croakers.

Canadians are essentially democratic in their ideas. The English, Scotch, and Irish emigrants who have built up Canada were not recruited from the aristocratic classes, and they came here disgusted with the social gulfs and poverty of Europe, with the determination to establish homes in the New World, where aristocratic and monarchical institutions would not grind them into the Slough of Despond forever. There is nothing in common between the descendants of these people and the newly arrived Britisher, except, of course, an Anglo-Saxon speech,

and the fundamentals of the civil law. In fact, the Englishman just fresh from the old country is regarded in Canada as a foreigner, and experiences the curious sensation of being practically an alien in a land over which floats the Union Jack. He is more apt to feel at home in the United States, because all peoples newly independent have a tendency to insist upon the fact in an offensive way, while a nation secure in its greatness, resting upon a stable foundation of an historic past of its own, laughs at such insistence on its progress as a provincialism; it is beyond either criticism or self-assertion. This is the trouble with colonists: they antagonize one's sympathies by pointing out their achievements, instead of taking it for granted that you are acquainted with them. The national spirit is intermittent, and, therefore, occasionally ludicrous. The only really deep-rooted anti-American feeling in the country is the peculiar monopoly of those eccentric "patriots" who fought against their kith and kin in the Revolutionary War, and who, through the fortunes of war, were compelled to emigrate into what was then the wilderness of Nova Scotia.

There is much nonsense written about the Canadian distinctive national type (I am not now alluding to the French Canadians) as different from the American. As a matter of fact, only a person gifted with microscopic powers of observation can discover any essential differences between Canadians, in the English-speaking progressive provinces, and Americans — that is, dissimilarities which are not equally marked between the inhabitants of different sections of any country. There is not, for instance, the striking contrast that exists between the people of Massachusetts and Virginia. It is worthy of remark also, that there is more in common between an average Canadian from the East or West, and an average American hailing from the same quarter, than there is between a Londoner and a genuine Yorkshireman or Cornishman, as the former do speak the same tongue, and the latter do not. A genuine Yorkshire farmer in London is to all intents and purposes a foreigner, and needs an interpreter in order to supply himself with the necessities of life — except, of course, beer, if that is a necessity; there is a universal language for the topers of all nationalities.

The Canadian when he crosses the border in search of a broader horizon and a competence has very little to unlearn. Once he has passed through the trying ordeal of unstrapping his trunks for the inspection of the Custom officers, and has recovered his equanimity as he rattles along into the heart of Uncle Sam's country, he is no longer in a foreign land. And the Canadians, English, and French, are flocking into the States at all points by thousands every year; as Professor Goldwin Smith aptly says in his recently published book, "Canada and the Canadian Question," "If the Americans are not annexing Canada they are annexing the Canadians"; and who ever hears of a Canadian returning to his own country to settle after he has spent a few years in the States? On the contrary, one hears every day of the hearty welcome accorded to Canadians in all occupations, and of successes achieved by their perseverance, patience, and wholesome love of hard work.

The Anti-American sentiment has absolutely no existence among the masses. There is, indeed, a tendency to regard the States as a veritable El Dorado, where dollars are picked up in the streets. Nearly every family in Canada has a son, and sometimes half a dozen sons, or nephews, or nieces, living and working in American cities; and uncommercial unions in the way of matrimonial alliances between Americans and Canadian belles are of daily occurrence. New England, in particular, is crowded with Canadians. The writers who say that Canadians despise American institutions, and express contempt for American social life should study the really remarkable equanimity with which thousands of Canadian girls support their miserable existence with a family of little Yankees growing up at their knees. The continent of North America is the country of the Canadian of this generation, not a section of it. In his ideas, religion, aptitudes and training, business and social relations, he is practically as American as

any man born beneath the Stars and Stripes. He is much more in sympathy with the traditions of this continent than the average New Yorker, who is so often the antithesis of everything truly American. New York, — not Montreal or Toronto, — is the least American city to be found between Hudson's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico.

It is ridiculous to imagine that the Anglo-Saxon race can build up and maintain two separate and aggressive nations on this continent. Such a proposition is an elaborate cobweb, not capable of sustaining any important commercial friction. The French Canadian dream of establishing a great French papal state on the St. Lawrence and in New England, with Boston as its capital, is quite as tenable. The English speaking Canadians and the Americans have a past that almost equally belongs to both, and today their sympathies and ideals are identical. If the Declaration of Independence had not been declared quite so suddenly, Canada would now have been included in the United States. The lines of demarcation between the two countries are altogether arbitrary, and the intersection of railroads and canals has in reality, though not in law, effected a complete fusion of commercial interests.

The best summary of the natural physical relations of the two countries is to be found in Professor Goldwin Smith's work already quoted. He says:

"Whoever wishes to know what Canada is, and to understand the Canadian question, should begin by turning from the political to the natural map. The political map displays a vast and unbroken area of territory, extending from the boundary of the United States up to the North Pole, and equalling or surpassing the United States in magnitude. The physical map displays four separate projections of the cultivable and habitable part of the Continent into arctic waste. The four vary greatly in size, and one of them is very large. They are, beginning from the east, the Maritime Provinces — Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island; Old Canada, comprising the present provinces of Quebec and Ontario; the newly-opened region of the Northwest, comprising the Province of Manitoba and the districts of Alberta, Athabasca, Assiniboia, and Saskatchewan, and British Columbia. The habitable and cultivable parts of these blocks of territory are not contiguous, but are divided from each other by great barriers of nature, wide and irreclaimable wildernesses or manifold chains of mountains. The Maritime Provinces are divided from Old Canada by the wilderness of many hundred miles, through which the Intercolonial Railway runs, hardly taking up a passenger or a bale of freight by the way. Old Canada is divided from Manitoba and the Northwest by the great fresh water sea of Lake Superior, and a wide wilderness on either side of it. Manitoba and the Northwest again are divided from British Columbia by a triple range of mountains, the Rockies, the Selkirks, and the Golden or Coast range. Each of the blocks, on the other hand, is closely connected by nature, physically and economically, with that portion of the habitable and cultivable continent to the south of it which it immediately adjoins, and in which are its natural markets — the Maritime Provinces, with Maine and the New England States; Old Canada with New York and with Pennsylvania, from which she draws her coal; Manitoba and the Northwest, with Minnesota and Dakota, which share with her the Great Prairie; British Columbia, with the States of the Union on the Pacific. Between the divisions of the Dominion there is hardly any natural trade, and but little even of forced trade has been called into existence under a stringent system of protection. The Canadian cities are all on or near the southern edge of the Dominion, — the natural cities, at least, for Ottawa, the political capital, is artificial. The principal ports of the Dominion in winter, and its ports largely throughout the year, are in the United States, trade coming through in bond. . . . Such is the real Canada. Whether the four blocks of territory constituting the Dominion can forever be kept by political agencies united among themselves and separate from the Continent of which geographically, economically, and with the exception of Quebec ethnologically, they are parts, is the Canadian question."

The difficulties in the way of assimilation consist almost purely of tariff entanglements; and these, with an enlightened government, are easily disposed of. It is not too much to say that the election of an honest government, for the people and not for the plutocracy of the United States, which would put the commerce of the nation upon the only logical basis of national, and not clique, prosperity, would soon bring about the end of all the prejudices now existing between the United States, Canada, and England, and establish the most cordial feelings between the three peoples, now practically united in the aims of a common democracy.

One of the arguments of the government organs against destroying the customs wall between the two countries is that it will be discriminating against the British manufacturer, — and that is too

iniquitous to be considered in cool blood. The very loyal partisans of the conservative persuasion think this argument clinching and irrefutable; it certainly has considerable weight with the unintelligent portion of the agricultural population, in whose veins run Scotch and English blood, undiluted by even a generation. "At home" they always voted for the church and "the squire," without inquiry into the issues of the hour, and in their new home they vote on the same plan for "the old flag." Appeals are invariably made during election times by the conservative stump orators to the "old flag"; it is a telling card in an illiterate constituency. But the young men of Canada are beginning to do their own thinking, and they ask, "Why all this anxiety about the interest of the British manufacturer? why are not British goods admitted into the country free now, if we love the British manufacturer so much, and owe him so much consideration? and what does this British manufacturer, to whom we owe so much deference, do for us?" The illogical position of the Protectionist Imperialists, who shut out the British manufacturer in favor of the Canadian manufacturer, and at the same time wax indignant if his interests are threatened, could not be better shown than in these few questions. The thoughtful people of Canada are not hoodwinked by such ridiculous arguments. They cannot be persuaded that Canada was discovered, and settled, and developed for the sole benefit of the British manufacturer; and they will not be gulled into sacrificing their own commercial future for any such airy sentiment with such a leaden weight beneath it. The Imperialists argue that as Canada is at present a part of the British Empire, subject to British laws, therefore the Canadian people must confine their purchasing to British manufacturers, however superior may be the advantage offered by the great trading nation immediately to the south of them. That is, Canada is to remain crude and undeveloped, with inexhaustible natural resources, because a few manufacturers three thousand miles away might be slightly inconvenienced if those of the United States were allowed to compete. But, as a matter of fact, even now the British manufacturer has to pay higher duties than the American manufacturer.

The inconsistency of the "disloyal discrimination" argument is best shown in a crystallization of its manifold absurdities. It is the Conservative Government which brought in the protective policy of Canada, and has shut out the British manufacturer, and it is the Conservative Government and its supporters, mostly manufacturers, and those indirectly and directly interested in manufactures, who plead so pathetically for the British manufacturer. The farmers feel the iron grip of the manufacturing and railroad hierarchy upon them, and, as in the States, they are becoming a little alarmed and restless. They find the "National Road" giving reduced rates of freight to their competitors across the boundary; they find that Canadian manufactures are only about one or two per cent cheaper than a much superior grade of American manufactures; they find that in exporting to the United States the whole burden of the customs' appraisement falls upon them; and they are beginning to question whether they are benefited by the policy of protection that was to have made everybody happy and prosperous. And yet their best market is in the United States, — and this makes them reflect. Indeed, since 1878 the trade with Great Britain has diminished, while that with the United States has rapidly increased. The national policy was strenuously opposed in England, and Sir John Macdonald's government twists the lion's tail a great deal more frequently than does Mr. Blaine; and the irony of Sir John's attentions is that he twists the lion's tail in the alleged interests of the lion.

The old argument of the protectionists, that Canada would become the slaughter market of American manufactures if the tariff barrier was removed, is a ridiculous one. A great many Canadian manufacturers are willing to compete on equal terms with their American rivals in trade; and there would be no possibility of, or necessity for American manufacturers making a slaughter market of the Canadian

states, as the natural competition of trade would bring prices in all parts of the country to the same level. The cost of carriage to the northern parts of the Union would protect the northern manufacturers, who would have all the facilities for the same production at their doors, with labor possibly cheaper than in the great centres of the Union. And, too, Canada thrown open without restriction would soon attract American capitalists, so that instead of all the present industries being swept away, they would be greatly augmented.

Of course, there are quarters in Canada where the calm discussion of the advantages of annexation is impossible, and where a man advocating such a change would incur the risk of being insulted. But such circles are by no means representative of Canadian sentiment. I do not mean to affirm that the masses of the Canadian people are seriously considering annexation as an immediate question of practical politics; but everybody in Canada assents to the proposition that a change from existing conditions is inevitable, and that the present relations with the United States are becoming intolerable. The feasibility of a closer union with the United States is the topic of the hour, and those who believe that nothing short of political union is practicable, are listened to, with perfect good humor, by those who are in favor of a less radical change.

The British lion that is supposed by some Americans to stalk through the land and roar, whenever annexation is spoken of in Canada, is a purely mythical animal. He does not even roar in Downing Street. It is a matter of fact that the British Government does not expect to hold the colonies for very much longer. For years past every British statesman has acknowledged that the colonies must outgrow the restrictions of any sort of political allegiance to the mother country, and it would give them no greater concern to have Canada link her destinies with those of the United States than to have her begin her own national housekeeping in complete independence. As an appendage of the British crown, Canada imposes the same duties upon all English goods as does the United States, and English capitalists who have investments in Canada would congratulate themselves upon the enhanced value of their properties, which would certainly be one of the results of the admission of Canada into the Union. The English are, as they always have been, a nation of shopkeepers, and they only wax sentimental when their pockets are touched; witness their indifference over the alleged French encroachments upon the Newfoundland fisheries, and their Downing Street policy of masterly procrastination in the Behring Sea difficulties, which have been a thorn in the side of Canadian loyalty for so many years. Everybody knows that English syndicates are a great deal more anxious to secure commercial properties in the United States than in the Dominion; half the development of Canada's immense natural resources has been through the investment of American capital.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad, which the Government and Tory papers refer to with pride as "the national highway," is not only officered by Americans, from the president down, but has for one of its highest officials on the directorate a vice-president of the United States. It is to all intents and purposes an American enterprise. Its termini are in American cities. Halifax and St. John were originally the winter ports of the Dominion on the Atlantic seaboard, but these were too remote, and the Canadian Pacific built a line through the State of Maine, at the expense of the loyal Canadian taxpayer, and now the bulk of the Canadian exports in winter go by way of Boston, and Halifax and St. John are rapidly becoming, if they are not already, decadent and insignificant "coasting" ports, like the Salem of to-day. Rates from Boston over the Canadian Pacific to points in Western Canada are considerably lower than those over the same railroad from St. John and Halifax; and rates from the West to Boston are lower than those to either of the Canadian ports. The arrangement recently made, by which the Canadian Pacific enters New York over the New York Central and reaches tide-water there, will most assuredly diminish the im-

portance of Montreal as the summer port of Canada, just as Montreal wrested the trade from Quebec after the deepening of the channel, making it possible for ocean-going vessels to ascend the St. Lawrence. Between Boston and New York the winter trade of the Maritime ports will vanish into thin air. Being brought into competition with the other great American roads, the Canadian Pacific offers its American patrons lower rates of freight than are given to the Canadian farmers who have been taxed for its construction and support. Why? Because, although there may be truth in the assertion of the Opposition party's statement that the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the Dominion Government are one and the same thing, the railroad as a commercial enterprise must pay running expenses and produce a profit for its shareholders, and to do this it must obtain an amount of business which the Canadian traffic does not afford.

The ultra-conservative classes in the Dominion, who pooh-pooh the annexation movement, and attempt to vilify and browbeat its promoters and adherents, are merely those who would necessarily be the victims of a national reorganization. They adore all the British institutions — especially the hereditary and "letters patent" social hierarchies. They are the imported civil service heavy swells of Ottawa; the Ministers of the Crown, who would lose a portfolio; and the "skippers" of the government organs, who would lose subsidies, government printing, and, in fact, a reason for existence. But the Canadian people, in whose hands rest the destinies of Canada, are wedded to democracy irrevocably, and the whole paraphernalia of titular distinction and hereditary precedence, which is the creed of English society, is utterly distasteful to them. In fact, Anglomania is not so popular an exotic in Canada as it is in New York. A sentiment, to be enduring, must always have a basis of fact in common aspirations, interests, and sympathies. English-speaking Canadians cannot have any such bond of sympathy with the people of Great Britain; all their interests belong distinctively to this continent. With the growth of cosmopolitanism, of course, the English-speaking Canadians, like all other peoples sprung from the old Anglo-Saxon stock, look to England with a reverence which is natural, but which, like the similar sentiment in the States, has nothing of servile deference in it. Canadians are gradually outgrowing some of the provincialism which their isolation, belonging neither to this hemisphere nor the other, quite naturally forced upon them; and now, equally naturally, they are turning toward their near neighbor rather than to the parent country, removed from them in ideas, institutions, and sentiment, and too much inclined to sneer at all things colonial. Canadians are as much at home in New York or Boston — if any one not a native can feel absolutely annexed to Boston — as in Montreal, Toronto, or Ottawa.

The small clique of Canadian aspirants for minor titles at the Court of St. James, who wax enthusiastic over the glories of an Imperial Federation of England with all her colonies, are the laughing stock of Downing Street. The following excerpt from a letter written by Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, is very interesting, as showing the indifference about Canada which has always existed in England:

"The fisheries affair is a bad business. Pakington's circular is not written with a thorough knowledge of the circumstances. He is out of his depth, more than three marine miles from shore. These wretched colonies will all be independent, too, in a few years, and are a millstone around our necks. If I were you I would push matters with Filmore, who has no interest to pander to a populace, like Webster, and make an honorable and speedy settlement."

This was in a confidential letter, and may be found in Lord Walmesbury's "Memoirs of an ex-Minister." In his public utterances, Lord Beaconsfield was as conventionally sentimental as his successors and admirers. He said in the House: "No minister in this country will do his duty who neglects an opportunity of reconstructing as much as possible our Colonial Empire, and of

responding to those distant sympathies which may become the source of incalculable strength and happiness to this land."

It is worthy of remark that Canada and the United States have not yet come to "an honorable and speedy settlement" of the fisheries' question; and they never will until Canada can act with entire independence of Great Britain.

The utter dissimilarity in the point of view and aims of native-born Canadians and Englishmen is especially marked in Ontario and Manitoba, the two greatest provinces of the Dominion, where the scheme of existence and the popular pulse are such that the traveller immediately perceives the influence of the neighboring republic. The difference between the farmers of Dakota and Manitoba is so subtile that, if one did not know positively on which side of the line one was, one would certainly become confused as to their nationality. Any intelligent observer, who has had frequent opportunities of visiting the cities growing up in the West on both sides of the line, must have been impressed with the Canadian duplication of American manners, methods, and aims.

The subsidized government organs of Eastern Canada, which preach that the remedy for Canada's commercial disabilities is the stopping of railroad traffic in its natural channels north and south, and the opening of a stage coach line to the antipodes, have no influence in Manitoba or the Maritime Provinces, and very little in Ontario, the most progressive commonwealth in the Dominion.

The people in the northwest are cramped by the tariff at every turn, and they know that Canada's natural market is to the south. In comparison with that market, England, Australia, Japan, and all the other British colonies are insignificant, because the cost of transportation is prohibitive to Canadian producers, who are, to begin with, in the hands of a "national" railroad which discriminates in favor of their rivals in trade. Two-thirds of the Canadian exports go to the United States to-day, even with a prohibitive line of custom houses on the border, and a free market across the Atlantic. In the West, the people, unable to get their products into the American market at their doors without paying heavy duties, and nearly two thousand miles away from their own eastern seaboard, without any railroad competition to keep down rates, make no pretence about it. They want annexation, and are not afraid to say so. And what is somewhat peculiar, many of the settlers who have gone to the West direct from England are the most ardent disciples of the leaders of the agitation, a circumstance which shows that in these days of a generally diffused cosmopolitanism, the love of the almighty dollar is not a peculiarly American trait.

In politics the similarity of the Canadian ideas to those that obtain in the United States is very marked. The standard of political ethics on both sides of the line is deplorably low. It is resolved for the most part into a scramble for the loaves and fishes. Politics have degenerated into a *profession*, and its professors do not live in the odor of sanctity. As for principles — one only hears of them during general elections. The object of government is to remain in office, and the value of "burning questions" is reckoned by ballot returns. Virtue is only to be found on the opposition benches, whichever party is in power.

A favorite argument of the opponents of commercial and political union with the United States is that the boundaries dividing all countries are always arbitrary, unless they are formed by the sea, as in the case of Great Britain and Australia. It is argued that the United States and Canada can grow up as separate nations just the same as France and Belgium and the other continental countries of Europe. The chain of great lakes between the two countries is also mentioned as an evidence that Nature intended them to separate. One might as well argue that the river Thames is a natural boundary for the separation of the interests of Londoners on the Middlesex and Surrey sides. The great lakes, with the irenormous traffic, are the strongest link in the argument for annexation. It is proved by the annual shipping statistics that there is a larger traffic on these lakes during the short season of six months they are open than there is

through the Suez Canal, open all the year round.

It must be remembered also that the continental countries of Europe are separated by a barrier that the history of the world from the time of Babel has proved to be almost insuperable — the difference of language. The only really distinctive Canada is the old Canada of the French, of which Quebec and the quaint villages along the St. Lawrence are the historic remnants, — a mediæval province, in which the street cars and telegraphs strike one as something strange and out of harmony. The English cities and provinces of the Dominion could all be dropped into New York and Massachusetts without one's discovering any incongruity. They are not English; they are American, only a little sleepier than most American cities of the same size.

The isolation enforced upon communities by the conservation of distinct tongues is shown in Canada, where the French have remained French, after a century of commingled commercial interests with the English and a common citizenship. Europe, on the other hand, contains a wonderful example in the German Empire of different elements, springing from a common stock, only held apart by political and superficial diversities, being forged together by the genius of one man, and the sympathy of a common tongue, into one of the greatest of nations. The English speaking race on this continent has the same advantages. It has the same language, the same ideals and fundamental principles of law and religion, and behind all this there is the force of commerce impelling it onward to a complete unification. Mr. Gladstone, in a recent public utterance, said that he thought in another century the American people would number six hundred millions, and to them must be committed the conservation of that civilization England has built up by centuries of effort. Canada could not want a better national future than to form a part of such a nation.

Professor Goldwin Smith, throughout the whole agitation for and against the political union of Canada and the United States, has taken the most independent and rational view, pandering neither to the blatant partisans of the Canadian or Imperial Government, nor to the Anglophobists, who are as strong in the Dominion as in an Irish ward in New York City; and nothing could be more clear and convincing than what he writes in "Canada and the Canadian Question" on this subject. He is eminently practical and unprejudiced, avoiding the pitfall of reckless overzealous championship, and of wavering incertitude and concession to nebulous sentiment. He does not wait to see which way the "cat is going to jump"; he is one of the few public men in the Dominion who can afford to have convictions, or at least avow them. He says:

> "Annexation is an ugly word; it seems to convey the idea of force or pressure applied to the smaller state, not of free, equal, and honorable union, like that between England and Scotland. Yet there is no reason why the union of the two sections of the English-speaking people on this continent should not be as free, as equal, and as honorable as the union of England and Scotland. We would rather say their reunion than their union, for before their unhappy schism they were one people. Nothing but the historical accident of a civil war ending in secession, instead of amnesty, has made them two. When the Anglo-Saxons of England and those of Scotland were reunited they had been many centuries apart: those of the United States and Canada have been separated for one century only. The Anglo-Saxons of England and Scotland had the memory of many wars to estrange them; the Anglo-Saxons of Canada and the United States have the memory, since their separation, only of one war. That a union of Canada with the American Commonwealth, like that into which Scotland entered with England, would in itself be attended with great advantages cannot be questioned, whatever may be the considerations on the other side, or the reasons for delay. It would give to the inhabitants of the whole continent as complete a security for peace and immunity from war taxation as is likely to be attained by any community or group of communities on this side of the millenium. Canadians almost with one voice say that it would greatly raise the value of property in Canada; in other words, that it would bring with it a great increase of prosperity. The writer has seldom heard this seriously disputed, while he has heard it admitted in the plainest terms by men who were strongly opposed to union on political or sentimental grounds, and who had spent their lives in the service of separation. . . . The Americans, on the other hand, would gain in full proportion as England gains by her commercial unions with Wales and Scotland. These inducements are always present to the minds of the Canadian people, and they are specially present when the trade of Canada, with the rest of the continent, is barred by such legislation as the McKinley Act, when her security is threatened by the

imminence of war in Europe, or when from internal causes she happens to be acutely feeling the commercial atrophy to which her isolation condemns her. Canadians who live on the border, and who from the shape of the country form a large portion of the population, have always before their eyes the fields and cities of a kindred people, whose immense prosperity they are prevented from sharing only by a political line, while socially, and in every other respect, the identity and even the fusion is complete. . . . Union with the rest of the race on this continent, under the sanction of the mother country, would not really be a breach of affection for her. . . . It would be no more a breach of affection than the naturalization, now fully recognized by British law, of multitudes both of Englishmen and of Canadians in the United States. Let us suppose that the calamitous rupture of the last century had never taken place, that the whole race on this continent had remained united, and had parted, when the time came, from the mother country in peace: where would the outrage in love or loyalty have been? Admitted into the councils of their own continent, and exercising their fair share of influence there, Canadians would render the mother country the best of all services, and the only service in their power, by neutralizing the votes of her enemies."

The secret of the sudden dissolution of Parliament this year instead of next, is that Sir John Macdonald is always very prompt in recognizing a trump card in the hands of his opponents; and he foresaw very clearly that the Canadian people, especially the farmers, were becoming very dissatisfied with the so-called National Policy, and were suffering very keenly on account of being shut out of their legitimate market to the south of them. The sentiment of the country in favor of free trade with the United States is unmistakable; in Manitoba and the Northwest, the farmers are handicapped and impoverished by the necessity of sending their products two thousand miles to the Canadian eastern seaboard, instead of a few hundred miles due south; and in Ontario and Quebec the enormous growth of the loan associations, and the miles and miles of mortgaged homesteads tell their own story. Sir John Macdonald knew that in 1892 there could be but one great issue before the country, and that would be free trade with the United States. The recent passage of the McKinley Bill afforded a side issue, which he was wily enough to see, in the angered state of the Canadian people, would effectually blind them to their own interests, and secure for him a new lease of political life. In order to procure a dissolution of parliament, which, according to constitutional usage, is only permissible when a government has not a working majority or has just been defeated upon an important measure, Sir John resorted to the subterfuge of declaring that the government was anxious to negotiate for more favorable trade relations with the United States than those at present existing, and for this purpose considered it necessary to go to the country on the question, and consider it with a newly elected parliament. This was practically an attempt on the part of the government to borrow from the Liberal party the chief plank in its platform, make a political dodge of it, and then, as events will probably show, discreetly drop it; or bring the pretence to an abrupt conclusion by sending a delegation to Washington, that will make proposals which Sir John knows very well will not be seriously entertained for a moment.

Sir John has a great deal of Lord Beaconsfield's shrewd perception of the right moment to take advantage of a strong change in the popular sentiment; and he somersaults on all questions at just such a moment as will insure him a return of the public confidence and enable him to ride again into office on the back of his opponents' policy. The liberals for years have been committed to unrestricted reciprocity and free trade with the United States, while the conservative government has done everything in its power to force an artificial commercial intercourse between the different provinces of the Dominion, and keep trade from floating in its natural channels north and south.

It is a government of a plutocracy, tempered by the theocratic influence of Quebec. The chief supporters of the Macdonald government are the wealthy manufacturers — a class which is endeavoring to arrogate to itself the absolutism and the autocracy of the old world hereditary "aristocracy," and which has no principle whatever but toryism and dollars, if these things may stand for principles. This class, as in previous elections, was the main sup-

port of the Macdonald government last March. Sir John knew that the farmers of Ontario and Quebec were waking to the fact that they were being made the puppets of the wealthy subsidized corporations which upheld the government, and it was this which induced him to dangle before the farmer's eyes the alluring bait of reciprocity in natural products with the United States; but in Ontario, which had always sent a strong conservative contingent to the Dominion House, it was too late. The gospel of the real free trade party had sunk too deep into the minds of the community; and besides this, there was a strong feeling of resentment against the government for having ratified the acts of incorporation and endowment of the Jesuit Society in 1888. In Quebec, Sir John depended upon the Church to force her sons to vote, as usual, for the conservative party (although there is a strong feeling in French Canada for free trade), in return for favors received by the Church from the government — notably, the recent passage of the Jesuits Estates Bill. But, for once, politics took precedence of "spiritual pains and penalties," and the vigorous campaign inaugurated in Quebec by the Hon. Wilfred Laurier, the leader of the Liberal party, resulted in a strong liberal representation being sent to Ottawa, contrary to all expectations — and to the surprise even of the liberal party itself.

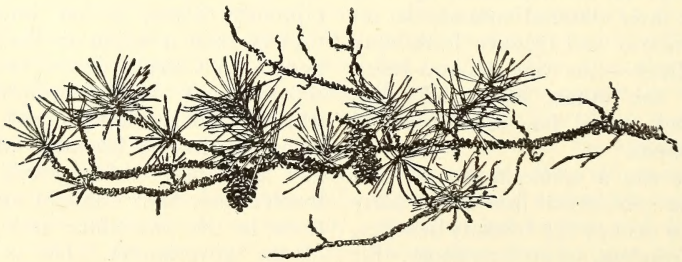
This does not mean that the *habitants* are opposed to the Jesuit domination, or that Mr. Laurier himself is an opponent of the Church. It simply means that the question of free trade with the United States has sunk every other question into insignificance, and even the well-drilled political troops of the Church in Quebec are not always to be depended upon to vote against their material commercial interests. Ontario and Quebec both sunk their prejudices — the one, its anti-Jesuit sentiment; the other, its anti-English feeling — and united for free trade and *less* government.

The issue was a momentous one, and although the continental free trade party does not now occupy the treasury benches, it has, nevertheless, secured a victory. Sir John, for the first time for many years, felt his hold loosening, and anticipated a possible defeat. He, in despair, resorted to the old stupid but effective cry of the "old flag" and "Britons never shall be slaves." Sir Charles Tupper, the High Commissioner for Canada, specially visited Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to arouse the anti-American feeling, which is the especial pride of the United Loyalists, whose ancestors settled there after the close of the Revolutionary War. The Maritime Provinces have, perhaps, more to gain from a free admission to the American market than any of the other provinces of the Dominion; for since the abrogation of the old reciprocity treaty in 1864 they have been completely isolated from the rest of the Dominion, in spite of a political railroad built especially to conciliate them, and cut off from the market which formerly made them rich and prosperous, they have steadily declined in importance, until they are now on the verge of commercial atrophy. It was an opportune moment to play upon their anti-American proclivities — a sentiment which has always been carefully nurtured by the conservative organs — for the people are still smarting under the effects of the McKinley Bill, which seemed to spell complete extinction of their already impoverished trade. Besides, there was behind all this exhibition of patriotic devotion to Great Britain a promise of something a great deal more tangible — extended trade relations with the United States, upon whose cordiality, however much the "Blue Noses" may affect to despise them, the Maritime Provinces depend for an existence — an existence which has been rather precarious during the conservative administration. Sir John Macdonald knows too well that commercial union, or unrestricted reciprocity, alone, is an impossibility — that is, such a union as the mass of the people in Canada desire to-day; not a repetition of the old reciprocity treaty, which neither country could now accept — and he has no intention of promoting any legislation which would necessarily involve important changes and modifications in the procedure and constitution of the government. He is well aware also that the present administration at

Washington would not seriously entertain any proposals in the direction of free trade; for despite all Mr. Blaine's anxiety to secure extended trade relations with the South American republics, his party is pledged to protectionism, and must in consistency disapprove of all attempts to emancipate the masses from the "protection" of the plutocracy, which rules in the United States, as well as in Canada.

The lesson of the Dominion election, however, is obvious to every intelligent observer. Sir John's government has from the beginning depended upon the support of the manufacturers it has artificially created out of the nation's coffers; millions of borrowed money have been sunk in building railroads to lull the people to sleep, with apparent evidences of prosperity and development; and the agricultural community, the backbone of Canada, has been taught to believe that all this taxation was for its ultimate benefit, in opening up vast new home markets, which would more than compensate for the markets cut off by the policy of isolation and high tariff adopted by the government. Some one has said that "the nation which builds on manufactures sleeps upon gunpowder"; and Sir John Macdonald, after a long and successful policy of procrastination, is just being forced to recognize that a system of wholesale political corruption and reckless postponement and promises must end in an explosion. The Canadian people have long and patiently borne impoverishment at the hands of the subsidized manufacturing corporations, deluded by the conservative theories that only through the creation of manufactures by high tariff legislation could the country attain prosperity. Now there is a movement throughout the country similar to that of the Farmers' Alliance in the Western States and in New England, and Sir John and his followers hope to compromise with this growing sentiment in favor of free trade in natural channels, by pretending to try to obtain for the people the commercial liberty they desire, and by skilful manipulation obtaining a sharp refusal of free trade from Congress, and so bring the advocates of free trade in Canada into disfavor, as traitors desiring to sell their country to a foreign nation which will have none of them. But this cannot last. A change from the existing order of things in Canada is inevitable; and Sir John Macdonald's sudden conversion to the unrestricted reciprocity idea is one of the surest indications of the fact that commercial union, with its natural sequence of political union, will be the supreme issue in Canada at no very distant date.

There is still a protectionist government at Ottawa, but the whole Dominion is saturated with free trade ideas; and the growing discontent with protection in the United States is a good augury of success in future negotiations, when true democracy and liberalism shall have obtained both at Washington and at Ottawa — events which present indications seem to point to as being possible before the end of this century. In 1900, this continent will most probably have shaken off the last shred of monarchism, and will be one harmonious and powerful republic — truly, the greatest nation in the world.



PHŒNIXVILLE'S POET.

By Edward W. Bryant.



HEN he *lived* in Phœnixville, he was of very little account. Phœnixville was a young town, whose life-blood flowed in the mountain torrent that turned the big water-wheel of Samuel Blooker's paper mill. A poet! What should such a practical town want of a poet? If Phœnixville wished to boast of a genius, why, what better example could she ask than Samuel Blooker himself, mayor of the town, whose genius had turned a straggling village into one of the most prosperous of Vermont towns? Blooker's mill was the beginning of Phœnixville's prosperity, and the Blooker paper was the best produced in the country. True, this excellence was due rather to the skill of Blooker's foreman, than to that of Blooker himself; but then of what use is a mere foreman, without a man like Blooker, or a mill like Blooker's mill, to furnish him employment? Blooker was the genius of Phœnixville, and the foreman was just a poor devil earning barely enough to keep his body and soul together, that he might continue to work for the wealth and glory of Phœnixville's great man. And the poet was — unknown.

In a small house in one of the smallest streets of this small town, he had his dwelling. Here he worked and slept at night, and from his place went forth each day to wander through the streets, watching the busy life of the new town with the restless curiosity of a child, and passing by unnoticed. Or he would go into the woods and fields beyond the town and climb the hills that lay around it; seeing what none others saw, and going home to set down what he had seen. Nobody knew his business — scarcely any one his name. His landlady called him the professor, because of his studious habits and the books which lined the shelves of the little room that served as parlor and study both. How he lived no one knew. Occasionally some dainty verses, bearing the signature of Daniel Claflin, appeared in the *Phœnixville Clarion*, but they were too few to warrant the supposition that their author lived by writing verse. For the rest, Phœnixville was supremely ignorant of the very existence of Daniel Claflin.

But it fell upon a time that Daniel Claflin died and was buried with as little attention as he had lived. The doctor who had attended him during his last illness and who had previously been his only friend, and the landlady, were the only mourners. Shortly after the landlady died and the doctor left the town. The poet's books and papers were scattered — sold to the highest bidder — and the last trace of Daniel Claflin was gone from Phœnixville.

It was some three months after his death that Phœnixville discovered him. Among the "Exchanges" of the *Phœnixville Clarion* was a Boston literary journal. A marked passage caught the eye of the *Clarion's* editor. It read:

"The many thousands who have read with mingled joy and wonder that exquisite poem, 'Hillside Gods,' will regret the death of its gifted author, Daniel Claflin. 'Hillside Gods' was but one of many poems from his pen, all breathing the same poetic fervor and displaying the same painstaking excellence. At the time of his death, Mr. Claflin had just published a new edition of his poems. Owing to his solitary habits, the news of his death was long in reaching the public. He has resided for many years in Phœnixville, lately made so prominent by the genius and enterprise of Samuel Blooker, the great paper manufacturer."

At once a reporter was detailed to "work up" the dead poet, and the files of the *Clarion* were ransacked for specimens of his verse. Fortunately these were found, for little could be gathered

of Claflin himself, and not a bookseller in town could supply a volume of Claflin's poems. Next morning's *Clarion* had a long article, headed in half-inch "display":

PHŒNIXVILLE'S POET.

How the Great Genius, who has Lived Amid Us is Admired in other Cities! DANIEL CLAFLIN and his Work!

The heading, the whole article, was a surprise to the good people of Phœnixville. What! Had a poet lived among them, a poet known all over the country, everywhere, in fact, except in Phœnixville? Well, it was just what one might expect. No doubt the great genius of the age might — nay, was most likely to be developed in just such a city. At last Phœnixville was to be recognized at its true value.

Not the least surprised family in town was that of Mr. Samuel Blooker. That gentleman himself was a little disconcerted at the discovery. Hitherto Blooker and Phœnixville had been names indissolubly linked. Now, Daniel Claflin, a man who had lived and died unknown, a mere versemaker, was the man whose name would be brought to mind whenever Phœnixville was mentioned. He spoke his dismay to his wife.

"My dear," she said, "it's the chance of a lifetime. You must put up a monument to him."

"I, — put up a monument to a beggarly ink-slinger, whose rhymes I never read!"

"My dear, you are so vulgar! Of course you must subscribe. Phœnixville will be made famous, and you will be known all over the country as a patron of literature. What is the money to you?"

So it came about that Mr. Samuel Blooker gave five thousand dollars toward the erecting of a monument to Phœnixville's poet. Others added to the fund, and a sum was raised enough to build a monument of which Phœnixville might be proud.

Of course, all this caused a great demand for Daniel Claflin's poems. The man who had bought Claflin's books of the heirs of Claflin's landlady now realized exorbitant prices for these autograph volumes, as well as for the papers in the poet's handwriting. The whole of Phœnixville was Claflin-mad, and booksellers couldn't get copies quick enough from Boston, where they were published, to supply the demand for "Hillside Gods and Other Poems." The press rang with praises of Daniel Claflin, "The Wordsworth of Vermont." Every one quoted "Hillside Gods" in a way that would have made its sensitive author, could he have heard it, turn in his grave.

Meanwhile, Samuel Blooker, Esq., of Blooker's Mills, Phœnixville, rode the crest of this wave of enthusiasm. Samuel Blooker had started the "Claflin Monument Fund," and has since added to it. The "Claflin Club" discussed "Hillside Gods" at Samuel Blooker's house. Blooker's daughter, Miss Estella Blooker, read "Hillside Gods" with such marvellous dramatic power, she could bring tears to her listeners' eyes. At the great election, Samuel Blooker was sent to Congress on the strength of a neatly turned eulogy, at the close of one of his campaign speeches, of Phœnixville's poet.

After much discussion, it was decided to place over Claflin's grave a stone pedestal, bearing a bronze bust of the poet. Here a difficulty was encountered. Nobody knew Claflin, and his poems contained no portrait of him. At last, however, a photograph was found, bearing the poet's autograph. This was sent to a well-known sculptor, with orders to make a life-size bust. No expense was to be spared, as Congressman-elect Blooker would make up from his private means whatever was wanting.

As yet, no stone marked the grave of Phœnixville's poet. The sexton knew it only by the date, as no name had been recorded, and the burial permit had not been closely examined. The cemetery of St. Joseph's was about to become famous, and all on account of a man whose very name had slipped the sexton's memory!

At last the great day arrived. The monument was erected, and was to be unveiled by the Hon. Samuel Blooker himself. Business was suspended — it was Phœnixville's day of triumph!

A good hour before the great event of the day, the cemetry of St. Joseph's was thronged. On the platform erected be-

side the monument was a select party of notables. There was the Hon. Samuel Blooker and his family, the mayor of Phœnixville, Blooker's successor, the vicar of St. Joseph's and several of the most influential of the townsmen.

The service was opened by a prayer from the rector of St. Joseph's. Then he spoke with genuine fervor on the departed genius they came to honor, at whose funeral he had officiated. He did not mention, however, that at the time he had not known of the existence of Daniel Claflin, and had officiated at the funeral without even inquiring who was to be buried.

Then Miss Estella Blooker recited to the eager crowd, that tried its best to hear and comprehend, Claflin's masterpiece, "The Hillside Gods," that neither she nor her hearers really understood. It was not her fault; she read eloquently — as her elocution teacher had trained her — and she thought she understood.

The crowd applauded to the echo, and was probably relieved that the ordeal was over. The Hon. Samuel Blooker had the instincts of a politician, and saw the crowd was tired; so his remarks were few, and spiced with the grandiloquence of a campaign orator. The great poet was Phœnixville's poet. In Phœnixville he was born; in Phœnixville he had lived and had written that incomparable poem, "The Hillside Gods"; in Phœnixville he had died and was buried! To the people of Phœnixville he now presented this semblance of the dead poet, well aware, however, that the semblance could ill-compensate them for the loss they had sustained in the death of this, their most illustrious townsman! Here he loosed the covering and displayed the monument, and the ceremony was over.

As the crowd dispersed, a gentleman who had elbowed his way to the monument, and read with evident amusement the inscription, "Beneath this stone repose the mortal remains of the poet, Daniel Claflin," approached Blooker.

"My dear Mr. Blooker," he said, "do you believe all that?"

"All what?"

"About Claflin. He was a friend of mine, you know. He was born in Oakland, and his 'Hillside Gods' was written in Denver. He had nothing to do with Phœnixville."

"Is that so? You surprise me! But at least his later poems were written here?"

"Written here, yes. But they were most of them written at Texil, where he was buried.'

"Buried in Texil! My dear doctor, you take my breath away. You really don't mean to say he isn't buried here?"

"I attended him in his last illness, and he requested to be buried in Texil churchyard. I carried out his wish, was at the funeral myself, and have placed a marble slab on his grave. Go and see."

"Well, well, well! And so we've placed his bust over somebody else?"

"His bust! He was no more like this than like me. That's a bust of Emerson!"

"We had it made from a photograph that had his autograph on it."

"Yes, I remember the picture. He was an admirer of Emerson."

"But we can get a picture of him, and have it altered. I will pay for it."

"Claflin was eccentric, and never had his photo taken in his life."

"My dear doctor, does any one else know about this?"

"No one, to my knowledge. I was his sole friend."

"Well, doctor, I think, on the whole, it would be advisable to say nothing at all about it!"

The doctor assented, and the monument of Phœnixville's poet is still unchanged.

THE BATTLE AT HIGH BRIDGE.

By Edward T. Bouvé.

WHEN the last days of the great rebellion had come, and the remnant of the once magnificent army of Northern Virginia was reeling towards the mountains, striking ever and anon despairing blows at its relentless pursuers, great events crowded events so hotly that the muse of history was compelled to record many a deed in shorthand, which he who runs finds it difficult to read. Among these records is one short page which is worthy of more consideration than it has ever received. Upon it is found the story of the exploit of a handful of Massachusetts cavalry, who, led by their heroic colonel, devoted themselves to certain destruction in dealing to the rebel army so heavy a blow, that there is no doubt that the great surrender was materially hastened by their sacrifice.

The Fourth Regiment of Massachusetts cavalry, raised and commanded during the earlier period of its service by Colonel Arnold A. Rand, of Boston, had been subjected to a discipline and training which caused it to develop rapidly into one of the finest cavalry regiments in the army. Possibly owing to this very fact, it had the misfortune, as well as the honor, to be broken into detachments which were serving at army and corps headquarters, or elsewhere on important duty.

On the opening of the last campaign, the first and third battalions were in the army of the James, three squadrons, with the field and staff, being attached to the army headquarters, two to the headquarters of the twenty-fourth, and two to that of the twenty-fifth corps, while one was on detached service on the peninsula. Two squadrons of this regiment were the earliest Federal troops to enter Richmond, and their guidons were the first Union colors displayed from the Confederate capitol.

The second battalion was in South Carolina and Florida.

The regiment was at that time commanded by Francis Washburn, of Lancaster, a young fellow, high minded, patriotic, of rare manly beauty. In appearance, as in every other way, he was an ideal soldier.

His officers and men were worthy followers of such a leader.

On the twenty-seventh of March came the orders to break camp, preparatory to entering upon the spring campaign. At this time the three squadrons comprising the colonel's immediate command, and attached to the headquarters of Ord's army, could muster — field, staff and line — but twelve officers and some one hundred and fifty men. Casualties and unavoidable details for special duty had reduced their strength to this point.

The armies of the James and of the Potomac having resumed active operations against Petersburg, that city was evacuated on the third of April, and the pursuit of Lee's retreating army instantly commenced. The army of the James followed the line of the Lynchburg railroad, reaching Burkesville on the evening of the fifth, after an uneventful march. That evening Lee moved rapidly from Amelia Court House, hoping to succeed in crossing the Appomattox at Farmville, thirty-five miles west, destroying bridges behind him, and thence to reach the mountains beyond Lynchburg. The army of the James at once changed direction in the attempt to cut the rebels off at Farmville.

It was a matter of the greatest importance that the long high trestle work near Farmville, called High Bridge, should be destroyed before the advance of the Confederates could reach the spot. General Ord decided to intrust this dangerous and difficult duty to Colonel Washburn, who was detached for the same with his own cavalry, reduced by still further details to only seventy-eight sabres, including eleven officers (beside the surgeon and chaplain, practically non-combatants), Captain Goddard hav-

ing joined at Burkesville the night before, from an unexpired leave of absence. There were also put under Washburn's command two small regiments of infantry, together about six hundred muskets. The distance from Burkesville to Farmville was some sixteen miles, but it was a long march for the infantry to make in such short space of time as was indispensable to the success of the undertaking, for they were exhausted by their previous forced marches.

The detachment started before daybreak on the morning of April sixth. Washburn became satisfied after having proceeded a few miles that the Confederates had closed in upon the road in his rear, cutting him off from the Federal army. There was also a probability of an attack in flank, as well as perhaps in front, for he was practically marching between and almost among rebel divisions, which were evidently ignorant of his proximity.

He had in effect been gone but a short time when General Ord learned of the direction in which the rebel army was moving, and at once despatched his adjutant-general, Brevet Brigadier-General Theodore Read, with orders to find Washburn's detachment, and cause it to fall back and rejoin the army of the James. By mere chance, and desperate riding, Read with a single orderly, avoided the various bodies of rebels, and overtook Washburn near High Bridge, in the vicinity of which the latter had arrived after a fatiguing march.

Contrary to information which Ord had received from spies, the bridge was found to be well defended, a redoubt mounting several guns being near its head. The open ground and morasses about it forbade an attempt to capture it by assault, without artillery, but from what Washburn learned regarding the approaches on its rear side, he thought it possible to take it by a sudden attack of cavalry.

He accordingly left General Read with the infantry in a narrow line of woodland near the Burkesville road, and started to make a detour to come upon the rear of the fortification. A small stream was soon reached, the bridge having been torn up, and upon rising ground beyond were earthworks occupied by dismounted rebel cavalry, who immediately opened fire. The advanced guard under Lieutenant Davis at once swam the stream and attacked this force, driving the enemy out of their works, and toward Farmville. Here they were reinforced, and Washburn coming up with the main column, threw out skirmishers, and a fight of half an hour ensued. The enemy's numbers were such, and their artillery fire so heavy, however, that they could not be driven; and besides, as musketry firing from where the infantry had halted indicated an attack upon them, Washburn thought best to withdraw and rejoin the infantry.

After sharp riding, the cavalry arrived near the position of the infantry, and Washburn left the main road, leading his men through a ravine until they reached the hill which was the scene of action. As the battalion drew rein on this eminence, the condition of affairs developed itself. A brigade of dismounted Confederates were driving the two small regiments of Federal infantry before them in front, while the air rang with the "rebel yell." Upon the left flank were large bodies of cavalry forming for a charge.

Colonel Washburn, after a short consultation with Adjutant-General Read, determined to crush the rebels in his front by a furious attack, depending on the infantry to support this movement, and thus enable him to press the enemy to defeat. It was the only alternative, and he gave orders for the infantry to be rallied for an advance. Then he ordered "Forward!" and the little column moved to the right and came into line beyond the infantry. Washburn's voice rang like his own trumpets, which took up his final order in their brazen throats.

"Gallop, march! Charge!" and those seventy-eight Massachusetts horsemen, the air shattered by their wild battle shout, hurled themselves upon the enemy's masses.

Their onset was like a thunderbolt. The heavy rebel line, crushed and broken, staggered and fell back in confusion, leaving the ground covered with their dead and wounded, and an embarrassing

crowd of prisoners. But Washburn's mere handful of men had allowed of no reserve to support his first attack, and the Federal troopers were obliged to draw rein to re-form to meet the enemy's counter-charge. Driving the prisoners before them up the hill toward their first position, they were astounded at finding the Burkesville road filled with rebel cavalry, and lines of battle were rapidly forming and advancing at a gallop to the rescue of their defeated first line.

Down swept the little Massachusetts battalion again, pressing close behind their leader and their standard; a wedge of blue steel, which was to rend and cleave the heavy gray masses of veteran troops which enveloped them. They crashed through three lines, until, their formation entirely broken, they mingled with their foes in a fierce hand-to-hand fight. Less than a score emerged from this fearful *melee*, and these few were led by Captain Hodges in a last furious charge, in which he met his own death; as gallant and chivalrous an officer as ever drew sabre.

Every officer but three had been killed or wounded. The horses of these three had been slain under them, and they were prisoners. But still little knots of soldiers fought on. They knew not how to stop fighting until they were absolutely engulfed and overwhelmed in the multitude of their enemies.

The battle at High Bridge was over. Adjutant-General Read had fallen at the hill, at almost the first fire, while encouraging the infantry. But these troops, after firing away their ammunition, were unable longer to make head against the overpowering force of the rebels. They were surrounded and captured to a man.

Of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry, nearly all the officers lay upon the field. The surgeon and chaplain had remained in the rear, but of those engaged, the colonel, shot in the face, had been sabred after falling from his horse. Found upon the scene of action the next day by the advance of the army of the James, he was taken to Point of Rocks Hospital, and thence by his own earnest desire, sent home, only to die in his mother's arms. Lieutenant-Colonel Jenkins was seriously hurt. Of the three squadron commanders, Captains Hodges and Goddard were killed, and Captain Caldwell severely wounded. Lieutenants Belcher and Thompson were badly wounded; Lieutenant Davis, mortally. He was the dashing officer who had led the attack at the first skirmish at the stream, and was shot after having been captured, for resenting an insult offered him by a rebel officer. A like fate very nearly befell Adjutant-Lieutenant Lathrop. His horse was killed under him, and he was seized by a rebel captain, who was about shooting him because his bloody sabre told the story of his work in the fight. A staff officer, fortunately, came forward and saved his life.

The loss in enlisted men was proportionately less than among the officers.

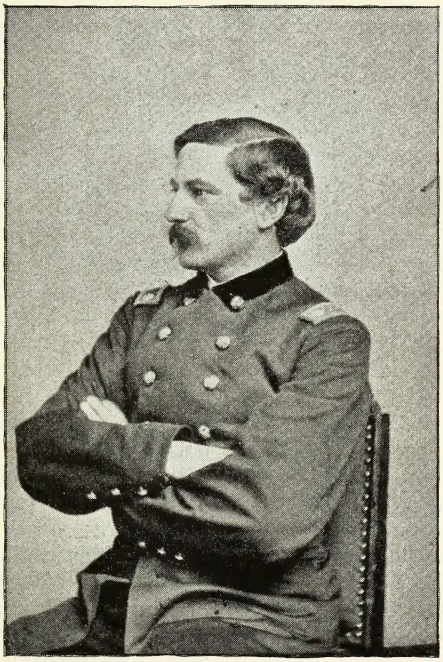
The standard was not captured, being saved from that fate by the courage and presence of mind of Color-Sergeant Thomas Hickey, who had borne it with great bravery through the thickest of the fight. When all hope of victory was gone and escape impossible, he put spurs to his horse and rode to a hut in the woods, closely pursued. Reaching the door, he threw himself from the saddle and rushed in with the standard. There was a bright fire burning upon the hearth, and into this he thrust his precious battle flag. The painted silk flashed up at once, and by the time his pursuers burst in upon him it was destroyed. A novel and heroic way of saving the colors! His life was spared through the admiration of his captors for his devoted gallantry, notwithstanding their disappointment in not securing the coveted trophy.

The loss which the Confederates sustained in this action was terrible in proportion to its duration, and to the force of their assailants. By their own account, about one hundred were killed or wounded, and among the slain were one general, one colonel, three majors, and a number of officers of lower grades.

The utter destruction of this small force in its struggle against such odds, — for these eleven officers and sixty-seven men had attacked Rosser's and a part of Fitz-Hugh Lee's divisions of cavalry, supported by Longstreet's corp, — seemed

at first to have been a reckless sacrifice. On the contrary, the fight at High Bridge, unquestionably hastened the fall of the curtain on the tragedy of the war, at Appomattox, three days later.

Lee's Inspector-General said to Ord, after the surrender, "To the sharpness of that fight, the cutting off of Lee's army at Appomattox was probably owing. So fierce were the charges of Colonel Washburn and his men, and so determined their fighting, that General Lee received the impression that they must be supported by a large part of the army, and his retreat was cut off." He consequently halted, and began to intrench. Thus Ord was enabled to come up, with the army of the James, and Sheridan succeeded in engaging the enemy at Sailor's Creek.



General Washburn.

The well-known Confederate General Rosser stated after the war, that the importance of this fight in its bearing upon subsequent events had never been justly appreciated. And this general, upon meeting a gentleman afterwards who had served with the regiment, said to him with generous enthusiasm:

"You belonged to the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry? Give me your hand! I have been many a day in hot fights. I never saw anything approaching that at High Bridge. While your colonel kept his saddle, everything went down before him!"

"Was your colonel drunk or crazy, this morning, that he attacked with less than one hundred men the best fighting division of the Confederate Cavalry?" asked a rebel officer of a wounded captain of the Fourth. "We have seen hard fighting, but we never heard of anything like this before!"

Could Colonel Washburn have had his twelve hundred troopers with him, great as the odds even then would have been against them, there had perhaps been a different tale told.

He has been charged with recklessness in engaging such a force with only a handful of men. But while the wild bravery, shown by him and his men should call for the most unqualified admiration for its own sake, yet it is but justice to his discretion to state that he had been instructed by the general commanding to charge any body of the enemy which he might encounter, as the demoralization of the rebel army was reported to be such that they would break before any determined onset, whatever their numbers might be. The splendid and desperate constancy of the Confederates remaining in arms, however, was hardly understood by some of our generals. It was never more magnificently shown than when in their despair they hurled their skeleton battalions upon our lines at Sailor's Creek.

But Washburn and his fourscore sabres had done enough. They had succeeded in adding a more brilliant lustre to the fame which has ever attended the standards of the American Cavalry.

A GLIMPSE AT SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES IN HELLAS.

By Prof. John L. Ewell, Washington, D. C.



A Modern Greek.

A BORROWED copy of Pope's Iliad fascinated my childhood, and my youth was charmed with the wondrous Anglo-Saxon into which Professor Hadley used to translate Homer's glow no less than his words, at the close of our recitations in Yale. All the years that had come and gone since had not quenched the enthusiasm kindled at such altars, so that it was with intense delight that I found myself at last actually standing at the entrance to the Museum of Mycenian Antiquities in Athens.

On the twenty-eighth of November, 1876, Dr. Schliemann sent a telegram from Mycenae to the King of Greece, part of which telegram, when translated, reads as follows:

"I have the extreme pleasure to announce to your majesty that I have discovered the tombs which tradition, as given in Pausanius, designated as those of Agamemnon, Cassandra and their comrades who were slain at a banquet by Clytemnestra and her paramour, Egisthus. I have found in these tombs immense treasures. These treasures are sufficient of themselves to fill a grand museum, which would be the most marvellous in the world, and which in coming ages would draw to Greece thousands of strangers from every country."

I was now about to behold these "marvellous treasures." As I entered and my eye swept over the large hall, I was surprised at the extent and richness of the collection; but my delight and surprise were mixed with a little incredulity. Were these objects indeed so many messengers bearing tidings from an age that had been supposed to lie more than half way over the border line of fable? As I passed from case to case, the delight and surprise increased, but the incredulity vanished and a kind of awe took its place. Here were articles of utility, such as scales, needles, hatchets and great caldrons thirty inches in diameter, reminding one of the

"Caldron that had never felt the fire,
Holding four measures; beautiful, and yet untarnished,"

which was one of the prizes at the funereal games in honor of Patroclus; there were memorials of war in profusion, helmets, breastplates, greaves, lances, arrow-heads, swords — the very swords, perchance, that made the ill-starred sons of Troy bite the dust. There were many symbols of authority — crowns and sceptres. Articles of ornament and luxury predominated, and the material was usually gold and silver.

A few illustrations from photographs will suggest, better than words, the richness and beauty of the collections, and such illustrations accompany this article. The graceful vase is of alabaster, and is some ten inches high; the slender flagon is of silver, and the decorated little pitcher of terra-cotta.

The two sceptres are of silver, overlaid with gold, and their beautifully turned handles are of rock crystal. We have in one of them, perchance, a miniature of Agamemnon's sceptre,

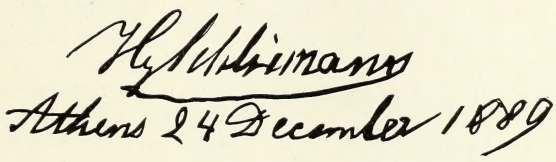
"Symbol of his rule
O'er many isles and all the Argive realm."

These golden ornaments would seem to be altars, and the birds that perch on the corners suggest the

"Little birds that flit and fly
Round thine altars, Lord most high."

The two golden cuttle fish are speci-



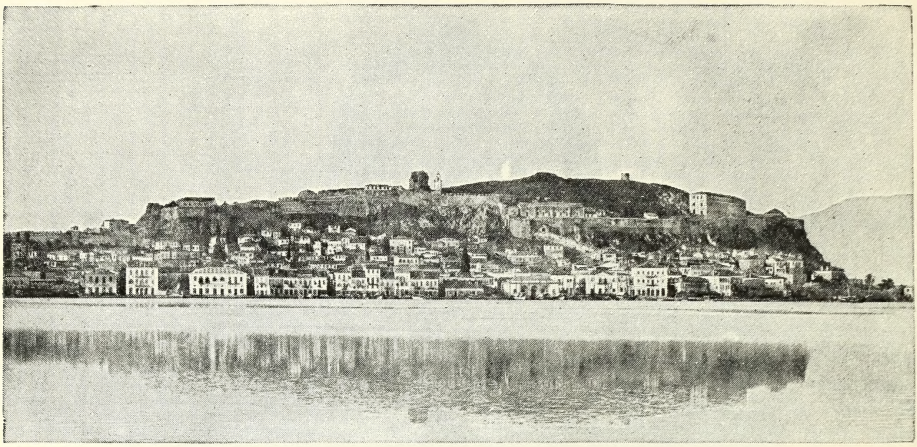


mens of fifty-three that were found in a single tomb. The splendid cow's head is of fascinating interest, for it explains Homer's favorite epithet *boōpeis*, applied to Here. I was taught to translate it large-eyed. Lord Derby renders it stag-eyed! but the ancient symbolic commentary before us indicates its original meaning to be cow-faced. The old Greek seems to have taken the cow for nature's great type of service and fecundity. He was wont to say that it took three to make a family: a man, a woman, and a cow. He appreciated the cow so highly that he represented the queen of heaven under this symbol. As the nation grew in refinement it discarded the symbol, but the epithet remained to await for long millenniums its buried interpreters. This Here cow face is of silver, and the horns are of gold.

The gold rosette between the horns, two and a half inches in diameter, will serve for a measure of this magnificent relic. Dr. Schliemann says that the mouth, eyes, and ears were originally plated with gold, but not directly upon the silver. The Mycenian goldsmith, with all his cunning, was not equal to that. He first soldered the silver with copper, and then put the gold on the copper.

This golden beaker with doves on its handles is sadly bent, but no jewelry store in Boston has anything so precious, for it closely resembles the cup which "bright-haired Hecamede, fair as a goddess" used to fill for wisest Nestor.

I will give but one more from the thick pile of photographs which I have — a specimen of the golden portrait masks of the dead. Nothing in all Greek literature had prepared the world for such a discovery. As I came suddenly upon them in the museum, their weird look was

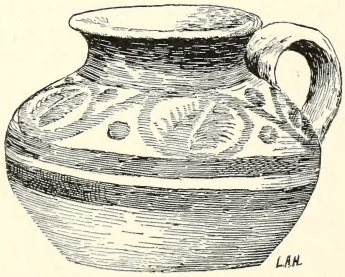


Nauplia.

startling; they seemed things to haunt one's dreams, and fit companions for the mummied faces of the Pharaohs that I had lately seen at Boulak. Dr. Schliemann told me subsequently, that a plaster cast was probably first taken of the dead man's face, and then the portrait was taken on gold from the plaster. The likeness is evidently not perfect, but the general impression is lifelike. It may be that these are the features of great Agamemnon,

> "like to Jove
> In eye and forehead, with the loins of Mars,
> And ample chest like him who rules the sea."

Mark the straight Grecian nose, and the thin lips, and — do you see it? — the upward curve of the mustache! It does



Terra-cotta Pitcher.

not appear whether this was due to pomade or curling tongs, but the most unheroic product of our modern civilization, known as the dude, will recognize here a bond uniting him to the heroic age.

As we pass from case to case amongst these messengers from the hoary past, we notice that they bring tidings from an age before that of iron. We have here terra-cotta, alabaster, bronze, copper, silver, gold, precious stones, iridescent glass, — but no iron. It was also an age before writing. We find no sentence, word, or letter. Cadmus had not yet landed in Greece; but the abounding skill and beauty show that wisdom is older than the alphabet. It was not yet an age of temples, only of altars, and so it corresponds to the period of Abraham, not of Solomon.

It was an age of wealth. Mr. Gladstone terms the value of the articles in the museum "extraordinary." The gold alone weighs about one hundred pounds troy, and so is worth nearly twenty-five thousand dollars, which would be the equivalent in purchasing power to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in our day. No wonder Homer terms Mycenae "abounding in gold." This, by the way, illustrates the perfect correspondence between the museum and the Homeric poetry. They fit each other like lock and key. It was not an age of comfort. These articles are mostly for war or rank or ornament, not utility. No doubt the humblest home in the most remote village in America has more conveniences than the palace of Atrides Agamemnon could boast.

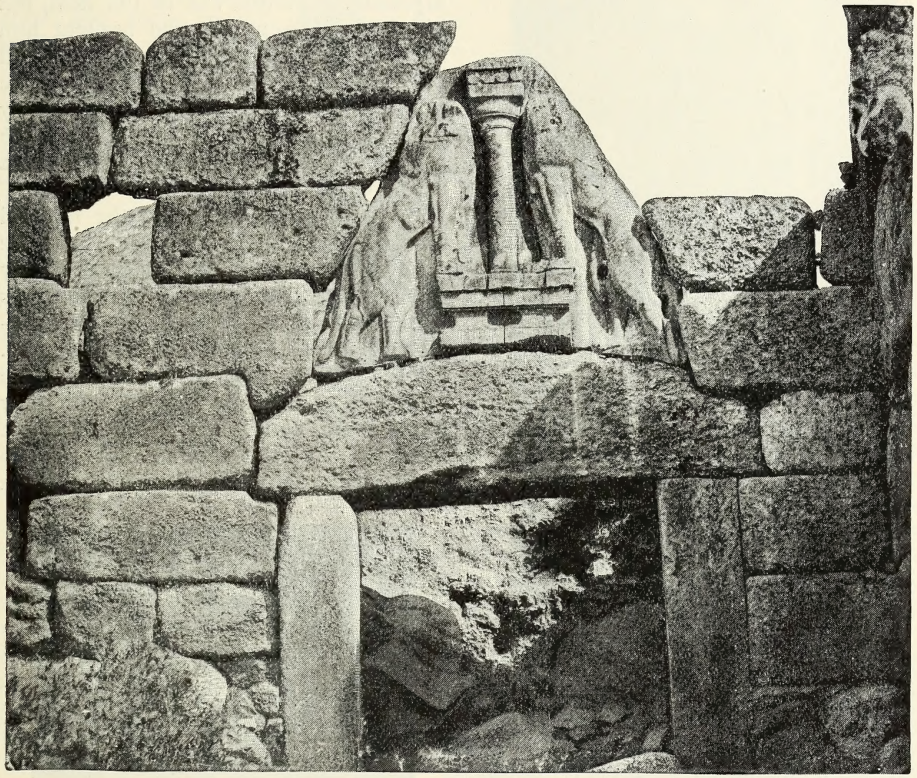
We may not linger longer in this won-

derful collection, but I think we have seen enough to feel that there was little extravagance in Doctor Schliemann's glowing telegram.

When I had seen the museum, I felt that I must see the tombs whence all these treasures came; and I hope those who have honored me with their company thus far will share my inward compulsion, and accept me for their courier to Mycenae. As the contract is made in America, no baksheesh will be expected at the end.

If you will show your patriotism, though far from home and native land, and take the advice of the Father of your Country and rise early, you can take the 5:25 morning train from Athens, and have time to stop over a train at Eleusis, as I did. I found two cheery, pure-faced young Englishmen on the train, bound the same way. I joined them in telegraphing ahead for rooms to Nauplia, where all three of us hoped to spend the night.

I should like to speak of those charmed hours at Eleusis, with its vast ruins, beautiful memories, and magnificent view of immortal Salamis; but I will stick to my theme. The second train bore me from Eleusis southward, through softly tinted olive orchards and dwarfish pine forests, which were, however, a pleasant change to eyes that had for some time seen only the treeless landscapes of Asiatic Turkey.



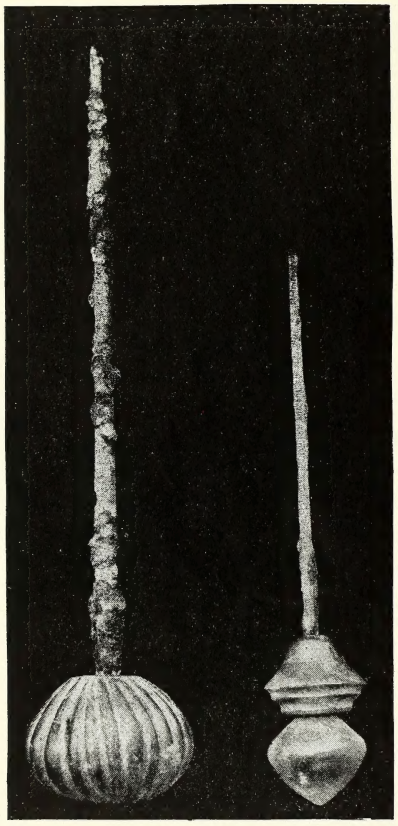
Gate of the Lions.

THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE ACROPOLIS OF MYCENAE.

We crossed by a lofty bridge, the great ship canal that is cutting the isthmus in two, and halted for a midday lunch at the busy railway station of new Corinth. Thence our engine pulled us, with many a puff, up, up the Peleponesian Mountains, and then bore us swiftly down into the Argive Plain. It was pleasant to be

entering a region that was not travel-spoiled; the locomotive did not penetrate it until 1885, and the fear of brigands had but lately passed away.

At 4:25 P. M. the guard called out "Mykene!"—a strange word for a rail-



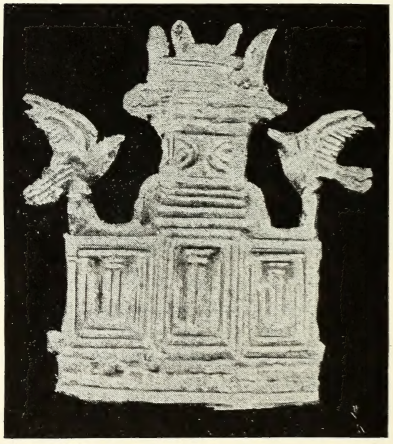
Sceptres of Silver plated with Gold

way train, linking as it did the far-off age before letters and temples and the use of iron with our age of steam, but it was a welcome sound to me, and I promptly alighted and asked the station-master the way to Chavatri. He pointed out a little hamlet some two miles to the east, and I set out. It was a perfect afternoon. The air was balmy and the sky clear, worthy of Greece.

It was the grain harvest. In all directions there stretched a sea of waving yellow grain, which men, women, and children were busily reaping and loading on little donkeys. As these trudged along under their burdens, one could see nothing of them but two long ears in front, four legs beneath, and a tail behind; they seemed to be so many animated stacks of grain. The harvesters were taking the grain to Chavatri, and heaping it up in a huge pile on the hard-trodden earthen threshing-floor just outside the little hamlet.

When I reached the place, I inquired for Pietros Christopoulos, the guide to Mycenae. Pietros was in the field, but his good wife went out and brought him in, and he took down two great keys and his staff from the wall of his humble house, and drank from the water keg by the door, and then led the way up the hill toward Mycenae, which was about a mile off.

On the way he turned to the left and unlocked a modern iron gate, and we walked in by an entrance that was twenty feet broad and a hundred long, and was flanked on either side with beautiful prehistoric walls of great polygonal stones. These walls rose higher and higher as we went farther into the hillside, until they were some forty feet high (thirteen metres.) At their interior end was the ancient gate shown in the picture given



Model of an Altar, in Gold.

with this article. This gate is roofed with two enormous slabs of stone, of which the inner one is twenty-seven and a half feet long, seventeen feet broad, and three feet nine inches thick, and

estimated to weigh one hundred and fifty tons. Passing through this majestic portal, we stood in a strange underground chamber shaped like a beehive, fifty feet in diameter, and as many feet high. The walls were formed of thirty-three circular courses of hewn stones, each course having a smaller diameter than the one next below. Here and there in the walls are said to be (though I forgot to look for them) remains of bronze nails. These are thought to have fastened sheets of polished copper that covered the whole interior and made it lustrous like the gorgeous palace of Alcinous.

"For on every side beneath
The lofty roof of that magnanimous king
A glory shone as of the sun or moon;
There from the threshold on each side were walls
Of brass."



Alabaster Vase.

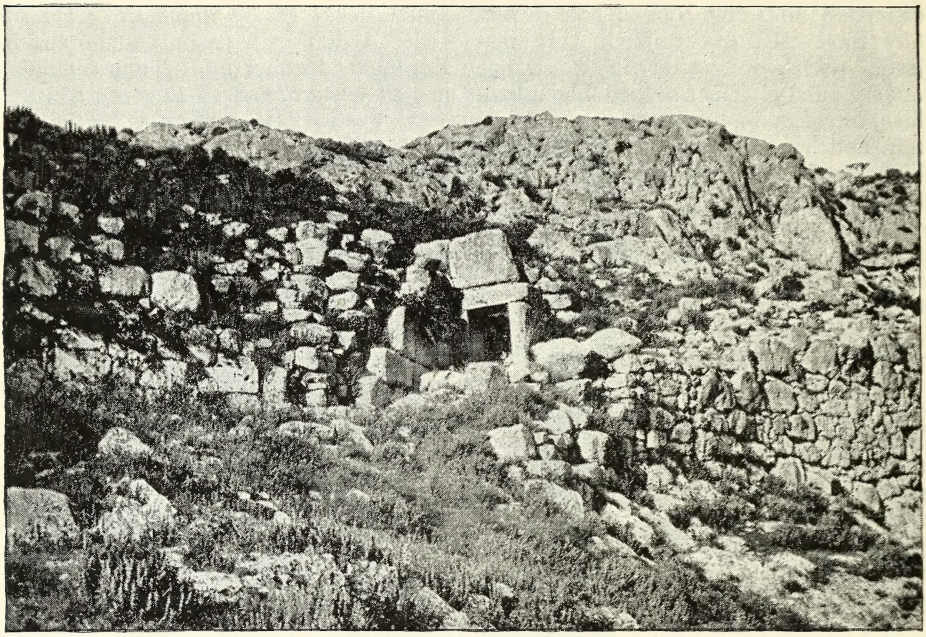
A quarter of the way around from the entrance to the right was a little doorway leading into a smaller chamber. What was the purpose of this strange structure built before the dawn of history? It has been commonly thought to be a tomb, and its popular name is, the tomb of Agamemnon; but Dr. Schliemann thinks it was a treasury, and calls it the treasury of Atreus. If he is right, then this is where the wealth was stored that Atreus collected for his son Agamemnon to scatter on the plains of Troy.

As we went up, we passed other similar underground structures, but they were not so well preserved. Our course grew very steep — the ancients never minded a sharp climb — and very winding, and suddenly we stood before the far-famed Lion Gate. Everybody knows that it is surmounted by two lions, whose elevated forepaws rest on the pedestal of a column. The lions are now headless, but their forms are full of vigor, and they are doubly impressive when we reflect that they have no counterpart in European architecture. Their affinities are all eastern, and so they are a finger post pointing to the Asiatic origin of the family of Agamemnon.

We passed beneath them, through the massive gateway where so many long gone generations had trodden before us, and turned to the right, and a few steps brought us to the ancient agora, a public place of Mycenae. It was in old time surrounded by two concentric circles of stone slabs, that sloped a little backward from the centre toward the ground, for the convenience of the feet of their occupants. Most of these slabs were still in position, and several of the horizontal stone slabs that formed the seats were where they had been fastened with stone tenons and sockets three thousand years ago. The heroes of old sat on these very seats and deliberated upon those great plans whose fame Homer embalmed. I passed within



One of the Golden Portrait Masks of the Dead.

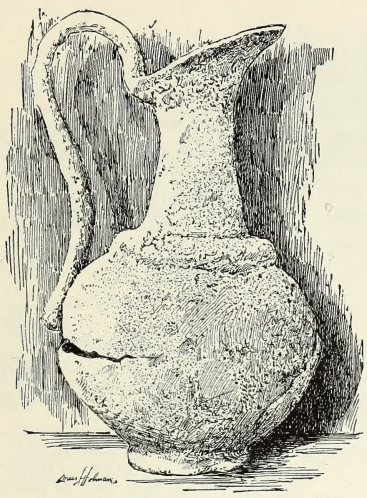


Postern Gate.

the circle and looked down into the pits that had not yet been filled, where Dr. Schliemann had made his wonderful discoveries some twelve years before. Seventeen centuries ago Pausauias wrote that after Agamemnon and his comrades had been murdered by his faithless queen and her paramour, they were buried within the walls. Faith in that record brought Dr. Schliemann to Mycenae. He dug down some twelve feet and came upon strange sculptured tombstones. Under these, cut into the rock some thirteen feet more, he found the tombs, five in number. Toward the bottom of them was a layer of pebbles; underneath the pebbles were the remains of sixteen or seventeen bodies partially burned, and surrounded with the marvellous treasures that now enrich the museum; and under all was another layer of pebbles. Classical scholars generally think it possible that these are indeed the graves of mighty Agamemnon and his ill-fated company; certainly, they belong to the heroic age. Thus these magnificent discoveries illustrate the rich rewards that wait on faith, in temporal as well as spiritual affairs. Dr. Schliemann found an altar over one of the tombs; hence he infers that the Mycenian fathers used not only to take counsel for the common weal, but also to worship, in the spectral presence of the great Agamemnon and his heroes. The Archæological Society of Athens opened a sixth tomb outside the agora, and since I was there other and still more ancient tombs have been opened on the hill slope; but I do not speak of what I did not see, although I supplement my own observations at every point from Dr. Schliemann's splendid volumes.

South of the agora lay the uncovered substructions of what is supposed to have been the palace, while eastward, terrace above terrace, rose the citadel that looks off still to the east up a deep ravine between twin towering mountains, one of which is 2,460 feet high.

I left reluctantly this wonderful circle, with its open tombs and thrilling memories, and climbed the steep side of the citadel summit, halting on the way to bend over the massive wall and look at the little postern gate. The summit afforded a sublime panorama of snow-capped mountains around, and of the



Silver Flagon.

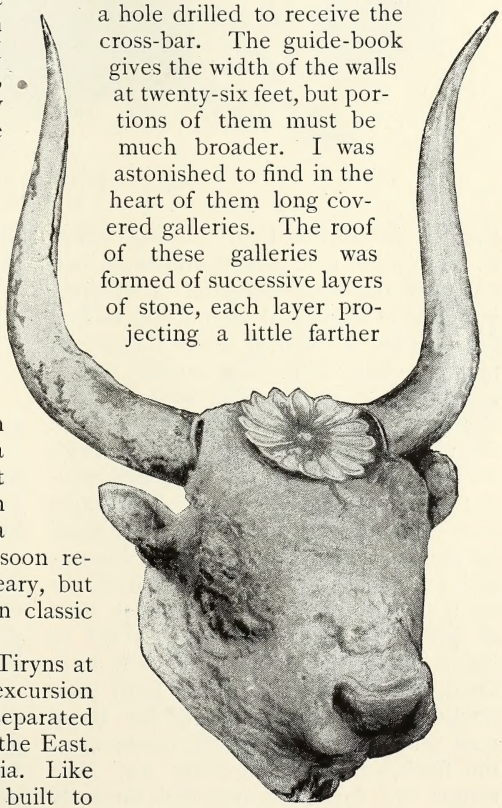
plain at their feet; here green with the olive and there yellow with ripe grain, while southward lay the deep blue sea with fair Nauplia resting like a gem on her bosom. Thence my guide and I hurried down and back to Chavatri, where I bade him good-by. It was now twilight, and the little paths through the fields were lined far and near with homeward hieing flocks, whose tinkling bells made the air melodious. I picked my way amid the deepening shadows, along pleasant footpaths, now under venerable olive trees, and now through ripe fields of grain, to the station. I took the train at 8 : 16, and at 9 : 20 I reached Nauplia, where I found my young English friends and a son of the landlord waiting for me in the station. They piloted me across a narrow isthmus and through a quaint old gate into the most picturesque town of Greece, and along its streets to a comfortable inn, where a hot dinner soon received ample justice, and I retired weary, but thankful, for this long red-letter day in classic and prehistoric Greece.

I was up and away on the train for Tiryns at six the next morning. During this excursion into Argolis, I was, for the first time separated from my travelling companion through the East. Tiryns lies two miles inland from Nauplia. Like Mycenae, it was a Homeric citadel, built to command the approach by sea, as Mycenae was to stand guard before the mountain passes. It is on an isolated hill that rises sharply from the plain some eighty feet. At the base I found a guide in the keeper of a little wine shop. The hill has three elevations. The common people dwelt on the first. This was but scantily fortified, for the heroic age deemed "the common herd"

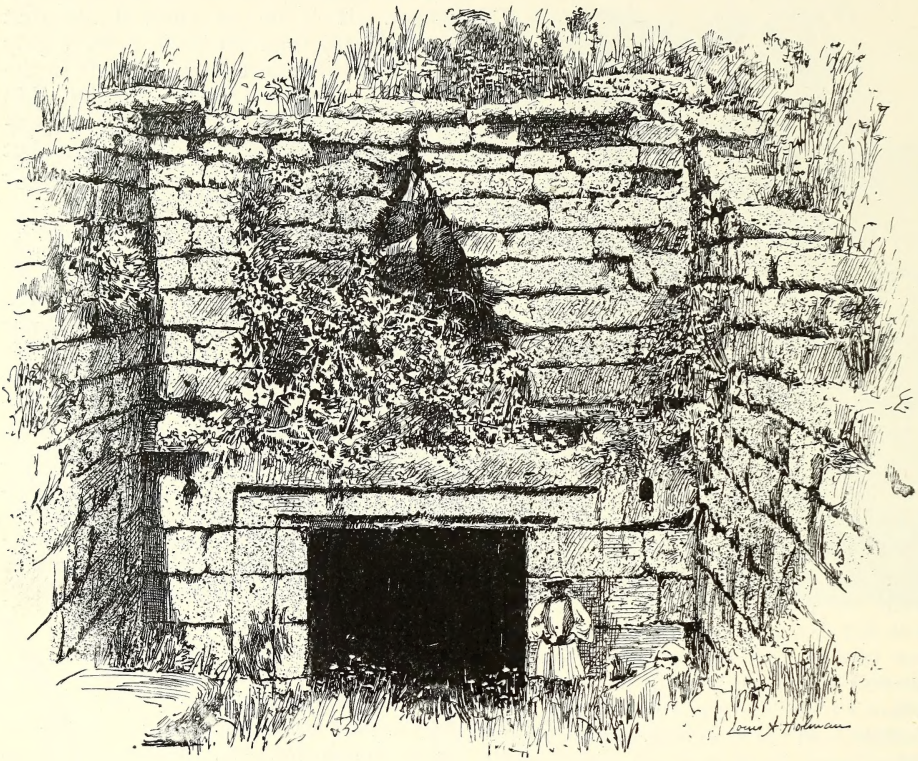
> "Good for naught,
> Of small account in council or in fight."

The second terrace was occupied by the retainers of the prince, and the summit was completely covered with the palace. This was surrounded with those famous walls that Pausanias thought as wonderful as the pyramids, and of whose great unhewn stones he said that two mules could not stir one. The original height is estimated at sixty-five feet.

We entered on the east side by a massive gateway with a high tower, and I marked in the stone doorpost a hole drilled to receive the cross-bar. The guide-book gives the width of the walls at twenty-six feet, but portions of them must be much broader. I was astonished to find in the heart of them long covered galleries. The roof of these galleries was formed of successive layers of stone, each layer projecting a little farther



Here Cow's Face of Silver with Horns of Gold.



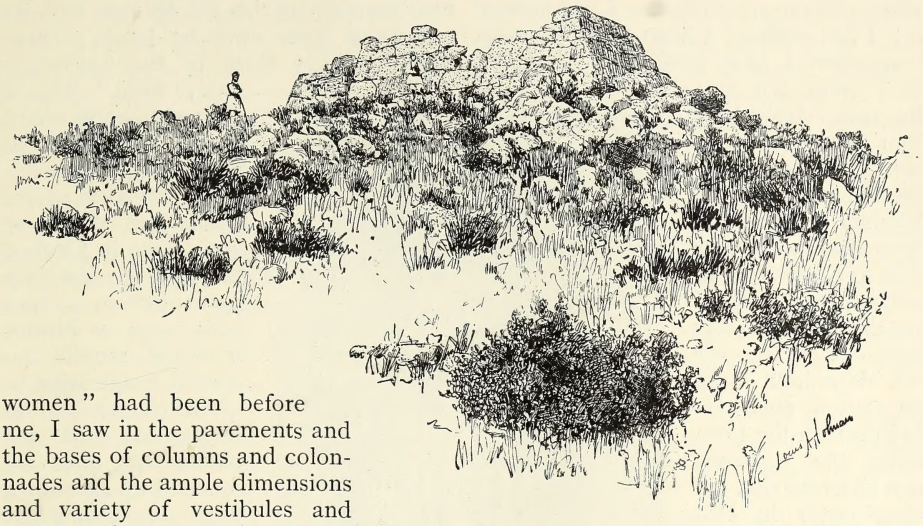
The Tomb of Agamemnon, or Treasury of Atreus.

toward the centre than the one below it. From the east gallery, arches opened out over the high rampart. I stepped into one of these old arches and looked forth upon a view of quiet beauty in marked contrast to the warlike associations of the place. The same charming valley on which I had looked down from Mycenae lay beneath me, with its softly tinted olive orchards and waving fields of yellow grain. The same snow-tipped classic mountains kept guard in the distance, and southward Nauplia still lay in beauty on the bosom of the sea; but it was now "the sweet hour of prime," and the water sparkled in the early sunlight, and the roads were lined with peasants leading forth their flocks, and the little bells of the sheep now sent forth their gentle music upon the fresh and dewy morning air. The sunset view from Mycenae and the early morning view from Tiryns made companion pictures for memory to cherish just as the two citadels are twins.

> How lovely, ...
> Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou?
> Thy vales of evergreen and hills of snow
> Proclaim thee nature's varied favorite now."

I stepped back and walked along the gallery, and down and up ancient stone stairways all in the heart of the walls, and into curious underground chambers that for centuries have known no more warlike use than to fold the peaceful flocks.

I came up and back to the light of day and entered the palace ruins. As Mycenae gives us Homeric tombs, so Tiryns gives us the ground plan of a Homeric palace; the latter, the abode of the living, as the former the narrow house of the dead. The palace covered an area some five hundred feet by three hundred. As I crossed threshold after threshold and went from one apartment to another where Homer's heroes and "fair-haired

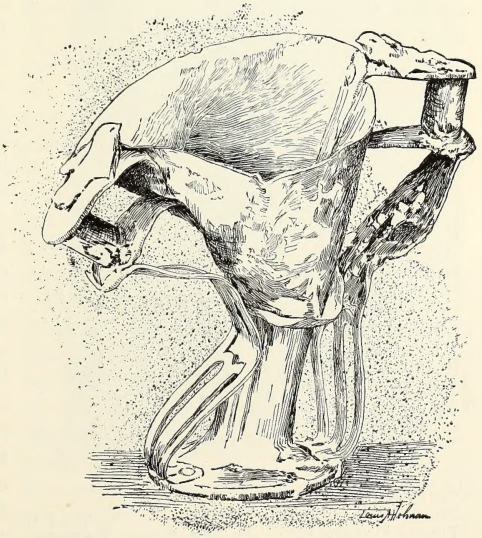


A Fragment of the Citadel of Argos.

women" had been before me, I saw in the pavements and the bases of columns and colonnades and the ample dimensions and variety of vestibules and courts and rooms, evidences of wealth and civilization that matched the revelations of the tombs and united with them to prove Homer's stories of the rude magnificence of the heroic age to be fact as well as poetry. The great central court was sixty-six feet long by fifty-one broad. In a conspicuous position in that court I noticed a large hole. That cavity in the ground pleads with a mute eloquence for what in our clearer light ought to be the centre of home life — for over it stood the family altar. The bathroom was interesting. Its floor was one great limestone slab, some thirteen feet by ten, and there was found upon it a fragment of the bath-tub of terra cotta, such it may be as "the housewife of the palace" called Ulysses to, where . . . "he saw gladly the steaming laver."

The same archæological genius that found Mycenae's tombs, laid bare Tiryns' palace eight years later, that is in 1884. While he was working here, the enthusiastic doctor used to rise at a quarter of four, take a plunge from a boat into the open sea, and then fortify himself against malaria with four grains of quinine. His meat was Chicago corned beef.

I came with reluctant haste down the hill, and took a return train to Nauplia in season to catch the eight o'clock train for Corinth. Argos, with its lofty citadel, is five miles from Nauplia on the way. It is one of the very oldest towns in Greece, older probably than Mycenae and Tiryns, although in the days of which Homer sings it had been made subject to "wide-ruling Agamemnon." In all ages there has been a town here. To-day it contains nearly ten thousand people. Ever since, on the afternoon before, I came within sight of a spot so familiar to every



The Cup of Nestor.

reader of Homer, as often as I had looked at it I had suffered a heart-pang, because I supposed I must pass it by unvisited, for I must not miss the next day's boat from Patros to Brindisi. But on reaching the town I was delighted to hear that there was another train to Corinth, three hours later; so I snatched my light luggage out of the car and deposited it in the station, and hurried through the town under the guidance of a letter-carrier. A letter-carrier in Homeric Argos! But no doubt his services are as convenient there as in any Guthrie on our western frontier. He carried his little packages in the multitudinous folds of a leathern pocket or wallet in front of his girdle. This wallet forms a unique and important part of Greek dress.



A Greek Peasant Girl.



An Argos Letter Carrier.

Immediately back of the town, I came upon the steep citadel hill. On its side near the foot lay the old theatre, with its rock-hewn seats worn by many generations, and yet more by the "noiseless foot of time." This is the very theatre where Horace makes his lone visitor applaud wonderful tragedies, whose actors and audiences were, even in his day, things of the shadowy past; but in a spot with such a history it would require no special imagination to catch echoes of the eloquence and applause that once resounded up and down these long-time silent and empty spaces.

Farther up I passed a family group of nine, six of them women and children, all busy reaping the golden grain. A hot and rapid climb brought me at length within the citadel. Here and there about me were yawning openings into great cisterns that of old slaked the thirst of the garrison. I had become familiar with such mouths of cisterns on many a fortified mountain-top farther east. They are fearful pitfalls for the unwary foot. Before me rose walls within walls, higher and higher, until they crowned the very summit. Their courses of great polygonal stones were still beautiful. The picture shows their structure, but being only an isolated fragment it cannot give a due impression of their great extent and symmetry. Homer calls this citadel of Argos, Larissa. With Mycenae and Tiryns, it makes an incomparable triad in heroic song. I climbed to the highest point on the walls, and looked down an almost sheer perpendicular upon Argos, nine hundred and sixty feet below; and then took one more good view of the classic plain, with the white lines running hither and thither that marked its highways, and of the engirdling mountains and the sea. But my three hours were fast flying, and after all too brief a pause to take breath and call back to fancy the strange life

that had once filled this quiet height, instead of retracing my way along the more gentle southern slope, I saved time by plunging down the crumbling sliding stones of its steep face, and reached the station just as my train came rushing in.

It is interesting, coming out of the world of Greek antiquity, to note the Greeks of to-day, as one meets them on the train or the steamer, in city street or along country road. The white kilt of this one — the first shown in our pictures — takes thirty yards of cloth for its many folds; the sweet face of this peasant girl explains the fascination of Byron; and the wallet attached to the girdle of the third illustrates the Argos letter-carrier's receptacle for his letters, while the long musket suggests the warlike spirit that "beats with the blood" of every Greek, but one must see the bright and varied colors of these costumes to appreciate their picturesque effect, especially in the case of the men. It has been the fashion to disparage the character of the modern Greek. I am the more glad to bear my testimony to his manly bearing, his merry, kindly disposition, his quick wit, and passionate pride in his country's matchless history.

The afternoon after the night in Corinth, I was aboard a snug and swift little Greek steamer bound from Patros direct to Brindisi. It was a painful thought that I was leaving that dear land of art, and song, and literature, if indeed a glad thought that I was homeward bound. The setting sun glorified our farewell to Greece. As we threaded our way amongst the islands, it went down into the western waters, flinging back over sea and island and sky, floods of splendors.

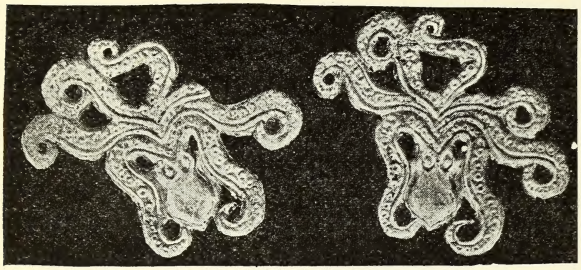
We had the variety of passengers usual on the Mediterranean. One of them awakened my curiosity. He was a short man, slightly round-shouldered, dark complexioned, with large, keen black eyes, and a black moustache, clipped short. He kept his hands in the pockets of his sack coat, and a cigar in his mouth. He wore black-bowed spectacles, a checked flannel shirt, and a black necktie. He was an unpretending man, quick motioned, and very social. The wonder was that he seemed to chat with people of many nationalities with equal ease. Once the theme of his conversation fell on my ear, and it was mining in the United States. Who was he? An operator in mining stocks? Hardly. A clergyman? Still less. A merchant? Not quite. A schoolmaster abroad? This, on the whole, seemed the most probable. The truth was, as I soon found, he was Dr. Heinrich Schliemann.

Schliemann's autobiography prefixed to his *Ilios* is as romantic as a story from his own beloved Homer.

Born in a humble German parsonage, all the world knows how his lifelong passion was enkindled at the age of eight by looking at the picture of Troy in flames. Now a grocer's apprentice, now a shipwrecked sailor, and yet again on the point of starvation in a strange city, what likelihood was there that he would ever realize his dream?

But while living on a breakfast of rye meal mush and cold water, and a three-cent dinner, he mastered one language after another, and came to be able to acquire a new language in six weeks. In 1863, at the age of forty-one, this child of poverty and hardship retired from business with an independent fortune, to win his immortal laurels at Troy and Mycenae. Such is the barest outline of Dr. Schliemann's marvellous career. That conversation which fell upon my ear touching American mines, suggests the strange combination in the man of practical and archæological genius. I ventured to introduce myself to him, and found him most cordial. As we sped by island after island famed in myth and legend, he showed the historic bases for these fair stories of the old world. He seemed a living encyclopædia of Greek literature; but the next day as we neared Brindisi, and the two pillars set up by the Romans to mark the eastern terminus of the Appian Way came into view, and Horace's humorous description of his discomfort on the journey from Rome to this port was mentioned, the doctor did not seem equally at home, or else was not equally interested. What wonder? He had given his whole heart and soul

and mind and strength to the heroic age of Greece, and no man can serve two masters.



Gold Cuttle Fish.

My last glimpse of Dr. Schliemann is very pleasant to recall. It was on the warm afternoon of that day in Brindisi, where a Sunday quiet broods all the week, and he sat under an arbor in the garden attached to the railway station, reading a pocket edition of something — perhaps the *Iliad or Odyssey*.

After my return to America, he kindly sent me the photograph reproduced with this article, with his autograph dated Dec. 24, 1889. I had thought upon the steamer that he did not look strong, hardly capable of repeating such arduous labors as those at Tiryns, but I did not imagine that his remaining days were to be so few.

All lovers of the old Greek life, the world over, will cherish his memory for, what Mr. Gladstone well terms, "his splendid services to classical science;" and we Americans have also a patriotic pride in his laurels, for it chanced that when California was admitted to the Union in 1850, this much-wandering modern Ulysses and admirer of the old was there, and so became a citizen of the republic; and the only title of honor that he affixes to his name in his noble work on Mycenae is "Citizen of the United States of America."



The Field of Schliemann's Discoveries in Greece.

ON FRAMING AND HANGING PICTURES.

By Samuel L. Gerry.

IN looking at a natural scene it is possible to embrace in our view half the circle in which we stand as a centre, without turning the head, though either extreme side is but faintly apparent as one looks directly forward; so that, as in a vignette, there is a fading of forms toward the margins. Hence, vignettes are often more effective than pictures detailed to the corners, and by the blank spaces left toward the margins obviate the necessity of framing to some extent. But frames do give a border, which not only is decorative but seems to shut out all surrounding objects, thus shutting us into the scene.

The art requisite in framing pictures is often almost as important as the skill in painting them, as many a work is robbed of the artist's intention by the style of frame. Some kind of edge is needed, and even a narrow strip is better than nothing — the object being to confine the eye within the margin.

It is the prevailing fashion to surround with gold, and this is the generally approved way. When this is without ornament next the picture, a blank or flat strip, there is a repose about it that by contrast assists the mind in concentration and enhances the effect, besides giving value to detail, execution, sentiment, or the motive of the work; when, on the other hand, glittering forms, scrolls, beads, or ornament of any kind tends to distraction. If ornament there must be, it should be kept from nearness to the picture. Many members or sections of a frame are also objectionable, and when loaded with ornament the frame becomes redundant; by an artistic frame maker it is termed "too busy." This in distinction from simplicity or quiet.

Many a picture is ruined by a very handsome frame, or improved by a plain one. Not that a rich frame is objectionable, any more than is the rich fabric of a Quakeress's dress, but it should be unobtrusive, not gaudy. We have seen such overpowering frames that the picture seemed subordinate, as some portraits are so filled with bric-a-brac in the background that the head is nearly lost.

A strip of burnish in a moulding or a black line is sometimes well employed in giving transparency to the shadows where they tend to blackness. Natural woods are suitable for water colors or pictures in black and white, but never for an oil painting. Sometimes light-colored bronzes are well; but all black frames are ugly. Neutral colors in marginal mats are often well for all sorts and branches of art, and quite as appropriate for some oil paintings as gold, though not generally so considered. Even white margins suit some oil colors as well as they do engravings. When the purpose is to show a work of art, and indeed to show a frame, the tinting of the walls should generally be some neutral tint, and dark enough to make gold frames appear as a light-colored object. The lights in the picture are thus made effective by having no rival surroundings, as light ornament in the paper or paint.

In hanging pictures, it is well to have the horizon of the work opposite the eye of a person standing; or if opposite a window to put the rings in the back of the frame half way down, so that the frame will pitch forward; otherwise, the gloss on the painting will prevent its being seen at all. By side light the frame should pitch but little or none, unless hung high.

Doubtless all pictures appear to their best advantage if hung in the light in which they were painted, but they rarely get such advantage, some being done under a sky light, and others by left hand side light. Water-colors done on roughest paper require a side light, as a half shadow comes from the texture. To be convinced of this, try one opposite a light and then by the side light of parlors or small rooms. It is well to experiment in the hanging, as all works are depen-

dent for effect upon their place and surroundings.

A deep frame helps the perspective in a picture, but should not be hung in side light lest it cast a shadow on it. In gallery hanging one may have respect to the architecture, and place pictures symmetrically, or group tones and colors, or have a care that what are known as foxy tones of color are not placed beside works of decidedly cool and delicate gray tones. Harmonies of color are to be studied in arranging places.

It was the fashion to suspend the frame by a colored cord, and a quite brilliant one often; but now a better taste uses fine metallic wire, which is scarcely seen and thereby does not draw the eye from the picture, besides being safe from moths or decay of fabric. Many a frame has been ruined by a tumble from the parting of a suspender, and the painting also damaged — to say nothing of the fright occasioned by the fall, by day or night.

Generally, pictures are hung too high; by being lower down they get a better light by day. Dark pictures should have the highest place.

Deep frames assist in giving the illusion of perspective, and are often much needed.

Flat panels may be employed in paintings of near objects. Glass over oil paintings is prohibited in some public exhibitions, and is in no case desirable, as it is almost impossible to see the work except from a particular angle, reflections in the glass obscuring. That a picture might possibly last longer may be argued; but it takes hundreds of years for the tools of time to destroy oils without any protection, and a glass does not prevent chemical changes incident to canvases and pigments. That many of Turner's paintings have changed ruinously is owing to his unfortunate experiments with fugitive mediums.

American frames, as a rule, when the ornaments are constructed with compositions of whiting and glue, eventually chip off or fall to pieces, but last very much longer than imported ones, which are sure to be wrecked by steam or furnace heat; otherwise, more would be imported, for the cost, including thirty per cent duties, boxing, freight, etc., is thirty-three per cent less than the dealer's price here. Yet gold is worth as much in Paris as it is in Boston. Gold will still be used, for silver and bronzes tarnish, and nothing else corresponds to the rich decorations of drawing-rooms, even among the middle classes of our cities. With ordinary care, gold will wear for many years and retain its rich tone, while yet deepening in color quite advantageously to the painting.

But as to the cracking and peeling of ornamental gold frames, though very provoking, there is absolutely no known remedy. Perhaps if great care is taken in seasoning the wood, in preparation of the other materials, and in handling, they may last many years intact. Of this one thing, however, be quite sure, they will be almost certain to part in the corners. Metallic corners have been tried and found wanting, as also rubber and other preparation of similar material.

The object of the framer is to show his frame, and of the painter to hide it until his own work is first observed. It sometimes happens that the painting is so eclipsed by its brilliant setting that the first remark is mortifying to the artist. "What a splendid frame!" and in order to neutralize the mechanic's work, it becomes necessary sometimes to almost repaint the picture, either with more color or force of chiaroscuro.

When St. Paul wrote, "There is one glory of the sun; another, of the moon; and another, of the stars,— he recognized what artists term values. This prolonged fight between paintings and frames should cease. Clothes never should hide the figure, but be adjusted to bring out in the human form God's *chef 'd œuvre*.

It is manifest that however well a work may be executed, and as appropriately framed, the skill of the artist may be defeated by darkened rooms; and this is very often the case. The work is the same as buried unless it can be lighted. The draperied windows, sometimes two or three thicknesses of fabric, make twilight; and oil paintings especially must indeed be mostly light, with strong contrast of shadows, if they show at all.

THE TOP DRAWER IN THE HIGH CHEST.

By Alice Morse Earle.

IN the quiet New England seaport town in which I lived when I was a little child, there were many households that contained no young people or children. The sons, when grown, had gone out into the world, and made their homes in larger and more living towns, where they could find active business and trade; and the daughters had married and gone, too, with their trade-loving husbands. In many homes there had been no sons and daughters to go away, and indeed no married people; and surely there never was a town where so many families had no male members; never were elsewhere so many elderly widows, so many old maids, who lived alone.

Perhaps the reason why my sister Anna and I were always so welcome at these lonely houses was because there were so few children ever to come to them; and this is the reason, too, why all my happy early recollections are of elderly people and never of childish companions.

There were a few other children in the town, however, who visited and were welcome in all these homes of old people, except in one, that of my "second-cousin Eliza." In looking back and pondering over the cause of her specially sad and child-forsaken life, I can find no reason to account for it but one. She had neither poverty nor riches — either of which conditions might have isolated her. She was not cross or disagreeable, though sometimes a trifle bitter in speech, but with a subtle sarcasm that was far beyond the comprehension or annoyance of children.

Nor was she ill-looking, which might have frightened young visitors. Yet all the children in the town, except my sister and myself, shunned her door. I think now that it must have been from a half fright at the manner in which she lived; for though she owned and nominally occupied the whole house, she really lived upstairs, and the whole lower floor was kept unfurnished, unvisited, and with locked doors.

The time had been when every room in the house had been occupied; when cousin Eliza with her brothers and sisters had all been young together, and the great parlors and greater kitchen had been cheerful with their young voices. But one by one, all had gone; and when "Captain Eb," the last brother, a gruff, taciturn sea-captain, had died, and cousin Eliza had been left alone, she had quietly packed up and sent away the furniture which had been inherited by other heirs, grand-nieces and nephews, who lived far away; had moved all her belongings up the winding stairs to the second story of the house; had locked the front door and all the doors leading to rooms on the ground-floor; and from thenceforth lived only in the upper stories of the house, and reached the outside world only by the narrow staircase and "entries," leading to the side door. She had consulted no one in this strange removal, but had calmly and firmly established herself on her higher plane of existence before her friends and neighbors had even guessed her intentions.

I know not what series of thoughts or events led to this strange determination to abandon the better and more comfortable portion of the house; perhaps a wish to avoid the ghosts of old memories, and to change entirely the appearance of her daily life in the deserted lonesome home; perhaps an idea of economy in expense; or possibly a dread of thieves and marauders, though that horror of country householders, the modern "tramp," had not then been fully evolved; nor, luckily for her further peace of mind, had been conceived that city child of Satan, the "second-story-thief."

One unfortunate result had this singular isolation of herself in the upper stories; it gave an unusual and somewhat uncanny appearance to the old mansion, which

finally ended in the owner, too, being regarded as "queer" by the grown people (and doubtless she was queer), and as an object of inquisitive aversion by the children, who whispered when they saw her, "She lives in the haunted house."

But, of course, we knew better than to be afraid of her; for was she not our grandfather's cousin, and thus our own near relative; and the prospect of no visit was hailed with more eagerness than of one to Cousin Eliza.

We usually went to her house in the afternoon. We went to Mrs. Captain Slocomb's house, and to Miss Mary Ellen Green's house in the morning — Saturday morning — because they always baked sponge-cake, or diet bread and cookies on Saturday morning; and I fear we were two very greedy girls. But more æsthetic pleasures drew us to our cousin's home; a sincere affection for her, and because she let us look at the treasures stored away in her old high chest of drawers.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we walked up the front path, between the two high rows of carefully trimmed box, looking eagerly up at the windows of the old high-shouldered, gambrel-roofed house. We then turned and went around past the great bushes of fragrant southernwood to the side-door, where we each stood up on tip-toe and knocked loud and long, with the brass trunk of the great iron elephant's head, which formed the knocker. This was Pleasure Number One, because the elephant's head knocker was the biggest and noisiest (if well pounded) in town. Sarah, the "help," soon opened the door for us, with a smile on her wrinkled face, and always said in welcome, "I made sure it was Missy and her sister." I used to wonder how she knew who were at the door, not thinking that any grown person would hardly give such an irregular and long succession of knocks at that lonely door.

We then walked upstairs, stepping very hard on the fourth step from the top, because it "creaked so loud." Sarah locked the door at the head of the stairs, and announced us to our cousin, who at that hour was usually in her bedroom. We always then received the same message to "go into the front parlor and look at the two books in the lower right-hand corner of the bookcase." This was Pleasure Number Two, for the two books were two bound volumes of the "Ladies Repository," and well do I remember the delightful mincing, smirking, wasp-waisted fashion plates within. Long before we had finished the examination of these "glasses of fashion," our cousin appeared, and we gravely shook hands with her. I fancy she did not think it dignified to exchange frequent kisses, for I never remember her kissing us but once — when we had recently recovered from a severe attack of scarlet fever. One other time, however, in my boisterous exuberance of delight at the pleasures we had received during our visit, I threw my arms violently around her neck and kissed her; she then very gently kissed me in return, and I think was not deeply displeased at my demonstrative affection.

Cousin Eliza at once seated herself by one of those old-fashioned Chinese lacquered "work-tables" which New England sea-captains brought home in such numbers to their wives and daughters, fifty and seventy-five years ago, and which, so far as I have seen, were never used by the recipients, but were always kept in a state of ornamental desuetude.

She did not seat herself by this work-table to sew, but to show us its contents, while we stood crowding close by her side. Great numbers of little ivory reels for silks and cottons were within, ivory thimbles and "stilettoes," tiny scissors, ivory netting needles, and three or four strange sewing implements called "birds," that were intended to hold fast one end of any small piece of sewing — such as a ruffle — but whose soft ivory beaks refused to hold anything, even when screwed down very hard.

And underneath the table was a great square crimson silk-fringed bag, in which were short pieces of old-fashioned vari-colored and vari-figured ribbons, and from which we were allowed at each visit to choose two pieces. Our first favorite in this piece-bag was a "chinée" ribbon, pale shimmering apple-green in color, and it was brocaded with indefinite faded pink roses and golden-brown bow-knots, all of a faint uncertain outline, like our

modern "shadow silks." There were many short loops and ends, as well as long streamers and tying-strings of this ribbon; for it had formed the trimming of two Dunstable bonnets, which had been brought from London years ago for cousin Eliza and her sister, and which must have been, I felt sure, the very handsomest bonnets in the world. As long as this ribbon lasted we each chose a piece at every visit, and we hoarded these scraps with the secret and delightful intention of having our next summer leghorn hats trimmed with them. Well do I remember my sister's bitter weeping when this cherished project was firmly vetoed.

When this third source of pleasure was exhausted, we were each given a glass of barberry-water to drink, and three seed cakes to eat. These cakes were leaf-shaped and full of carraway seeds. We ate them very slowly, biting off the stem of the leaf and the serrated edges first. Then we were always given, to place with our ribbon-pieces, a string of rock-candy. This we could not eat until after our return home, in order, I suppose, that our legal guardians might bear the responsibility, in case it made us ill.

Then came the culminating delight of the day, when cousin Eliza consented to show us the contents of the top drawer of her high chest. She always arose when we asked to see this treasure-box, placed a little black crepe shawl on her shoulders, as the atmosphere of the halls was cooler than that of the parlor, walked to her writing-desk, and took out a little old-fashioned reticule, which contained scores of keys. In the mean time we had each picked up from the corner of the room a little "cricket," a low footstool covered with old-fashioned cross-stitch embroidery, and with these low stools in our hands we followed our cousin through the narrow "entries," to a rather distant room in an ell. This chamber she always called "my room," and we were rather puzzled at this designation, since she neither slept nor sat in it, until we knew that this was the room which had been her's when she was a young girl, and when every room in the house was full of occupants. It was carpetless and rather bare of furniture, and contained a cherry-wood four-post bedstead, without tester, valance, or curtains, which had a clean linen sheet spread over it, and which was never "made up."

As this room was near the apartment which had been transformed into a kitchen when our cousin had locked forever the doors of the great kitchen on the ground floor of the house, an overflow of non-perishable eatables from the pantry was often found in it. There were always rows of blue and white ginger-jars upon the floor near the eaves, and often greenish-glass bottles of pickled limes, and one great red earthenware jar with a cover of black lacquered wood, with a silver knob; which jar tradition said had been brought from China full of rice — and which, wonderful to tell, still contained rice — perhaps part of the original travelled contents. In my recollection that jar was four feet high — but judging from the cooler light of various disappointing shrinkages in size which I have witnessed in well-remembered articles, which I have remeasured in maturer years, it was probably about eighteen inches in height. Why any one should have brought such a great vessel full of rice to this rice-producing country is difficult to understand, but so tradition stated.

The large "forty-legged table" in the centre of the room was also frequently spread with great sheets of paper, upon which were scattered at different eras during the summer, drying, huckleberries, slices of apple, withering scarlet peppers, bunches of sage, summer-savory and sweet marjoram, brown and wrinkled rose-leaves for pot-pourri, and the pale green stars of thin-sliced okra. To the scent of these various herbs and fruits was added the perfume of the little tarletan bags of whole cloves, which were kept as a moth-preventive in every drawer of the high chest, which stood in the room; these faint fragrances formed altogether an indescribable odor, which the scent of cloves to this day always recalls to me, though it does not fully represent.

These drying fruits and herbs were of course exposed in the full sunlight, but we sometimes found the room quite dark, with its shutters tightly closed. My

cousin then opened one shutter, and a strong ray of afternoon sunlight entered the room. She at once seated herself in a great high-backed arm-chair, whose projecting sides extended to the very top in great curving ears, which formed a complete protection against draughts. It was covered with a faded chintz, stamped with tropical foliage and birds of paradise. These great chairs were found in nearly every house in town, and were known as "Washington chairs," but were seldom much used except by aged persons and invalids. We placed two smaller straight-backed chairs in front of our cousin, with the narrow flagged seats facing each other, and then called to Sarah, who entered, climbed upon a chair, unlocked the top drawer of the high chest, drew it out, and placed it on the two chairs in front of Cousin Eliza.

This high chest of drawers, which contained so many objects of interest, was one of those old-fashioned many-drawered *chiffonières*, which stood up on its bowed legs, high from the floor, in the tidy, dust-exposing fashion of the furniture of our ancestors. It may have been of maple, or of cherry, or even mahogany, but it was painted, brass handles, scutcheons and all, a light gray. The top drawer was very deep, and when in its place was so high up, so near the ceiling, so difficult to reach, that it had doubtless been used by Cousin Eliza, from her earliest childhood, as a receptacle for any article which needed to be safely stored away and seldom looked at.

We placed our little footstools on the floor on the opposite side of the drawer, seated ourselves side by side upon them in front of our cousin, and the real pleasure of the day began.

The two articles first lifted out and unwrapped (for the fact that everything in the drawer was wrapped in tinted tissue-paper added much to our interest) were two small red and gilt books, which had been "Given to Eliza Story as a Reward for Decorous Behavior." These were illustrated with a few mean little woodcuts of wooden-looking, large-headed boys, with satchels of books in their hands, and simpering girls, in poke-bonnets, flounced frocks and fringed spencers, who all looked so uninteresting that we never asked to read the explanatory text which accompanied the woodcuts. The names of these two prig-adorned books were: "The Sugar Plum, or Sweet Amusement for Leisure Hours," and "The Juvenile Biographer, Containing the Lives of Little Masters and Misses." By the side of these books lay something which bore the outward semblance of a book, but was not a book; it was an arrangement to give the key to the choir — to use instead of a tuning-fork. You could blow into a little hole at one end and it gave forth a clear woody note. It bore on the outside, in ostentatious gilt lettering, the words, "Holy Bible," a pious and unnecessary piece of fraudulent deception on the part of one of our honest forefathers.

The next article, which was slowly unfolded, was a scarlet broadcloth pouch, embroidered with tiny gay-colored beads, which was doubtless the work of some Indian squaw, and which tradition said had been purchased at Niagara. It was viewed by us with the greatest interest, as the only visible evidence we had ever seen of any deed of violence, — for it had borne a prominent part in the only thieving exploit of which we had known or the perpetrator of which we had seen. During Captain Eb's last sickness a nurse had been hired to share the great labor and care. She was a widow with one child, a boy, fourteen years of age, and Cousin Eliza kindly invited him to come to her house to visit his mother for a fortnight. He was a mild-looking boy, very fond of reading, but willing enough to help by "running errands," "doing chores," etc. One morning the great silver watch was missing from the light-stand by Captain Eb's bedside, and an excited search was made for it over the entire house. The excitement turned to horrified suspicion, however, when, the following morning, Cousin Eliza's hair-brooch (which she had worn every day for twenty years) was also missing. The crying nurse, at the discovery of that senseless and sure-to-be-discovered theft, immediately pounced upon and searched her mild offspring, and found around Benjamin Franklin Gladding's neck the

Indian beadwork pouch literally full of the "Story Jewels." Old hair bracelets, with amethyst and cameo clasps, three pairs of little gold chains, which had been used to loop the sleeves of baby-dresses, old seals and lockets and fob-slides, gold crosses and mourning rings, in fact every article of jewelry in the whole house, including many that Cousin Eliza had almost forgotten that she possessed. He had stolen the keys from her reticule and literally "gone through" the house, and the old pouch in the top drawer had struck his fancy as a fine, gay-colored storage receptacle for this booty. As he had taken no money or silver, it is probable that he was rather a mild lunatic than a vicious thief; but had he been all the burglars in Sing-Sing rolled into one superlative ruffian, we could not have regarded him or his memory with more horror; nor could the most elaborate kit of burglars' tools have been to us so eloquent a symbol of consummate wickedness as this gay scarlet pouch.

A box which contained a great number of silhouettes was lingered over long — for we never tired of looking at them and hearing the simple stories of the lives of our ancestors, stories too long to repeat, and too commonplace, to be of general interest, but very sweet to us, as we heard them from our cousin's lips.

In the very back part of the drawer lay a well-bound, quite new looking book, which had, nevertheless, been printed in 1797. It was Morse's "Gazetteer," and bore on the fly leaf a book-plate with the name of John Chadwick, and underneath, in a handwriting as fine and clear as John Hancock's, this inscription, "John Chadwick His Book-America-1790"; and in a different colored ink, "To Miss Eliza Ann Story, 1808."

Wrapped with this book was a miniature, not a very fine one, for it was painted on rice-paper only, and was framed rather poorly in a little black oval frame, which might have been removed from an old silhouette. We were sure, though no one told us so, that cousin Eliza had painted this portrait herself, for we had seen a portfolio of pale, carefully shaded flower-paintings downstairs, which we knew she had achieved in her youth; and we were equally sure that it was a likeness of John Chadwick. Around this portrait and around the unromantic "Gazetteer" centred the romance of the top drawer — if romance it had — for we were certain that John Chadwick had been cousin Eliza's lover, and we saw no incongruity whatever in the sober "Gazetteer" as a love-token.

This romance was rather difficult to construct with perfection of detail, for when we asked our grandfather to tell us about John Chadwick, we were informed that he was an Englishman, who came to America in 1790, and, becoming acquainted with George Washington, was immediately so enamoured of the father of his country, as well as of the country itself, that he returned to England, ended his affairs there, and brought back his wife and children to reside in Boston. That English wife was somewhat of a damper upon our finely constructed though vague romance, for of course our childish brains could not fathom the thought that any girl could have been in love with a married man; but romance we surely knew had in some way existed, though we could not explain it.

In point of fact we discovered at a later date that the romance-destroying wife had died shortly after her arrival in her new home; and if our cousin had ever felt any sentimental interest in the self-exiled Englishman, it had been during his period of elderly widowerhood. He was not perhaps very interesting looking; round blue eyes, a red face, a minute mouth, and a high-collared blue coat, with brass buttons, forming the high points of the portrait; but the suggestion of sentiment made him wholly lovely. Nor was the token of his affection very beautiful or romantic either; but in those days lover's gifts were often of a serious and sober kind, and the tedious "Gazetteer" may have had a tender significance, which only the widower and cousin Eliza knew. There was also in the top drawer a lavender and white lutestring rosette, which our cousin told us was a mourning-badge which had been worn at Washington's funeral. I feel sure that John Chadwick was that mourning wearer.

A little lacquered box held a belt-

ribbon stamped with a likeness of Lafayette, and a little dim metal medal with the inscription, "Welcome to Lafayette, the Nation's Guest." These our cousin had worn when Lafayette had passed through her native town, in 1824, during his triumphal journey through the country. A set of dull cut-steel pearl buttons were in the box with these Lafayette trophies. These buttons had been worn at the French court, by some Story ancestor who was one of the members of the first legation from the United States to France. He had died of small-pox and his clothes had all been destroyed, and only these metal buttons remain — but on them our cousin hung a long and interesting tale.

One day when we looked in the drawer we saw, to our great surprise, two new articles — books bound in gold and black: "The Parent's Assistant," and "Sketch of my Friend's Family." These our cousin presented to us, judging rightly that we should value them far more highly because they came out of the top drawer.

One other gift of hers gave us great delight — two little yellow downy chickens. Why these special chickens should have been so great sources of pleasure and interest is difficult to understand, since chickens were plenty enough at our home, and indeed we each had a special brood, which was our very own; but we carefully fed Cousin Eliza's precious gifts, until they grew up into long-legged, awkward fowl, wearing untidy brown feather pantalets, that appeared to be continually dropping off.

But to return to the time-worn and faded treasures of the top-drawer. Four snuff-boxes of varying, but not very high degrees of beauty and elegance were designated as the Hancock, Washington, D'Estaing and Putnam snuff-boxes. They were so called because from each respective box these Revolutionary heroes had taken snuff, and thus given to the much honored snuff-holder its distinguished name. These wonderfully historical snuff-boxes were probably a practical joke on the part of some Story ancestor, who thus perpetually guyed his descendants. It was too big a Revolutionary dose to take all at once. One might believe about Washington, for we know his wonderful capacity as a snuff-taker and a sleeper all over the country, but not about all four heroes. Our cousin never doubted the report of the little explanatory slip of paper enclosed in each box, nor did we either at that time. These snuff-boxes were kept in a carved sandal-wood box, which Captain Eb had brought from China, and in their company were the knee-buckles of Paul Revere. These knee-buckles had for many years before their retirement into the dignified company of the historical snuff-boxes done good service to Cousin Eliza as garter-clasps. Two or three old faded fans; a pair of long white kid gloves, of which the backs and wrists were curiously pierced in an open-work design; two high tortoise-shell back-combs, and a pair of pointed heelless slippers bore further testimony to our cousin's vanity in past years.

All these happy days of story-telling and relic-seeing were, however, to be interrupted and ended in a sudden, most unexpected and, I think, unjust manner. There was in this casket of delights one terrifying article, which had always been a great astonishment to us, from an ill-comprehended sense of its incongruity with its mild and pretty surroundings, but which nevertheless excited in us the unhealthy interest which always attaches itself to instruments of torture. It was always wrapped in a faded red silk handkerchief, which was figured with brown palm-leaves, and it was, we were told, an old-fashioned dental-hook or key for extracting teeth. The sharp, steel hook, the lever which when in use pressed on the victim's jaw, the powerful spring-hinge, and the massive handle, constituted an instrument so appalling that it is no wonder that old-time dentists and physicians always carefully concealed it from their patient's view, in the voluminous folds of a silk handkerchief. Many times had we shrinkingly handled this strange object, with the vague idea of wonder in our childish minds that one so dainty, so fastidious as our cousin should care to preserve the horrid symbol of so much suffering. Unfortunately, one day, a half-comprehended suspicion of an explanation entered my precocious brain, and

with the open and transparent disingenousness of childhood I said, "Cousin Eliza, was John Chadwick a dentist?"

Though that question of childish guile and diplomacy was asked many years ago, I have never forgotten the expression of our cousin's face; disappointment, slight indignation, and amused comprehension were all combined, and each visible, as she answered, "No, Ellen, he was not a dentist, he had no profession, he was a gentleman — little girls must not ask too many questions — you may go to the door and call Sarah," — and she began at once to replace in the drawer the boxes and packages.

A little surprised at this action, for the afternoon was not half gone, and many parcels were still unopened, I went slowly to the door and called to Sarah. The old woman came in, clambered as usual into the great "Washington chair," lifted the drawer with its contents, slid it into its high resting-place, turned the little brass key in the lock, and handed it to our cousin, who placed it in her reticule, and said, "Now Anna and Ellen, we will go into the parlor." We picked up our little "crickets" and walked slowly out before her, and as I heard the lock turn in the door of "my room," I was oppressed, young as I was, with a sense of loss, of separation, of a severing of ties, such as I feel now when I leave a well-known place that I may never visit again, or say good-by to some friend whose ill-health makes me dread that I never again may see her.

That vague undefined oppression proved a true foreboding of farewell, for I never again entered the room.

Many times after this did we visit cousin Eliza, and play with her Chinese work-table, and drink her barberry water, and eat her seed cakes; and often did we timidly ask to see the contents of her top drawer, only to be met with the answer: "Not to-day, Anna and Ellen, — little girls ask too many questions."

Bitterly did my childish heart resent this injustice from one who had so gladly answered all previous questions, and vainly did I try to decipher why *that* question had so annoyed her; but now I can understand that while she thought us little children, with only infantile receptive brains, she could share with us the sight of those hoarded relics of her childhood and youth; but when we grew old enough to have inventive ideas, and suspicions of some story connected with those treasured mementoes other than the simple account she gave to us, then the long habit of loneliness made her close to us forever the door of that secret room.

I can fancy her sitting there alone by the side of the great table spread with pale greek okra stars, in the great Washington chair, with the single dancing ray of sunlight shining into the drawer, slowly untying the little parcels and opening the boxes, but telling to no one their story. And though in that lonely room she doubtless thought often of John Chadwick and the days of her youth, I doubt not she thought as often, as regretfully, and as tenderly, of the two little round freckled-faced girls, in "French print" frocks and long sleeved dimity "tyers," that had looked up to her so often with such sincere affection, and listened to her with such rapt attention.

Cousin Eliza died, as she had lived, alone. We were then far away from the old seaport town, and when we next visited it, the house was sold and the furniture gone to various distant heirs. Never have I been able to trace the fate of the treasures in the top drawer. Perhaps in her last feeble days she destroyed them, ere they fell into rough and unloving hands; possibly they were sold with the painted high chest at auction; perhaps they were cast aside as rubbish and sold as "a lot," to the wily Hebrew, or bargain-hunting Yankee; they may be safely preserved by distant heirs; but I never turn over the old books in a second-hand book-shop without looking eagerly for a Morse's "Gazetteer," bearing the inscription, "John Chadwick's Book"; perhaps some time I shall find it.

EMERSON'S VIEWS ON REFORM.

By William M. Salter.

EMERSON'S views on Reform are of peculiar interest. Emerson was not a reformer, in the ordinary sense of the word; yet he lived in a time of intellectual expansion and social agitation, and there is hardly a reform or proposal of reform, belonging to the second and third quarters of our century, that is not touched upon in his pages, and is not illuminated or made interesting by his characteristic method of treatment. Religion itself, in his apprehension of it, came to be closely allied to reform. No longer did religion, he said, tend to a *cultus*, but to a heroic life. It was hard, he thought, to conceive "any church, any liturgy, any rite, that would be quite genuine;" but all things urged leading "a man's life." Religion came thus practically to be an attitude of the soul — an attitude in accordance with which, when justice or any ideal good is presented to us, we are instinctively drawn to it, believe in it, trust it, work for it, and are persuaded that the world and the system of things are meant to go that way. The opposite of religion is moral deadness, unresponsiveness, unbelief, the worldly wisdom which limits the possibilities of the future by the experiences of the past.

The essence of the reform sentiment has rarely been better stated than in these words of Emerson's: "The history of reform is always identical; it is the comparison of the idea with the fact." "For the origin of all reform is in that mysterious fountain of the moral sentiment, which amidst the natural, ever contains the supernatural for men. That is new and creative. That is alive. That alone can make a man other than he is. Here or nowhere resides unbounded energy, unbounded power." He accordingly called the reformers of his day "the visible church of the existing generation." "The leaders of the crusades against war, negro slavery, intemperance, government based on force, usages of trade, court and custom-house oaths, and so on to the agitators on the system of education and the laws of property, are the right successors of Luther, Knox, Robinson, Fox, Penn, Wesley, and Whitefield. They have the same virtue and vices; the same noble impulse, and the same bigotry." Ethics pledges us to the reform side. If we take our stand on necessity, we shall go for the conservative, he says; if on ethics, for the reformer. Back of this view is the thought that human nature is not the measurable thing we ordinarily take it to be; the conviction "that there is an infinite worthiness in man, which will appear at the call of worth." All particular reforms are but the removing of some impediment. For we must see, "that the world not only fits the former men, but fits us," and "clear ourselves of every usage which has not its roots in our own mind." "What is a man born for but to be a *Re*-former, a re-maker of what man has made, ... imitating that great nature which embosoms us all, and which sleeps no moment on an old past, but every hour repairs herself, yielding us every morning a new day, and with every pulsation a new life?" Hence ancient institutions should not have too much respect.

Emerson witnessed with exhilaration the growth of the reform spirit in his time. While for ages, he said, the higher inspirations of the mind had been consigned to the poet and musical composer, to the prayers and sermons of the churches, without any thought that they could ever have a footing in real life, the new voices in the wilderness revived a hope that these thoughts might yet be executed. "These reforms are our contemporaries; they are ourselves; our own light, and right, and conscience; they only name the relation which subsists between us and the vicious institutions which they go to rectify." He did not escape being classed himself with the "new lights." John Quincy Adams gives this description

of him: "A young man named Ralph Waldo Emerson, after failing in the every-day avocations of a Unitarian preacher and schoolmaster, starts a new doctrine of transcendentalism, declares old revelations superannuated and worn out, and announces the approach of new revelations and prophecies." One of Emerson's early lectures was called *Democratic-locofoco* throughout, and, it is said, put Mr. George Bancroft, who was then the Collector of the port of Boston, into such esctacies that he wished Emerson to come and address three thousand listeners in his "Bay State" Club; and Theodore Parker, who narrates this, tells us that a certain grave, Whig-looking gentleman, who had heard Emerson, remarked that he could only account for Emerson's giving such a lecture on the supposition that he wished to get a place in the Custom-House.

The *Dial*, projected by Emerson, Margaret Fuller, and others, came out in 1840, and Emerson had very earnest wishes regarding it. He urged that it should contain the best advice on the topics of Government, Temperance, Abolition, Trade, and Domestic Life. Poetry and Sentiment it should certainly have, but it should not be a mere literary journal; it should go straight into life, and lead the opinion of the generation on every great interest. He even proposed "courting some of the good fanatics" and publishing chapters on every head in the whole art of living. "I am just now," he writes, "turning my pen to scribble and copy on the subjects of Labor, Farm, Reform, Domestic Life, etc."

Coming to somewhat closer quarters with our subject, we find Emerson putting his hand on the weak spot in our civilization in this manner:

"Our culture is very cheap and intelligible. Unroof any house and you shall find it. The well-being consists in having a sufficiency of coffee and toast, with a daily newspaper; a well-glazed parlor, with marbles, mirrors and centre-table; and the excitement of a few parties and a few rides in a year. Such as one house, such are all. The owner of a New York manor imitates the mansion and equipage of the London nobleman; the Boston merchant rivals his brother of New York; the villages copy Boston. There have been nations elevated by great sentiments. Such was the civility of Sparta and the Dorian race, whilst it was defective in some of the chief elements of ours. That of Athens, again, lay in intellect dedicated to beauty. That of Asia Minor in poetry, music, and arts; . . . Our civility, England determines the style of. . . . It is that of a trading nation; it is a shopkeeping civility. The English lord is a retired shopkeeper, and has the prejudices and timidities of that profession. And we are shopkeepers, and have acquired the vices and virtues that belong to trade. We peddle, we truck, we sail, we row, we ride in cars, we creep in teams, we go in canals — to market and for the sale of goods. The national aim and employment streams into our ways of thinking, our laws, our habits, and our manners. The customer is the immediate jewel of our souls. Him we flatter, him we feast, compliment, vote for and will not contradict."

The end to be rich thus infects us all together, and even shows by the state and the church. Government and education are only for the protection of property; and religion, even, is a lever out of the spiritual world to work for this. 'Tis true that the cause of education was urged with great earnestness — but on what ground? Emerson asks; and he replies: "Why, on this: that the people have the power, and if they are not instructed to sympathize with the intelligent, trading, and governing class, inspired with a taste for the same competition and prizes," they may make trouble.

Emerson gives an illustration of the way in which religion is sometimes turned to account. Some contractors were building a road out of Baltimore, and found their Irish laborers quarrelsome and refractory, to a degree that embarrassed the agents and seriously interrupted the progress of the work. After exhausting the ordinary remedies, the corporation were advised to call off the police, and build a Catholic chapel, which they did: the priests presently restored order, and the work went on prosperously. Of the Sabbath and other religious institutions, Emerson says we need not trouble ourselves about their preservation; "they have already acquired a marketable value as conservators of property, and if priest or church-member should fail, the chambers of commerce and the presidents of the banks, the very innholders and landlords of the country, would muster with fury to their support. Of course religion in such hands loses its essence." Among

the low it becomes low. As it loses its truth, it loses credit with the sagacious. They detect the falsehood of the preaching; but when they say so, good citizens cry, Hush!

But this materialistic spirit of our civilization produced one institution which could not be joked about. "We had found a race," Emerson says, "who were less warlike and less energetic shopkeepers than we; who had very little skill in trade. We found it very convenient to keep them at work, since, by the aid of a little whipping, we could get their work for nothing but their board and the cost of the whips. What if it cost a few unpleasant scenes on the coast of Africa? That was a great way off; and the scenes could be endured by some sturdy, unscrupulous fellows," who went for high wages and brought us the men. If mention was made of disagreeable things, such as homicide, madness, adultery, and intolerable tortures, the church bells could ring louder, the church organ swell its peal and drown the hideous sound. Emerson was the first American scholar, says Mr. Conway, to cast his dart at the Python of slavery. And what it meant we can imagine, when Emerson's biographer, Mr. Cabot, tells us that "nearly all the leading men among the scholars and the clergy, as well as the merchants, were upon the side of the South, or but feebly against it." Emerson was not an active abolitionist, — favoring compensation to slave-owners (though not on the ground of right), as England had done with the West Indian planters. He found things in the abolitionists not altogether to his tastes, "incidental petulances or infirmities," grievous one-sidedness and partialities, too; but the sense of this never led him, as it did so many others, to range himself on the other side and "be mixed up with all the rotten rabble of selfishness and tyranny." Again and again he spoke his mind; and when the Fugitive-slave law came, he declared not only that it must be abrogated, but that while it stood, it must be disobeyed. "Let us not lie nor steal, nor help to steal; and let us not call stealing by any fine names, such as union or patriotism," — these were his words; and such was his indignation that it moved him for once in his life to personal denunciation, and this of a man for whom he had had great admiration — Daniel Webster.

Experiences of this sort did not tend to heighten Emerson's respect for government, of which indeed he never had a surplus. He tells us of a certain paper, that he liked its motto so much that he rarely found much appetite to read what stood in the columns below — the motto being, "The world is governed too much." Movements for good in the community come rather, in his estimation, from private inspiration, from the clash of mind with mind in free discussion and popular assemblies. In the midst of the anti-slavery agitation (1844) he said, "Virtuous men will not again rely on political agents. . . . The superstition respecting power and office is going to the ground. The stream of human affairs flows its own way and is very little affected by the activity of legislation." It is ever the test of our moral fibre, whether, when power and force take the other side, we are ready to bow the knee. But Emerson exclaimed, (1850), after the passage of the Fugitive-slave law, "What is the effect of this evil government? To discredit government. . . . When government and courts are false to their trust, men disobey the government and put it in the wrong." He was not affected by the terror "of old people and of vicious people" at that time, lest the Union be destroyed; as if the Union had any other real basis than the good pleasure of a majority of the citizens to be united. "The wise or just man will always feel that he stands on his own feet; that he imparts strength to the state, not receives security from it; and that if all went down, he, and such as he, would easily combine in a new and better constitution."

Emerson went so far as to suggest the possibility of getting on without official government at all. Many people have a native skill, he says, "for carving out business for many hands; a genius for the disposition of affairs; and are never happier than when difficult practical questions which embarrass other men are to be solved." Why should not these men

come to the front? "There really seems a progress towards such a state of things in which this work shall be done by these natural workmen; and this, not certainly through any increased discretion shown by the citizens at elections, but by the gradual contempt into which official government falls, and the increasing disposition of private adventurers to assume its fallen functions." Emerson becomes unusually explicit at this point, and ventures, with a touch of his inevitable humor at the close, something of a glance at the future — an anticipation which is hardly less interesting because it has not been altogether borne out by the course of events.

"Thus the Post-office is likely to go into disuse before the private telegraph and express companies. The currency threatens to fall entirely into private hands. Justice is continually administered more and more by private reference, and not by litigation. . . . It would be but an easy extension of our commercial system, to pay a private emperor a fee for services, as we pay an architect, an engineer, or a lawyer. If any man has a talent for righting wrong, for administering difficult affairs, for counselling poor farmers how to turn their estates to good husbandry, for combining a hundred private enterprises to a general benefit, let him in country-town, or in Court Street, put up his signboard, Mr. Smith, *Governor*, Mr. Johnson, *Working-King*."

The justification of Government, in Emerson's eyes, was not the doing of things which men might better do themselves, not the mixing itself up with trade or commerce, not even defending property-owners. The rich or strong can take care of themselves. "Government exists," he declared, "to defend the weak and the poor and the injured party; the true offices of the State, the state has let fall to the ground; in the scramble of parties for the public purse, the main duties of government are omitted — the duty to instruct the ignorant, to supply the poor with work and with good guidance." "The state must consider the poor man," he exclaims. "All voices must speak for him. Every child that is born must have a just chance for his bread." Instead of taking offence at the idea of a paternal government, Emerson says: "Humanity asks that government shall not be ashamed to be tender and paternal, but that democratic institutions shall be more thoughtful for the interests of women, for the training of children, and for the welfare of sick and unable persons and the serious care of criminals, than was ever any, the best, government of the Old World." In fact, the necessity for this sort of paternalism was about the only valid excuse Emerson could give for government. Our actual paternalism now, paternalism toward trade and commerce, paternalism toward rich men by giving them privileges, paternalism toward property-owners in the form of police protection, one, in the spirit of Emerson, might question the propriety of; but paternalism toward those who if left to themselves might be crowded to the wall would have a different basis.

There is surely much confusion and some hypocrisy in the current ado about a paternal government. The consistent opponent of it would say to government: "Abolish your police, I can take care of my own property;" and "Take off your tariff duties, my business can stand on its own feet;" but the actual opponents, as a rule, only say to government, "Don't help the working-man; don't help him even with work or a chance to get his bread." It is property owners using the government for their own advantage, but not for the advantage of the property-less. In saying this, I do not mean that I altogether approve such a view of government as Emerson would seem to suggest. One might question whether even such paternalism as Emerson approved would not be better accomplished by private agencies; in this respect I think I should be more anarchistic, and in others, less so than Emerson.

When Emerson turns his eye upon our industrial system, he speaks of it much as high-minded reformers are accustomed to speak of it to-day. Its evils do not at bottom lie in anything that Government does, or that Government can undo. He does not charge the merchant or the manufacturer, but says, "the sins of our trade belong to no class, to no individual." "But the general system of our trade" he calls "a system of selfishness."

"It is not dictated by the high sentiments of human nature, it is not measured by the exact law

of reciprocity, much less by the sentiments of love and heroism, but is a system of distrust, of concealment, of superior keenness, not of giving, but of taking advantage. It is not that which a man delights to unlock to a noble friend; which he meditates on with joy and self-approval in his hour of love and aspiration; but rather what he puts out of sight, only showing the brilliant result, and atoning for the manner of acquiring, by the manner of expending it."

Emerson did not look with disdain on commercial employments, or think them anywise unfit intrinsically for a man, but he held they were so vitiated by derelictions and abuses at which all connive, that it required more vigor and resources than could be expected of every young man to right himself in them. He did not rail. Persons attack the great capitalist, he says, but with the aim after all to make a capitalist of the poor man. The aristocracy of trade, he thought, had no permanence, since it is the result of toil and talent, and cannot be entailed, and is continually falling before new claims of the same sort. Yet he could conceive of trade having other inspirations than self-interest, he could imagine services being rendered by love — and on account of the absence of the higher sentiments, he saw that society was coming to be divided into classes with us as truly as in the Old World:

"See this wide society of laboring men and women; we allow ourselves to be served by them, we live apart from them, and meet them without salute in the streets. We do not greet their talents, nor rejoice in their good fortune, nor foster their hopes, nor in the assembly of the people vote for what is dear to them. Thus we enact the part of the selfish noble and king from the foundation of the world."

There must always be kings and nobles, men born to lead, to rule, to direct, — nature provides such in every society; only Emerson demanded they should be real men and not pretenders, they should work for benefit and not for mere private advantage. "Let their powers," he said, "be well-directed, directed by love, and they would everywhere be greeted with joy and honor."

But trade is not the only institution vitiated in our present social system:

"By coming out of it [Emerson says] you have not cleared yourself. The trail of the serpent reaches into all the lucrative professions and practices of men. Each has its own wrongs. Each finds a tender and very intelligent conscience a disqualification for success. Each requires of the practitioner a certain shutting of the eyes, a certain dapperness and compliance, ... a sequestration from the sentiments of generosity and love, a compromise of private opinion and integrity. Nay, the evil custom reaches into the whole institution of property, until our laws which establish and protect it seem not to be the issue of love and reason, but of selfishness."

Of landed property in particular, Emerson has this to say: "Of course whilst another man has no land, my title to mine, your title to yours, is at once vitiated." Grimly the new spirit "looks into the law of property, and accuses men of driving a trade in the great boundless Providence which has given the air, the water, and the land to men, to use and not to fence in and monopolize." Emerson saw nothing iniquitous in the private ownership of land, — his idea was that every one should own a piece; but he evidently implies that all have equal rights to this bounty of nature, and that land should be held for use and not to make money out of by speculation.

How keenly he points out the demoralizing effects which the inheriting of property often produces! A man bequeaths an estate to his son — house, orchard, cattle, hardware, cloths, books, money — but not the skill and experience by which he collected them; and the son finds his hands full, not to use these things, but to look after them, and defend them from their natural enemies:

"What a change! Instead of the masterly good-humor and sense of power and fertility of resource in himself; instead of those strong and learned hands, ... that supple body, and that mighty and prevailing heart which the father had [Emerson must surely have made this sketch from life] . . . . we have now a puny protected person, guarded by walls and curtains, stoves, and down-beds, couches, and men-servants and women-servants, from the earth and sky, ... and is what is called a rich man, the menial and runner of his riches."

Surely, few so-called agitators could be more caustic. Emerson was a democrat to the core.

Nothing perhaps came nearer ruffling the serenity of Emerson than the mimicking of English aristocratic ideas, the spirit that lingered in his day among the well-to-do from colonial times, and that ani-

mates a still larger class to-day. It was this spirit, he said, that hindered enhusiasm for the Civil War in New England. It was found among the egotists, the skeptics, the fashionists, the pursuers of ease and pleasure. It was not, of course, middle-class England from which such persons took their tone, but rich, powerful, and titled England:

"Our politics threaten her. Her manners threaten us. A man is coming here as there to value himself upon what he can buy." "Let the passion for America cast out the passion for Europe. Here let these be what the earth waits for — exalted manhood." And he tartly adds, "Those who find America insipid, they for whom London and Paris have spoiled their own homes, can be spared to return to those cities. I not only see a career at home for more genius than we have, but for more than there is in the world."

As to education, he said, we were pursuing antiquated methods. Over forty years ago he complained:

"We are students of words; we are shut up in schools and colleges, and recitation rooms, for ten or fifteen years, and come out at last with a bag of wind, a memory of words, and do not know a thing. We cannot use our hands, or our legs, or our eyes, or our arms. We do not know an edible root in the woods, we cannot tell our course by the stars, nor the hour of the day by the sun. It is well if we can swim and skate. . . . . Four, or six, or ten years, the pupil is parsing Greek and Latin, and as soon as he leaves the University, as it is ludicrously styled, he shuts those books for the last time. Some thousands of young men are graduated at our colleges in this country every year: and the persons who, at forty years, still read Greek, can all be counted on your hand. I never met with ten."

Woman, Emerson held, has an unquestionable right to her property; and if she demand votes, offices, and political equality with men, she must not be refused. He did not think it yet appeared that women wished this equal share in public affairs; but it was they and not we who were to decide the question. If we refuse them a vote, on their demanding it, we shall of course also refuse to tax them. He calls it very cheap wit that finds it so droll that a woman should vote. And as for the effect of it, he says that all his points would be sooner carried if she did.

"On the questions that are important — whether the government shall be in one person, or whether representative or democratic; whether men shall be holden in bondage, or shall be roasted alive and eaten, as in Typee, or shall be hunted with bloodhounds, as in this country; whether men shall be hanged for stealing, or hanged at all; whether the unlimited sale of cheap liquors shall be allowed; — women would give, I suppose, as intelligent a vote as the voters of Boston or New York."

Yet Emerson reminds us, or rather says he need not remind us, that "a masculine woman is not strong, but a lady is."

Emerson not only thus expressed himself freely, but in his own way and so far as the demands of reform touched him personally, he tried to act. "I am very uneasy when one waits on me at table. I had rather stretch my arm or rise from my chair than be served by one who does it not from love," — so he writes in his plain Concord home in 1841. He made an attempt to have a common table at which all the members of the household should sit down. It has to be admitted that the attempt failed, the cook firmly refusing: "A cook was never fit to come to table, etc." None the less did the project do credit to Emerson's humanity and democratic feeling. His biographer, Mr. Cabot, tells us that he was very considerate in his treatment of all his hired help, that he winced visibly when they were reproved, that he always respected their holidays, even to the inconvenience of their employer, and scrupulously avoided all occasions of unnecessary increase of their work.

Once there was a birthday party at his house, and the little guests in their play tumbled over the hay cocks, to the vexation of the hired man. The man complaining, Emerson came out with long strides: "Lads and lassies! you mustn't undo hard work. The man has worked in the heat all day; now all go to work and put up the cocks"; and he stayed and saw it done, working himself.

An abortive attempt was also made at a mild form of co-operative housekeeping. He and Mrs. Emerson proposed that Mr. and Mrs. Alcott should join their household. He had grown, he said, a little impatient of the inequalities all around him, and was a little of an agrarian at heart; he wished either that he had a smaller house, or else that it sheltered more persons. Mrs. Alcott de-

clined — and so the generous thought was not accomplished. It is easy to make light of the proposal, but those can do so with a better grace who have had something of the noble dissatisfaction with existing modes of life which prompted it.

So Emerson tried the experiment of manual labor, on which he was setting great store in his lectures. But his conclusion was, "The writer shall not dig"; not that he may not work in the garden, as Emerson had always done, but that his stay there must be measured by the needs, not of the garden, but of the study. "When the terrestrial corn, beets, onions, and tomatoes flourish," he wrote a friend, "the celestial archetypes do not." And so he frankly owned that if he judged from his own experience he should have to unsay all his fine things concerning the manual labor of literary men. Emerson even tried vegetarianism, but soon gave it up.

And now I must complete, or rather supplement, what I have said of Emerson's views on reform, by adding that with all his evident sympathies with reforms, he never joined the ranks of "reformers." Very touching is his hesitancy when he declines to join the Brook Farm community, — the co-operative experiment which ingenuous and noble spirits were setting on foot in 1840. At first he gave the matter "earnest attention and much talk"; he wrote that he had "not quite decided not to go." Afterward he sent word to Mr. Ripley, the leader in the undertaking, that he had concluded, "yet very slowly, and he might almost say, with penitence," not to join. His feeling was, as he records it in his journal, that he had a work of his own, a work that he would leave undone if he undertook the enterprise; yet he said, "I approve every wild action of the experimenters." Emerson felt that men were called to different things in life. It was not fastidiousness, or inertia, or unbelief that held him back — but the feeling that he must obey his own genius; and this seemed to command him not to join very closely with other men, but to stand somewhat aloof and be an independent, even if solitary, voice for rectitude and ideal aims. One of his poems contains these lines:

> "Love's hearts are faithful, but not fond,
> Bound for the just, but not beyond;
> * * * *
> And they serve men austerely,
> After their own genius, clearly,
> Without a false humility. —
> * * * *
> He that feeds men serveth few;
> He serves all who dares to be true."

His feeling was much the same with regard to almost all the reforms agitated in his day. At bottom he sympathized with them, yet he wished to keep himself a whole man — and they, each for itself, tended to become partial, to exalt single virtues and exaggerate the worth of single measures. Of the abolitionist, he said, "Let him not exaggerate by his pity and his blame the outrage of the Georgian or Virginian, forgetful of the vices of his own town and neighborhood, of himself." He did not think it exactly wholesome that Boston should be pushed into a false, showy, theatrical attitude, and persuaded that she was more virtuous than she was. "The world asks," he said, "Do the Abolitionists eat sugar? do they wear cotton? do they smoke tobacco? Are they, then, their own servants? Have they managed to put that dubious institution of servile labor on an agreeable and thoroughly intelligible and transparent foundation? Two tables in every house! Abolitionists at one and servants at the other!" Emerson knew the questions were captious; yet he says, "The planter does not want slaves; no, he wants his luxury, and he will pay even this price for it. It is not possible, then, that the Abolitionist will begin the assault on his luxury by any other means than the abating of his own."

It is easy to see that Emerson went deepest in the philosophy of the subject; and any thoughtful reformer to-day will tell us that slavery, real slavery, did not disappear in this country with the abolition of the legal slavery of the negro. People, says Emerson, are ordinarily not aware of an evil around them till they see it in some gross form, as in a class of intemperate men, or slaveholders, or fraudulent persons. Then they are greatly

moved, and magnifying the importance of that wrong, they fancy that if that abuse were redressed, all would be well, and they fill the land with clamor to correct it. Hence the missionary and other religious efforts. If every island and every house had a Bible, if every child was brought into the Sunday-school, the wounds of the world would heal, and man be upright But the man of ideas judges of the commonwealth from the state of his own mind. "If," Emerson says, "I am selfish, there is then slavery or the effort to establish it wherever I go." Hence he holds, it is of slight use for a man, not himself renovated, to attempt to renovate things about him; he becomes tediously good in some particular, and negligent and narrow in the rest — and we are led to ask the special reformer, "What right have you, sir, to your one virtue? Is virtue piecemeal?" Half humorously Emerson describes the tendency with which each cause, abolition or temperance, becomes a little shop, where the article, though at the start never so subtle and ethereal, is made into portable and convenient cakes, and retailed in small quantities to suit the purchasers. The impulse is good, and the theory; but becoming organized in some low, inadequate form, they present no more poetic image to the mind than the evil tradition they reprobate. They mix the fire of the moral sentiment with personal and party heats, with measureless exaggerations, and the blindness that prefers some darling measure to truth and justice — virtue becoming thus "a fuss and sometimes a fit." The sense of all this led Emerson to coolly say, that it is of little moment that one, or two, or twenty errors of our social system be corrected, but of much that the man be in his senses. And when we hear of those who started out with promising the kingdom of heaven and ended with championing unleavened bread, or dedicating themselves to the nourishment of a beard, we are glad to know of one person, who as John Morley says, was "free of all delirations [and] kept on his way of radiant sanity, and perfect poise." What a description Emerson gives of a certain convention!

> "One apostle thought that all men should go to farming; and another thought that no man should buy or sell — that the use of money was the cardinal evil; another thought the mischief was in our diet — that we eat and drink damnation. These made unleavened bread, and were foes to the death of fermentation. Others attacked the system of agriculture, the use of animal manures in farming, and the tyranny of man over brute instinct."

We hear of those in Emerson's day who would not pay their taxes, and those who would not vote. It was surely well, then, that one man stood aloof from organized movements, not from narrowness and incapacity for ideas, as respectable Philistinism did, but with perfect good humor, sympathizing with the agitation as a whole, glad of the ferment going on in men's minds, furthering it and yet never losing himself, keeping always the power to distinguish between the idea and the measure, the motive and the result.

Hence the method of reform on which Emerson relied was an inward one. He did not believe much in mechanical arrangements, in formal compacts. If the man were democratized and made kind and faithful in his heart, the whole sequel would flow easily out; but to put men into a phalanx (which was the socialistic term of that day) would not, he said, much mend matters, — "for so long as all people want the things we now have and not better things, it is very certain that they will, under whatever change of forms, keep the old system." The transforming thing, the reform of reforms, in his judgment, was a principle taken into the heart. "I believe in a future of great equalities," he said, "though our experience, or rather inexperience, is of inequalities. In a better state of society, he held, the "cash-nexus" would be superseded by the bonds of justice and love. The best civilization yet was only valuable as a ground of hope. Do you suppose, he asks, that the reforms which are preparing will be as superficial as those we know? No, there will dawn ere long a nobler morning in the sentiment of love. This is the remedy for all ills, the panacea of nature. We must be lovers, and at once the impossible becomes the possible.

"Love would put a new face on this weary old world in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long, and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of statesmen, the impotence of armies and navies and lines of defence, would be superseded by this unarmed child. Love will creep where it cannot go, will accomplish that by imperceptible methods, —which force could never achieve. . . . This great, overgrown, dead Christendom of ours still keeps alive at least the name of a lover of mankind. But one day all men will be lovers; and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal sunshine."

It may be impossible to agree with Emerson in all details, but his views have their highest value in the temper and tone they insensibly give us; in the altitude of mind to which they lift us. When we read his description of Daniel Webster after his truckling and fall, any present Webster, who discredits ideas and conceives of no law higher than that embodied in custom or written down in the statute-book, is inevitably lowered in our eyes. When Emerson tells us of fashionable society along in the thirties and forties, of the festooned and tempered brilliancy of the drawing-rooms, of the fortunate youth of both sexes, who shied at reformers, for whom there were no illusions, and who smiled their congratulations on any brother or sister who after standing out for a while for some "forlorn hope" came back to sensible opinions and practices — when we read of this (surely not without inner scorn) we are not so likely to have too much deference for what is called "society" to-day. When he tells us that the party of property and education resisted every progressive step in the anti-slavery agitation, it ceases to surprise, or alarm, or vex us that the same party pursues a substantially similar course with relation to the expansive ideas of to-day. When we hear that men were given to adoring over their shoulders their ancestors and the framers of the constitution, we are prepared for fulsome eulogies of the fathers now. And when he charges those of his day that if they cannot give their life to the cause of the debtor, or the slave, or the pauper, as another is doing, yet to one thing they are bound, not to blaspheme the sentiment and the work of that man, not to throw stumbling-blocks in the way of the Abolitionist, the philanthropist, as the organs of influence and opinion are swift to do, — I seem to hear a call to generous minds and men of honor now, saying, Shut your lips if you will, but do not open them to cast reproach and satire on those who dare believe that in every relation of life men might be brothers to one another; that love and justice might regulate the industrial order and the entire life of society, and the will of God be done on the earth.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FORMER SLAVEHOLDER.

By M. V. Moore.

II. Old Lun, the Major: The Old-Time Slave.

LUN is a relic of the bygone — for he still lives. He is a typical old-time darkey, having no patience nor sympathy with the modern "colored gentlemen." The latter are invariably referred to by him, in most contemptuous terms, as "dem niggas."

Lun has been seen by some five generations of the family — though alas! he has not for himself seen the five generations: for the man is now blind, — his eyesight gone these twenty years or more. He toiled in slavery for three generations of the whites; the fourth generation is now caring for him in his helplessness. For the loss in the eye, there has been, I should say, compensation in tongue, if not otherwise — for the old man grows garrulous as the years go by.

Nor has he suffered in the deprivation of age as have many other colored people. His head is not like that of the famous old Uncle Ned; Lun has a heavy mass of pure white wool on the top of his head and there is a tangled mass on his face, and he looks, as he peers up at you with his, "Who's you?" expression, much like a brown-faced mummy, with head packed in wads of cotton.

No one living knows old Lun's age. He has himself lost all accurate knowledge of time. He was an old man in the days of my grandfather, with whom perished, so far as I can now determine, all the data fixing, even approximately, the date of Lun's birth. Another bit of knowledge also perished with the grandfather — that is the true history of Lun's military title, "The Major." I have never seen any one who could tell precisely why or when the title originated; the origin certainly antedates the memory of the oldest person now living among us. Lun, when asked about it, will tell you anything that happens to come uppermost in his brain; though I do not lay to his charge deliberate falsification. The drawers in his brain are not all properly labelled and accessible by Lun in his dotage.

The old man is exceedingly fond of the title. In the older days, he was seldom honored in its application by any of the home people, except when it was desired to specially please or placate the old man, or to touch his vanity. But visitors to the house almost invariably spoke to him as "The Major." Lun — the full name is Loudon — was known far and wide, — he has been so long an heirloom in the family and in the neighborhood. Visitors to the plantation usually requested a word with the quaint old man who is such a connecting link in so many generations, and in so many events of family and neighborhood and national history.

As I have said, everybody in the old days knew him, and Lun once knew — or he thought he knew — everybody worth knowing. Modern celebrities are nothing to him, not even Lincoln and Grant. For these great men, so loved and honored usually by the colored people, Lun does not care a fig. I shall tell the reason why.

No matter who came to the plantation, the Major must be brought to the front and have his words with the visitor, and the visitor his words with the Major. He is — or he was in his better days — always ready with some little bit of personal history, fact, or fiction, some incident in the mutual history of the visitor and himself, which would be sure to freshen the visitor's recollection. If a congressman, or a governor, or a judge, or a famous planter came, old Lun remembered him, of course.

"Oh, yes! I knows you; don't you min' dat time when you an' Mars' Isaac kill dat big deer down in the cane Savanah?"

Thus would he appeal to the memory of the visitor, or he would remind him of the time when the gentlemen went fishing

"down on de big river, in the de big batteau" — he along, of course, to do the cooking and other valet service for the party. Again, some well-remembered barbecue would connect the histories and bring up a happy memory, for Lun was always a chief roaster of meats at those old-time southern festivals, neighborhood barbecues. Even since blindness has come to him, he is called to the occasional outdoor feasts, for his advice to the younger cooks and for the general enjoyment of his reminiscences, above all for the humor in his abuse of the modern dude darkey and modern things generally.

One episode is unvaryingly recounted to the visitor when the character of the person allows its repetition: "You recollects dat dar race when Mars' Jeem's black mare beat de gray stud," or "de sorrel gildin' of" — this man or that man. Then his "son Alf — he rode dat mare" — he always did, that son Alf, or the son Sandy, or some other of the numerous progeny. The complimentary sequel reposed in the quiet observation to the visitor: "You bet's yo' money on *dat mare;* o' co'se you did — o' co'se you did; o' co'se I know *you.*" And the visitor, of course, had to remember, after events so refreshing to the faculties.

One day there came to the plantation an old gentleman whom I had never before seen, whose name even I did not remember ever to have heard. "Now," I triumphantly said, "here is somebody old Lun don't know." "Wait," retorted a member of the family, "till father brings him and Lun together."

What a revelation when the introduction came! When the Major was brought forward — the poor old fellow had to be led up — the father said, "Well, Major, this is old Captain Lagreau; do you remember him?" The visitor took the outstretched hand in his, while the old darkey's tongue poured out a volume — the following a sample chapter:

"Why, lawsey yes, Mars', yes! I knows *him!* O' co'se I do. You ain't forget dat night when you dance wid dat widder; an' de Cap'n, he dance wid Miss Ann — poo' Miss Ann! She dead now long 'go; Cap'n, he dance wid Miss Ann, an' you, Mars', you dance wid *dat widder;* an' dat Kaintucky Jim, he play de fiddle! ho! ho! ho! Why, Mars' *you* ain't forget all *dat* — is you?"

We all laughed, and the father blushed, for we had learned a bit of his personal history never before revealed to us — the dancing "wid dat widder." Old Lun shook all over in merriment in telling the incident by way of reminder of the powers of his memory. He was living in the happy past. The old man enjoyed revelling in the reminiscences of the bygone. The past was full of happy memories to him. For him, there were few clouds over its dim horizon; for he was fortunate in having, with all his immediate family, escaped the clutch of the "speculator" in human flesh — none of his household had ever gone to the terrible "Block," exposed to sale, to the highest bidder, in a public outcry. His children had been dutiful, and none of them had been sold away; nor had any been disgracefully flogged — so far, at least, as the old fellow would confess. He was always holding up himself and his sons as patterns of propriety when talking and arguing with other "niggas." The only great shadow that ever cast its horror over the old man's life was the death of his dear son Ben in Virginia — that is another event which I shall narrate later on.

When visitors came, the title "The Major" was unsparingly bestowed. It was a gracious benediction to the old man. He loved the honor which it implied, and he therefore always enjoyed the coming of the visitor. The two — the visitor and the military phrase — seemed to awake in the old darkey the better memories of his existence. As I have said, the old man either knew or fancied he knew everybody in the land worth knowing, from Washington down to the mediæval age of our history. He had, I again repeat, no treasure-trove in modern characters outside of what might be called the neighboring circles. These he regarded chiefly in a paternal or patronizing light. But he could remember holding horses when Lafayette passed through Virginia by the plantation where he was born and partly raised. He had

also a distinct recollection of one of his young masters going away to the Jackson wars. But the old fellow could not remember having ever received a whipping on his *back*. He used to tell, in great good humor, how the old Mars' once switched him across the legs for some petty offence, such as foolin' away time, fishing when sent to the swamp to bring home the cows from the rich cane pastures there.

I find myself using the past tense in the narration of this history, as I continue to speak of the man as he *was*, though he still lives; yet in many features of his life the old man is practically dead, and especially to me, for I have not seen him in some two or three years, and there are two or three great states now lying between my home and the old plantation where he survives.

One of the Major's stores of wealth consisted in his encyclopædic knowledge of plantation lore and legend and incident, genuine or apochryphal. He was full to overflowing in the fund of information about planting and harvesting; about overseers and first hands; about tasks, runaway fellows, and saucy wenches, and glorious cooks; about 'coon hunts, roasted 'possum, and barbecues generally; about famous weddings in the family and in the neighborhood; about deaths of dear boys and sweet women who went away in white with wings. And he could talk for hours about racehorses, furious bulls, sows with numerous progeny, about fishing parties, about noted people generally — people who had passed the night with the various Mars's, and with "ol' Mars'" especially; for, as I have said, the man has been in the family, in slavery, with several generations. He knew more than any other negro in the country about chicken-fights, and fox-chasing, and deer hunts — hunts with celebrated hounds from half the state brought to the old plantation in the happy gone-by days when hunting, and fishing, and frolicking generally, claimed the attention of gentlemen, instead of such modern matters as have been reported to him about liens, and mortgages, and interest, and house rents, and voting, and meetings, and the celebration of days.

Lun has never expressed sympathy with any of the various innovations of freedom. None of the latter-day problems have ever appeared to move him in the direction the modern man of color is so prone to take. He prefers to talk of olden days when "niggas knowed what *wuck* (work) wus." "When de cotton would grow widout bein' coaxed by *jo-an-no*" (guano); "when de fall of de year fotch fat hog killin' time an' 'simmon beer" — instead of the modern days of poverty, with the smoke-house in Chicago — or "on de railroad," as he expressed it. Lun has never been able to understand how it is that the lien men take all the cotton in the fall of the year, and then make folks give risks for the next year's supplies, then putting the meal ration for the "nigga" less than what it was when *he* was a slave. He shakes his head dolefully when they talk to him about Freedom, and he *will* say "Humbug!" when the question is forced upon him. The subject has its problems which distress the intelligent man of a different color more than they do the brother in black.

The old man loves to talk horse and dog. He used to talk to the children, who were intensely fond of gathering about him, leaning on him from every quarter. He would discourse to them half a night — without the thought once of sleep, about hunts; and we could almost hear, as he spun out the tales, the very yelp of the black "Leeds," and the yellow "Venuses," and the "Ol' Tiges," another unvarying fact always cheered him — "Mars' Dick's ol' speckled Watch — he allus went ahead — he allus kotch de game."

Talk of the racehorse — this was a subject fit for kings or for grown folks! No child lore connected with the track; in talking of that he wanted an audience of *men;* the old man did not care to refer to the subject with mere children, but he knew how to revel in its reminiscences among older and knowing ones, and particularly when "big folks" visitors came to the plantation. Lun knew pedigrees of the older time, and he could talk about all the big races, for in listening or in observation he had gleaned enough

to fill a volume. But he always would bring in one of *his* boys as the rider of the successful nag, if the race had been anywhere within reach, and "Mars' John'," or "Mars' Jeems', black mare" never was beat — if you believed him.

No one could tell a fish story, or a snake story, or a ghost story, or a story of some runaway darkey, or some terrible modern event — you could not narrate anything of the kind in Lun's hearing but he could furnish a bigger and a better tale. He invariably put in: "Why, lawsey, bless yo' soul, honey, — dat's nothin' to — "

If you desired to excite the Major's ire, just for one moment impugn his story, cast doubt upon it, and the old man would hurl his withering missile of negro imprecation at you. Not curse words — no. Strange to say, old Lun never would *swear*, nor would he tolerate profanity in other negroes. He has always said, "Niggas got no use for de cussin' wo'ds." He never takes his Maker's name in vain. He maintains his religion.

There is another thing this old darkey has never been able to do, one thing which he cannot learn, and it is a remarkable fact in human history. He has never been able to tie a rope knot properly. Never, even when his eyesight was good, I am told, could he perform that feat. It would throw the gravest deacon off his balance to witness the attempt now since the man is blind. I have seen him in many futile efforts, and always enjoying the ludicrous motion of hand, and arm, and head, and jaw, and foot, and eye-squint — for the old man appears to work, to be exercised, all over, when he essays the knot in a rope. The process is indescribable. He gives the rope a twist. "Now dat won't do," he will say. "Dis way." Then comes another effort. "Dis way!" "Shoo! Oh, g'way!" for he imagines some one is by watching him. "You g'way — don't *fuss* wid dis nigga!"

You can't instruct the man; he resents all manner of tuition from modern people. What Lun don't know isn't worth knowing — to young folks. He says "Ya, ya," to older ones — to the old Mars', for whom he yet maintains great reverence and obedience. No circumstances, no inducement offered, makes him yield assent to leaving the old owner. In fact, you can't make old Lun believe that he is free and at liberty to go as he pleases — to do as he pleases. "G'way from huh; you's tryin' foolin' dis nigga agin'!" this is his usual reply to suggestions touching his personal freedom. Before he went totally blind, and during the war, he imbibed a mortal hatred for the Northern men — all of whom, catching the war-time expression, — he calls "dem Yankees." Here is the *causus belli:*

The Benjamin of the old man's heart and life, the son of his old age, had gone off to the wars — gone as a body servant to his young master, gone never to return. Many young men of the old rich families of the South carried with them into the army the choicest men servants of the plantation — to do the soldiers' cooking, washing and general camp drudgery. Among the countless instances of this nature, I never knew but one slave to desert his master, and go over to the enemy — his friends. I had a messmate once, a rich Carolina gentleman, who had with him an old-time yellow fellow — Jack was his name. Jack stole his master's best horse and ran away in the face of a fight. But Lun's son went away, remaining, in all fidelity to his young master, until he met his death on a battle field under painfully tragic and pathetic circumstances. The old man always wept bitterly in telling the melancholy history to such of our army friends as came to see us after the war. He always knew that each and every soldier — no matter what army command he belonged to — had witnessed the grievous event that lost to us all the last scion of the old main house. He had but few words in recounting the story:

"You remember," he would say, with a touching pathos, "how poo' Ben went off wid Mars' Jeems into de wah in Farquinny — Ol' Farquinny where I 'us born — an' how dem Yankees shoot an' kill 'em while he wus toten water in de canteens from de spring under de hill?"

Of course every one must say yes under such circumstances. "Yes" was usually a great consolation to the Major — for he never had any use for those who

wished to controvert matters with him. To indorse him was an act of consolation, a gratifying fact, even if there were some mental reservation in the speaker. If you did not agree with him you incurred his ire at once; and in his declining years, the old man could not control his tongue. Woe to the youngster who dared to ruffle the serenity of his mental sea. The old man has kept a limited, but ample fund of vigorous expletives, yet all devoid of the profane.

Ever since I knew him, he has had an abiding faith in his future — beyond the grave. He says "the devil's got no use for a blind old nigga like I is." If you ask him about his religion, his words are about these: "Ol' Mars'er in heaven take care of ol' Lun when he die." He has rarely been neglectful of religious observances. He says prayers nightly. Sometimes he forgets his own accustomed words, and he then repeats those of his ol' Master — words long ago well learned by heart. He prays in audible tone; but it does not seem that he desires to be heard of men. Of late years, he occasionally falls fast asleep upon his knees in his act of devotion — waking only in the still hours of the morning, unless earlier touched by some one of the family.

As far as the present temporal wants are concerned, the Major knows that he is in good hands. The Mis' of the big house always personally sees that "his plate is not slighted," while he is comfortably clad in the best of the cast-off garments of the men of the family. In his appetite, Lun has never been fond of delicacies. A dish that always brings him enjoyment is what he calls "de red ham gravy from de big house — dat what ol' Missus knows how to make." This, with a plain cake, is, in his opinion, good enough for a king. He has no use for sugar; there is not a sweet tooth in his head!

As far back as I can remember — and I am not more than fifty — Lun had trouble with his eyes, and his general usefulness had been restricted in consequence. Yet he has never been an idle drone in the plantation hive. For years his almost daily task was in doing the small chores about the house and yard. He could still cut wood and make fires when I last saw him. He could graze the cows in patches where there was no fence to guard against mischief — that is, if the cow was tethered for him. But there was no such thing as the fellow tying the rope after the cattle came in. The little darkeys could be trusted to conduct him to and from the pastures, and the grass patches. When not otherwise employed, Lun was always at the woodpile, hacking away with a slow but sure motion. The loss of eyesight has not deprived him of skill in the use of the axe and in the art of making fires.

Ever since I knew him, the old man has slept near the master's bed, ready to attend any summons for the occupant, in making early morning fires, or otherwise. He used to be prompt at a call. But as he has grown older, his sense of hearing has become impaired, and for waking him now, recourse is had to what the children have long called "The Lun Stick." The Lun stick is a long, light reed or cane, which sets at the head of the master's bed, and with which the old man is easily touched at night by the occupant of that bed without his getting out for the purpose. Woe to the one who removes that "Lun Stick" from its appointed place: and woe also to that one who misplaces any of the Major's prearrangements for the morning fire.

From time immemorial Lun has made the early morning fire in the master's room. By the time the old man had become hopelessly blind, matches had come into use on the plantation, and one of the Major's latter-day accomplishments was in his ability to strike a light with one, and therewith start the fire by the aid of the rich light wood in which the plantation abounds. Long ago the palm of his hands had become so hard and horny, and so insusceptible to fire that he could — and he would, for the amusement of the children — take a handful of live coals in one hand, and toss them backwards and forth for minutes at a time without experiencing any pain.

I have said "latter-day accomplishments" — for the old man has most persistently refused to learn things *new*. He has no sympathy with anything modern,

— not even with Freedom, as I have said. If you want to stir the hornet's nest in his head, just talk about a colored individual who attempts to follow fashion, or a "trifling nigger" — for, in his opinion, the two are one and the same. Don't, in his presence, descant on any of the frivolities of freedom. There is only one phrase or prerogative of freedom that the Major believes in — the only one in which he ever indulges his sense of sweet liberty, this is in the license it gives to the old man to quarrel with the master! It is as good as a circus to play audience when the two join issue in argument, especially if the subject relate to the race problem or to modern farming — which are one and the same in some respects. The master, good-humoredly, of course, will play on any line that keeps the hornest nest going, until there is enough; then he will soothe the old man by gentle concession. The war of words is over, and you hear the master say, "Well, Major, I know *you* are right!" Then "the Major" is himself again — the concession honeyed over with that soothing title, "Major." It always comes like a gracious and well-timed benediction to a tired congregation on a hot day!

One of the old man's joys once was in the care of a silver cup given to a daughter of the household at her nuptials. She dying soon afterward, the cup was placed in the house by the stricken husband. Lun would pick his way to the mantel where it stood, and there he would fondle lovingly with the precious bit of silver — in what feelings he and the One above only knew. Tears always came trickling down his cheeks as he replaced the cup on its shelf and turned sighing away.

Woe again to the one who in sacrilege would dare remove that cup from its accustomed place! The Major would be touched to the innermost core if he missed it. He seemed to think it left to his special protection. He had fairly idolized the young mistress, the dead bride, once the owner of the cup. His love for her was a type of the affection the old negroes of the South had for the young mistresses of the household.

One of the remarkable things about slavery was in the reverence the negroes had for virtue and purity among the white women of the family in which the slaves served, and then in the sense of protection and security the Southern women felt in the presence of slaves. Not one slave among a million, annually, ever violated the chastity of their mistresses — and especially during the war, when the Southern women were helpless and at the mercy of the slave. In many neighborhoods, the negro men were the sole protectors of the women during that awful crisis, the white fathers, husbands, and sons were all in the army. In all my acquaintance in the entire South — and I have been all over the South, in every state, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, from the Ohio to the Gulf, I know of but two or three cases where the negro men abused the confidence reposed in them when in a state of slavery. But since freedom came, outrages upon women by villains in black have become common crimes in the South, and they have become also the direful sources of lynching without number. I remember but one case of rape by a slave man in a period of more than ten years anterior to the war.

Old Lun's memory of his dead young mistress yet brings tears to his eyes; it seems that his grief is one thing which he treasures up — one thing which will never die so long as he lives. He believes that she, as an angel, is to him yet a providing minister. Perhaps she is. I know that his love for *her* has kept the love of others near to *him* — and will forever do so.

The old man was alive when I was last on the old plantation, on a visit. The master introduced me to him somewhat as follows:

"Well, Major, here is one of your special old friends — come to see you."

"Who he?" said Lun.

"He's *a speculator!*" said my spouse, in an attempt at joking with the Major.

Now no negro in America ever hated the word "speculator" more than Lun; for he had *seen*, if he had not *felt*, the iron hands regularly for more than fifty years of slavery. I gave the old fellow

a cordial grasp of the hand — his had been half withdrawn at the sound of the hated word. The very touch of my fingers seemed to be enough — it went into his heart, — and the old fellow cried out:

"*He no speculatur — he!* Who *is* you, boss?"

I spoke, and the voice was enough. The Major knew me instantly, and the cloud on the old face vanished in sunshine ineffably bright.

If not like Uncle Ned in his head, the Major is certainly like him otherwise; when the dear old man departs, you may depend upon it, "He's gone where the good negroes go!"

VILLAGE FARMS IN THE WESTERN RESERVE.

By Hosea Paul.

THE form or plan followed in laying out the early villages in the Western Reserve was essentially the same as in New England. A striking instance of this is afforded by that adopted for Cleveland. Here at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River was selected at the very outset the site for its future metropolis, and almost the first work of the surveyors was to mark out the lines of its streets and lots. This was done in 1796, and though slightly altered in its details during the next five years, there was no essential change of form. A space amounting to about a square mile was laid out into lots, each of them being eight rods wide and forty rods long. These were, it will be remarked, patterned after the acre strips in the old English "common fields," the length being the same, a "furrow long," or furlong, as it came to be called. Lying eastward, some five hundred larger lots, called ten-acre lots were laid out, and, still farther, one hundred acre lots for farms.

Here, then, was reproduced the "home lot" of the New England Puritans, which with its ample two acres for dooryard, orchard, and garden, has had no little influence in making the city full of shaded yards and streets so that it has become known as the Forest City. It is a noteworthy fact that this thriving city, full of the impulses and aspirations of the larger life of later years, should still retain in its outward form so much suggestive of the past. It is enveloped in the shell of the decayed village community, with its house or home lots, the rim of arable fields, and the outlying farms and pastures, though the common ownership, the yearly allotment or distribution of fields or "acres," the rotation of crops that are necessary to make the picture a complete and living one are dead beyond recall.

In its original plan it was a very modest metropolis after all. There was space provided for only some two hundred families, and in fact the expansion of the city beyond these narrow limits has been somewhat hampered by the old-fashioned plan. In Canfield, Tallmadge, Jefferson, Hudson, and Youngstown, a somewhat similar village plan was adopted, though there was rarely a division into regularly numbered lots. In all of them it is easy to notice that the custom of generations had been for a large proportion of the villagers to be owners and cultivators of the surrounding farms.

The maps and records describing these towns are mostly vague and unsatisfactory. Most of such early villages were the evolution of growth rather than the result of design, and such a course is apt to make the lots and streets somewhat irregular in form, width, direction, and sequence; and the mapping and connected description of them an afterthought which was apt to be long neglected and imperfectly done. In those early days one could see in the arrangement of the grounds of people of wealth and consequence, some traces of the old feudal customs when in

building a house it must be provided with means of defence against attack. The massive walls of stone that once were so necessary to such a purpose were still retained as a mark of dignity and aristocratic pretension, and in many places in the Reserve such walls surrounded the home of some local magnate, a visible notorious assertion of importance that none could overlook.

Notwithstanding the rapid filling up of the townships on the Reserve, the growth of the villages was slow. Nearly a generation had passed before any of them were of any consequence. As late as 1825, the population of Cleveland was only five hundred, and even in 1830 the census gave but a thousand and seventy-five. Up to this time, Warren was probably a larger and more important town, and Canfield was not far behind. It was an agricultural colony. Its water-power was untouched, its wealth of minerals unknown and the possibilities of steam-power and rapid transportation undreamed of. But as what Bacon calls "The heroic work of colonization" proceeded from privation to success, as homes multiplied, and fertile fields began to yield their increase, the languishing towns began to be the homes, not of farmers and village artisans merely, but of merchants and manufacturers, and an impetus was at last given to their growth. There was at length a need for larger towns and cities; the country had in fact outgrown them. This fact slowly developed itself, but when once accepted, the rage for speculation began to develop itself; slowly and naturally at first in response to a natural demand, but becoming at last a mania, ending in disaster and being one of the most potent factors in producing the famous financial panic of 1837. In this part of Ohio, numerous ambitious projects were set afoot.

Nearly every river mouth on the monotonous and otherwise unbroken shore of Lake Erie was seized upon as a possible harbor, and thereby became the site of a great city. At Conneaut, Ashtabula, Fairport, Lorain, Vermillion, Milan, Huron, as well as at Sandusky and Cleveland, towns were laid out, and as the modern phrase is, "boomed." At each of these points there was, to use the language of the day, "the best natural harbor on the Lake." To tell the truth, nature had done very little for any of them in this direction. Except at Sandusky there was no apology for bay or promontory, and it took a favoring wind to enable a vessel to strike the mouth of these little creeks, which were moreover closed by sand-bars, so that much of the time a skiff could hardly enter. Whatever natural advantages Sandusky may have had, it was easily distanced by Cleveland. To this point the Ohio Canal was built, and to it and to the coal mines, whose products it conveyed, it owed its supremacy. Its little harbor was originally much like the others, but the money freely spent in bettering it soon made it far ahead of them, and Cleveland easily led all of its rivals, some of which are dead beyond the hope of resurrection. She became by 1850 the undisputed metropolis of the Western Reserve, not because the Connecticut Land Company laid out a village there on an obsolete plan, but because of the foresight and skill of Alfred Kelly and other projectors and builders of the Ohio Canal.

The next most potent factor in the development of the towns in the second generation of the Reserve sprang from the supposed possibility of building up great manufacturing cities at the points on the little streams where their rapid descent afforded more or less water-power. Perhaps the oldest manufacturing town on the Reserve is Middlebury, now a part of the Akron. As early as 1818 it was a manufacturing point of considerable local consequence. It was located upon a small stream, a branch of the Cuyahoga, which afforded a number of small mill seats which were soon made use of, and a little town soon sprang up which for a time bade fair to eclipse every other on the Reserve. Begun partly in the same township where Bacon formed his ideal religious community, it was in a certain sense its most active competitor. The Harts and the McMillans, the McArthurs and the Sumners were active worldly men, and built flour mills and carding mills, forges, rude trip hammer affairs, and soon attracted a considerable

population, so that in 1825 it was a larger place than Cleveland. The Ohio Canal, however, instead of passing through it was built two miles west, and here far-sighted and energetic men laid the foundations of Akron which was destined not only to lead it in the race, but in time to absorb its territory.

At Akron a canal descended from the summit to the valley of the Cuyahoga, within two miles, about twenty locks being required. The water-power thus developed was set to grinding flour, and the little city grew to have at the beginning of the war about four thousand people. Its subsequent growth as a manufacturing centre is almost wholly due to steam-power, great coal fields lying near to it. Akron's water-power was almost wholly artificial, consisting of streams diverted thither outside of natural channels, in the first instance by the building of the canal, and later by private enterprises. This was at last overdone in the attempt to divert the main stream of the Cuyahoga River from below the village of Cuyahoga Falls to a point on the table land north of Akron, now known as the "Chuckery." A large area of land was purchased, and the construction of the canal set about in earnest. It was an enterprise not without fascination or a reasonable prospect of success. The canal once built, an immense water-power was at hand ready for use, and a great manufacturing city was sure to spring up, and the lots and streets were staked out ready for the fruition of their hopes. But the construction of the canal was difficult and expensive, much of it was solid rock and other parts were sand, easily washed away. The projectors in time exhausted their means and their credit, and were forced to abandon the work almost on the eve of completion. Most of them are dead and forgotten, and the excursionist, as he follows the river gorge below Cuyahoga Falls under beetling rocks, makes their handiwork his footpath, and gazes upon it in the same unquestioning wonderment as he does upon the rocks, and the trees, and the hurrying waters.

This "race," or canal, was dug about 1840; previous to this, the owners of the village of Cuyahoga Falls had made an attempt to build a city there. Here, it was urged, nature has been lavish with her advantages. What had been done in New England so successfully might be repeated here. Here was a fair volume of water, and a descent within three or four miles of over two hundred feet. And for a time it did seem as if the projectors of the little town reasoned well. As early as about 1830, the manufacture of paper was begun here, and at a very early day the forging of iron. But the projectors of the little village presumed too much in what nature had done for them, forgetting that as a rule towns grow up not so much on account of natural advantages as of the public spirit and enterprise of their citizens. They placed an extravagant value on the water power and the town lots, and intending buyers were forced to seek other points. They suffered the great lines of communication to pass around them; and in one way and another the great expectations they had formed turned to bitter disappointment, and it was only in after years, when the true conditions of success were recognized, that its growth began.

Only two miles above the "Falls" there was another town built, or rather started, by Boston capitalists, and named "Monroe." The place was frequented for a time by the young sons of Boston merchant princes who waited for a time to see the expected city spring up, but they were disappointed as the little town fell into a decline, from which it never rallied, most of the land becoming the property of Owen Brown, the father of the famous John Brown who resided in the vicinity. Kent, formerly known as Franklin Mills, had its seasons of speculation. Years ago, there were built there not only pretentious and city-like brick blocks, but a great building to be used for a cotton factory, which were mainly unused for twenty years or more; but the indomitable pluck of its leading citizen at last triumphed, and the town became one of consequence.

The opening of the Ohio Canal made possible another city now the second in size in the Reserve. Probably the town plat of Akron, as laid out in 1825 by Joshua Henshaw in anticipation of the

canal, is in its design one of the best and most perfect of village plats laid out up to that time. It was for a real town, not for a community of resident, money-loaning farmers who tinkered around their gardens and left much of the work of their outlying farms to tenants and hired help. The lots were smaller, usually containing about a quarter of an acre. The streets and alleys were numerous and wide, and crossed each other at right angles. As a rule, every lot was accessible not only by a street in front, but by another street or alley in side, or rear, or both. The times had changed, and henceforward the laying out of towns elsewhere proceeded much on the same general plan as at Akron. Connecticut was no longer reproduced. To this day, Cleveland suffers from the lack of a design according to modern methods. The laying out of streets there is often irregular because of the old framework, much of which will always survive, and is to a certain extent past remedy. But there is much that is done badly because of mere lack of system. The subdivision of the two, ten, and one hundred acre lots rendered necessary by the growth of the city, has been irregular, spasmodic, and accidental beyond any good reason, the result of the caprice of individual owners of small parcels, as they in turn have sold off their possessions.

A JUNE SKETCH.

THE rain has passed; the clouds which lately veiled
The highlands with a dim, enshrouding mist
Dispel with soft reluctance, as if loath
To vanish from a scene primeval fair;
Where the green woods are flecked with amber lights,
And all the meadow grass is daisy-starred,
And the wild rose, in sweet abandonment
Unfolds her perfumed petals to the breeze.

A JULY SKETCH.

ABOVE the lake's expanse, where waters flash
Into faint ripples at the wind's caress,
Rise mountains purpling in the hazy glow,
On whose bold fronts the hand of Time has carved
With each succeeding year deep lines of age;
But Summer, with a verdant mantle hides
All scars, and clothes their slopes with forest dense
And undulating fields of golden grain.

— *Catherine Thayer.*

THE EDITORS' TABLE.

We have noticed more than once in these pages the attention which has been given by the state authorities of New Hampshire to the subject of the abandoned farms in that state. We have spoken of the exceedingly full and careful statistics collected by the state, and the remarkable results attained by their publication, in the way of the taking up of so large a proportion of these farms by a most desirable class of people. We have now to notice the intelligent and thorough manner in which the state authorities of Massachusetts are following the lead of New Hampshire in this important matter. The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor has issued a pamphlet of nearly a hundred pages, prepared by Mr. Horace G. Wadlin, the energetic chief of the bureau, upon "Abandoned Farms in Massachusetts"; and we understand that the State Board of Agriculture is preparing to follow this with a report describing these abandoned farms in the same detailed way that has been done by the New Hampshire officials, with suggestions for their reclamation. We shall await this report with interest. Meantime, too high praise cannot be given Mr. Wadlin for the thorough manner in which he has presented the subject in his report, as a branch of his general inquiry into the causes and extent of the movement of population from the country toward the town, concerning as this does the industrial prosperity of the state, and affecting the social welfare of wage-earners, whether employed in agriculture or not.

The returns on which Mr. Wadlin's report is based are the official returns of the assessors, and cover all but six towns in the state, being, therefore, substantially complete. "By Abandoned Farms, in this inquiry," was the definition on the blanks sent to the assessors, "are meant those formerly cultivated but now deserted, upon which cultivation is now abandoned, and the buildings, if any, unoccupied and permitted to fall into decay. In some cases the grass is still cut on these farms, but nothing is done in the way of enrichment of the soil, and the land is practically unproductive and left to run wild." Farms upon which cultivation is at a low ebb as compared with former days, of which there are undoubtedly many in the state, are not considered as "abandoned."

The facts drawn from these pages of bristling figures are very interesting. It appears that there are in the entire state 1,461 of these "abandoned farms," 772 with buildings, and 689 without. The aggregate acreage is 126,509, or 3.45 per cent of the total farm acreage of the state, the assessed valuation being $1,076,328, which is but 1.15 per cent of the total value of the farm lands. The town of Nantucket, comprising the whole of Nantucket County, reports no abandoned farms. None are found, of course, in Suffolk County — Boston. Essex reports only 2; Dukes, 11; Barnstable, 15; Norfolk, 36; Bristol, 52; Plymouth, 55; Middlesex, 76. The largest number is in Worcester County, 344; while Franklin, with 229; Hampshire, with 216; Hampden, with 213; and Berkshire, with 212, are next in order. The numbers in these five counties show that the abandoned farms are almost entirely in the western half of the state — which is what we should expect, knowing what the causes of the abandonment of farms have been throughout New England. The average value of these farms having buildings is $894, the average for those without buildings, $561. Those having the highest valuation are in the eastern counties. The average size of the farms with buildings and of those without is substantially the same, 86 and 87 acres. Of the 144 towns reporting abandoned farms, 86 show a decline in population in the last ten years; 61 of these also showed a decline between 1865 and 1875. But the total increase in all of these 144 towns since 1865 has been 24.31 per cent. The interesting facts brought out by Mr. Wadlin in the statistics showing the transition of many agricultural towns to greater or less attention to manufacturing are very suggestive, and his remarks upon the effect of varying tax rates have value; but into these things we cannot here follow him. We have said enough, we hope, to indicate the great value of his report, and to prompt many to a careful study of it.

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Mr. Wadlin's concluding reflections, based as they are upon a more careful study of the subject than has been made perhaps by any other, are so interesting and so sensible that we give them here in full: "The abandonment of farming land is not entirely of recent date, although it is still going on. Replies respecting this phase of the subject, made to the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture from seventy-seven different localities indicate that in forty-three of these the number of abandoned farms is no greater than existed ten years ago; in twenty-five the number was considered greater, in five it was believed to be less, while in four instances the replies indicate conditions similar to those prevailing at the earlier date.

The following language may be thought appropriate to the present day:

THE DECLINE OF RURAL NEW ENGLAND.

"Every intelligent man or woman sees it," "and there is not a public speaker but what refers to it, deprecates it, and offers his antidote. You have only to look before you to see it. Where are the once prosperous families that occupied the farms above the foundry village? Where are the twenty-eight families that lived in thrift on Catamount Hill with their dairies and stock, and their ninety scholars, when I came to this town? Except now and then a single family, holding on like a shipwrecked mariner to a lonely rock in the great ocean, all are gone. Where is that long line of noble farmers that were so industrious and prosperous, extending from North River over Christian Hill to the Green Mountains, and those cattle drovers and merchants that did more business than all the stores in a half-dozen western towns to-day? All are gone. . . . Look over this town, and see the once expensive private dwellings going to ruin in strange hands. They show that far back a high order of architecture existed here, and that a wealthy and prosperous set of farmers and mechanics occupied them. They are now in decay. The same thing may be seen, in a greater or less degree, in most of the rural districts of New England."

However appropriate this may now appear, it was written thirty-three years ago, and formed part of an address delivered to his neighbors by a citizen of western Massachusetts.

If the evil is not recent, neither is it local. It is not confined to Massachusetts, to New England, to the West, wherein, it is said, more farms have been deserted by their owners than in the East, nor to the United States. It is one of the features of modern civilization. While it is possible to accept that civilization as, upon the whole, good, no one, unless ultra-conservative, can accept it as a finality or refuse to recognize the evils peculiar to it.

It is not necessary to enlarge upon the causes which have led to the abandonment of farming land. No single cause can be given. If it were otherwise a remedy might be easily suggested. There are many factors which have contributed to the result, either directly or indirectly. Some of these affect the present industrial system and are subjects of controversy not yet settled, and, therefore, not open to extended consideration in this report, which is mainly devoted to the presentation of evidence, and not at all to theoretical argument. Among others, however, which admit of no dispute are the inadaptability of some of the land to the use of machinery and modern modes of cultivation, the poorer quality of the soil in one locality as compared with that in another, or its remoteness from markets or from the railway which communicates with markets; and beyond these, everything which has aided the growth of cities has at the same time tended to reduce the population of the remote towns. The partial desertion of the once thriving villages, that were the centres of the idyllic New England life of the past, touches our sentiments and arouses our emotions. But the matter must be viewed from quite another standpoint than that of sentiment.

It must be remembered that the abandonment of farming land does not always imply either the abandonment or the decline of agriculture. On the contrary, notwithstanding this decline in some sections, an increase in other sections appears. A careful study of the tables relative to agricultural products and property will show that the increase is generally greatest in the vicinity of the large towns. These towns afford a ready market for perishable products, and this fact has led to a gradual change in the agriculture of the state, which, developing along the lines of easiest resistance, has found its greatest profits in the products of the market garden and the dairy. Of this sort of agriculture there is considerable within the territorial limits of the cities themselves. The farmer near the large towns has frequently an advantage over those in the remote places, in his ability to sell his crops directly without the intervention of the middleman. There are economic reasons, therefore, growing out of the changed conditions of modern life, which have operated to draw some who have not yet abandoned agriculture into the proximity of cities.

Every new census discloses a larger proportion of our population within city limits, and nothing provokes more criticism than the failure of a city or large town to maintain in the census returns its expected percentage of growth. This growth is considered an evidence of progress, but it should be remembered that rapid growth in cities cannot be secured without retarding the growth in the country districts. In Massachusetts the immigrant seeks the city and factory town. Often he comes from an agricultural life and desires a change. A movement from the city toward the country would perhaps correct the evil of abandoned farms, but it would also check the growth of the city. In the present state of public opinion, which is largely controlled by the cities and will be so controlled to a still greater extent in the future, any such movement, if extensive enough to be effective, would at once be regarded as evidence of decadence in the cities affected by it.

The larger towns and cities are constantly engaged in organized efforts to attract population by the introduction of new industries, by improving their systems of water supply and drainage, by increasing the efficiency of their public schools, by the establishment of public libraries and parks, — that is, by making it possible to improve one's pecuniary position by residence within them, through the opportunity afforded for regular and remunerative employment, not like agriculture subject to the contingencies of the season, and by enlarging the social advantages which are to-day deemed essential. Such efforts are considered commendable. It ought to be recognized, however, that their success involves a drain upon less favored municipalities.

The concentration of population and wealth in cities and large towns, while it has its dangers, unquestionably opens enlarged social opportunities to all classes, even the poorest. There is, too, a strange fascination in city life which has always existed, and which leads many who are under its spell to prefer poverty and privation in the city to independence and comfort in the country. This fascination is intensified by the undoubted benefits which the modern city offers to those within or near it.

The delights of a country life and the independence of the farmer are prolific themes of poets everywhere. Unfortunately, the masses of the people have usually, for various reasons, declined to take the same view. No doubt the poets are right, but men have to be raised above the ordinary level to enable them to accept such a conclusion. It is probably the existence of conditions more or less artificial that makes a city life seem preferable to many, but these conditions have prevailed so long, and tend in so many ways to perpetuate themselves, that they cannot at once be changed.

And yet it must be admitted that the promise which leads to the abandonment of country life is frequently unfulfilled. The movement from the country toward the city may affect, indeed has affected, the labor market in two ways; it may lead to a dearth of agricultural labor in the depleted districts, thus adding to the burdens which in too many cases the farmer already bears, and it may intensify the competition to which the city laborer is subjected, both as to employment and as to wages. This competition re-acts upon those who come to the city for the purpose of improving their fortunes only to find the opportunities open to them constantly

growing less. On the other hand the life of the farmer, notwithstanding its burdens, was never so easy in many respects as at present. The farms of New England have in the past nurtured strong and brave men, but it was not because of any specially favorable economic conditions. It was the New England character, the New England home life, the New England respect for the church and school, which, frequently in the face of adverse circumstances, developed the New England citizen. It could be easily shown that the hardships and poverty among farmers in the early part of the century were much greater than they are today. The improvements due to modern invention have lightened farm labor, while the railroad, the telegraph, and the press have brought the most retired farms into communication with the activities of the age. The farmer may not be able to amass wealth, nor can the majority of those in cities hope to do so. He is generally sure of a comfortable living as the reward of his toil, and the contingencies that affect his employment are usually no greater than those affecting employment in cities. If opportunities for large profits are not open to him, he is relieved from the risk incidental to such opportunities. That some of the burdens under which he suffers might be and ought to be removed is undeniable, but there are those in the city, working for low wages, liable to periodical employment, to whom life upon the abandoned farms would offer an agreeable change; only they must first be convinced that such a change is desirable.

It is sometimes assumed that there are many in our cities who would gladly go back to the land, if land were obtainable. This report shows that such land exists. Much of it is in towns which for natural beauty of scenery and healthfulness of situation are unsurpassed in Massachusetts. These towns have an honorable past and still possess possibilities of growth. In many of them, as we have shown, agriculture still flourishes, and presumably many of the abandoned farms could be brought to fertility, and become once more the sites of prosperous and happy homes. If this could be accomplished it would be a public benefit. Can legislation afford any aid?

Many of the towns containing abandoned farms have small opportunity, compared with that possessed by the larger places, to make their advantages known. These advantages are by no means inconsiderable. Some of the abandoned land is no doubt rocky and poor, but it is not all of this class. In some cases, where its reclamation for agricultural purposes is impracticable, it could be developed for summer residence by those who would be glad to avail themselves of it, if its exact condition were known. Occupancy of this sort would be of benefit to the town inviting it. For most of the land the price is low, and probably much of it could be bought for occupation at a small outlay in cash.

The States of New Hampshire and Vermont have undertaken to colonize their abandoned land, which is more extensive than exists in Massachusetts, and have invited immigration especially to that end. Whether or not such a plan could be permanently successful here is problematical.

It is, of course, doubtful if immigrants who are led to take up this land can withstand the inducements constantly tending to draw them away to the larger towns. To prefer the country to the city requires a certain point of view which experience has everywhere shown is not likely to be taken by those who would be most benefitted by the change. To reclaim the abandoned land requires not only the choice of country life, but involves hard labor and self-denial which prefers possible permanent future advantage to present temporary gain.

So far as the abandonment of farming lands proceeds from natural causes, or is the result of other than local conditions, legislation in a single state can accomplish little, but this at least might be done: — Full information might be collected as to the fertility of the abandoned farms, their prices, the terms upon which they can be bought for occupation, their distance from markets or from the railroad, and as to sanitary, educational, and social conditions prevailing in the towns containing them, and some sort of avenue of communication established between those holding this land, and those who may desire to occupy it. Such work as this is not within the province of this bureau, but it might be undertaken by the state through appropriate agencies. It would be the first step toward the reclamation of the abandoned land, and a step which it seems must be taken under the patronage of the state, if it is taken at all."

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THE Old South Lectures for the young people of Boston the present summer, beginning July 29, are to be devoted to the subject of *The New Birth of the World*, taking up the various important movements or events in the age preceding the discovery of America, the special subjects being as follows: "The Results of the Crusades," "The Revival of Learning," "The Builders of the Cathedrals," "The Changes which Gunpowder made," "The Decline of the Barons," "The Invention of Printing," "When Michael Angelo was a Boy," and "The Discovery of America." These subjects will be treated by William Everett, Rev. Edward G. Porter, and others. The course will furnish a general introduction to the subject of the Discovery and Settlement of America, to which it is proposed to devote next summer's lectures. The present is the ninth regular summer course. The two subjects set for the Old South prize essays for the year are: (1) "The Introduction of Printing into England by William Caxton, and its effects upon English literature and life"; and (2) "Marco Polo's Explorations in Asia, and their influence upon Columbus." The Old South prizes are open to the competition of all graduates of the Boston high schools of the current year and the preceding year. One of the first-prize essays for last year — by Miss Caroline C. Stecker, on "Philip, Pontiac, and Tecumseh: their characters and their plans for Indian union" — will presently appear in the pages of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. It is the aim of the magazine to keep in constant touch with this important movement for the education of our young people in history and the things which make for

good citizenship, a movement which, sustained at the Old South Meeting-house by Mrs. Hemenway for so many years, is now broadening its scope in important ways, and spreading from Boston to so many cities in all parts of the country. The lecture by Mr. Lovett on "Jefferson and the Louisiana Purchase," and that by Miss Stecker on "King Philip's War," given in the Old South courses for 1889 and 1890, and the prize essay by Miss Ordway on "Washington's Interest in Education," all printed in our pages, will be remembered by many readers; and we shall frequently go to the Old South Meeting-house for more of the bright things furnished by the young people there.

The young people who during the past ten years have written essays in competition for the Old South prizes have just been organized into an Old South Historical Society. There are now nearly a hundred of these Old South essayists, including many of the brightest of the recent graduates from the Boston high schools, some of them now graduates of colleges also. It is believed that the new society can do much, in co-operation with the directors of the Old South work, for the promotion of interest in historical studies, and of intelligent devotion to politics. The society will hold quarterly meetings for the reading of papers and discussion, and exert itself in other ways. The organization of similar societies in all places where the Old South work has been taken up is something to be desired.

Several valuable new leaflets have just been added to the general series of Old South Leaflets, issued by the Directors of the Old South Studies for the use of pupils in the schools and others. All of them are connected with the English Puritan period, and are of importance for the study of the development of our own political liberty and of our political system. They include the "Petition of Right," presented by Parliament to King Charles in 1628, the "Grand Remonstrance," the "Scottish National Covenants," which gave the name of "Covenanters" to the Scottish Protestants, the "Agreement of the People," the "Instrument of Government," under which Cromwell began his government, and "Cromwell's First Speech to his Parliament." These Old South Leaflets, furnishing these famous original documents, heretofore almost inaccessible to the mass of the people, for the few cents covering their cost, are invaluable. There are now nearly thirty in this general series, and none of them are more important than the half-dozen Puritan documents which are the latest additions.

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In justice to the author of the clever and ingenious story of "Master Shakespeare's Star," in the present number of the magazine, it should be stated that two or three pages of the story had been turned over to the printers before the final corrections in the proofs were received. The reader will set "stricken" in place of "beshrewed" on page 577, and "measured" and "tailor" in place of "approximated" and "haberdasher" on page 579; and if the philologists discover any words which Captain John Smith would not have discovered in the books which he bought of his London bookseller, they will understand that Miss Walling is not responsible for them.

Neither is Mr. Stockbridge responsible for the footnote about the telegraphic code, printed with his article on the "Early History of Electricity in America," in our March number. The Editor is responsible — and the Editor was mistaken as respects this code having been the *original* code.

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The discussion in our pages of the subject of a national plant or flower brings from one of our correspondents the suggestion of the apple-blossom. She writes: "I have read with interest the article on 'Indian Corn as our National Plant,' and the first note in the Editor's Table of the March number of the New England Magazine. After speaking of Indian corn as the national plant, you ask 'Can anything better be named?' May I name apple-blossom? We want not a national plant but a national flower. We want a flower known and loved by all, the farmer and the child as well as the artist and the poet. The arbutus is unknown in a large part of the country; the daisy and the golden-rod will never be loved by the farmer. Who does not know and love apple-blossoms? Who does not feel a thrill of pleasure at the sight and smell of them? They are as delicate as the poet's fancy, sweet as the artist's dream, profuse as childhood's smiles, and in promises of good things to come equal to the farmer's hopes. Growing from Maine to Oregon, is not the apple the national fruit? Is it not the only fruit we export in any quantity? It is the fruit of the common people. Each man who owns a little land may sit under his own apple-tree. Apple blossoms, red and white against the blue sky, show our national colors. The blossoms grow in clusters, fit emblem of a nation which is 'one out of many.' Beside the rose and the lily, the golden-rod looks coarse and gaudy, the arbutus insignificant; but in coloring, in form, in perfume, in delicacy, apple-blossoms are worthy to rank with rose and lily.

> Let England boast the royal rose,
> And France the "Fleur de Lis;"
> Let Scotland claim the thistle brave;
> We'll have the apple-tree."

A correspondent interested in Miss Clarke's article on "The Indian Corn as our National Plant" sends us the following, cut from one of the newspapers, in which the writer has followed out the various uses of Indian corn with an ingenuity and thoroughness greater if possible than Miss Clarke's own: "There is no plant deserving a higher esteem than maize, or Indian corn. It is believed to be a native of North America, and was grown in this country before Columbus came here. From old drawings in an ancient Chinese book, it is inferred that maize was once native to the East, but if so its cultivation had ceased centuries before the discovery of America. Columbus carried some grains to Spain with him; they were planted, multiplied, and spread all over Europe, although its best growth is in countries not too cold. No cereal increases in so large a proportion. It yields from three hundred and fifty to eight hundred for one. It is often the first crop to be planted on new ground. The meal of maize has served its country well, by nourishing the first

comers. A hardy lot of men was raised on the hasty-pudding, baked Indian pudding, Johnny-cakes, and brownbread of our foremothers. With the hulls removed by strong lye, it becomes hulled corn, and is a dish much relished by those who like plain food. The Southern people grind the corn coarsely, and it is then hominy. The Southern people are adepts at serving the forms of corn and its meal. They know the toothsomeness of "pones" and hot breads from maize. It cannot be used alone, as it has little gluten, but it is rich in oily and fatty matter, and, therefore, very nourishing. Man, not content with using corn as food, has found means to convert it into drinks. A kind of beer called chica, a spirituous liquor, and vinegar are made from maize. It is only in these forms that it ceases to be useful. The young stalks are full of sweetness, and from them a syrup is extracted. The syrup is fermented, and makes another spirituous liquor. Even the husks have a value. Being soft and flexible, they are made into mats and mattresses. They are also used to stuff the seats of chairs. Oranges and lemons are wrapped in corn husks. In South America, cigarettes are made with husk covers. Paper has been made from the husks. Like the palm, so of the maize, almost all of its elements are of use to man. The house may have its roof thatched with the stalks. Does the owner want heat? There are more stalks for fuel. Stalks also will make the baskets he needs to hold his stores. He may cover his floor with matting from its husks, and at night he may sleep comfortably upon a bed stuffed with husks. For his breakfast he may eat a dozen preparations of the meal, or perhaps he will prefer the corn boiled on the ear, or some of these small ears pickled may be appetizing. Over his hominy or hulled corn he will pour the syrup made from the stalks, and if he cares for such drinks he will finish with a glass of its beer, or perhaps he will prefer a form of coffee made by browning the kernels in the oven and serving them ground with wheat and cooked like coffee. It is not bad, though it is not particularly good. After his breakfast he may reckon his accounts and write his letters upon paper made from corn, though he will not have a style of paper usual for correspondence.

"Should one lack pictures for ornament, the maize, with its straight stock, broad, branching leaves, its ears covered with golden grain or soft silk, lends itself readily to decoration. Though one commonly speaks of "golden" grains, in fact the kernels are white, purple, red, as often as yellow, and the various kinds combined make a 'symphony in colors,' as Whittier says.

"There is more than the practical side to maize. Nothing is quite perfect which is only practical. 'Use must borrow robes from Beauty;' and our commonplace, useful grain has about it a tinge of romance which the Indian nature threw over all which came before it. Do you not know how Hiawatha, on the fourth day of his fasting,

> "Saw a youth approaching,
> Dressed in garments green and yellow,
> Coming through the purple twilight,
> Through the splendor of the sunset;
> Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
> And his hair was soft and golden?"

He tells Hiawatha to strive with him in wrestling, and that he shall be conquered, and that by his conquest Hiawatha shall bring profit to his people. He bids him

> "Make a bed for me to lie in,
> Where the rain may fall upon me,
> Where the sun may come and warm me."

Hiawatha does as he was bidden, and keeps watch beside the grave,

> "Till at length a small, green feather
> From the earth shot slowly upward;
> Then another and another;
> And before the summer ended
> Stood the maize in all its beauty;
>
> With its shining robes about it,
> And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
> And in rapture, Hiawatha
> Called aloud, 'It is Mondamin!
> Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!'"

and 'the friend of man;' maize has ever since been."

***

We think that the first really important impulse to the discussion of the question, "What Shall be our National Flower?" was given by Mrs. Estelle M. H. Merrill of the Boston *Globe*, the present president of the New England Women's Press Association. The discussion has became so popular and general — hardly less so, Mrs. Merrill humorously observes, than that of the famous queries, "Is Life Worth Living?" and "Is Marriage a Failure?" — that the history of it, which she has recently published in a newspaper article, is very interesting reading. Her own first choice was the Mayflower, and she still dwells upon this with manifest affection, although recognizing that the popular favorite at present seems to be the golden rod, and giving her final, deliberate verdict in favor of the Indian corn. "All things considered," she says, "most may be said perhaps in favor of the maize or Indian corn. A native American, maize played an important part in the early colonial history of our country; it has been immortalized already by Longfellow and Hiawatha, and sung by Whittier and others of our poets; symbolically it is everything that is desirable, while from an artistic point of view its capabilities are endless." We think that the final verdict of the country will be that of Mrs. Merrill, who started the discussion and has followed it most carefully. Shall we not set a stalk of corn upon the cover of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, and settle the matter?

THE OMNIBUS.

French Professor: — What gender is *œuf?*

Pupil: — I don't know, sir. You can't tell till it hatches.

***

"My dear," said Mrs. —— after a slight dispute at the breakfast table, "do you think I am generally ill-natured?" "No," he replied, "I think you are particularly so."

***

An Irishman had accepted a challenge, and was about to fight a duel. Just before the distances were paced off, he insisted that owing to his near-sightedness he should be permitted to stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the latter did to him, and that they should both fire at the same time.

***

A Farmer unexpectedly went into his field and found twelve of his laborers reclining under a tree. He sarcastically offered a dollar to the one who would prove himself to be the laziest. Eleven of the men jumped up at once, each one asserting his right to the money. The farmer, however, decided that the dollar belonged to the twelfth man, who had remained on the ground. He announced his decision, and offered the money to the winner, who thanked him with the inquiry, "I say, can't you put it in my pocket for me?"

***

During the Millerite excitement an eccentric individual was invited by some graceless youths to go with them to an evening meeting of the Adventists. His companions requested him to speak, telling him that it would be especially gratifying to hear remarks from any stranger. It was a very cold time, and the snow was deep. The meeting was an enthusiastic one, and the believers were much excited. They were sure the Great Day was at hand. One old woman was loud in her predictions. "The Lord is coming speedily!" she cried. "He is coming! I hear his chariot-wheels!" W—— jumped up, exclaiming, "No ma'am — it can't be! If He comes now, He *must* come on runners!"

***

There is a school not far from Boston which still maintains the custom of having yearly oral examinations conducted by the trustees. The school assembled recently for the ordeal, and the pupils were questioned by turn on the subjects they had studied during the year. Finally one of the trustees began to put questions in physics, and asked a bright looking boy about the properties of heat.

"The chief property of heat is that it expands bodies, while cold contracts them," replied the boy.

"Very good indeed; can you give me a familiar example?"

"Yes, sir; in summer, when it is hot, the day is long; while in winter, when it is cold, the day becomes very short."

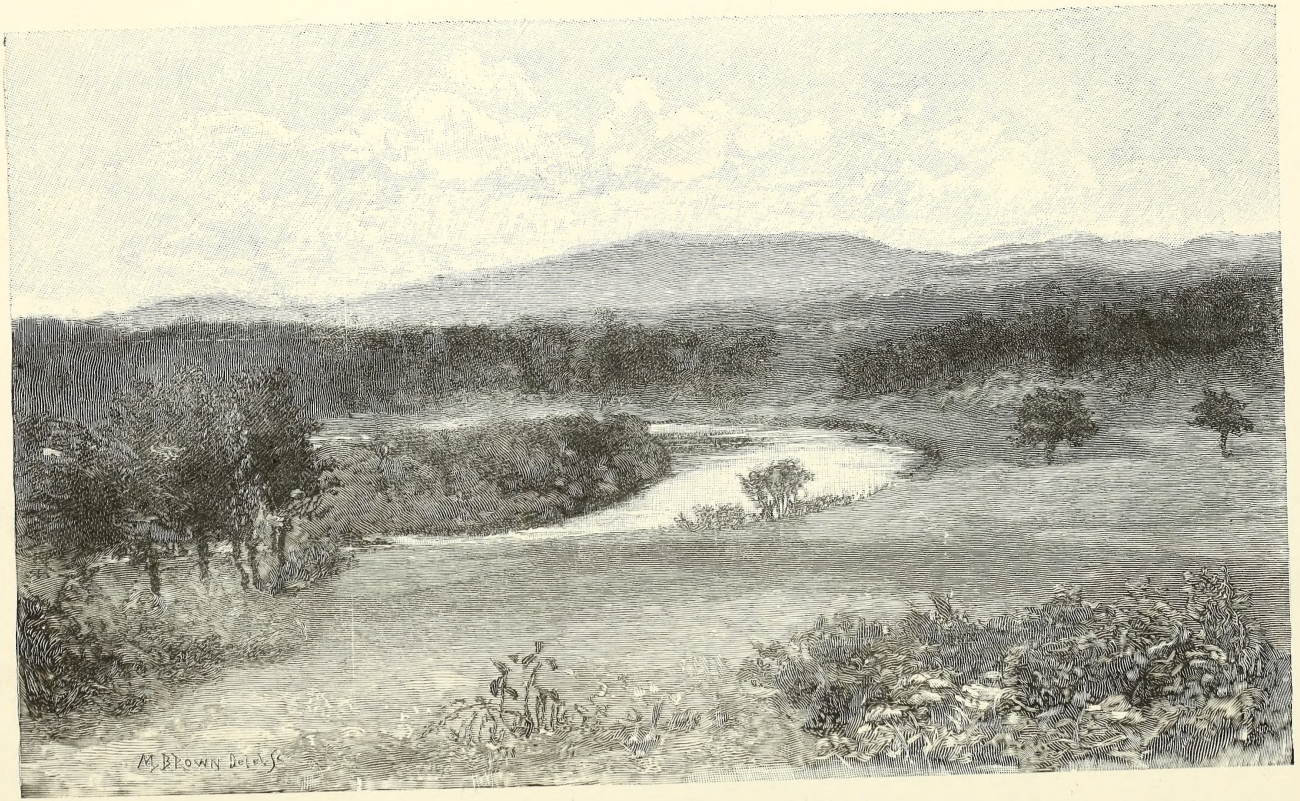
The learned trustee closed the examination with the remark that he was amazed that so familiar an instance had escaped his own observation.

***

When the more liberal religious views began to make inroads upon the stricter Calvinistic doctrines in our New England towns, fifty years ago, many good people were much disturbed. The people in a certain little town in New Hampshire were disturbed as they began to discover the new views working their way into their old pastor's sermons. They were disturbed especially at the larger part that preaching about "good works" was coming to play in the sermons. At last they felt it their duty to remonstrate, and a committee waited upon the parson. Various weak places in his theology were touched upon, but the chief grievance was with the "good works." The old divine frankly admitted all that they charged. He certainly had been led to feel that the doctrine of "good works" had been dangerously slighted in the New England churches, and new views on that point were sure to prevail. "But, gentlemen," he said, "you need not have any anxiety about that here. I have preached here thirty years, and know the town well; and I assure you that in that time there have not been good works enough done in this town to damn a single soul."

***

Among the most interesting natural phenomena in the State of Maine are the famous Underwood Springs near Casco Bay. They get their name from their first European owners, a Dublin family; but Weymouth, the early English explorer of the Maine coast, first made them known to the European scientific world. It was a theory of Descartes's that all springs have their source in the ocean and are supplied by a kind of capillary attraction; and this spring revealed by Weymouth certainly seemed to fit the curious theory very well. It poured out then, as it pours out now, its quarter of a million gallons a day, with no discoverable source. Weymouth found the spring guarded by a small tribe of Indians known as the Sekokis, who maintained a permanent camp around it, guarding it from their neighboring foes, though they permitted him to fill his casks with the pure water from their prized fountain. He found mounds in the vicinity, evidently of great antiquity, which told of earlier occupants of the region than the decaying tribe then in possession. These mounds are still to be seen. The Underwood family, into whose possession the springs came, were not as generous as the Sekokis to Weymouth, attempting to levy a tax on the English vessels coming to the Casco Bay forests for cargoes of masts and spars and seeking at the springs supplies of water for their homeward voyage.

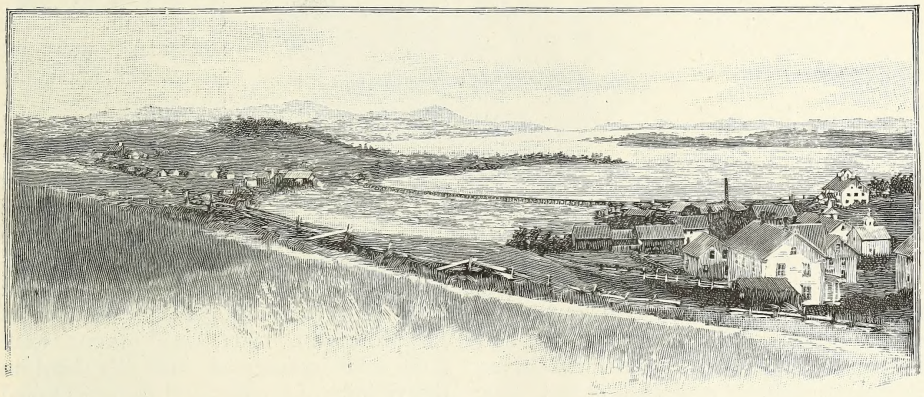


MOUNT MANSFIELD — FROM NEAR BURLINGTON.

THE

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. AUGUST, 1891. VOL. IV. NO. 6.



Lake Memphremagog, from Newport.

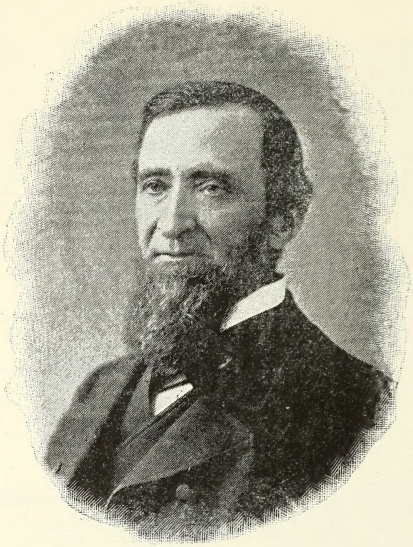
THE STATE OF VERMONT.

By Albert Clarke.

VERMONT is the only state in the American Union which was never a province of a foreign government or a part of another state or a territory of the United States. As the late Governor Hall said, in his "Early History of Vermont," the state "struggled into existence through a double revolution." Parts of her territory were claimed by Massachusetts, New Hampshire and New York, and the whole was menaced by Great Britain from Canada and Lake Champlain; but through all the contention, which lasted twenty-five years, the settlers maintained a degree of independence which historians agree in considering remarkable in the circumstance, sand which finally won recognition from every claimant, and admission of the state to the Union on the fourth day of March, 1791. Vermont was thus the first state to join the original thirteen.

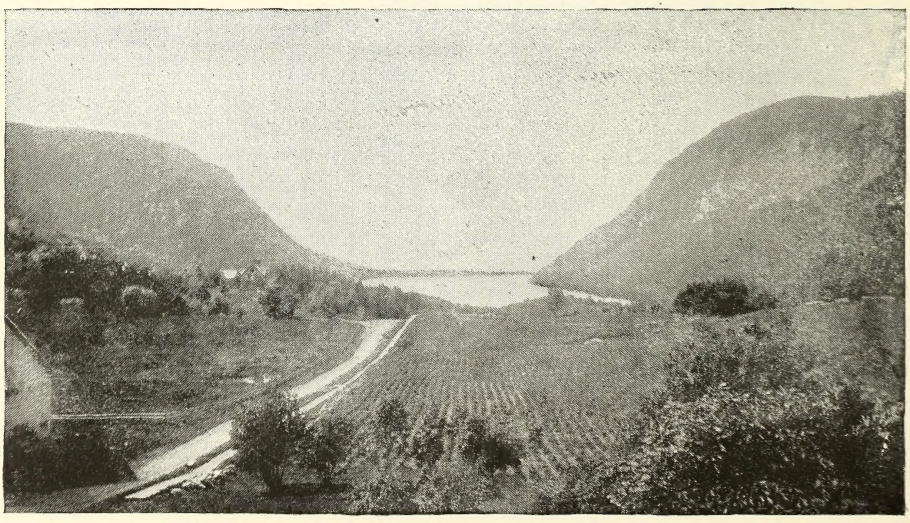
The first white men to view the land were Samuel de Champlain, governor of Quebec, and two companions, who, with a band of Algonquin Indians, pushed up the Richelieu River in canoes on the 4th of July, 1609, and entered the lake which has ever since borne the explorer's name. He appropriately named the country on the east "Verd Mont," but the early settlers knew nothing of this and the name was never applied to that domain until April 11, 1777, when Dr. Thomas Young, a distinguished citizen of Philadelphia, addressed a letter "to the inhabitants of Vermont, a free and independent state, bounding on the river Connecticut and Lake Champlain." The convention which had met at Westminster on the

15th of the previous January, had voted that "the district of territory comprehending and usually known by the name and description of the New Hampshire Grants, of right ought to be, and is hereby declared for ever hereafter to be considered as a separate, free and independent jurisdiction or state, by the name, and forever hereafter to be called, known, and distinguished by the name of New Connecticut." Many of the settlers and most of their leaders had emigrated from Connecticut, hence the name; but when their commissioners returned from the Congress at Philadelphia, bearing Dr. Young's letter and the intelligence that a settlement along the Susquehanna was also called New Connecticut, the adjourned convention, held at Windsor, June 4, unanimously resolved that the district should "ever hereafter be called and known by the name of Vermont." And so it has been, and there never has been a moment since when any of its people would have preferred any other name.



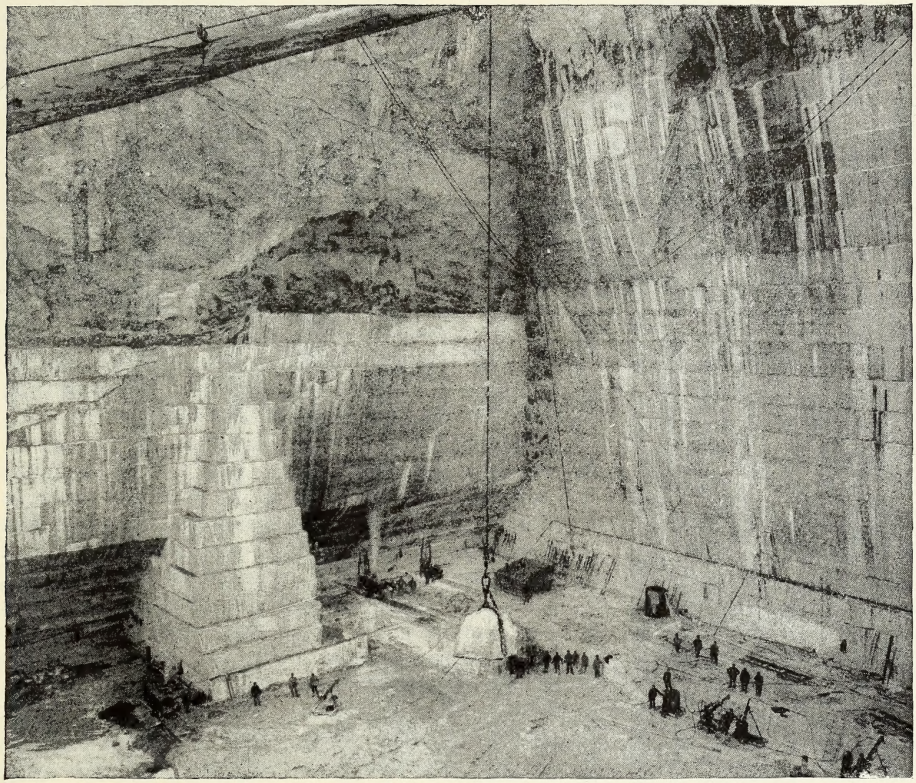
Hon. Redfield Proctor.

The first occupancy of the region by civilized man was in 1665, when the French constructed Fort St. Ann, on Isle La Motte, in the north end of Lake Champlain. This settlement was not permanent, and some historians have contended that it was only a military possession; but the fort was used as late as the close of the French-Indian war in 1760, and the late Hon. Ira Hill, who was born in 1793 and went with his father to Isle La Motte in 1803, said there were numerous indications that the land in the vicinity of the fort had been occupied and cultivated long before the permanent settlement of the island was begun in 1788. In 1690 a small stone fort was built by the French at Chimney Point, in the town of Addison, some sixty miles



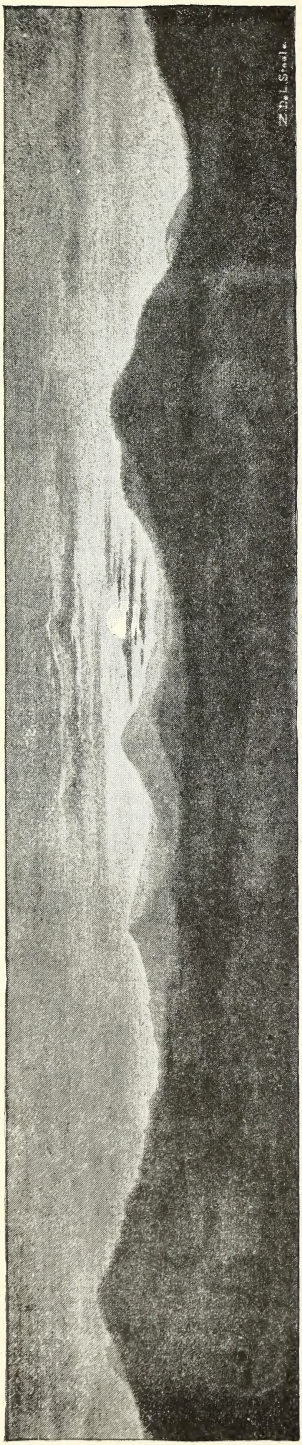
Lake Willoughby.

further up the lake, but if there was any settlement near, it was broken up by the Iroquois, who resisted the French because Champlain had been accompanied by their enemies, the Algonquins. So the first permanent white settlement in the state was around a block house called Fort Dummer, built in 1724 by the province of Massachusetts in what is now the town of Brattleboro. The loss of sixty-four years from the antiquity of the state was thus more than compensated by the superior qualities of the settlers who finally poured in from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island.



Marble Quarry, Proctor.

In 1741, Benning Wentworth was appointed by King George II. governor of New Hampshire, and his commission declared his province to extend westerly "until it should meet his majesty's other governments." It was generally understood in the provinces that New York bordered on Connecticut and on a line running thence north to Lake Champlain. With this understanding, in 1749, Governor Wentworth granted the town of Bennington, in the southwest corner of the state, and during the next fifteen years granted about one hundred and thirty other towns. In 1764, without notice to the inhabitants, King George III., by an order in council for better defining the boundaries, extended the government of New York as far east as the Connecticut river. This transferred the whole territory of Vermont to New York. The settlers did not like it, but probably they would have acquiesced if the government of New York had not required them to take out new titles to their lands, at a heavy expense. Against this they successfully appealed to the king in council, and in 1767 the Governor of New York was

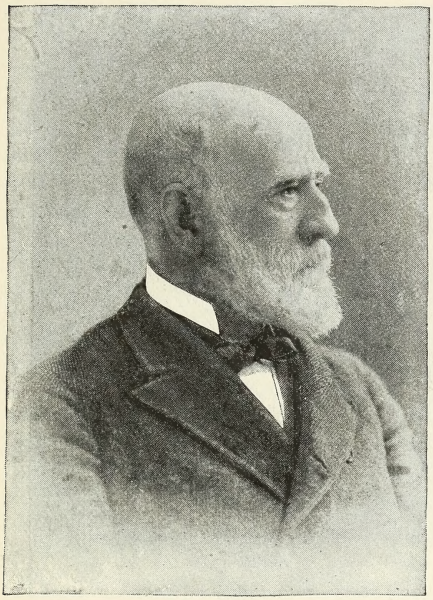


Mount Killington and other Mountains east of Rutland. FROM A DRAWING BY MRS. Z. D. L. STEELE.

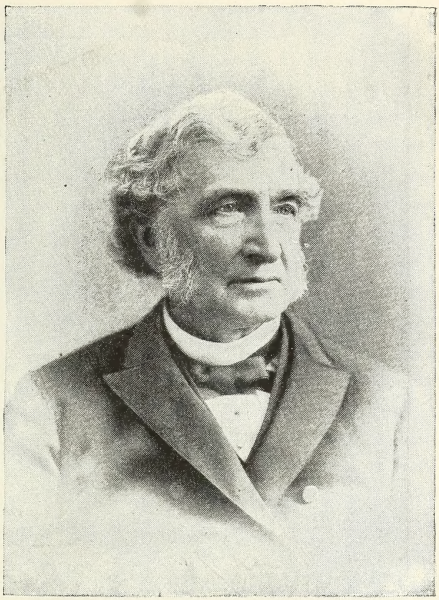
commanded, "upon pain of his majesty's highest displeasure," to cease making grants of the controverted lands. But, under grants already made, judgments of ejectment were given against the settlers by the colonial court in New York, and after the trial of a test case the attorney-general advised Ethan Allen to return and pacify his people, for their cause was hopeless. Allen replied: "The gods of the valleys are not the gods of the hills;" and when eviction was attempted, the settlers offered armed resistance. On the 18th of July, 1771, Sheriff Ten Eyck and a posse of three hundred marched from Albany to eject James Breakenridge from his farm in Bennington. They found the place thoroughly defended, and most of the posse refused to attack. The sheriff seized an axe to break in the door of the house, but was surrounded by levelled muskets and compelled to retire. "And here," says the late Governor Hiland Hall, in his "Early History of Vermont," "on the farm of James Breakenridge, was born the future state of Vermont."

During the next four years there was continuous but bloodless war, chiefly west of the mountain range that extends through the centre of the state from south to north. Committees of safety, and companies of volunteers calling themselves "Green Mountain Boys" were organized in several towns, and a "grand committee" of delegates met often and provided for the general welfare. Rewards were offered in New York for the arrest of the leaders of what was styled "the mob," and on the night of March 21, 1772, Remember Baker was seized, after being wounded in his house at East Arlington, and hurried towards Albany. The news flew to Bennington, where ten men rallied and rode with all speed to the present site of Troy. Finding that the raiders had not passed, they turned towards Arlington and met them. The captors scattered and Baker was borne tenderly home. This affair prepared the settlers for any degree of resistance, and three weeks later, when they heard that Gov. Tryon was marching towards them with a force of British regulars, they obtained artillery from the old fort at Williamstown, Mass., and made other preparations for vigorous defence. The force, however, did not appear.

It became dangerous to hold a New York title to lands, or to speak in favor of the New York jurisdiction. The Green Mountain boys organized temporary courts for each case, and tried and punished offenders on the spot. In one instance they took the roof from a claimant's house, to show him that he could not be sheltered by a New York title, but restored it after he had agreed to accept



Hon. George F. Edmunds.



Hon. Justin S. Morrill.

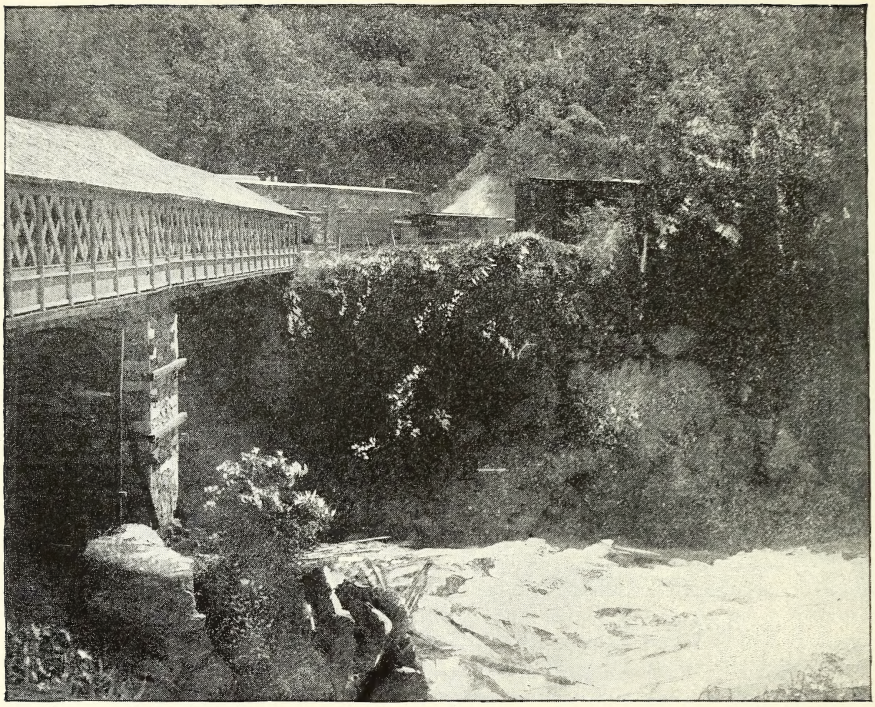
The Senators from Vermont.

the New Hampshire jurisdiction. Claimants and their surveyors were in a few instances whipped with the twigs of the forest, which the settlers called affixing the "beech seal" to their titles. A citizen of Arlington, whose loyalty to the settlers had weakened, was suspended in a chair for two hours at the top of the tall sign-post of the tavern at Bennington Centre, by the side of the stuffed catamount which grinned defiance towards New York. This exaltation cured him and many others.

On the 9th of March, 1774, acts of outlawry were passed by the New York assembly, which authorized the hanging without trial of Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, Remember Baker, Robert Cochran, Peleg Sunderland, Silvanus Brown, James Breakenridge and John Smith, and such other punishment short of life and limb for their followers as the court might see fit to inflict. This act was accompanied by a proclamation from Gov. Tryon, offering a reward of one hundred pounds each for Allen and Warner, and fifty



At a Maple Sugar Camp.



Bellows Falls.

each for the others named. This had been done at the instance of Benjamin Hough of Socialborough (now Rutland). His neighbors seized him and carried him to Sunderland, thirty miles south, where, after trial before the leading Green Mountain Boys, he was punished by two hundred lashes and banished towards New York, "not to return on pain of receiving five hundred lashes."

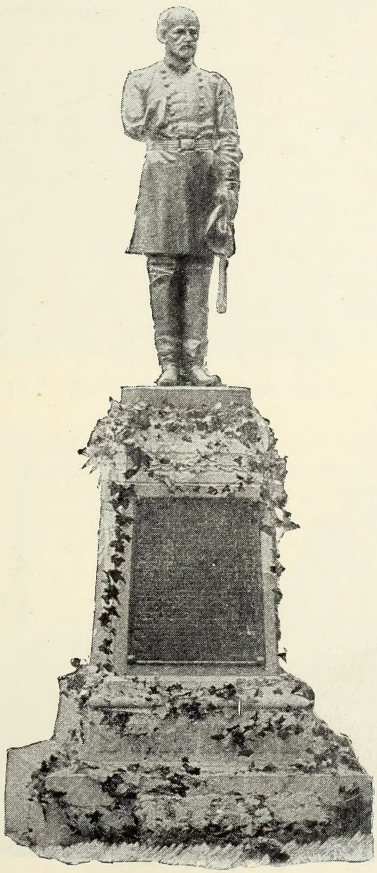
But whenever an offender was punished by these pioneers he was given a certificate of the fact, so that he might not be chastised again for the same offence by some other detachment of "our mob." And they did not assume to try any one except for offending the common good. Their sense of justice is shown by a letter which Ethan Allen and six others sent to Benjamin Spencer and Amos Marsh in Clarendon, whom they had required to abandon New York authority and take out New Hampshire titles. They wrote that if "Col. Willard or any other man demand an exorbitant price for your lands, we scorn it, and will assist you in mobbing such avaricious persons, for we mean to use force against oppression and that only."

This independent local government and resistance to outside authority, so much more marked in Vermont than even in Massachusetts, was fast leading up to the American Revolution. The Green Mountain Boys were in full sympathy with the resolve of the Continental Congress, adopted in September, 1774, to suspend all commercial relations with the mother country until the oppressive acts of parliament should be repealed. And they did not stop there. They decided that no further acts of government in the name of the king should be tolerated in their midst. As the Cumberland county court was about to open at Westminster, March 14, 1775, those in the vicinity, after voting to "oppose all authority that would not accede to the resolves of the Continental Congress," armed themselves with clubs and took possession of the court house. Sheriff Patterson and posse forced a midnight entrance by firing

through the door and wounding twelve of the occupants. The next day an inquest was held over the body of William French, who had died of his wounds, and the assailants were charged with murder. By the next morning fully five hundred men, armed and equipped for war, had assembled, and Capt. Robert Cochran, who had made a forced march with forty men from the west side of the mountain, conducted the judges, the sheriff, and six of his assistants to Northampton jail. *Thus began and ended the first bloody resistance in the name of the Continental Congress to kingly power in America.* Henceforth the land controversy was merged in the greater and more general struggle. A month later occurred the fights of Lexington and Concord, and in less than another month the taking of Fort Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," and of Crown Point by Seth Warner, and of a British sloop by Benedict Arnold, by which victories Lake Champlain was cleared of the enemy and the trophies of which were two hundred and thirty-four guns, many small arms, a few prisoners, and two strongholds which menaced both Vermont and New York, and which had cost more than two millions of dollars.

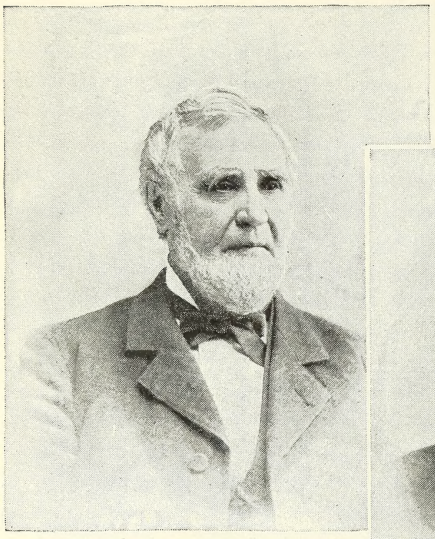


Julia C. R. Dorr.

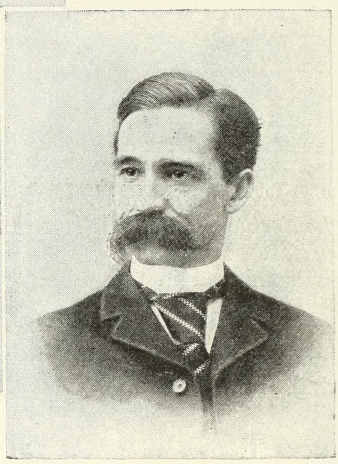


Statue of General Stannard, Burlington.

The limits of this article compel the omission of any detailed account of the gallant part borne by the Green Mountain Boys in the Revolutionary War. Ethan Allen fell into captivity by the failure of Major Brown's column to unite in his attack upon Montreal, in September, 1775, and was not exchanged until 1778. Col. Seth Warner and his regiment repulsed Gen. Carlton at Longueuil as the British were moving from Montreal to raise the siege of St. John, and shortly afterwards captured a large number of vessels and stores as they tried to pass his batteries at Sorel. Having returned home for the winter, he and large numbers of his men soon hastened to the relief of Gen. Wooster at Quebec after the defeat and death of Montgomery. They suffered severe losses from smallpox during the winter, and made a stubborn retreat before the reinforced British army, reaching Ticonderoga and home the following June. After the destruction of Arnold's flotilla in October, and the ad-



Ex-Governor Paul Dillingham.

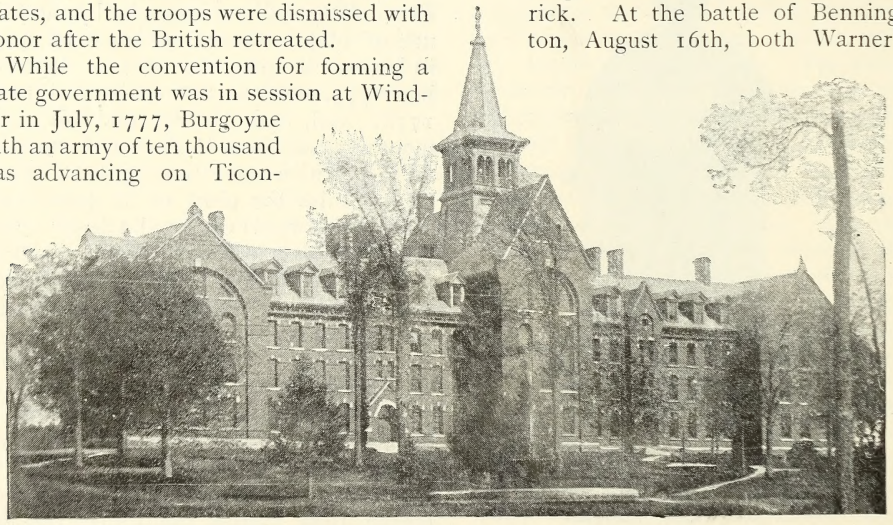


Ex-Governor Wm. P. Dillingham.

deroga. Warner issued from Rutland an urgent call for men, which the convention seconded, and within three days he was at Ticonderoga with nine hundred militia. But Gen. St. Clair was obliged to retreat before overwhelming numbers, and on the morning of the 7th the rear guard, under Colonels Warner and Francis, was defeated with heavy loss in a severe battle at Hubbardton; but they scattered and gathered at Manchester a few days later. The council of safety which had been appointed by the Windsor convention, and of which Thomas Chittenden was president and Ira Allen secretary, exerted itself greatly in defence of the state, not only sending men to Warner at Manchester, but confiscating the property of those who had joined the enemy and thus equipping a regiment of rangers under Col. Samuel Herrick. At the battle of Bennington, August 16th, both Warner's

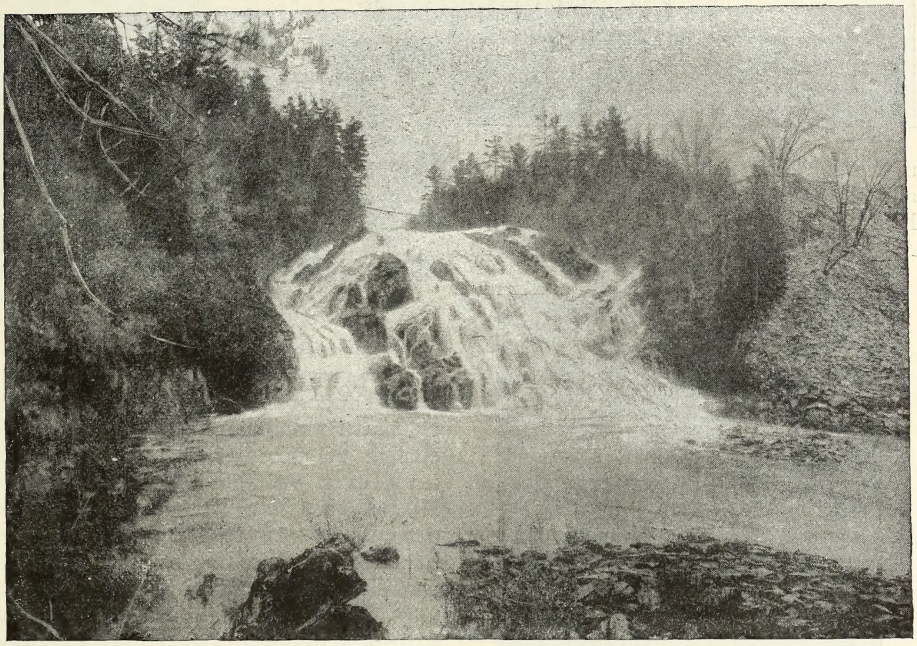
vance of the British to Crown Point, three Vermont regiments under Colonels Warner, Brownson and Robinson hastened to the support of Gen. Gates at Fort Ticonderoga, and the farmers and millers, at the call of the committee of safety, furnished more flour than the men left at home could forward. This timely service received the warmest thanks of Gen. Gates, and the troops were dismissed with honor after the British retreated.

While the convention for forming a state government was in session at Windsor in July, 1777, Burgoyne with an army of ten thousand was advancing on Ticon-



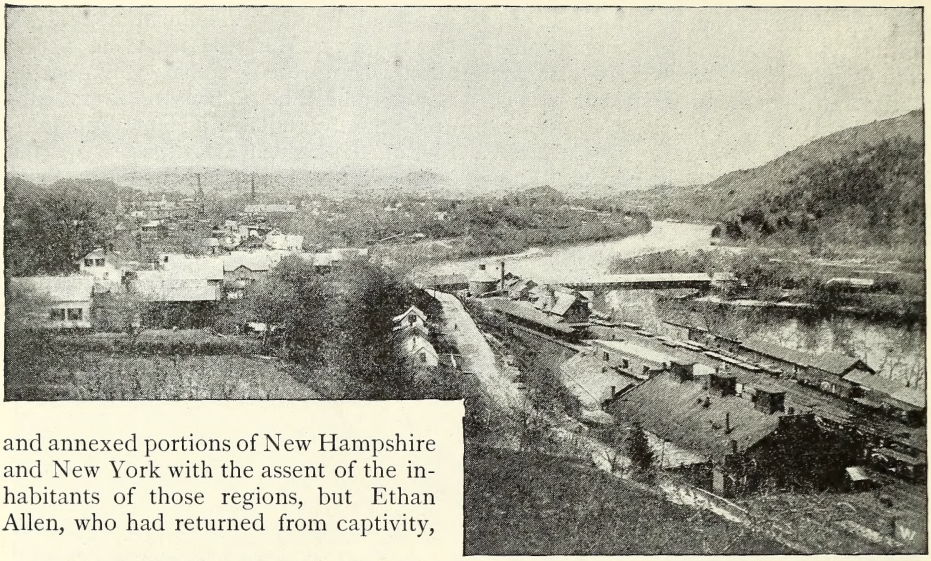
Main Building of the University of Vermont, Burlington.

and Herrick's regiments bore an important part, and their commanders were highly complimented by General Stark. In the autumn Herrick's rangers and about five hundred Vermonters under Colonel Brown of Massachusetts harrassed the enemy's rear near Ticonderoga, recapturing many prisoners taken at Hubbardton, taking two hundred and ninety-three of the enemy and destroying one hundred and fifty bateaux, seventeen gunboats and one armed sloop. In 1778, while Warner's regiment was at Albany, a British force sailed up the lake and penetrated Vermont as far as Middlebury, taking captive all the men, burning all the buildings, and retreating before troops from Rutland could meet them. The following spring a line of defence was formed and partially fortified, from Castleton to the mountains east of Pittsford, and all settlers north of it were required to come in. Companies of rangers defended the frontier throughout 1779. In October, 1780, more than one thousand British and Indians sailed up the lake and moved against Fort George, which was held by Capt. Chipman and about eighty men of Warner's regiment, nearly all of whom were slaughtered in a sortie. At the same time a body of three hundred, chiefly Indians, under Lieut. Horton, of the British army, passed up the Winooski over the divide and down White river to Royalton, where they killed two settlers, captured thirty, burned twenty houses, killed many cattle, and escaped before men from the settlements could overtake them.



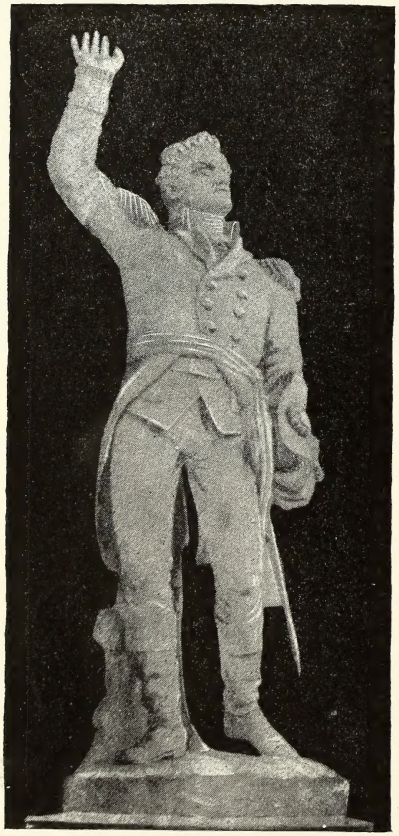
Southerland Falls, Proctor.

This was the last invasion of Vermont during the Revolution; but the frontier was constantly menaced. The continental army was all employed elsewhere. Vermont had asked permission to enter the Union, but delegates in Congress from New York, New Hampshire and Massachusetts prevented favorable action. There was reason to believe that some of them were willing to leave the state defenceless in order that danger might compel partition. The situation was extremely critical and the Vermonters resorted to diplomacy and political strategy. They not only took the aggressive



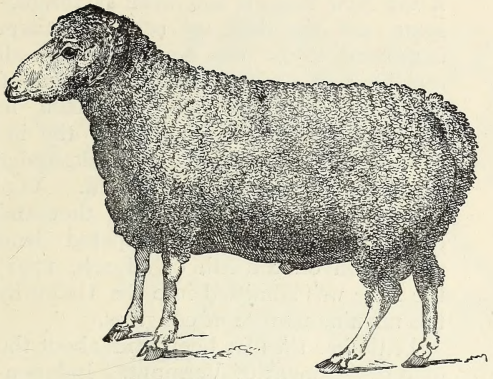
Brattleboro.

and annexed portions of New Hampshire and New York with the assent of the inhabitants of those regions, but Ethan Allen, who had returned from captivity, and been appointed brigadier-general, availed of correspondence with the British General Haldimand, in relation to an exchange of prisoners, for negotiating a truce over Vermont and northeastern New York. The British, knowing the disappointment of the Vermonters at not being admitted to the Union, sought to conciliate them. They not only entered into a truce, but offered to make Vermont a British province and confer dignities and emoluments upon her leading men. Allen submitted all the letters to Gov. Chittenden and a few others, but diplomatic privacy had to be observed. The mystery created suspicion in New York and among the uninitiated in Vermont. Two members of the legislature sought an investigation. Allen appeared before the house and explained so far as he safely could, but obviously withheld the purpose of the negotiation, which was two-fold — first, the safety of the frontier, and second, the impression upon congress of the idea that the state might be lost unless speedily admitted. Could Allen have safely stated this, he would have been vindicated; but instead, he was thanked and dismissed. A year later, however, he was re-elected brigadier-general, but the honor was declined.



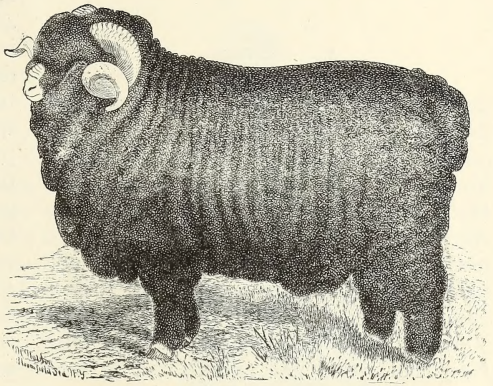
Ethan Allen.

FROM A STATUE BY LARKIN G. MEAD, AT MONTPELIER.

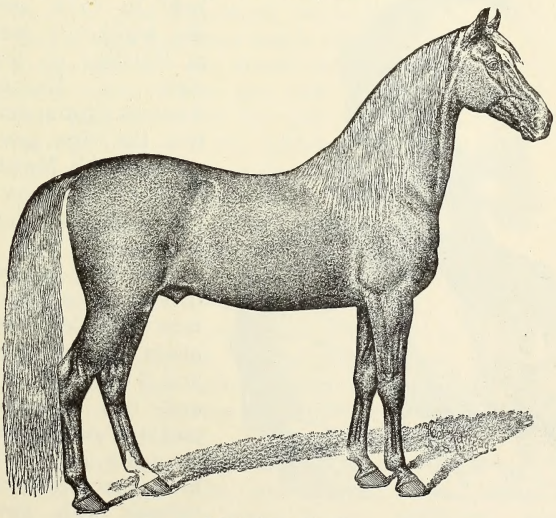


Spanish Merino Ram. 1810.

Two remarkable letters incident to this diplomacy had been written him by Col. Beverly Robinson of New York, a confidant of Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander-in-chief. The first, dated March 30, 1780, stated that, having heard that Allen and most of the Vermonters were opposed to the chimerical scheme of American independence, he would gladly communicate to Sir Henry any wish of theirs, and on the return of their allegiance he did not doubt they could have a separate government under the king and constitution of England. Allen made no reply, and about a year later received a second letter, dated Feb. 2, 1781, renewing the former offer, and this time by authority. Allen made no reply, but with the sanction of Gov. Chittenden transmitted the letters to Congress, accompanied by one of his own, in which he said he had no acquaintance with Robinson and had not communicated with him. He recited the neglect of congress, the opposition of adjacent states, the efforts to divide the people, the exposure of the frontier, the services of Vermont to the general cause, his attachment to which he did not think would be questioned while he claimed for Vermont the right to



Vermont Merino. 1890.



"Daniel Lambert."

agree on terms for the cessation of hostilities with Great Britain, provided the United States persist in rejecting her application for union; and he closed by saying: "for I am as resolutely determined to defend the independence of Vermont as congress that of the United States, and rather than fail, will retire with the hardy Green Mountain Boys into the desolate caverns of the mountains and wage war with human nature at large." The letter had its intended effect, in conjunction with other circumstances, and congress indicated its willingness to receive Vermont minus the New York and New Hampshire annexes. The Ver-

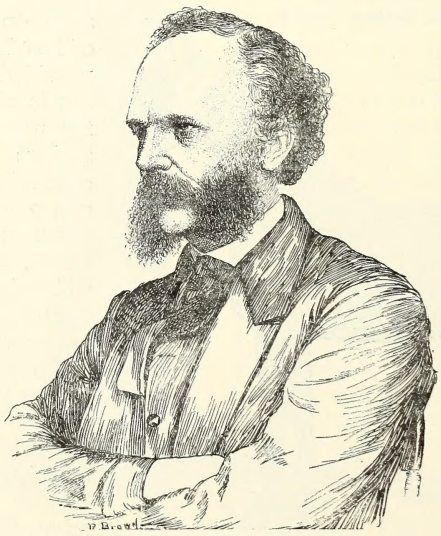


Hon. E. J. Phelps.

mont legislature, containing members from the additions, objected to the terms, and New York still strenuously opposed. Meanwhile the negotiations with Gen. Haldimand were kept up, through Ira Allen and Joseph Fay, and were carried just far enough to prolong the truce, and no further. Peace with Great Britain came in 1783, and the treaty included Vermont, but the old controversy with New York was not ended, and it took several years to remove the obstacles to the admission of the state.

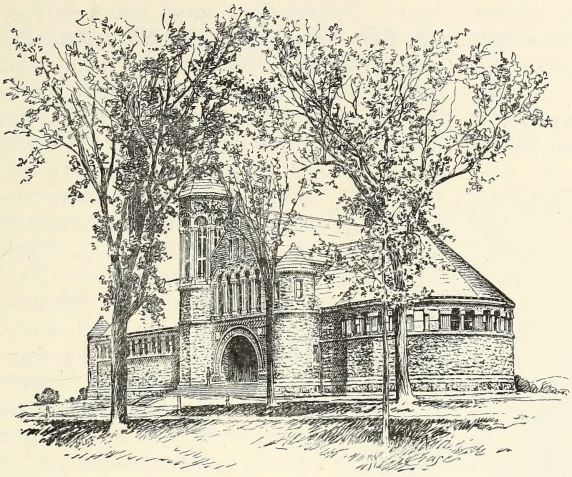
Meanwhile Vermont got on very well as an independent state. She escaped the federal debt, and on account of her moderate taxes, mild laws, fertile lands and the high quality of her people, there was a great influx of settlers from other states. She coined money, established post offices, had a postmaster general, and would probably have issued letters of marque and reprisal if the New Yorkers had been as troublesome on the lake as some of them continued to be on land. Finally all sensible men in New York despaired of annexing a people so determined in their independence, and under the influence of Gen. Schuyler and Alexander Hamilton the opposition ceased. Vermont paid New York thirty thousand dollars to quiet certain disputed land titles, and on the 4th of March, 1791, the state was admitted into the Union by the unanimous vote of congress.

Little has thus far been said about the civil government of Vermont. Independence was declared at a convention in Westminster, January 15, 1777. At an adjourned session held in Windsor, June 4th, fifty towns, or nearly all then organized, were represented by seventy-two delegates and a committee was appointed to prepare a constitution. Adjournment was had to July 2d, when their draft was presented and adopted. There was little time to consider it, on account of Burgoyne's invasion, but it was modelled after the constitution of Pennsylvania and was recommended by Dr. Young and Dr. Franklin. It was the first of the state constitutions to prohibit slavery. It was remodelled in 1786, and twenty-eight amendments have been made since. At present amendments can be proposed only once in ten years. An election was held in 1778, and the legislature met at Windsor on the 12th of March. Thomas Chittenden was the first governor, Jacob Marsh lieutenant-governor, and Ira Allen treasurer.



John G. Saxe.

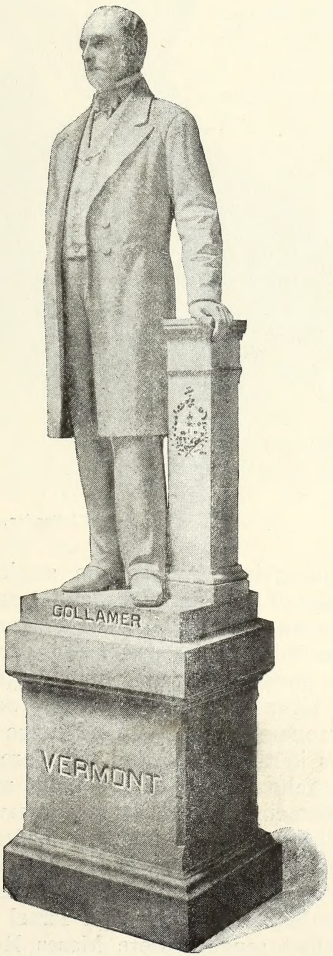
The state is now divided into fourteen counties, two cities (Vergennes and Burlington) and two hundred and forty-one towns, in many of which are incorporated villages with gov-



The Billings Library.

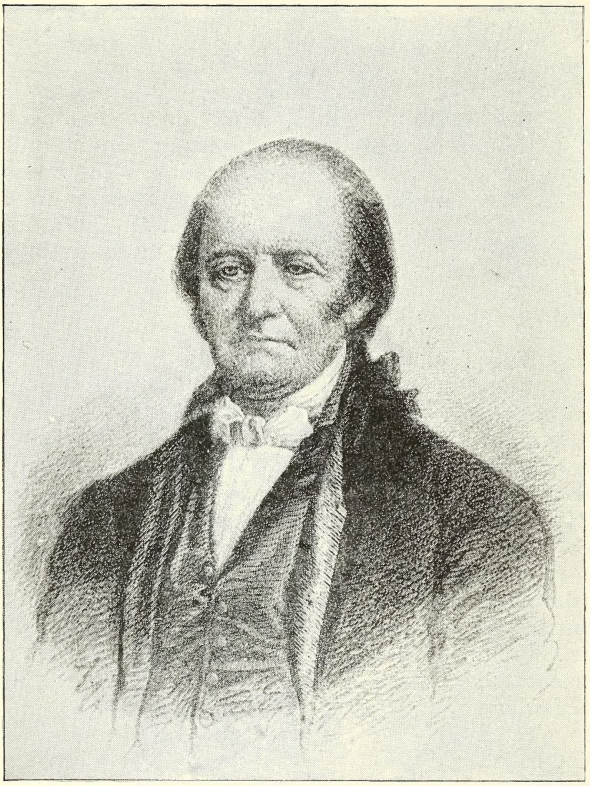
ernments like those of cities. Since 1870 the state elections have been held biennially, when a governor, lieutenant-governor, treasurer, secretary of state and auditor of accounts are chosen by the freemen. The judiciary consists of a supreme court of law and equity, of judges of probate in the several probate districts (usually one in each county), of municipal courts in the cities and chartered villages, and of justices of the peace elected by the people. From the foundation of the government the judges of the supreme court, of whom there are now seven, have been elected by each new legislature on joint ballot. This system has been much criticised, on the ground that the tenure of office is too uncertain to induce the best talent, and that judges should be independent of party politics or of the influence of powerful suitors who may be in politics. But in fact the judges have usually been taken from among the ablest lawyers in the state and have generally been re-elected as long as they desired to serve. The men have been better than the system.

Sessions of the legislature were held in thirteen different towns until 1808. Montpelier was made the permanent capital in 1805, because it is very near the centre of the state. The first state house cost about $9,000, and was occupied from 1808 to 1836. The second cost about $112,000, and was burned in 1857. The third and present edifice cost $149,000, and was first occupied in 1859. It was designed by Thomas W. Silloway and is built of granite. A large addition for the supreme court and state library was built about five years ago. The executive chambers and the halls of the senate and house are models of elegance. The senate is limited to thirty members, elected in the counties according to population. The house consists of one member from each town or city. Thus the largest is no more strongly



From the Statue in the State Capitol, Washington.

represented than the smallest, unless the member is a better man, which is by no means always the case. The legislature meets on the first Wednesday of October each alternate year, and there is an unwritten law to adjourn before



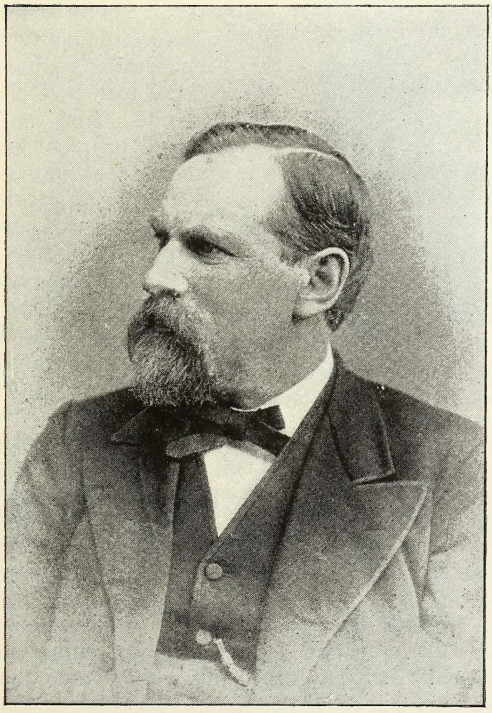
Thomas Chittenden.

Thanksgiving day, so the sessions are usually of only six weeks, and special sessions are rare. The members are paid three dollars a day and mileage one way. The governor is paid only $1,500, and the supreme court judges $3,300 each. There is always a preponderance of farmers in the house and they are as respectful as though in a religious meeting. Parliamentary law is strictly observed and probably there is no more orderly and dignified legislative body in the world.

The first representatives to congress were Nathaniel Niles and Israel Smith; the first senators were Moses Robinson and Stephen R. Bradley — all elected in 1791. Among their most noted successors have been Nathaniel Chipman, senator 1791–1803, who was also a state and federal judge and was esteemed by Washington and others as one of the ablest statesmen and jurists of his day; Dudley Chase, senator 1813–17, judge '17–'20, senator '25–'31, and uncle of Salmon P. Chase; Rollin C. Mallory, representative '19–'31; Samuel S. Prentiss, senator '31–'42, and U. S. district judge '42–56; John Mattocks, representative '25–'27, '41–'43 and governor '43–'44; Benjamin Swift, representative '27–'31 and senator '33–'39; William Slade, representative '31–'43 and governor '44–'46; Hiland Hall, representative '33–'43, governor '58–'60, previously judge of supreme court and subsequently writer of the best history of early Vermont; George P. Marsh, representative '43–'49, minister to Turkey '49–'53 and to Italy '61–'82, also famous author and linguist; Samuel S. Phelps, senator '39–'51, and again in' 53, previously judge, father of E. J. Phelps; Solomon Foote, representative '43–'47, senator '51–'66 and president of the senate pro tempore; Jacob Collamer, judge '32–'42, representative '43–'49, postmaster-general under President Taylor, then senator '55–'65; Luke P. Poland, representative '67–'75, senator '65–'67 and previously judge and chief judge; Paul Dillingham, representative '43–'47, governor '65–'67, father of ex-Gov. Wm. P. Dillingham and of the widow of Senator Matt H. Carpenter of Wisconsin, and still living in his 92d year; E. P. Walton, representative '57–'63, for many years a leading editor, historian and state legislator; George W. Hendee, '73–'79, lieutenant-governor and governor; Homer E. Royce, representative '57–'61, and afterwards

judge and chief judge ; Charles W. Willard, '69–'75, leading lawyer, editor and legislator; Charles H. Joyce, '75–'83; and John W. Stewart, representative '83–'91, speaker of the state legislature '65–'68 and '76–'78, governor in '71–2. The present representation in the house is by Wm. W. Grout '81–'83 and '85–'91 and Henry H. Powers '91– and in the senate by George F. Edmunds and Justin S. Morrill. A more detailed mention of these two men is in order.

Justin S. Morrill is "eighty-one years young." He has been a successful merchant and farmer, and was first chosen to congress in 1885, never having served in the legislature. He was five times re-elected and was then promoted to the senate, taking his seat in 1867, and has been four times re-elected. If he lives to complete his present term (March 3, 1897), he will have been forty-two years in public life. He has been prominent almost from the first, especially in relation to business and finance. He opposed the tariff of 1857, and the next year was appointed on the committee of ways and means. In 1860 he carried through the Morrill tariff and the internal revenue law. In 1864 he secured the termination of the Canadian reciprocity treaty. The land grant college bill of 1858, which was vetoed by Buchanan, was his, and Lincoln approved it in 1862. The last congress, as a result of his effort, voted to these colleges an annual appropriation from the sales of public lands. He was chairman of ways and means from '65 to '67, was made a member of the finance committee when he entered the senate, became its chairman in 1881, and so continues. He is, and long has been, second on the committee of public buildings and grounds, and he reported bills for the new congressional library, the marble terraces of the capitol, the war, navy and state building, the engraving and printing building of the treasury, the national museum, also for many improvements in public grounds and the new federal buildings at Montpelier and St. Albans. He was among the first to move against Mormon polygamy in 1857. In 1858 he made the minority report of fifteen against the pro-slavery Lecompton constitution for Kansas, the majority report being made by Alex. H. Stephens. In 1887 he introduced and advocated a bill for consular examination of emigrants. It was thought too stringent then, but is in favor now. Mr. Morrill has always stood for sound money. He has taken an active part in all the important work of congress, and though making no claims to oratory has delivered many influential speeches. No man has ever enjoyed higher confidence of his associates or greater respect among the people. The degree of M. A. was conferred upon him by Dartmouth in '74, and that of LL. D. by the University of Vermont in '74 and the University of Pennsylvania in '84. Cornell University has his portrait, and a fine new building of the Iowa agricultural college at Ames is called in his honor "Morrill Hall."



W. G. Veazey.

George F. Edmunds is only sixty-

three, but looks older. He has just resigned from the senate after twenty-five years of most distinguished service. From life on his father's farm, through an arduous law practice, a brilliant service in the Vermont legislature and in his senatorial career, he has been a great student and restless worker. Probably no other American statesman of an equal length of service has been a chief promoter of so many important measures. After serving five terms in the Vermont house, and as speaker the last three, and two terms in the senate, he was appointed by Governor Dillingham to succeed the late Solomon Foot in the United States senate, taking his seat April 5, 1866. He was publicly thanked by Charles Sumner that very month for an eloquent speech against the admission of Colorado with a constitution which restricted suffrage to whites. He was soon made chairman of the committee on retrenchment, and was instrumental in defining the issues of bonds and notes and in saving to the treasury ten million dollars derived from sales of captured and abandoned property. He also reported the tenure of office bill that checked the impairment of the civil service then going on. In 1867 he became a member of the judiciary committee and has been chairman of it for seventeen years. During all this time he has been regarded as the greatest lawyer in the senate, even with Carpenter, Conkling, Evarts and Hoar for comparison. Among the important measures which he originated were those which pledged the payment of the public debt in coin; stopped payment for slaves who had enlisted or been drafted; prevented the further issue of bonds and land certificates and payment for government transportation to Pacific railroads until they should account to the government; distributed the $15,500,000 awarded by the Geneva arbitration; expedited the disposal of pension cases; ended the pretence that either house could alone reject the electoral vote of a state; terminated the unequal fisheries treaty with Great Britain; put the Spanish land grants in line of judicial determination; and finally and effectually crushed the Mormon monster. He reported the meat inspection and exportation bill, and was the leading supporter of the Nicaragua treaty, which made the coming canal possible. He reported the electoral commission bill and served on



Middlebury College.

the commission which declared Mr. Hayes elected president, and thus peaceably solved the most perilous problem since the war; and subsequently he framed the electoral count bill which many consider the most important act of this generation. He declined appointments to the supreme bench, which both Presidents Hayes and Arthur offered him, and was a saving candidate for the presidential nomination in the Republican conventions of '80 and '84, receiving thirty-four votes in the former and ninety-four in the latter, all without his solicitation and hardly with his consent. For many years he has had a lucrative practice, chiefly in the federal courts, and has managed many important cases.

Redfield Proctor is one of the most successful Vermonters, present or past. President Harrison told Senator Morrill that he considered him the ablest Secretary of War since Stanton, and the most efficient of any in time of peace. He has introduced many reforms in the department, one of which has reduced desertions by more than thirty per cent, and another of which has completely overcome the long delays in certifying records in pension cases. He preserved the dignity of the country without wounding the sensibilities of mourners at the decease of Jefferson Davis, and he conducted a threatening Indian war to a peaceful termination. He has long been spoken of as "the Abe Lincoln of Vermont," and some apply that compliment to him as a member of this administration. He was born in Cavendish in 1831 and graduated at Dartmouth in 1851. He began the practice of law in Boston with his cousin, the late chief justice Isaac F. Redfield, but left it in 1861 to enter the army from Vermont. While on the staff of Gen. William F. Smith, he was complimented by Gen. McClellan for bravery at Lewinsville. He became major of the 5th Vermont and colonel of the 15th, and at the expiration of his term began the practice of law in Rutland. In 1869 he entered the marble business, in which he has made the largest development in the history of that industry anywhere in the world; after entering the Cabinet, his son, Col. Fletcher D. Proctor, succeeded him as president of the Vermont Marble Company. Mr. Proctor was selectman of Rutland, representative and senator, president pro tempore of the senate, lieutenant-governor, and in 1878 governor. He was twice a delegate to republican national conventions, and in 1888, as chairman of the delegation, cast Vermont's eight votes on every ballot for Mr. Harrison; and as Vermont's delegation was the only one which had been solid for the nominee from the first, its chairman at once received national attention. By a unanimous vote the Vermont legislature recommended him for a place in the cabinet, not at all because he had shown political sagacity, but because of his general fitness.

Edward J. Phelps, who was minister to England during Mr. Cleveland's administration and would probably have been appointed chief justice of the United States supreme court but for the condition of politics inside his party, is one of the ablest and most accomplished men whom Vermont has ever produced. He is a son of Judge and Senator Samuel S. Phelps, and was born in Middlebury, July 11, 1822. There he graduated and became a lawyer. He removed to Burlington in 1845, where he still resides. Belonging to the minority party in Vermont, he never held office, except by federal appointment. He was second comptroller of the treasury under President Fillmore, and all the rest of his life, save when abroad, has been devoted to the practice of his profession. He was president of the American Bar association in 1880, and at Saratoga he gave them an address on Chief Justice Marshall and the Constitutional Law of his time, which elicited great praise, and has since been published in Philadelphia. In 1882 he became Kent professor of law in Yale University, and returned to the chair after his service abroad. He has also lectured on law in Boston University, and many leading men of the Suffolk bar paid him the rare compliment to attend the lectures. James Russell Lowell, whom he succeeded at the court of St. James, had gratified his countrymen and captivated the English. He was a hard man to follow, but by common consent Mr. Phelps took rank with the most dis-

tinguished of American ministers, such as Motley, Washburne, the Adamses and Franklin. Not only did he prove a great diplomat, but in social and professional circles he was a brilliant and much sought guest. Among his addresses was one on the Law of the Land, delivered at Edinburgh and widely printed. In 1888 he contributed a notable series of articles to the *Nineteenth Century* magazine, on the Constitution of the United States, and a recent article on the Behring Sea controversy, in *Harper's Magazine*, in which he sustains the American position against the unthinking of his own party, has commanded international attention and respect.

Not a few sons and daughters of Vermont have won distinction in literature and art. From Thomas Rowley, the Revolutionary rhymester, to the spring poets who made life such a burden to Josiah B. Bowditch that he sold his newspaper and removed to Rhode Island and became a statistician, there have been many writers of merit. Those first in rank by common consent are John G. Saxe, Julia C. R. Dorr and Charles G. Eastman, poets, George P. Marsh, general literature, Nathaniel Chipman, Isaac F. Redfield, Edward J. Phelps and Horace G. Wood, government and law, Daniel P. Thompson and Mrs. Dorr, fiction, and Hiland Hall and George Grenville Benedict, history. Saxe took rank as a humorous poet with Thomas Hood.

Julia C. R. Dorr has enriched literature with poems, novels and travels that are admired wherever the English language is read. Her beautiful home, "The Maples," at Centre Rutland, facing the lofty mountains sketched by her daughter, Mrs. Steele, and illustrated in connection with this article, has given her the inspiration of nature, the domestic affections, refined social life, and patriotism. All her writings are imbued with warmth of feeling, purity of thought, and elegance of diction. Her father was a successful promoter of the great marble industry. Two of her brothers were soldiers in the civil war, and became generals; and her husband was an able and honored citizen. Her books are "Farmingdale," "Lanmere," "Sibyl Huntington," "Poems," "Expiation," "Friar Anselmo and Other Poems," "The Legend of the Baboushka," a Christmas poem, "Daybreak," an Easter poem, "Bermuda," an idyll of the summer islands, and "Afternoon Songs" (1885). She contributed a noble poem on Vermont for the centennial celebration of the battle of Bennington, and another which was read by Prof. Churchill at the dedication of the Vermont monuments at Gettysburg, in October 1889, and was pronounced by President McKnight of Pennsylvania college, "the best poem ever written on Gettysburg."

And Vermont has given birth to some of the greatest of American artists. Among them were Hiram Powers, the sculptor of the Greek Slave, his son, Preston Powers, modeller of the Collamer statue and other more noted works; William M. Hunt, pupil and friend of Millet and teacher of his style in America; Larkin G. Mead, designer of the Lincoln monument at Springfield, Ills., sculptor of two statues of Ethan Allen and of works in Italy of more general fame: Thomas W. Wood, who has recently been elected president of the National Academy of Design in New York, and many of whose paintings rank among the best in this country; and Richard M. Hunt, architect of the Yorktown monument, the Liberty pedestal, the Vanderbilt mausoleum, and many grand buildings.

It has been stated that Vermont, though one of the smallest states in the Union, was represented in a recent congress by more native sons than any other state. They are everywhere, and are usually at the front. It is only necessary to mention a few names to see how this nursery has enriched the country — such names as those of President Arthur and Vice-President Morton; Cornelius P. Van Ness, who was governor, collector, boundary commissioner, and minister to Spain; John A. Kasson of Iowa, who has been member of congress, first assistant postmaster-general, minister to Austria, and minister to Germany; Stephen A. Douglass and Matt H. Carpenter, the great senators from Illinois and Wisconsin; Roswell G. Horr, the ex-congressman of Michigan; James Whitcomb, governor and senator of Indiana; Thaddeus

Stevens, "the great commoner" of Pennsylvania; Roswell M. Field, the eminent lawyer of St. Louis, father of Eugene Field, the poet and humorist; Silas Wright, governor of New York and a leading statesman of his day; C. L. Benedict, U. S. judge of the eastern district of New York, who was appointed by President Lincoln, and is now senior district judge in the United States and the leading admiralty jurist in the country; John A. Jameson of Chicago, eminent as an author as well as jurist; E. H. Stoughton of New York, former minister to Russia; Surgeon-General J. H. Baxter of the U. S. army; Chief Justice Walbridge A. Field, Judge Edgar J. Sherman, and Judge Edmund H. Bennett of Massachusetts; Collector Alanson W. Beard and ex-Congressman A. A. Ranney of Boston; Senator Richard F. Pettigrew of South Dakota; Senator William F. Vilas and Senator Philetus Sawyer of Wisconsin; Frederick Billings, president of the Northern Pacific railroad; and so on almost without limit, embracing leading professional and business men in most of the states of the Union. Vermonters are sometimes reminded that Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, and Brigham Young, his chief successor, were also from their state, but they are quick to reply that Vermont furnished the senator who drew the law that doomed their hierarchy to destruction.

Most of the early settlers of Vermont were religious, and all favored education. Churches and schools abounded. In all the towns chartered after the adoption of the constitution, about one-thirteenth of the land was reserved in equal shares for a state university, a grammar school in each county, the first settled minister of the town regardless of denomination, the support of the gospel ministry, and the support of common schools. These grants gave the state character and attracted the best people, among them many officers of the Revolutionary army; but it often happened that the public interest was not well looked after in locating the claims. Sixty thousand acres stand sequestered for "public, pious and charitable uses," but the income is only $14,417.56 a year. The grants for religious uses aggregate 20,817 acres, and the rentals are only $2,791.94. The University has 35,125 acres, but the income is only $3,889.11. Middlebury College has 8,053 acres, with rents of only $918.28. Dartmouth College, being adjacent and therefore deemed of "importance to mankind at large and to this commonwealth in particular," as expressed in the act of 1785, has been granted 24,769 acres, but the income is only $360.44. The common school lands aggregate 99,297 acres, and the rental is $14,080.34. The grammar schools have 24,654, and the rental is $2,833.79. Owned farms yielding no better than these leased lands have in many cases been abandoned, especially since the opening of the Great West, and more especially if they were mortgaged. The fact is, most of the lands that fell to institutions are mountains.

But the people have taxed themselves liberally for education. Every town was divided into school districts, and each was an independent government, subject only to the state laws. In the day of large families the district schools were successful; but with the decline of families and the growth of centres, they have languished. The state now has 2,276 school districts, 592 of which have not more than twelve scholars. As a rule the small districts have poor schools and high taxes. There are thirty-nine towns, as we learn from the report of State Superintendent Edwin F. Palmer, in which the average school tax is three times as high as that in seventeen other towns, and there are seventy-eight towns in which it is more than twice as high as in one hundred and eighty-five other towns. Under a law of 1890 a state tax of one-half mill on the valuation will be divided equally among school districts that maintain legal schools. This, with interest on the Huntington fund (a bequest), will add about one hundred thousand dollars a year to the seven hundred thousand dollars now raised for schools, and will tend to equalize the burden and improve the weaker schools. But consolidation would be a greater remedy.

There are now in Vermont three colleges, three normal schools, forty-six graded schools, twenty-nine academies,

three convents and numerous parish schools. All the graded schools and academies prepare pupils for college, but only one in two hundred and sixty of the graded school pupils goes to college. About one-quarter of all the children in the state attend the graded schools. Education is made compulsory by law, but it is not rigidly enforced. Vermont has been a prohibition state for thirty-five years, and instruction in hygienic temperance is required in all the schools.

The University of Vermont, beautifully situated at Burlington, and of which the State Agricultural College is now a part, was chartered in 1791, but its first class was not graduated until 1804. It has had eleven presidents, and its present accomplished head, Matthew H. Buckham, D.D., has served four years longer than any of his predecessors. Its graduates number 1,101, besides 1,368 in the medical department, among the former being Jacob Collamer, Wm. A. Wheeler, Asa Owen Aldis, Henry J. Raymond, Frederic Billings, Edmund H. Bennett, Henry O. Houghton, J. Gregory Smith, Asahel Peck, Dudley C. Dennison and Dorman B. Eaton. During the war of 1812-15 the buildings were occupied by United States soldiers. The corner stone of the present main building was laid in 1825 by Gen. Lafayette. The buildings have recently been remodelled and several new structures added, among them the elegant Billings Library, designed by Richardson and presented by Frederic Billings. The department of agriculture and science extends many advantages to the farmers besides teaching classes. Women have been admitted to all the courses since 1871.

Middlebury College was founded in 1800 by citizens of the town whose name it bears. It has had but eight presidents, one having served twenty-one years, and another, twenty-six. The buildings, library, and finances have been much improved under its last two able executives, Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., and Ezra Brainerd, LL.D. During its ninety-one years this college has sent out 1,352 educated men, among them being Henry N. Hudson, John G. Saxe, Solomon Foot, Edward J. Phelps, Stephen Olin, Wm. R. Shipman, Truman M. Post, John W. Stewart, Aldace F. Walker, and Julius S. Grinnell. Women have been admitted since 1883. The college is both classical and scientific, is very inexpensive, and is noted for the thoroughness of its instruction.

Norwich University is a military and technological institution, located at Northfield. It was chartered in 1834, and grew from the academy which Capt. Alden Partridge, formerly superintendent of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, had established in 1819 at Norwich, across the Connecticut river from Dartmouth College. Captain Partridge was its first president and was succeeded at his death by Gen. Truman B. Ransom, who resigned after four years to take command of the Ninth (New England) regiment in the Mexican war and fell while gallantly leading his men at the storming of Chapultepec, Sept. 13, 1847. Many graduates of this college became officers of distinction in both the Union and Confederate armies during the civil war. In 1866 the barracks were burned, and removal to Northfield followed, where a brick building was erected to which another is about to be added to accommodate the increasing number of students. Col. Charles H. Lewis, LL.D., is now president. An officer of the U. S. army is detailed to instruct in military science. Among the most distinguished of former professors were Zerah Colburn and Alonzo Jackman, far famed as mathematicians. In 1884 the legislature authorized the annual appointment of thirty state cadets to Norwich University (one by each state senator), for whom fifty dollars each per year is paid in full for tuition and room rent. In 1888 the University of Vermont was granted state aid for four years of $3,600 a year for instruction in industrial arts, and $2,400 for college expenses of thirty students to be appointed by senators. A similar appropriation of $1,200 was made for scholarships at Middlebury. The three normal schools are partially supported by the state. The state also pays liberally for the instruction of its blind pupils and deaf mutes in schools of other states.

The penal institutions consist of a state

prison at Windsor, a house of correction at Rutland, and a Reform School for boys and girls at Vergennes. They are all conducted in accordance with modern usage. Until recently the insane poor have been supported at state and town expense at the Asylum at Brattleboro, owned by a private corporation, but the state is now building and has already opened a section of a hospital at Waterbury.

At a banquet of Vermonters in Lowell, Mass., many years ago, a letter from John G. Saxe was read, which contained this sentiment: "Vermont is famous for four things — men, women, maple sugar and horses;

> "The first are strong, the last are fleet,
> The second and third exceedingly sweet.
> And all are uncommonly hard to beat."

In 1791, the year of Vermont's admission to the Union, an instructor in vocal music named Justin Morgan took with him from Springfield, Mass., to Randolph, Vermont, a small bay two year old colt, that became the founder of a famous family of horses. His sire was True Briton, that had been captured from Col. DeLancy, at King's Bridge, N. Y., during the Revolution. True Briton was sired by Imported Traveller, and he had descended from five noted Arabian horses. Justin Morgan's colt lived to be thirty-two years old, and left a remarkable progeny, among which were the heads of the three noted strains in the Morgan horse family — Sherman, Bulrush and Woodbury. Let us follow one of these strains down to the present. Sherman sired Black Hawk; he, Ethan Allen; he, Daniel Lambert; and he, Aristos and Ben Franklin. Gen. Knox was a great-grand-get of Black Hawk. Ethan Allen, foaled in 1849, became a famous trotter. His greatest race was on the Union course, Long Island, June 21, 1867, when he beat Dexter (also of Vermont birth), in three straight heats, in 2.15, 2.16, and 2.19. Daniel Lambert, whose sire was Ethan and dam by Abdallah, get of Mambrino and sire of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, was foaled in 1858, and he died at Middlebury in 1890. He was considered by many the most beautiful horse that ever lived, and he was for many years the greatest living sire of trotters, measured by the 2.30 list. He left thirty-three performers in the 2.30 class or better. The Morgan stock has been worth millions of dollars to the Vermont farmers and they continue to improve it, having shown more zeal during the last five years than ever before.

In 1810 and 1811, Consul William Jarvis, of Weathersfield, brought home from Spain a few choice specimens of the finest wooled sheep in the world, selected from the royal Cabannas that had been broken up by the French invasion. Skilful Vermont breeders have since improved the descendants of those merinos until their fame has become world-wide, and every year several carloads of the best stock sheep are sent to Texas, California, and other ranching sections of this country, and cargoes to South America and Australia. A single sheep of this character recently sold in Australia for $5,000, and another is held there at $15,000. At the Paris exposition Vermont merinos were awarded two of the three gold medals, one of the three silver medals, and eight of the nine bronze medals. The improvement that has been made in merinos since 1810 may be judged from the two cuts printed herewith, but it will be emphasized by a few figures. In 1810, three selected rams at a public shearing yielded 7 1-10 per cent of unwashed wool to live weight; in 1889, twenty-one Vermont rams, from which fleeces or samples were sent to Paris, yielded 22 8-10 per cent. of unwashed wool to live weight. One of the rams whose fleece won a gold medal yielded when three years old, 37½ pounds of unwashed fleece, which when scoured weighed 9 lbs. 11 oz. Many years ago the number of fibres to the square inch of surface on merinos was 40,000 to 48,000; Dr. H. A. Cutting of Vermont finds on the sheep of to-day 222,300 fibres to the square inch, and the bearing surface is greatly increased on the limbs and head and by the growth of wrinkles. It would seem that there is not much more room for improvement, but if there is, Vermont breeders will find it.

There has been a corresponding pro-

gress in dairying. During the last twenty years the discussions in the Vermont Dairymen's Association would have done credit to a body of scientists. Breeding, forage, feeding, and manufacture have all been revolutionized. Creameries, or butter factories, now abound and St. Albans has the largest in the world. Weekly the product is shipped to market in refrigerator cars and it readily commands the highest price.

An album of statistics recently issued by the National Department of Agriculture shows that the average value of land per acre is $22.44 in Vermont, against $19.02 for the rest of the country. In the production of corn, Vermont's rank among the states is only third; in wheat, eighth; oats, third; rye, first east of the Mississippi; buckwheat, first except California; potatoes, fifth, hay third, in a division of five classes; while in cattle, sheep, and swine, Vermont is in the first class. About one-third of her soil is arable, more than one-third, grassland; and a little less than one-third, woodland. She has more cultivated acres than any other New England state, and less unproductive land in proportion to area than any other state in the Union except Ohio, which has the same percentage.

Though abounding in water power and raw material, Vermont has not developed manufactures on a large scale, but there is a gradual growth. The Fairbanks scales, Howe scales, and Estey organs are noted throughout the world. The Russell Paper Company's mills at Bellow's Falls are unsurpassed. Textiles, woodwork, boots and shoes, garments, utensils, iron bridges, cars, carriages, etc., have at least a footing, and in a few places, lumber and butter packages are produced on a large scale.

Geologically, Vermont is one of the oldest sections of the country, the formation being mostly of the Silurian age. The lime stones of the Champlain valley are rich in fossils. The first stoves used in New England were made in Brandon from ore mined and smelted there. At present there is a promising development of manganese on the line of the Bennington & Rutland railroad. Kaolin of a very superior quality abounds near Vergennes. Copperas at Strafford, and copper at Vershire and in some other places have at times been profitably mined on a large scale. Gold has been mined at Bridgewater, sometimes at a profit. Soapstone is a small but growing product. Black lime at Amsden, and Plymouth, and white lime at Leicester, Winooski, St. Albans and Swanton, are largely and profitably produced. But the great mineral output of the state is of marble, slate, and granite. In the marble business Vermont is far ahead of any other state and indeed of the world. Forty concerns last year employed a capital of nearly six millions of dollars and nearly 3000 men, whose wages were $918,120. The output was valued at $2,497,128. Rutland, West Rutland, Proctor, Brandon, and Dorset are the chief places of this great industry.

Next to Pennsylvania, Vermont is the largest slate-producing state. Last year her quarries yielded a product valued at $838,013, at a cost of $581,916. The quarries and mills employ 1311 hands and a capital of $1,290.951. In the quarrying and manufacture of granite, Vermont has increased from an output of $59,675 in 1880 to one of $581,870 in 1889. Forty-six concerns worked 53 quarries, employing 961 hands and $967,750 in capital. For cemetery work the Vermont output surpassed that of all other states except Rhode Island and Massachusetts. The principal quarries are at Barre, Dummerston, Hardwick and South Ryegate, and the principal works are at Barre, Montpelier, St. Johnsbury, South Ryegate and Burlington.

In 1840 there was not a mile of railroad in Vermont; in 1850 there were 290 miles, and in 1890 there were 960 miles. There are fifteen miles of street railway, in Rutland and Burlington.

All of the large towns and many of the smaller have aqueducts, sewers, gas and electric lights, fine public buildings, including opera houses. There are fifty-eight newspapers in the state, three of which are long-established dailies. Several of the weeklies rank with any in the country for attractiveness, ability and enterprise. The high average intellectual and moral culture of the people is due in no small degree to the press, which was

there before the state was organized and has led its progress ever since.

The war in 1812 was unpopular in Vermont, but volunteers sprang to arms and rushed to the front when a powerful fleet and army menaced the frontier. Of the less than 5000 men with whom Gen. Macomb met and defeated the 14,000 of Sir George Prevost at Plattsburgh, Sept. 11, 1814, 2500 were Vermonters, hardly any of whom had been a week under arms. Rev. Benjamin Wooster, who had been a soldier of the Revolution, cut short a meeting at Fairfield and led the men of his flock to battle the next day. The fleet with which Commodore McDonough won the most important naval battle of the war and one of the closest struggles on record was all built at Vermont ports. His flagship, the Saratoga, was built at Vergennes within forty days from the cutting of the timber on the Green Mountains.

During the civil war, Vermont suffered a small invasion from the Confederate army. Oct. 19, 1864, 21 men, under Lieut. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Kentucky, who had gathered at St. Albans as citizens, entered the banks, stables and saddlery stores at an agreed moment, and by force of arms took all the money, horses, saddles, and bridles they could, and in less than half an hour rode rapidly towards Canada. One citizen was killed and two were slightly wounded. A few found arms and used them, but so far as known, only one of the raiders was wounded. Though hotly pursued, they escaped with property valued at $208,000. When arrested in Canada, they were released by Justice Coursol of Montreal; and as this was against law and evidence and in violation of neutrality, the Canadian government paid the United States $88,000, which equalled the amount found in possession of the raiders who were arrested. In consequence of continued menace from Confederate plotters in Canada, Vermont kept a provisional force on the frontier for some months and formed an effective militia of 10,000 men, many of whom were returned soldiers. After peace was restored, the force was reduced to the present nucleus of a very small brigade.

Vermont's part in the civil war makes a proud chapter in her annals. With a military enrollment of only thirty-seven thousand, she sent to war 34,238. With a valuation of only $9,706,000, the people paid war taxes of $9,087,000. Of the thirty-four thousand soldiers, 5,124 lost their lives and 5,022 were discharged for disabilities incurred. Relatively, Vermont lost more men killed in battle than any other state. Next to Massachusetts, Vermont was the first state to send troops to the national defence. She sent more than her quota, provided for them liberally, and has long since paid the last dollar of her debt. To commemorate their valor she has reared at Gettysburg some of the finest monuments on the field, and many of her towns have established memorials in their midst. Her Soldiers' Home is unsurpassed, and her military history, prepared by Mr. Benedict at state expense, is proof at once of service and appreciation. Her pulpits, the most of her press, and all of her elections sustained and cheered the army, and of all her twenty-four organizations which went to the front, not one ever lost a flag in battle.

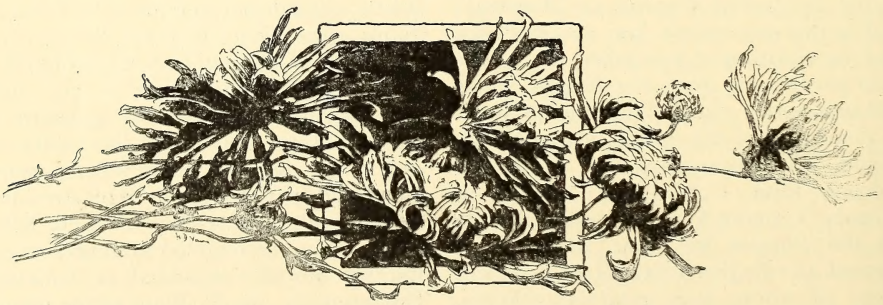
Her soldiers who obtained most distinction were Major-General Wm. F. Smith, Brigadier and Brevet Major-Generals, L. A. Grant (now Assistant Secretary of War), George J. Stannard (deceased), and William Wells; Brigadier-Generals, John W. Phelps, Stephen Thomas, and E. H. Stoughton; Colonels and Brevet Brigadier-Generals, Edward H. Ripley, Wm. W. Henry and James M. Warner (now post-master at Albany, N. Y). Others, though not serving with Vermont troops, were Major-General Ethan Allen Hitchcock of the regular army, a grandson of Ethan Allen, who was born in 1798, breveted Brigadier-General for gallantry at Molino del Rey, and though too old for service in the civil war, was a warm personal friend and military adviser of President Lincoln; also Major-General I. B. Richardson, who commanded Michigan troops and was mortally wounded at Antietam. The late Gen. Asa P. Blunt of the regular army, and Gen. J. R. Lewis, now postmaster at Atlanta, Ga., were Vermont soldiers, and Colonel Wheelock G. Vea-

zey, now interstate commerce commissioner and commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, was one of the most brilliant regimental commanders. Six Vermont soldiers have been governors since the war, namely, Peter T. Washburn, Redfield Proctor, Roswell Farnham, John L. Barstow, Samuel E. Pingree and Ebenezer J. Ormsbee.

The scenery of Vermont is a joy forever. The sublime and beautiful in mountain, hill, valley, stream and lake, sunset and cloud, are blended in it as nowhere else. Henry Ward Beecher said its variety was greater than he had ever seen elsewhere. W. H. H. Murray says: "Having seen most of the localities of the continent noted for their beauty, I can but declare that I know no other spot which for loveliness of appearance, majesty of scenery and varied resources of entertainment, can compare with Lake Champlain." The mountain range through the centre of the state contains four peaks more than four thousand feet high, the latest measurements by the U. S. Coast Survey being as follows: Killington, 4,338; Mansfield, 4,168; Camel's Hump, 4,121; Jay Peak, 4,018; and there are nine peaks more than three thousand feet high, namely: Pico, 3,954; Equinox, 3,872; Shrewsbury, 3,845; Sterling, 3,700; Hogback, 3,648; Burke, 3,500; Ascutney, 3,320; Eolus, 3,148, and Bald, 3,124. Killington, Pico, Shrewsbury and Bald are grouped east of Rutland.

The principal lakes besides Champlain are Memphremagog, Bomoseen, Dunmore, St. Catherine, Willoughby, Silver, and Caspian; and there are many others. There are crystal streams and cataracts too numerous to name. The fertile farms and neatly kept homes are equally attractive. Many of the roads are already good, and the day is not distant when all will be made as hard and smooth and dry as those of Scotland, for the Vermonters are learning that scenery has economic value and urbans of wealth are gaining footholds all over the fair domain. No one of taste and travel can journey through the state without accepting as literally true the beautiful word picture of the late Rev. Dr. Wm. H. Lord, who, after making the tour of Europe, wrote as follows:

"A few regions God has made more beautitul than others. His hand has fashioned some dreams or symbols of heaven in certain landscapes of earth: and we have always thought that the Almighty intended when he formed the hills of Vermont and shook out the green drapery of the forrests over their sloping shoulders, and made them fall in folds like the robe of a king along their sides, to give us a dim picture of the new creation and the celestial realm. Italy is a land of rarer sunsets and deeper sky, of haunting songs and grander memories; Switzerland is a region of more towering sublimity and unapproachable grandeur; but in all the galleries of God there is none that so shows the exquisite genius of creative art; the blending of all that is beautiful and attractive with nothing to terrify the eye; the mingling of so much of the material glory, both of the earth and the heavens, with so little to appal the sense. Vermont in summer is the Almighty's noblest gallery of divine art."



A SEASIDE HOLIDAY.

By Mrs. E. C. Bolles.

O WORLD made new in morning air!
O white sails sped by breezes fair
O'er Casco's sunlit bay!
How swift like joyous birds ye fly
To where the waters kiss the sky,
This summer holiday!

The solemn bell tolls o'er the waves
Its warning of the reef, which craves
The hungry water's prey;
Yet lightly sail without a care
To distant isles, and with me share
This happy holiday.

In hammock ease content I lie,
And watch in pastures of the sky
The fleecy clouds astray;
Or gathered in their Western fold,
Illume the rocky coast with gold
On this rare holiday,

A muffled sound comes on the ear
Of distant thunder — yet why fear
The storm cloud far away?
The rain may fall from other skies;
I look where cheering lights arise,
And keep glad holiday.

And now the full moon, rising bright,
Sends out a track of silver light
Across the rippled bay;
A track o'er which in dreams I sail,
And hear again the whispered tale
Of love's own holiday.

O life! O happiness complete!
My joy all nature's notes repeat
O'er land and sea away;
White sails, soft clouds, fair morn, be true,
Long years, reflect the tender hue
Of this dear holiday.

A SIDE ISSUE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

By Mary E. Brush.

"HICKORYMERE!" shouted the brakeman, simultaneously with the slamming of the car door and the snorting and sizzling of the engine. Shoulder to shoulder the passengers forced their way out. There seemed to be a larger number than usual, for, though Hickorymere was only a small country town, it was, on this particular evening, the scene of unwonted excitement. Bonfires blazed, windows were illumined, cannon boomed, while upon the balcony of the pea-green hotel, a rustic band endeavored to make up in noise what it lacked in melody.

Even the passengers who alighted from the evening train seemed to immediately mingle in the general effervescence.

"Hullo, Powers! Got a first-class barbecue, ha'n't ye?" shouted a ruddy-faced old man to one of the townsfolk.

"Oh, only a little jollification just to show what the old town kin do ef she tries! Th' barbecue's coming after 'lection an' don't you furgit it!"

"Better have it now! After 'lection'll be our chance, ha'n't that so, Briarley?" turning to a short, thickset man at his side.

"Can't stop to prognosticate, sir," was the little man's hasty reply as he pushed his way through the crowd.

"Prognosticate!" muttered the old man scornfully. "Them editors think they kin git off scot-free by usin' big words! What side's Briarley on, anyhow?"

"Don't know. He's kinder non-committal yet! Leaders in his paper full of bosh about the public good, an' necessity for purity in politics."

"Humph! That means he'll set on the fence till he knows what side to get down on 'thout tearing his trousers!"

"Oh, Briarley ha'n't no coward! He's slow but sure, he is!"

Meanwhile the subject of this discussion had left the crowd and turned into a side street. Here, leaning against the sheltering trunk of an elm tree, was a tall, slight figure wrapped in a shawl. Briarley laid his hand tenderly, almost reverently on the spare shoulder. "Is this you, Esther?" he said, and his tone was like his touch.

The woman turned with a start, and her upward glance revealed a face faded by maternal pains and cares, but attractive still with its soft, lustrous eyes, delicate features and white brow framed in masses of reddish gold hair.

"So you came down to meet me, did you, Esther?" Briarley continued in a pleased way. "How did you happen to think I would get in on this train?"

"Oh, I wasn't certain, but I thought it no harm to come down. It seems the fashion to be out to-night!" with a little laugh.

"What a jam there is to be sure! Ponsonby's received a regular ovation! Did you see him when he got off the train!"

"Merely a glimpse," quietly.

"Well, Ponsonby's worth looking at!" heartily. "He's one of those fellows whose fine physique has a magnetism about it that attracts you. But, of course, you ought to know how he looks, seeing that you and he attended the same school. I dare say he'll remember you."

"Nonsense!" a little impatiently. "We were scarcely more than boy and girl! Besides," a little bitterly, "his family was very aristocratic; while mine, as you know, all had to work for a living."

"Well, it's the working-men's vote that he must depend on to get him elected," dryly, and then he added in a brisk tone, "But let's hurry, dear, I want to get home and see the children. Bless them!"

Walking rapidly side by side—he, short and stooping; she, tall, erect, with features cameo-clear against the darkness—they turned toward the outskirts of the town and presently reached a low, brown cottage.

"Ah!" exclaimed Briarley, pausing

with a prolonged chuckle of enjoyment, for at one of the cottage windows, wreathed about with woodbine, which the lamplight streaming out changed into a frame of ruddy gold, were two child-faces both rosy-cheeked, sunny-haired and with laughing eyes.

"Ben and Beth, bless 'em!" repeated the little editor and he gave vent to a loud whoop which was delightedly echoed by two small voices from within. Then the front door was flung open and two little figures bounded down the walk.

"Papa! papa! it's you, isn't it? Ben thought it might be two cramps!"

"Two *tramps* you mean!" laughing gayly and tossing up the little girl. "Well, mamma and I *have* been tramping together, eh, Esther? Road's been rather rough, too, at times, but I guess we can manage to scrabble along when we have our snug little home and two such precious youngsters as these. I'm sure I'd be in a state of blissful content to-night if it weren't for the fact that, after supper I must go out to the rally! It wouldn't do for the editor of the *Banner*, to fail in picking up items on so important an occasion."

"There seems to be considerable excitement," his wife quietly remarked, as she brought in the tea-things.

"Yes, Hickorymere is making a big splurge. Shows well for Ponsonby, though to be sure it isn't always the loudest noise that brings the most votes. However, Ponsonby's pretty shrewd, and so are his managers. I only wish"—with a scowl of his sandy brows—"I only wish that their principles were a little more clear. Folks have a right to know what platform a man's going to stand on."

"It seems to me that some rival papers have thrown that very thing at you, Roger," his wife remarked with a grave smile.

Briarley thrust his hands in his shabby pockets as he strode across the room, with his head bent down, and brows still scowling.

"Maybe they do," he said presently. "It's often hard to discriminate between right and wrong. I'm no turn-coat, but I believe in going for the best man. I want to give my support to a statesman — not a mere politician! If others would show their colors, I might then be able to run up *my* flag! Now, for instance, if I were sure upon every point concerning Ponsonby, I'd do my best for him in my next 'leader.' But I'm not!" moodily.

"What is the fault with Mr. Ponsonby?" Esther inquired, as, with her face somewhat flushed, she stooped to tie little Beth's bib.

"I can't say that there *is* any fault," hesitatingly. "Only he doesn't come out clear with everything. But maybe he's all right. Certainly he's a very bright fellow! Best at making an off-hand speech of any one I ever heard. Quick as a flash at answering any argument flung at him! But, by the way, Esther, wouldn't you like to hear him speak to-night? You'll have time to get ready and I'll ask Martha Allen to come and stay with the children."

Mrs. Briarley's face underwent a variety of changes at the suggestion. It was some time before she answered. Then she said slowly, with her lips compressed into a thin, scarlet line, "Well — maybe I can go — that is, if Martha'll come."

"All right! I'll drop in and see her on my way to the office after tea."

When left alone with the children, Mrs. Briarley moved about in a mechanical way, quite unmindful of their merry chatter. Only one thing seemed to stir her apathy, when some drunken or uproariously jubilant fellow in the street outside suddenly broke the silence by a hilarious shout—"*Hurrah for Ponsonby!*" Then her pale face flushed and a strange light shone in her gray eyes.

"It must be nice to have folks hollering hurrah for you," little Ben remarked. "When I'm big, I'm going to be president. P'raps by that time they'll let ladies vote, and if they do, will you vote for me, mamma? If you will, I'll buy you a silk dress!"

"It wouldn't be exactly civil service reform if you were to pay me for my vote," his mother said smiling.

"But folks *do* pay, sometimes. I heard Mr. Martin talking to papa the other day and he said that if Mr. Ponsonby were elected it would be only because

he was rich enough to buy his majority. And Mr. Ponsonby wouldn't do anything bad, would he, mamma? You used to know him, didn't you?"

A spasm of pain contracted the mother's face at this innocent inquiry for it started with fresh impetus the train of thought she was trying to repress. Ah, did she know Raynor Ponsonby? "A mere boy and girl acquaintance" she had told her husband. Briefly, the facts were these. A youth of twenty, and a girl of seventeen years, Raynor Ponsonby and Esther Blythe had been schoolmates in the little academy at Doxborough. Esther had been pretty then, a slender, willowy girl, with a complexion like a wild rose, gray, hazel-flecked eyes and sunlit hair. Young Ponsonby was a susceptible youth; Esther was superior in both beauty and intellect to the girls around her, and it was his habit to choose the best. Hence it came that they were drawn together and many were the plans made for a happy future. But suddenly, in the midst of this blissful anticipation who should swoop down upon them like a pair of eagles upon two turtle-doves, but young Ponsonby's sole guardians, an aristocratic and wealthy uncle and aunt, who had other and very decided plans for their prospective heir.

This ended the affair. As she never heard from him again, Esther's romantic and forgiving soul believed that his letters of loyalty had been intercepted. But as the years rolled by, hope grew dim, waiting wearisome, the home-nest was over-crowded with half-fledged brothers and sisters, and so, when Roger Briarley, honest-faced and whole-hearted, offered her a home, she accepted it.

Briarley was neither rich nor handsome, but he was ambitious, and, though everything else had failed, Esther still clung to her dream of winning high social position.

It is unfortunate that energy is often mistaken for ability. Roger was indeed of the "salt of the earth." Salt is commonplace, seldom mentioned beside more spicy condiments, but it makes things sweet and wholesome, and this was the characteristic of Briarley among his fellows. His integrity, tenderheartedness, clear vision of the difference between right and wrong, would have knighted him in the old days of chivalry, but, in this material-worshipping nineteenth century there were those — the planning and prosperous — who called him a "visionary fellow — well-meaning, but a poor manager, you know."

Certainly he was never brilliant. He often blundered, and many were the times that his bluff good-nature grated on the sensitive nerves of his disappointed, high-strung wife. Besides, he never got along financially. He was always just touching the edge of some prosperous scheme, only to have it crumble and vanish, or get grasped by some more lucky fellow.

Esther had become tired of hoping — and a woman is pretty desperate when she gets to that point — and was fast settling down to a dull apathy that might end in death or insanity, when she was suddenly aroused by hearing the whole State ring with the name of her former lover — Raynor Ponsonby. She swept up the ashes of her dead love and ambition, and tried to fan them into a fancied flame whereby she might warm her benumbed heart. There was a dull comfort in hugging to her bosom the secret that she was once the sweetheart of the man whose praises were being sung by so many tongues. And he had never married! There always came a sudden, triumphant thrill at remembering *that!* Women do not mean to be cruel, but, unconsciously, they would rather have the whole kingdom laid waste than a usurper on the throne they once occupied.

Without meaning to do wrong, Esther had accepted her husband's invitation to hear Ponsonby speak. "What harm can there be?" she exclaimed to herself, as, finishing her work, she hastened to dress. Womanlike, she put on her best, and the image she confronted in the little mirror was far from being uncomely. But to Esther it seemed like the ghost of her former self. "How changed he will think me!" she muttered. "Why is it that women grow old so much faster than men? Work, worry, and bearing children, I suppose!" Then

in sudden remorse, she caught up and kissed little Beth.

Presently in came her husband, accompanied by Martha Allen, a spinster with a motherly face.

"Ready, are you?" said the former, briskly. "Fine as a fiddle, too, isn't she, Martha! Guess *I'll* have to put on my other coat!"

The town hall was nearly full when Mr. and Mrs. Briarley reached it, but one of the reception committee, spying the editor of the weekly paper and appreciating the necessity of making him comfortable, speedily made room for them in one of the front rows of seats. It was several minutes before Esther raised her eyes. The crowd, the babel of voices, the light and bustle were a little overpowering to a stay-at-home body like herself, and, added to this, was a trepidation natural to the thought of meeting one who had once been so much to her.

When at last she glanced up and her eyes became accustomed to the bright lights, she beheld a portly figure sitting in serene dignity at the right of the chairman.

It was Raynor Ponsonby! The same broad, white forehead and merry, blue eyes, though they were steadier and graver now, and the boyish mouth was concealed by a heavy beard. He was a magnificent type of manhood in its prime.

Involuntarily, Esther looked at the figure of her husband sitting beside her in his slouching way, with hands thrust carelessly in his pocket, his shaggy brows contracted in a thoughtful but unbecoming scowl. Bits of lint clung to his hastily-brushed coat, a drop of ink was on one of his cuffs, and his cravat was distressingly awry, a striking contrast to the orator of the evening, who looked so calm and conscious of power, in his fine broadcloth and immaculate linen! Esther gave a little shudder.

"Are you cold?" Briarley asked, with kindly solicitude, and he awkwardly arose and closed the window nearest them.

Esther forgot to thank him for the attention, for, just at this instant, Ponsonby's eyes, wandering in their self-possessed, calculating way, over the crowded room, chanced to see her. She felt rather than saw the flash of sudden recognition, and her cheeks paled, then flushed a deeper pink, while her hands convulsively grasped the fan lying in her lap.

"Oh!" moaned her soul within her, "he knows me — he remembers! Will he think of the last time we were together!"

Poor Esther! What a waste of fine tragedy there is in this world! Ponsonby had not forgotten his former sweetheart, but time and the stormy struggle for place, and the dazzling brightness of success, had worn his passion to tatters. It was like some old garment that one occasionally takes out of the closet, saying carelessly, "I wore that at such and such a time. It was good material then, but moth-eaten now, and quite out of style!"

Without analyzing his feelings, Ponsonby had just this experience. He was impregnable to any emotion, for not even a miserly greed for money hardens a man as much as the scramble for political position.

A politician's creed is to get up — somehow — *anyhow* — upon men's shoulders — hearts, even! It is the insatiable longing for that intoxicating elixir, *the consciousness of power!* To possess this power, Raynor Ponsonby had bent all his energies. Long ago he had reached that point where he ceased to remember that men had souls, and now he looked upon them as so many mere machines, more or less complicated, by the aid of which he might weave his fine fabric of worldly honor. Women, too, were not without their use, and, whenever opportunity offered, he would avail himself of their tact, influence, and vanity.

The main thing that occurred to him in regard to his former flame, was that at present she was the wife of an editor whose support through the columns of the *Banner* it was necessary to gain. Her small, white hand might guide that editor's brown paw to pen more than one "leader" in his behalf.

While Ponsonby was thus coolly calculating, Esther sat, tortured by half-sad,

half-sweet remembrances. As to what occurred the ensuing hour, her ideas were very vague. Nothing was clear, except Ponsonby's voice, cool, melodious, with the subtle magnetic charm in it characteristic of the born orator.

At last it was all over. The band broke forth into triumphant march. The people, elated or depressed, as the prospects of their respective candidates appeared to them to be affected, began to disperse. Esther was moving down the aisle, when there was a light touch on her arm. Turning, she confronted Ponsonby, his manner charmingly deferential.

"No, thanks, Petersham," he said to the fussy chairman who was about to present him. "Mrs. Briarley and I need no introduction. She and I were schoolmates and — and — very good friends!"

He couldn't help stammering a little over the latter part of the sentence. And Esther? What will a proud woman do under like circumstances, but nerve herself to be calm and sweetly gracious? But the note that Ponsonby dexterously contrived to slip into her hand during his gay chat, aroused an inward agitation, and it was with feverish eagerness that she hurried home with her husband, answering by monosyllables his rattling fire of remarks.

"Hey, Esther! So you see Ponsonby did not forget old friends! I like that about him. Why, the other women looked jealous enough to bite you! By George! I wish I were able to dress you out in satins and velvets, and I'll warrant you would hold your own with the best of them. But cheer up! I think things will soon look brighter for us!

Poor Briarley was always hoping that!

To Esther, impatient to read her note, never had the distance to the cottage seemed so long. When they reached it, they found the children asleep. Martha Allen greeted them with a smile and a yawn.

"No, I can't stay all night," she said in response to the invitation. "I've got bread sponge set."

"I'll beau you home, then," said Briarley laughing. "I'd like to make Esther jealous!"

Martha's plump face dimpled at the joke, but she said with spinster-like severity, "Behave yourself, Roger, or I'll box your ears! I've done it before, sir!"

"When I 'hooked' the saucer-pie from your dinner-basket? See how sober Esther looks at our bringing back these tender reminiscences of our lost youth!"

"Esther's tired, that's what's the matter," Miss Martha remarked, as she tied on her worsted 'fascinator,' over her wintry curls. "She has ben ironin' today an' then you had to drag her off to a rousin' rally-meetin'! Go to bed, Esther, jest as soon's you can! I'll send this good-for-nothin' husband o' your'n home when we git to my gate! He sha'n't spend no time palaverin'!"

The door shut behind them; their voices rang out down the street — Briarley's joking and Miss Martha's remonstrating, till they grew fainter and fainter and were silenced. Another time Esther would have enjoyed it; just now it seemed trivial — inane! She was glad to be left in peace to read the slip of paper she clutched so tightly in her hand.

It was written with a frankness that might have been dangerous had it been addressed to another woman, but Ponsonby knew that Esther was to be trusted!

"Dear Esther: — For you were and always shall be 'dear' to me, even though base treachery separated us in years gone by. To-day you are married and happy, while I — well, little is left for me aside from the struggle for political position. If I succeed, it shall be to your advantage and that of your husband. I know I may rely upon you for speaking in my behalf. I dare write no more. I might say that which I have no longer the privilege of saying.

Always — R. P."

"He cares for me yet — he cares for me yet!" Esther whispered almost hoarsely to herself. "And I might have been his wife — his wife! Rich, happy, high in social position, while *now*"—— the sentence was left unfinished, as her glance fell bitterly around the little dreary room.

It looked its best, for lamplight has a happy fashion of brightening dinginess, while it is not strong enough to bring out blemishes. But Esther knew that the Japanese fans on the walls covered

paper discolored by a leaky roof; the home-made curtains concealed darned places in the carpet, and they too were looped back at just the right angle to hide worn places in their folds.

And she might have had luxuries! Oh, the bitterness of unavailing regret! It was with a little shudder of repugnance that she heard her husband's returning footsteps.

"Why!" he cheerily exclaimed. "You haven't taken off your wraps yet? Room cold? No wonder! for the fire is almost out. Touch the damper with your toe, Esther, and I'll get some coal. I don't know what the matter is, but somehow I feel chilled to the marrow. Those sheets I slept in at the hotel last night were damp!"

Another time, doubtless, Esther would have been filled with wifely solicitude, but just now she sat there in silence, grimly hugging her aching heart, while Roger bustled about, poking, shaking, filling the little parlor-stove, until presently every one of its mica sides gleamed with spurts of green and blue gases.

Still Briarley did not seem to get warmed, though, perceiving his wife's moody face, he paused in the midst of shivering, to say tenderly, "What's the matter, Essie? You look like a little white ghost!"

"I feel like one!" shortly.

"You work too hard, as Martha says! But you won't have to much longer, I guess. I wasn't going to tell you until I knew that it was a sure thing, but now that you seem to need a little cheering I'll give you a hint that I am at last on the track of something that will better our fortunes. It's a paper out West — lively, clean sheet owned by solid men, who want a managing editor. I think that I have struck something this time!"

"There's no use hoping that!" said his wife, speaking in a dreary monotone. "We'll *always* have to drudge along this way!"

Something in her white, strained face sent a remorseful pang into her husband's heart. He put his arm around her. "Don't give up, dear, we'll pull through somehow! Even if I haven't been able to make much money, I have at least kept my name clean, so that my children need not be ashamed!"

The children! She had forgotten them! Back swelled the purifying flood of mother-love. She rose from her chair saying gently, "Forgive me, Roger! I did not mean to speak harshly. I — I think I feel a little 'blue' and tired."

"The best thing you can do is to rest, dear. I don't feel prime, myself. It's the weather, I guess, a good sleep'll set me up all right."

But he was mistaken. He tossed about restlessly all the long night, now shivering with cold or burning with heat, and, when morning came he arose unrefreshed.

There was a cold, drizzling, autumnal rain, and Esther, by this time somewhat alarmed at his evident illness, begged him to remain at home. But he laughed at her fears, as, haggard and heavy-eyed, he sat down to sip his coffee.

"Can't say, my dear, but what I would enjoy being coddled by you and Beth, but business before pleasure! I've been away two days, you know, and I shall have to go down to see whether the office-boy and the devil — excuse me! you know I mean my chief factotum, Pat Maloney! — haven't made a pie of everything! This issue of my paper is to be an important one, for, I suppose that I have got to come out on one side or the other. I want a little further talk with Ponsonby. There are some things about his speech that I didn't just take in. They were glittering, but evasive."

"You won't say anything against him?" and Esther's face was a little flushed as she stooped to button Beth's shoes.

"Certainly not, unless I am obliged to. I like the man. He was clever and friendly to us last night, but it's principle I have to think of — not personal regard."

The day passed gloomily. The rain beat its dreary monotone against the window-pane. The far-away hills were wrapped in gray mists, and the yard and garden showed a watery expanse scattered with fallen leaves and faded flower-stalks. In the latter part of the afternoon, however, a mad, frolicsome wind came out of the west, sweeping away the dull gray clouds and making room for a sky of amethyst, gold, and pale sea-green. Away

fluttered the few leaves remaining on the tall maples, like a fleet of golden argosies down into the watery road. The sun went down in regal splendor and the glory of the sky changed into rich purple from which the stars crept out one by one.

Esther, like most nervous people, was keenly susceptible to the changes of the weather, and the clearing of the atmosphere dispelled in some degree her moody musings. She prepared the supper with extra care, hoping that her husband would enjoy it after his scanty morning repast.

But Briarley was late in coming, and when he did come he was accompanied by Irish Pat, who said anxiously, "The boss is rale sick, mum, an' as he was barely able to sthand, I thought I'd come wid him. Shall I be afther helpin' ye's to bed wid him or go for the docther?"

"Go for the doctor at once, Pat, that's a good fellow!" said Briarley in a husky voice, as he flung himself on the couch. "Don't worry, Essie!" to his wife, whose wild, frightened eyes were trying to read in his face the danger that menaced him. "Don't worry! It's only a hard cold with a bit of fever. And I've had a hard, perplexing day!" with a groan that ended in a choking cough.

"I say, Essie," he continued, when he regained his voice. "I have been grossly insulted to-day! What do those fellows take me for!" and he pounded the pillows wrathfully. "Do they think because I am only a poor country editor that I am a rascal and a fool! What do you suppose, Essie, Ponsonby had the audacity — he and his managers — to come into my office this afternoon, and, after beating about the bush, to try to bribe me — yes, bribe *me!* They want the support of the *Banner*, it seems. God knows I've done my best to make it a clean, honest sheet. I never had the vanity to suppose it a very important organ, but it is said that the farmers and mechanics look to it for guidance in forming their political opinions. Ponsonby wants their votes. He's no friend to the working man. He wants to play the friend of the poor, and get me to do his trumpeting. But the idea of bribing me — *me!* Offered me the certainty of a good lucrative position on one of the New York papers if I'd put a favorable 'editorial' in my next issue. Humph!" grimly, "I've penned an 'editorial' for him this afternoon that'll make him squirm! When my subscribers read it, I guess they won't complain that I'm sitting on the fence any longer! No, Ponsonby didn't make the offer to me direct. He only came in and talked in his smooth way. But one of his satellites lingered behind and told me what he'd been bidden to. I'd have kicked him downstairs if I hadn't been too sick and weak. But I want Ponsonby to know how mad I am! You'll write and tell him, won't you, if I'm not able to — if I should die, I mean," — and he looked at her half deliriously.

"Die? Oh, Roger! do not talk so!" and she pressed her quivering lips against his flushed cheeks. "Forgive me for neglecting you, forgive me — oh, for everything!"

"Nonsense, Esther, you didn't neglect me last night! I'm no baby to be fussed over. But I do feel pretty sick now!"

The week that followed — can Esther Briarley ever forget it? Well was it that she had so much to do, or else she might have gone crazy with suspense. Worst of all were the quiet hours when her husband lay in a dull stupor, and she watching beside him, had time to recall her discontent and uncurbed longings! Her remorse was as sincere as it was poignant. Her love for Ponsonby was like a wan ghost of her girlhood beside the warm, tender affection she now felt toward the father of her children.

As time wore away, the doctor's face grew more grave. Briarley had worked hard, and though few knew it, had worried much. Over-exertion, anxiety, and disappointment had gradually told on his once strong constitution. But even in his pain, he could not forget his righteous anger. "I'm poor and unsuccessful!" he would exclaim. "I have failed in many things, but oh, I'm not so low as to accept a bribe! How dared they — how *dared* they!" Over and over he repeated the words, tossing his arms in feverish strength that left him weak as a babe. "Is the *Banner* out this week, Esther?" he would cry. "Will you look at the proof and see that it is all right?

I want people to know that even if I am on the losing side, I will have nothing to do with dishonest men!" Then as the disease wore him away like the flame of a lamp that burns all its oil, till nothing but a flickering taper is left, he murmured, "I'm afraid, Esther, that I shall never be able to write that letter to Ponsonby! And I want him to know that I regard his offer as an insult. You write it, that's a good girl." And Esther wrote with trembling fingers the words he dictated and her own heart indorsed:

"Roger Briarley is a poor man; but not so poor that he will barter his honor!"

Then she added, saying on her own account:

"Though he is poor, I, his wife, am proud of him, and I love him!"

Ponsonby, when he received it, gnawed the ends of his silken moustache, and said, with a sarcastic smile, "Briarley is a pepper-pot, and his wife — well, I suppose it's natural for a woman to feel spiteful when she realizes that she's missed the mark!"

The writing of the note seemed to have a soothing effect on Roger. He turned his face to the wall and slept.

The evening hours wore away one by one. The uplifted curtain revealed a clear, starlit night. Again there were political demonstrations going on throughout the town. The beating of drums, the shrill piping of fifes, mingled with the far-away strains of the band, fell upon the watcher's ear. Occasionally a distant hurrah was heard. There was also a torch-light procession, and the twinkling lanterns could be seen along the streets like an endless chain of fireflies. Nearer and nearer they came, and larger they grew, until the long line wound up the hill and through the street outside the Briarley cottage. Louder beat the drums, and more triumphant was the swell of the band. The yellow lights shone in at the windows one by one, as the procession filed by with steady tread. Esther, from her seat at the bedside, gazed out as in a dream, when sudddenly, there flashed before her eyes, a broad white placard, and on it in large letters, easily distinguishable by the myriads of dancing torches, the words:

PONSONBY VICTORIOUS!
THOUSAND MAJORITY!

Fortunately, just then some thoughtful person started a murmur of "Briarley dangerously ill!" and the tread of hundreds of feet grew more gentle.

What strong contrasts in life! Esther thought of the placard. There was a man, strong, handsome, rich, well-born, on the very pinnacle of success. Here, and she turned mournfully to the silent figure on the bed. Oh, the bitterness of it all! Alas! her punishment was greater than she could bear! Briarley lay so motionless, his breath was so feeble — was he dying? At least, he was not suffering; he was passing away like a little child into a dreamless slumber. She would not be so selfish as to disturb him, even for one last kiss of farewell. She knelt beside the bed, laid her tear-stained cheek on Roger's hand thrown outside the coverlet. Everything seemed passing away — love, life, consciousness even. "Have pity, oh, God!" she gasped, and knew no more.

* * * * * *

The morning sun streamed in at the window, making the hoar-frost on the ledge outside gleam like a bar of silver and diamonds. It touched with loving, rosy light the snowy petals of the primroses on the stand. The flowers were the first thing that Esther saw when she opened her eyes and found herself lying on the lounge. Suddenly, with a cruel wrench of pain, there came back to her memory of the past. "Roger?" she whispered. "He is — is dead!" and strove to rise.

"Dead? No, he isn't! Nor is he likely to be!" exclaimed Martha Allen, hurrying to her side. You're the one we've been worried about! What ever possessed you to go off into that long faint! Tuckered out, wasn't ye? I told ye ye couldn't stand it settin' up so. When I found ye, you was as cold as a clod of the valley; an' you are as weak as a new-born babe now. There, there, child! Don't look at me so with those great eyes! Roger is all right, I tell ye.

Dr. Pillsbury, do, for gracious sakes, come here and tell her that he is. She don't look as though she believed me ! "

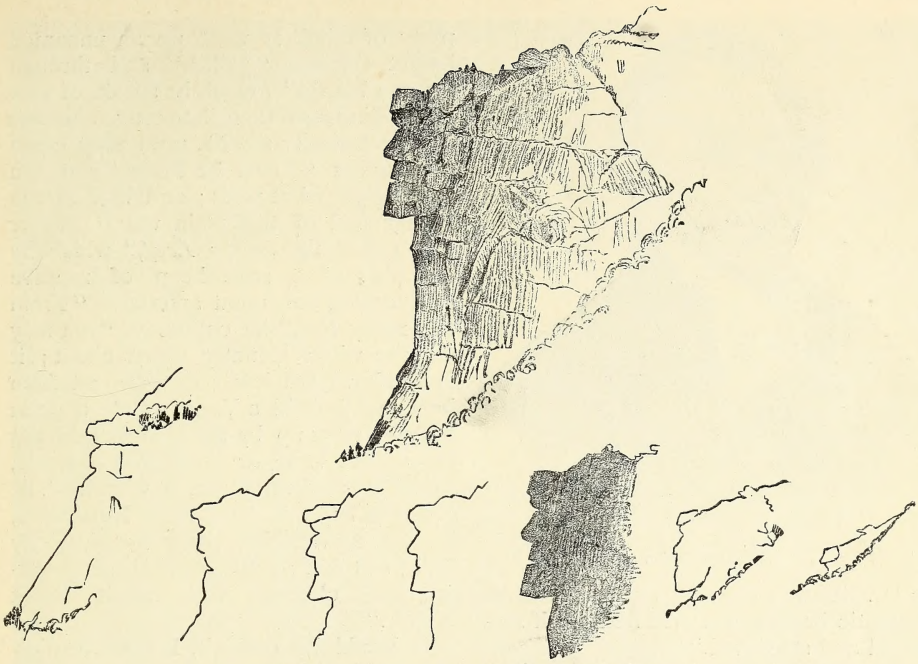
" Yes, yes, Marthy's right ! " said the old doctor, hovering over Esther, with a kind, paternal air. " There was a great change for the better last night. Fever gone down steadily. He's sleeping sweet as a baby now, my dear ! "

And Briarley did get well. And the years that followed were happy ones to him and his wife, and prosperous ones, too. The Western scheme Roger had spoken of, proved to be no chimerical affair. His convalescence was hastened by a *bona-fide* offer from the enterprising newspaper company, and from that time forth, things went well with them.

THE LITTLE POET.

By H. P. Kimball.

POOR little poet,
With voice that will not sing,
And timid, drooping wing
That will not graze the sky,
But o'er the dainty hedge rows
Wheels its tiny ring,
When none are nigh
To see it fly ;
And timid feet that stray
Not far away,
But where the wild-rose blows
Have learned to cling
To slender twigs and sprays,
In narrow, grassy ways,
In nooks where none can spy.
Out of thine eye,
O little poet sky,
Looks deep, full-throated praise.
No need to raise
Thy tiny pipe on high :
Enough for us
That thou look'st thus ;
Thou need'st not sing
O little poet.



The Old Man of the Mountain, as Viewed from Different Points.

FROM THE EARLY SKETCHES BY SPRAGUE.

THE LITERATURE OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS,

By William Howe Downes.

CONSIDERED as literary material, the White Mountains of New Hampshire have received an amount of attention from writers which might appear out of proportion to their importance, if the fact were not borne in mind that they are the only considerable group of mountains worthy of the name in the Northeastern states, and, excepting only the Alleghanies of North Carolina (until lately almost unknown and comparatively inaccessible), the only highlands of scenic consequence in the eastern part of the country. It may be doubted if any mountains of their size have been celebrated so voluminously in print. From the brief allusions to them in Josselyn's and Winthrop's works, and the ancient manuscript of Belknap, down to the latest dilution of Starr King's book, the bibliography of the subject is so extensive that, in preparing his White Mountains guidebook, Mr. Sweetser was obliged to consult not less than eighty authorities. The subject is of such a nature, however, that, though readers may be, it can never be exhausted.

Only a little more than six thousand feet above the sea level, the highest peak in New England would be insignificant among the Alps or the Andes; yet it is the universal testimony of travellers that this relative inferiority in height does not detract from the grandeur and beauty of this wonderful mountain and its fellows. Indeed it is well established in respect to mountains generally that many other circumstances besides altitude govern the extent of the view, the interest of structure, and the value as a part of the general landscape. The White Mountains are probably more impressive, grandiose, and stupendous in aspect than any other system of mountains of a like elevation. Their effect, at least, upon the imaginations of men has been always most striking;

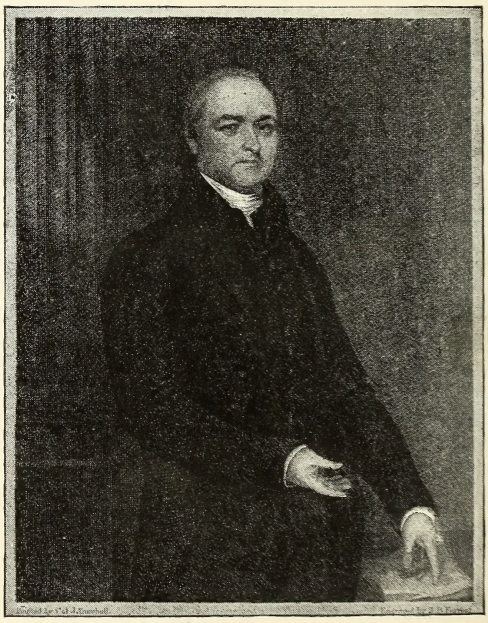


Manasseh Cutler.

as Dr. Belknap quaintly says, "the most romantic imagination here finds itself surprised and stagnated."

The most interesting of the earliest published references to "the place of the Great Spirit of the Forest" is found in a curious book issued in London more than two centuries ago. The title of this work is: "New England's Rarities Discovered: in Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Serpents, and Plants of that Country. Together with The Physical and Chyrurgical Remedies wherewith the Natives constantly use to Cure their Distempers, Wounds and Sores. Also a perfect Description of an Indian Squa, in all her Bravery; with a Poem not improperly conferr'd upon her. Lastly a Chronological table of the Most Remarkable Passages in that Country amongst the English. Illustrated with Cuts. By John Josselyn, Gent., London, Printed for G. Widdowes at the Green Dragon in St. Pauls Churchyard, 1672." As may be inferred from this ponderous title, Mr. John Josselyn, Gent., devoted but a small part of his work to the White Mountains; but, small as that part is, it gives such a vivid and memorable picture of the then unknown and savage region, that it must have been inspired by a personal experience. He tells tersely how his party of climbers went up an unnamed height through "gullies" and through "saven bushes" (which he speaks of with more kindness than latterday climbers display towards scrub), until they came to a great "Level or Plain" whereon nothing grew but moss; and how at the farther end of this plain was "another Hill called the *Sugar Loaf*," which he describes as a rude heap of massive stones piled one upon another. "From this rocky Hill," he continues, "you may see the whole Country round about; it is far above the lower Clouds, and from hence we beheld a Vapour (like a great Pillar) drawn up by the Sun Beams out of a great Lake or Pond into the Air, where it was formed into a Cloud. The Country beyond these Hills Northward, is daunting terrible; being full of Rocky Hills, as thick as Mole-hills in a Meadow, and cloathed with infinite thick Woods."

It would be difficult, I think, to improve this old-time report of Josselyn's. If the view northward from Mount Washington, looking across the "infinite thick woods" of the Great Gulf to the "rocky hills" beyond it, is "daunting terrible"



Timothy Dwight.

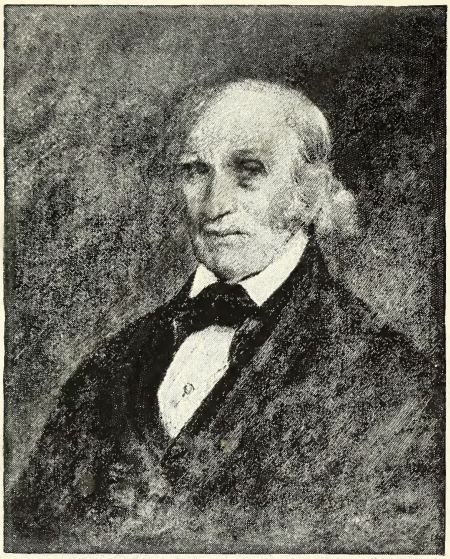


Sprague's Sketch of The Old Man of the Mountain.

still, what must it have been in the seventeenth century? Whittier evidently knew and admired the passage I have quoted, when he wrote, in the first part of the "Bridal of Pennacook:"

* * * "And atop
Of old Agioochook had seen the mountains
Piled to the northward, shagged with wood, and *thick*
As meadow mole-hills * * * "

Brief historical narratives of early explorations of the Presidential range were given by Winthrop in his Journal, 1642, and by Dr. Jeremy Belknap in his manuscript "Tour to the White Mountains," 1784. Dr. Belknap was one of a party which climbed Mount Washington, probably by the way of Tuckerman's Ravine, and he makes mention of



Abel Crawford.

the same "plain" and "sugar loaf" alluded to by Josselyn. The "plain" is supposed to be Bigelow's Lawn. The data in Winthrop's journal are derived from hearsay, and are remarkable mainly for the amusing topographical notions set forth by the explorers.

The first appreciative and extended descriptions of the scenery of the region were those published in 1821 by President Timothy Dwight of Yale College. He visited the White Mountains in 1797, again in 1803, and yet again in 1813, making long tours on horseback and taking notes of all he observed on his way. His book, "Travels in New England and New York," was in four volumes, and was written in the form of letters to an English friend. It is a highly interesting and historically valuable work. All that he saw and heard is recorded, as he says, "with a good degree of exactness, as well as with sincerity." He may be said to be one of the discoverers of the rare beauties of the lakes, particularly of Lake Winnipesaukee; and his descriptions of the White Mountain Notch have never been excelled. His style is somewhat of the old school, now formal and now flowery; his faculty of observation was well developed.

In 1846, a little book appeared which, purporting to be a history of the White Mountains, was actually nothing of the sort, but it was a most interesting work, and incidentally gave a good deal of information respecting the lives and achievements of the pioneers. Its title was "The History of the White Mountains, from the first settlement of Upper Coos and Pequaket. By Lucy, wife of Ethan Allen Crawford, Esq., White Hills, 1846." It was, however, virtually an autobiography of Ethan Allen Crawford, who apparently dictated the greater part of the narrative to his wife. It is a plain, unvarnished tale, but full of matter, and there is a peculiar beauty in many of the quaint, homely and unlettered phrases employed. This Crawford was a member of the large family of pioneers who settled in the wilderness at the western base of the Presidential range early in this century. He lived on the mound known as the Giant's Grave, where the Fabyan House now stands. He was a giant in stature and strength, and performed prodigies of courage, endurance and force, which he recounts modestly and ingenuously; altogether, he seems a fit historical figure to be associated with the place and time. He conducted many parties to the top of "the hill," built the first hut on the summit, and his accounts of the incidents attending these



Samuel Adams Drake.

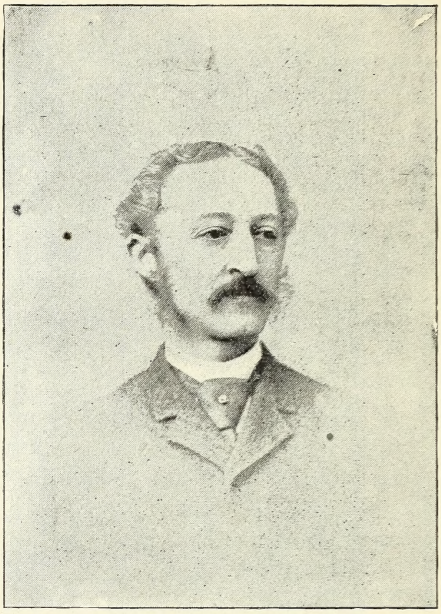


Mount Washington, from Intervale.

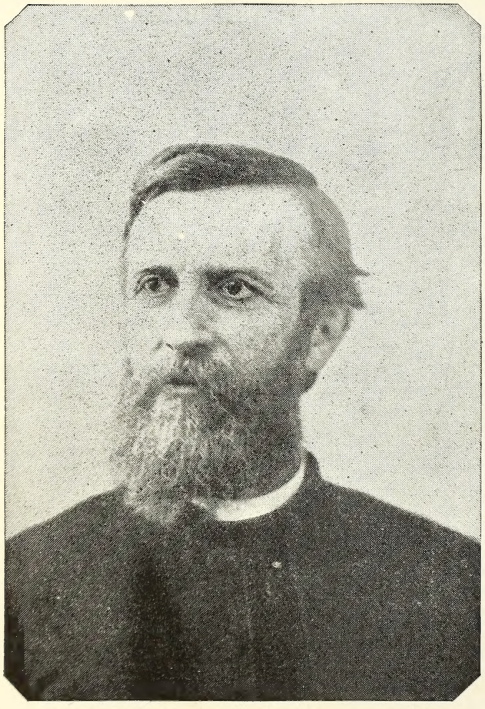
FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH, BY WHITE, OF NORTH CONWAY.

adventurous ascents are full of thrilling suggestions of storm and peril.

Two years after the publication of Lucy Crawford's book, a great folio volume[1] by Oakes, was issued. Although the pictures in this work are of more importance than the text, yet in the Introduction of four pages and in many of the comments on the plates there are eloquent and lively descriptions of the scenery; for example, the passage telling of the appearance of the Great Gulf as seen from the northern shoulder of Mount Washington on the approach of a storm. Most of the lithographs are of a labored and immature character, but they are interesting for the accuracy of their outlines. The views of the Franconia Notch and of the Basin are childish; but the drawings of the Profile are among the most exact that have been published, giving not only the correct proportions, but also the true expression of the great stone face. Sprague's illustrations were the first of any consequence pertaining to the White Hills, and consequently they made something of a stir at the time of their publication.



M. F. Sweetser.

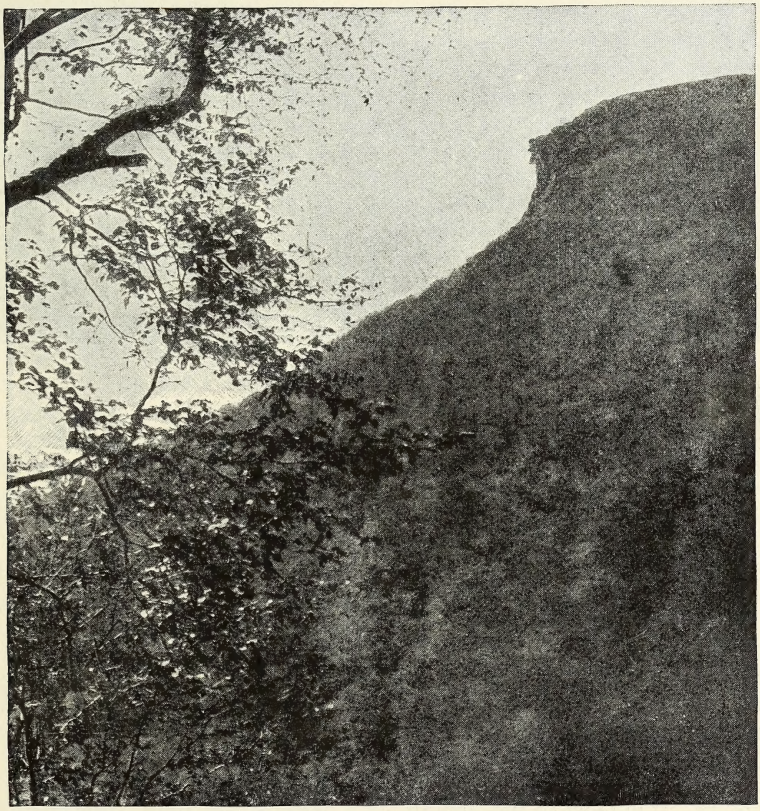


Julius H. Ward.

Dr. Ball's story of his adventures was published in 1856 under the title, "Three Days on the White Mountains: being the Perilous Adventure of Dr. D. L. Ball on Mount Washington during October 25, 26 and 27, 1855. Written by himself. Boston, 1856." From his own statement it appears that he was foolhardy, and that he subjected himself to frightful sufferings, which few men would have survived, in direct opposition to the advice and warnings of experienced counsellors; and furthermore that he neglected the most obvious means of escape from his painful and dangerous position after he had lost his way. In the midst of a driving snowstorm he persisted in remaining on the upper part of the mountain, above the line of vegetation, where he passed two nights of horror and agony

[1] Scenery of the White Mountains, with sixteen Plates from the drawings of Isaac Sprague. By William Oakes, Boston, 1848.

before he was rescued by a party of searchers who were naturally astonished to find him alive. The reader of his book feels both pity and amazement. Yet Dr. Ball's experience, which should have served as a warning to indiscreet mountain climbers, has not fulfilled even that purpose. The fatal accidents on Mount Washington since his day have all been due to the same insane recklessness.



The Old Man of the Mountain.

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

An entertaining collection of curious old Indian legends, myths, and traditions, with accounts of numerous foolish feats and adventures, may be found in a book published on the top of Mount Washington in 1858, and entitled "Historical Relics of the White Mountains," by John H. Spaulding. Like many worthy dabblers in literature, this author was fond of far-fetched, mixed metaphors and inflated phrases. "We may," he says in his introduction,— "we may for future visions gaze back from the cloud-capped crags into the valley of the past, and rescue from the oblivious mist of years the oral monuments, that, tinctured by the life-passion of times long gone, linger like visions of light upon the map of memory." He talks about "the works of nature in their most sublime flights," the "desolating track of the thundering avalanche," and those "displays of almighty power" which cause "sensations of awe and mortal weakness." He calls the mountains "gray old piles of eternity" and "bald old heads of nature," and makes the word "crags" do great service, preceded by such appropriate adjectives as towering, frowning, and beetling. Among the foolish feats to which reference has been

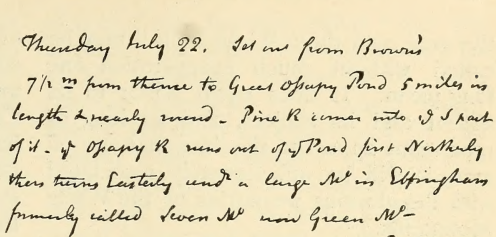


The White Mountain Notch.

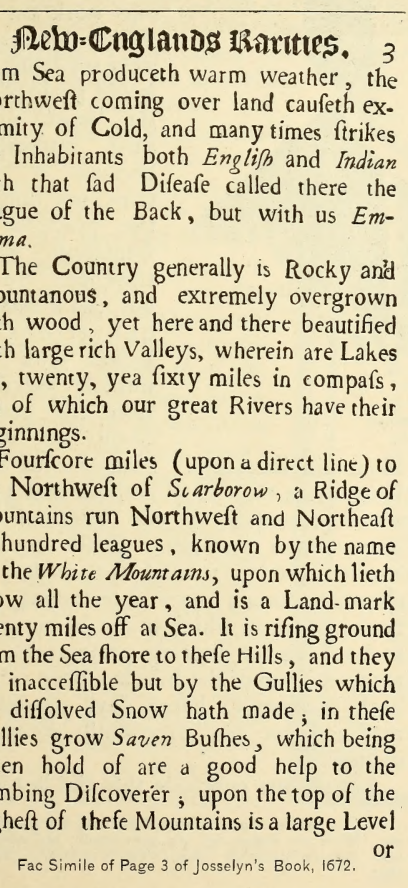
made are those of the man who walked to the summit of Mount Washington barefooted; of the man who counted his sixteen thousand nine hundred and twenty-five steps in ascending the same mountain; of the man who made the ascent in one hour and fifty-seven minutes; of the woman who made the ascent in a snowstorm without a guide; of the woman "dressed like a Swiss peasant" who ascended the mountain by the way of Tuckerman's Ravine without a guide; of the "lady by the name of Branch," weighing two hundred and thirty pounds, who won a wager of a thousand dollars by climbing from the Glen to the summit and returning the same day; of the man who climbed the mountain by way of the Crawford path after eleven o'clock at night. Mr. Spaulding also gives an account of the death of Lizzie Bourne, of the adventure of Dr. Ball, of the fate of Benjamin Chandler, etc., and adds a thermometrical table showing the temperature at sunrise, noon and sunset on Mount Washington during the summers of 1853 and 1854.

The Rev. Thomas Starr King, whose "White Hills" was published in 1859, was, and still remains, chief among all the writers who have been inspired by the beauty and grandeur of these mountains. His book has in some sort the permanency of a classic, and it is certain that it can never be bettered on the same lines. One of the reasons is that it was a labor of love. It is a preëminently happy book; there is sunshine on every page; everything is seen rose-colored; in reading these glowing periods one would suppose that nothing commonplace, nothing ugly, nothing uninteresting existed in northern New Hampshire; he invites us to a continual feast of glorious beauty; no matter where he turns, the last view is the best. His capacity for enjoyment seems boundless; his optimism is magnificent. No one can read the "White Hills" without being influenced by this fine enthusiasm, and it has had the effect of turning the steps of thousands of travellers to the mountains. The character of King's work may be described as pictorial, as truly so as the productions of a painter. Not only that, but he was a colorist, in the special sense which art critics give to the word; he had, as they say, "an eye for color." He would describe the play of cloud shadows on the heights with the keen relish of an

artist; he would see the beauty of textures in the landscape, as for instance he invites the attention to "the flashes of sunlight on the hills, that turn acres of clean-washed wilderness into patches of shining satin," the deep shadow from a burly cloud which spreads "a velvet cloak" on the mountain, and the brown, blue and blue-black velvets "woven out of the sky looms," etc. Frequently he would observe displays of "mountain jewelry"—diamonds, carbuncles, and many other gems,—furnished by the distant cascades and rocks under various conditions of light. The originality and aptitude of many of his phrases are remarkable: the south wind "brindles" the mountain sides with mist; North Conway is "a little quotation from Arcadia;" from Kearsarge a "mob



From the MS of Belknap's "Tour."



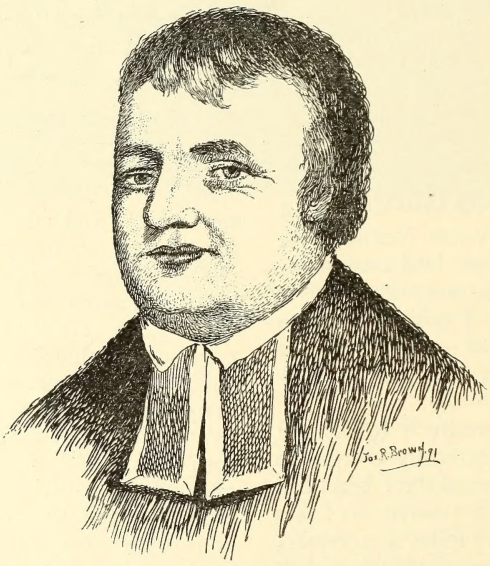
Fac Simile of Page 3 of Josselyn's Book, 1672.

of mountains" "storms the sight;" he speaks of "the perpetual frolic of the sun blaze and the shadow;" Mount Madison is at one time "draped in a gorgeous tunic" whose warp seems to be "ærial sapphire overshot with threads of gold." These citations might be continued almost indefinitely. He strains the resources of a rich vocabulary for words wherewith to paint brilliant, picturesque effects. A flood of descriptions is poured upon the page; poet after poet is called upon to illustrate and embellish the theme; Ruskin's musical and dogmatic disquisitions are all too freely quoted.

Of course the danger is in falling into a way of mere "fine writing" for its own sake; of being carried away, so to say, by one's own rhetoric. Starr King sometimes narrowly escapes this literary vice, but still he does escape it. In spite of his fluency and his oratorical style, his exultation and brilliancy, the note of sincerity and unfeigned emotion is never wanting. His eloquence is of the genuine order; it is the expression of a kindled imagination; it is not for effect merely. The æsthetic sense which enabled him to see beauty everywhere would not permit him to describe it in a dull prosaic manner. The hills awoke all the music and poetry in that lofty and sensi-

tive soul, and the "White Hills" may be called without much exaggeration one long pæan. It does equal honor to its author and its subject, and, so long as mountains appeal to the imaginations of men, it will be affectionately associated with the glorious memories of the White Mountains.

It should be remembered that the Notch and Mount Washington were without railroads in the day of Starr King. Outside passengers on the stage-coach had the excitement of a gradual approach to the mountains and were able to see everything. The drive from Centre Harbor to Crawford's, by the way of North Conway and the Notch, — sixty-two miles, — occupied a whole day; but what a ride! It must be allowed that there is a decided aroma of the locomotive about a large part of the district now; the collections of "views" consist largely of bad pictures of the "Great Cut," the Willey Brook bridge, the Frankenstein trestle, and Jacob's Ladder; many of the great hotels are unpleasantly like railway stations. On the whole it was better for Starr King to live when he did and to see the White Mountains as they were.



Jeremy Belknap.

The first serious attempt to write the history of the great district commonly included in the White Mountains as a geographical term, was made by Benjamin G. Willey, whose book, the "History of the White Mountains, together with many interesting anecdotes illustrating life in the backwoods," (North Conway, 1870) is systematically constructed, and presents in a lucid manner a great body of facts. The history of the region is the history of the towns of which it is composed; consequently, the work divides itself naturally into chapters on Bartlett, Jackson, Conway, Fryeburg, Gilead, Bethel, Shelburne, Gorham, Albany, Franconia and Bethlehem. The romantic side of the story concerns the encounters between the English settlers and the Indians, and much space is given to Lovewell's fight, the Indian attacks on Bethel, and the capture of Segar and his comrades. The most interesting and pathetic portion of the narrative, however, is that relating to the Willey slide, the author being a brother of the chief victim in that tragedy.

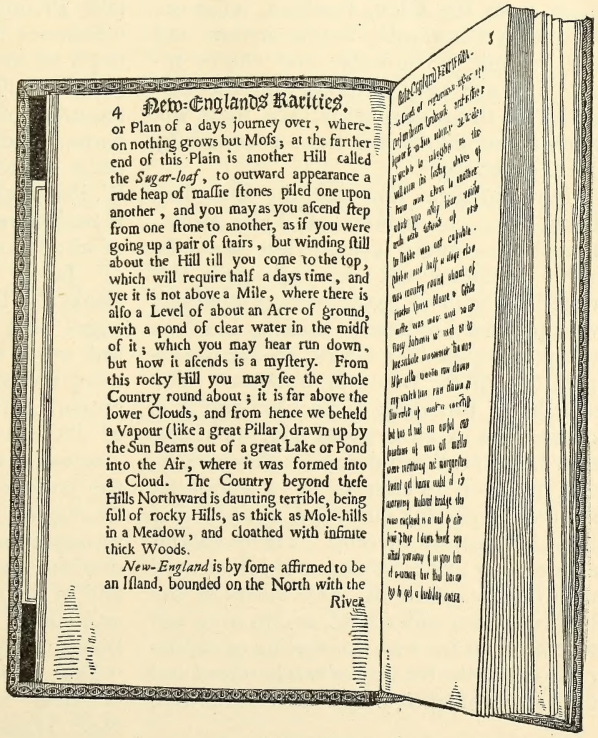
Mr. Sweetser's indispensable guide-book[1] was first issued in 1876. It is a model book of its class, and if only one work on the White Mountains were available, this would probably be the most useful and interesting, because it contains not only all the practical information which travellers need, but also a mass of quotations selected with admirable judgment from the general body of White Mountain literature. Exclusive of Starr King, more than sixty authors and poets are represented by one hundred and sixty quoted passages. Guide books, I hardly need to remind the reader, are oftentimes much more entertaining than books of travel which might be supposed to have higher literary pretentions, and many a lover of the hills has been carried back in fancy to happy days yonder by reading over this excellently composed manual.

Let no one conclude that the last word

[1] "The White Mountains: a handbook for travellers," etc. With six maps and six panoramas; including the new Appalachian-club map. Tenth edition. Boston, 1890.

had been said. In 1882, Samuel Adams Drake added his name to the long list of authors who have dealt with the fascinating topic of the White Mountains. The plan of his work, "The Heart of the White Mountains," cannot be called novel, but its execution is admirable, the interest is sustained, and the legendary and scenic phases of the region have never been more appreciatively, more skilfully treated. In reading the numerous descriptions of the sensations produced by ascents of high peaks, by the panoramic views, by the sight of grand and uncommon effects, of strange forms, of fearful steeps, one keeps in mind an ideal of how this task should be performed, — for of course every one thinks himself competent to judge how a given picture ought to be painted; — but, so far as the grand, the awful, the sublime aspects of the heights are concerned, this ideal remains unsatisfied until Mr. Drake's book is read. After his narrative of his experiences on the Presidential chain, there is not much more to be said on that head. "That," one says, "is the way I felt when I was there, and that is the way I should have expressed my feelings if I had been able." Mr. Drake does not succeed by dint of extravagance, emphasis, or exaggeration; he has little rhetoric; but his touch is very just and he puts the high lights where they tell. The unearthly element in the mountain prospects is suggested with much force; the desolation and melancholy grandeur of the summits is brought home to the memory; one feels again the awe and mad exhilaration of the solitary climber; the dizzy gulf yawns almost beneath one's feet. In a word, he takes his reader with him up into those solemn places, and with a few apt strokes revives the half-forgotten picture which Latrobe pronounced "magnificent but gloomy," and Josselyn called "daunting terrible." Mr. Drake enlivens the account of his pedestrian excursions by many amusing anecdotes of personal experiences, and many dialogues between "the Colonel" and "George;" he makes the old stage drivers of the Pinkham Notch tell their bear stories; he gets Mr. Bemis to repeat his reminiscences of the Crawford family; and in various ways he entertains his reader by these light passages. His attempt at an analysis of the view from Mount Washington is the best thing of the sort that has been done, and he is right in concluding that the charm of the view resides rather in the immediate surroundings than in the extent of the panorama. His solitary climb early in May, and Private Doyle's story of the January storm, are not to be missed; and there are fine passages in the account of the walk over the Northern peaks.

Mr. Drake's book is handsomely illustrated by almost sixty wood engravings. Most of the drawings are by W. Hamilton Gibson, and they are engraved by such



4 New-Englands Rarities.

or Plain of a days journey over, whereon nothing grows but Moss; at the farther end of this Plain is another Hill called the *Sugar-loaf*, to outward appearance a rude heap of massie stones piled one upon another, and you may as you ascend step from one stone to another, as if you were going up a pair of stairs, but winding still about the Hill till you come to the top, which will require half a days time, and yet it is not above a Mile, where there is also a Level of about an Acre of ground, with a pond of clear water in the midst of it; which you may hear run down, but how it ascends is a mystery. From this rocky Hill you may see the whole Country round about; it is far above the lower Clouds, and from hence we beheld a Vapour (like a great Pillar) drawn up by the Sun Beams out of a great Lake or Pond into the Air, where it was formed into a Cloud. The Country beyond these Hills Northward is daunting terrible, being full of rocky Hills, as thick as Mole-hills in a Meadow, and cloathed with infinite thick Woods.

New-England is by some affirmed to be an Island, bounded on the North with the River

Page 4 of Josselyn's Book.

masters as Johnson, Dana, Davis, Hoskin, King, Linton, Wolf, Tinkey, Morse. It is no flattery to say that these are the best pictures of the White Mountains in existence, being the only ones to give an adequate idea of the height, steepness, and massive structure of the mountains. The pictures which are especially striking in this respect are those of "Travellers in a Storm on Mount Washington," "The Cascades on Mount Webster," "Mount Adams and the Great Gulf," "The Lake of the Clouds," and "The Castellated Ridge."

A useful little book which was published in 1882, is William H. Pickering's "Walking Guide to the Mount Washington Range." This work is written from the point of view of a practical pedestrian and climber; it gives the distances, altitudes, the time required to "do" various excursions, etc. It contains some good advice to walkers, tells how to find one's way in the woods, gives a list of distant points visible on Mount Washington, a table of elevations, and a series of excursions from the Glen, Gorham, Jefferson, Fabyan's, Crawford's, Bemis station, and the Summit. The walks and climbs referred to are very arduous, and the majority of those who undertake them will need about double the time required by Prof. Pickering.

It would seem now that the time had come when the makers of White Mountain books might cease; but no. In 1890 the theme was taken up again, this time by a man of extraordinary boldness who proposed to himself nothing less than the production of a Guide to the Interpretation of the White Mountains.* The scheme of this work is peculiar and it is carried out in an original way. The author Julius H. Ward describes the scenery, and goes on to express, in a somewhat strained style, the emotions, moods and thoughts evoked thereby. He maintains a singularly exalted tone, as if intoxicated with the mountain air. All lovers of the highlands can understand, and to some extent sympathize with this feeling of exhilaration; but the reading of two hundred and forty pages of ecstacy is, it must be allowed, sometimes tiresome. Mr. Ward has a habit of setting forth what each mountain says to him. His imaginative flights are audacious, and the reader sometimes feels the want of more reserve. It is a pity that the book, as a whole, is not marked by greater simplicity and moderation. The key is pitched too high; one cannot always respond to the author's perpetual enthusiasm; his language runs close to the verge of extravagance. In this riot of superlatives the sense of proportion, of relation, becomes obscured. Nevertheless, this fault grows out of a generous ardor, and there are some passages of no mean order of poetic beauty — passages which are worth remembering, and which may be re-read with pleasure. There are ten "pleasing" illustrations from photographs.

The poets, theromancers, the geologists, the botanists, have all found rich subjects in the White Mountains. Hawthorne's tale, "The Great Stone Face," associates his great name with that wonder of nature. Whittier's "Bridal of Pennacook," "Mountain Pictures," "Grave by the Lake," "Summer by the Lakeside," etc., owe many of their best lines to the beloved poet's familiarity with the beauty of the mountain district. Sonnets on "Chocorua" and "Clouds on Whiteface" have been written by Lucy Larcom; and T. W. Parsons's ballad, "The Willey House," is well known. Many pleasant memories of childhood are revived by the mention of Jacob Abbott's "Franconia Story Books." The scientific world acknowledges with gratitude its indebtedness to the works of Professor Edward Tuckerman, the botanist, in whose honor Tuckerman's Ravine was named, and to those of Professor Hitchcock, the geologist. The works of Nathaniel Peabody Rogers, the co-laborer with Garrison, Phillips, Thompson and Whittier in the anti-slavery movement, are full of charming descriptions of his native place, Plymouth, and of the neighboring mountains, valleys and lakes. I must mention E. A. Rand's books, "The Tent in the Notch," and "The Bark Camp on Kearsarge," and Winfield S. Nevins's "The Intervale, New Hampshire." The periodical *Appalachia*, published by the Appalachian

* The White Mountains: A Guide to their Interpretation. By Julius H. Ward. New York: 1890.

Mountain Club, Boston, has contained since its beginning numerous valuable contributions by Professors Pickering, Fay, Huntington, Hitchcock, and Clark, Messrs. Warren Upham, Samuel H. Scudder, W. G. Nowell, J. R. Edmands, E. B. Cook, and other Appalachians, who have done much towards ascertaining and recording the geological, botanical, topographical and historical facts of the White Hills region. *Silliman's Journal* contained many similar papers, years ago, by Guyot, Tuckerman, General Martin Field, James Pierce ,and other writers.

NOTE. — The first European visitor to the White Mountains was undoubtedly Darby Field, in 1642; Belknap's error in making Neal, "in company with Josselyn and Darby Field," the first discoverer, in 1632, has been pointed out by Savage,—note to Winthrop's Journal, ii, 80. Winthrop's account of Field's visit is unquestionably the beginning of the "literature of the White Mountains."

This account was doubtless a later insertion (the MS. of this portion of Winthrop's Journal is not now in existence). A little farther on in the same year, 1642, occurs the following passage:

"Mention is made before of the white hills discovered by one Darby Field. The report he brought of shining stones, etc., caused divers others to travel thither, but they found nothing worth their pains. Amongst others, Mr. Gorge and Mr. Vines, two of the magistrates of Sir Ferdinand Gorge, his province, went thither about the end of this month. They went up the Saco River in birch canoes, and that way they found it ninety miles to Pegwagget, an Indian town, but by land it is only sixty. Upon Saco River they found many thousand acres of rich meadow, but there are ten falls, which hinder boats, etc. From the Indian town they went uphill (for the most part) about thirty miles in woody lands, then they went about seven or eight miles upon shattered rocks, without tree or grass, very steep all the way. At the top is a plain about three or four miles over, all shattered stones, and upon that is another rock or spire, about a mile in height, and an acre of ground at the top. At the top of the plain arise four great rivers, each of them so much water at the first issue, as would drive a mill; Connecticut River from two heads, at N. W. and S. W., which join in one about sixty miles off, Saco River on the S. E., Amoscoggen which runs into Casco Bay at the N. E., and Kennebeck, at the N. by E. The mountain runs E. and W. thirty or forty miles, but the peak is above all the rest. They went and returned in fifteen days."

In a note appended to this paragraph in Savage's edition of Winthrop's Journal, Savage, who had Winthrop's MS. in his hand says: "Here a map, drawn with tolerable accuracy, of the courses of the rivers flowing from the vicinity of the White Hills, is inserted in the original MS." He adds (this note appearing both in the edition of 1826 and that of 1853): "The most satisfactory account of these mountains is found in the New England Journal of Medicine and Surgery, Vol. V., 321–338, Jan., 1816." This account was by Dr. Jacob Bigelow.

Among the earliest books issued from the press of John Foster, the pioneer printer of Boston, was Hubbard's "Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New England." It was printed in the early part of the year 1677, and soon afterwaid was republished in London. This book contains a map of New England, which was the first ever cut in this country; and on this map the "White Hills" appear. In one of the editions, which contains other differences, this is printed "Wine Hills," which has gained for the map the name of "the Wine Hills." A fac-simile of it, with exceedingly interesting notes by Charles Deane and Dr. Samuel A. Green, may be found in the "Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society," second series, Vol. iv, 1887–1889.

In the map of New Hampshire by Philip Carrigan, published in 1816, the first map of New Hampshire issued under the direction of the State authorities, the Franconia and Mount Washington ranges are laid down, but no names are applied to individual summits in the central area, with the exception of Lafayette, which is called "Great Haystack." The first carefully prepared map of the White Mountains was prepared by Professor E. P. Bond of Cambridge, Mass., in 1853. Carrigan, whose name is still preserved in the White Mountains as that of one of the peaks upon the east branch of the Pemigewasset gives the height of Mount Washington as 7,162 feet above the sea. Who first gave its present name to Mount Washington is not known. Dr. Belknap says in 1792, "it has lately been distinguished by the name of Mount Washington." He quotes from the manuscript of Dr. Cutler in another place, where mention is made of "Mount Washington" as if it were already known. The name was very likely proposed by Dr. Cutler's party. In the valuable chapter on the History of Explorations among the White Mountains, by Warren Upham, in the first volume of Hitchcock's "Geology of New Hampshire," is an interesting account of the naming of various peaks. Mr. Upham gives a full account of the scientific expedition which passed the winter of 1870–71 on the top of Mount Washington. The observations and experience of this expedition were the subject also of a special volume, illustrated, "Mount Washington in Winter," by members of the expedition, which has a peculiar interest among White Mountain books.

Josselyn's account of the White Mountains in his "New Engiand's Rarities," was, as noted by Mr. Downes, the first in print, 1672. The materials for this work and for Josselyn's subsequent work, the "Voyages" were collected by the author during two visits to New England, he having come first in 1638, remaining fifteen months, and again in 1663, remaining eight years. The "Voyages" contains an account of the Indian traditions which clustered about the mountains. "Ask them," says Josselyn, "whither they go when

they dye, they will tell you, pointing with their finger to Heaven, beyond the White Mountains; and do hint at Noah's Flood, as may be conceived by a story they have received from father to son, time out of mind, that a great while ago their country was drowned, and all the people and other creatures in it, only one *Powaw* and his *Webb*, foreseeing the Flood, fled to the White Mountains, carrying a hare along with them, and so escaped. After a while, the Powaw sent the hare away, who not returning, emboldened thereby, they descended and lived many years after and had many children, from whom the country was again filled with Indians."

The next exploration mentioned was in 1725, when a "ranging party ascended the highest mountain on the N. W. part." In 1746 we hear of another ranging party, alarmed by the noise of falling rocks on the south side of one of the mountains. In 1771 the White Mountain Notch was discovered by one Timothy Nash, a pioneer hunter; an interesting account of the circumstances may be found in Mr. Upham's chapter, referred to above. In 1774, as we learn from a letter of Belknap to John Wentworth, "in the first week of October last, Nicholas Austin (the man whom some modern patriots at Rochester tyrannically insulted and abused for the sake of Liberty) was upon the White Hills. He ascended the second in height and magnitude, which he describes exactly as Capt. Neal did." Belknap's interesting letter, giving a quite full account of Austin's exploration, may be found in the Belknap Papers, iii, 64. We learn from this letter that Belknap had been at the White Mountains as early as 1772. "Besides the unsuspected credibility of Mr. Austin," he says, "my own observations in the year 1772, when my curiosity led me on to the second, which I suppose Neal's mountain, perfectly agree with his relations."

Belknap's account of his now famous "Tour to the White Mountains," in 1784, referred to by Mr. Downes, the MS. of which long lay unpublished in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, was published in 1877, in the first volume of the Belknap Papers, p. 386. The page of Belknap's notes which gives an account of the first view of the mountains is reproduced in the article. See another account by Dr. Belknap of this visit to the White Mountains sent to Mr. Hazard, in the Belknap Papers, ii. 170 and 180; and the letters from John Eliot and Manasseh Cutler, iii, 275 and 299. Accompanying the account sent to Mr. Hazard is a rough map prepared by Dr. Belknap. In the third volume of his History of New Hampshire, published in 1792, Dr. Belknap devoted a chapter to the White Mountains:

Dr. Belknap was accompanied, on the tour in 1784, by the Rev. Manasseh Cutler of Ipswich, Mass. Rev. Daniel Little of Kennebunk, Me., who published an account of the town, Dr. Joshua Fisher of Beverly, Mass., president of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Mr. Heard of Ipswich, and two young college students (named Hubbard and Bartlett. Dr. Belknap himself did not succeed in reaching the top of Mount Washington. His breath failed him on the ascent, and he returned to the camp at the bottom to await the return of his companions. His account of the summit is therefore borrowed from Dr. Cutler. Dr. Cutler's own account is far fuller and better; it may be found in his "Life, Journals and Correspondence," i, 96. In 1804, twenty years after his first tour, in company with several friends, among whom were Professor W. D. Peck, professor of natural history in Harvard College, and Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, Dr. Cutler again visited the White Mountains. He had for many years been much interested in botanical studies, and on this excursion his attention was chiefly directed to collecting botanical specimens, in which he was aided by Professor Peck, who was also an ardent botanist. An account of this trip may be found in Cutler's Life, i, 110. See also letters to Belknap, etc., in Cutler's Life, ii, 220–228, 271–273. Manasseh Cutler was altogether one of the most remarkable men of his time, great as a religious thinker, as a politician, and as a scientific man; and his place in the early literature of the White Mountains is important.— EDITOR.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

By Charles E. Waterman.

HIGH-PERCHED among the hills of Oxford County, Maine, is the birthplace of the late Hannibal Hamlin, one of the most distinguished citizens of the state. About this illustrious name and around the little village of Paris, clusters many events and noted persons. The village is built upon the summit of a hill of the same name, commanding a view of hill and valley, with the White Mountains as a background, their peaks either buried in clouds or standing out in bold relief against the cold blue sky.

The village is small, containing only about two hundred inhabitants, yet it is of some importance, as it is the shire

town of the county. The streets are well shaded by gigantic trees, some of which were saved from the primeval forest that once covered the hilltop. The houses are mostly old, but in good repair, and the grounds kept trim. They are nearly all surrounded by orchards of apple and pear trees, and in the spring the village presents the aspect, when viewed from the valley, of a gigantic bouquet.

The birthplace of Hannibal Hamlin is a large square, old-fashioned mansion, on the very verge of the hill, looking over the valley of the Little Androscoggin river and across to the hills and mountains beyond. It is a beautiful spot, and the visitor loves to watch from the lawn the silver thread of the river winding through the valley. About two miles above, the stream tires of running through verdant meadows and leaps over a jagged pile of rocks. This was the scene of a veritable Indian battle in the early history of the town; in fact, the cascade is named, from one of the men who fell, Snow's Falls, and was, doubtless, a favorite spot with him, as with every boy since his day. There is a little hamlet called Trap Corner, some two or three miles above Snow's Falls, which is also the scene of an Indian legend. On this spot, something more than a century ago, stood an Indian village, the warriors of which during the Revolutionary War made a raid on some of the unprotected towns of Massachusetts, returning laden with spoils; and this so roused the cupidity of the village that the whole tribe resolved to try raiding on a larger scale. But first they determined to bury the gold and silver which formed a part of the spoils. The treasure was put in iron pots and buried beside the river near a large pine tree, which was marked by hanging a pair of steel traps upon it. The painted braves, with their squaws and papooses, then took up the line of march for the distant scenes of rapine, but of the whole band only an old woman returned. She lived long in the vicinity, and imparted the secret to a white man, who tried to find the hidden pots in vain. Being skeptical as to the truth of the story, he told neighbors, and from that time treasure seeking became part of the business of the community.

These stories were in the freshness of youth during the early years of Hannibal Hamlin's life, and doubtless were a source of interest to him, as they are to boys at present. Of course this is mere matter of conjecture, but we have some definite records of what did occupy the mind of the statesman during his younger years. About a mile to the east of the village is an eminence called Mount Mica, known the world over as a deposit of rare gems. Tourmalines, cassiterite, amblygonite, lepidolite, spodumene, beryl, leucopyrite, garnet, smoky quartz, apatite, rose quartz and many other minerals are found here. This place was discovered by Hannibal Hamlin and his brother Elijah in 1820, and the mine is still owned and worked by members of the Hamlin family. The largest tourmaline in the world is said to have been taken from this place. It has been a place of pilgrimage for scientists and a source of inspiration for a least one writer, as the story entitled "My Tourmaline," by Saxe Holm, was suggested by the Sheppard collection taken from this deposit and destroyed by fire a few years ago at Amherst college.

Another interesting place is the office of the Oxford *Democrat*, the county paper, and intimately connected with the subject of this sketch. The first paper was established in 1824 and called the Oxford *Observer*; and the second, in 1827, the *Jeffersonian*, edited and published by Hannibal Hamlin and Horatio King, late postmaster-general of the United States. In 1830, Mr. Hamlin sold out his interest, and the paper was removed by Mr. King, to Portland. In 1836, the present paper was started and has served as a school for many journalists, among whom are some now well known. George F. Emory, late editor of the Boston *Post*, and Zina Stone of the Lowell *Mail* served in the office of the *Democrat*. Many quaint stories are told concerning the ex-Vice-President's connection with journalism.

After retiring from the *Jeffersonian*, Hamlin studied law in a little one-story building, still standing in the centre of the village, associated not only with his memory, but also with that of Albion Keith Parris and Enoch Lincoln, second and third governors of Maine. The latter is

called the poet governor, as he published a long poem entitled "The Village," in 1816, which is said to be the first volume of poetry published in Maine. This was when literature was young in this country, the only poem of worth published previously being Bryant's "Thanotopsis."

Not far from the office of the *Democrat*, stand the county buildings, consisting of the court-house, a diminutive, but also formidable looking stone jail, and the building containing the general offices of the county. Hannibal Hamlin was admitted to the Oxford Bar in 1833, a bar at which have practised many noted men, among whom may be mentioned, Elbridge Gerry, Mark H. Dunnell and John D. Long.

In the Record office can be found copies of documents extending back to the founding of the county in 1805. Among these is the will of Artemus Ward, made in England, just before his untimely death, inscribed on two heavy sheets of parchment, about two feet square, in old English Text, decorated with capitals and flourishes, that must have taken hours to fashion. The instrument begins,—"This is the will of me, Charles Farrar Browne, known as Artemus Ward." The testator directs that his body be buried in Waterford lower village, bequeathes his library to the best scholar in Waterford upper village, and his manuscripts to R. H. Stoddard, and Charles Dawson Stanley. After a few minor bequests to his mother and relatives, he gives the balance of his property, which he intimates is considerable, to found "an asylum for worn-out printers. Horace Greeley to be sole trustee, and his receipt to be the only security demanded of him." This was Ward's last "goak," as the property he left was hardly sufficient to pay his minor bequests. The parchment was sent to the Oxford Probate Court in a tin box, nine inches long by three inches wide, secured by a padlock stamped with the British coat of arms, and the letters "V. R."

After his admission to the bar, Hannibal Hamlin removed to Hampden, where he began practice, and that village, with the city of Bangor, was his home until the time of his death, on the fourth of July last. But he never forgot the little village of his early years and recollections, and several times each year, he visited Paris, and renewed its associations. Despite his load of eighty years, until the end he took a deep interest in anything which concerned the welfare of the village, and was ever ready to talk of the pleasant reminiscences of his youth.

The village has been the residence of several other prominent men, and has furnished eight congressmen and three governors. One of the most promising young men of the county was Timothy J. Carter, a member of the twenty-fifth Congress, and a roommate of Jonathan Cilley, at the time of the famous Graves-Cilley duel. He was sick at the time, and never recovered. It is said that the shock of that mournful event hastened his end.

In the old cemetery "on the hill" is the usual assemblage of monuments, and some of them are very old, crumbling and moss-covered, and the names inscribed thereon are hard to decipher. One of these is pointed out as marking the grave of the first settler. Another, bearing the name of Pedro Lovekin, a native of Mozambique, Africa, tells the story of an event once common, but now forgotten, except by elderly people, of the slave ship, and the capture of innocent Africans, and the chasing and capture of the slaver by a man-o'-war. It recalls the dark scenes so truthfully depicted by that wonderful painting of Turner's, "The Slave Ship."

The village was once of much greater importance than now, for it was the financial, as well as the political centre of the county, but when the Grand Trunk Railway was built up the little Androscoggin valley, the commercial spirit departed, and went down the hill to found the enterprising villages of South Paris and Norway. There are two thoroughfares to the south village,—one directly down the hill, and the other through the stony brook valley. This stream is rightly named, for although there are occasionally quiet pools which mirror the dark forests or towering hill, as a whole, it is one continual dash from rock to rock, filling the eye with delight, and the air with music. It is pre-eminently, a scene for an artist, and is a fitting finale to a visit "to the hills."



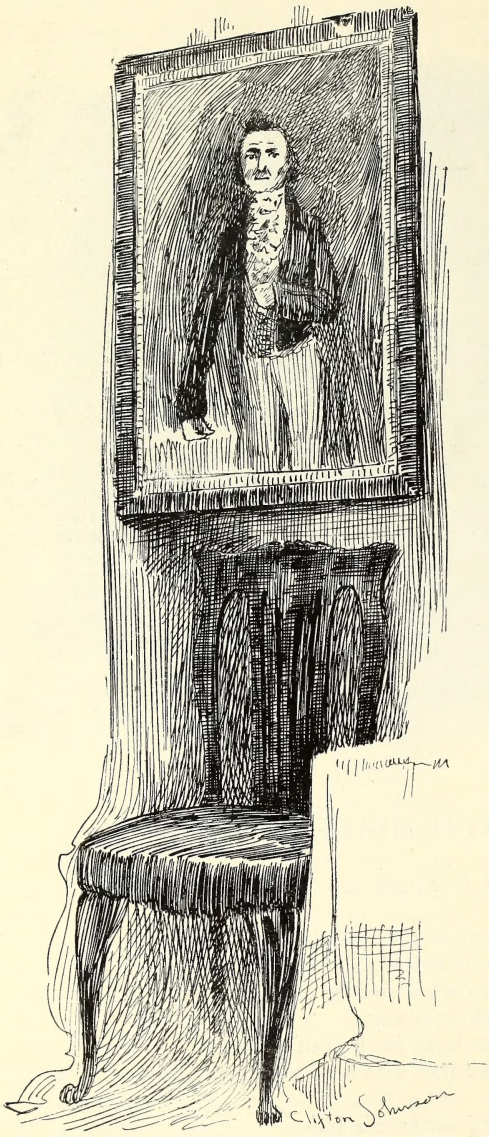
OUR NEIGHBOR.

By Mrs. J. T. Bayne.

HE sits at his door at close of day,
Our strange, sad neighbor over the way,
No one of his own with him to stay;
So alone he dwells, alone alway,
In a house that was built in days of yore,
With a high pitched roof and a carved front door.

The ceaseless flight of our tennis ball
To the lithe young player's merry call,
Sweet songs of the birds at even-fall,
The laughter of children through it all,—
He heeds not, hears not, a long day sped
Is present to him, he lives with the dead.

"Is it not pleasant, oh, neighbor mine
To sit at your door in sweet sunshine?
The grape blossom scent is poured like wine,
Was ever a June before so fine?"
"Dark are the days to me, dreary and slow,
And I ought to have died long years ago.



"For life grows bitter, and hope decays,
And weary, weary the sunset days,
Yea, owls and dragons, the Good Book says
Shall dwell in their pleasant palaces."
"But your long life surely some good has seen?"
"Few, few and evil my days have been."

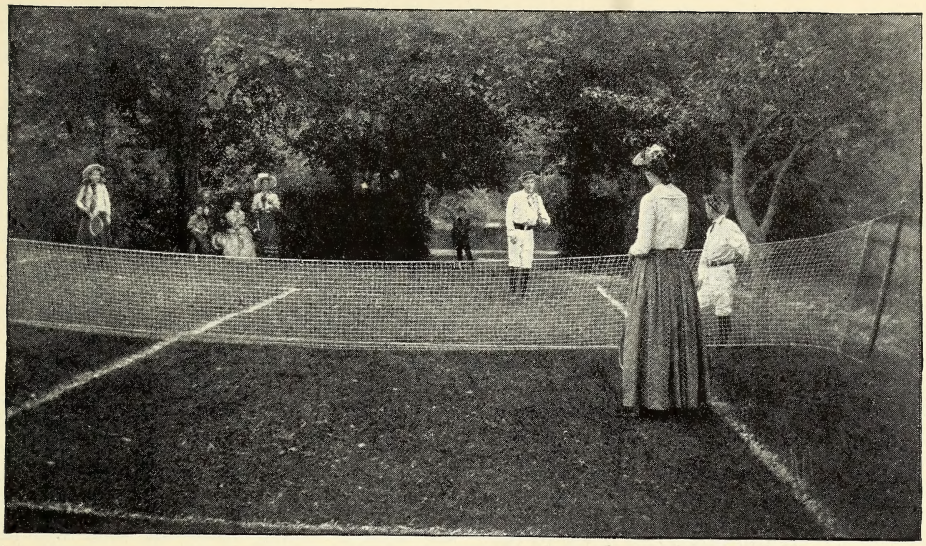
"I pity, neighbor, your lonely plight
And oftentimes in the chill midnight
I've seen your wakeful candle alight,"
— His eyes are glittering now, and bright,—
"Lonely? Oh no! If you could but see
Those who at midnight come to me!

"You call it my house, it is not so,
It is theirs, the dead of long ago!
Still it is theirs, and above, below,
Over the house they wandering go.
O they call me queer, and a 'little out,'
But I've seen strange sights, oh no doubt, no doubt.

"Those of my race, I have seen them all,
And one there is stern, and dark, and tall,
Look! there is his picture on the wall!
On his cheek the mark of a British ball;
As an elder, godly, a man of prayer,
As a soldier, he dared what few may dare.

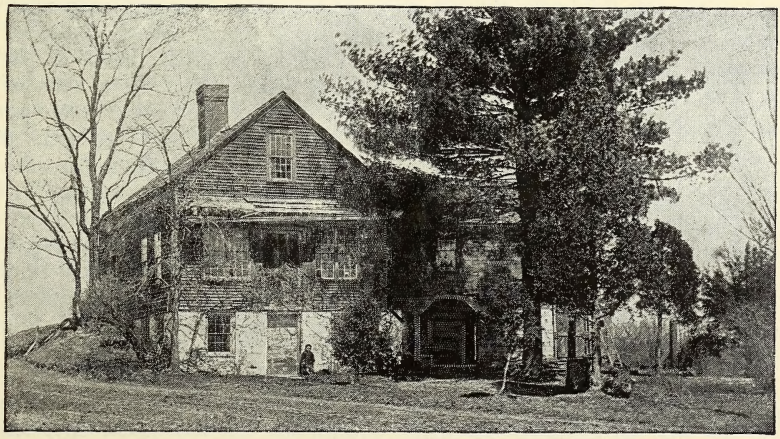
"I know her footfall upon the stair!
And the scent of her rolled and powdered hair;
I see her sitting erect and fair,
Yonder, in that old fiddle-backed chair;
A famous beauty, a toasted belle
Was my great-grandmother, I've heard tell.

"Oft when the storm with gusty rushes,
At my door and window, shoves and pushes,
Standing under the lilac bushes,
Molly the witch, the lightning flashes,
But she stays outside, she never comes in,
And she curses all of our kith and kin.



"Sometimes at nightfall, overhead,
My mother puts ten children to bed.
Her youngest, her baby's, old white head
Will soon, I hope, in the grave be laid;
Ashes to ashes, and dust to the dust!
My time must be near; oh, it surely must!"

Sitting there, gilt with the sunset's gold,
He and his house look old, so old!
While I think of the story he has told,
The past's dim pictures just unrolled;
But I wish, I wish I had eyes to see
Our neighbor's most worshipful company!



HARVARD COMMENCEMENT ESSAYS.

I. — The Harvard Senior.

By Henry R. Gledhill.

COMMENCEMENT Day is certainly far more serious than the day we celebrated last Friday — Class Day. Then the college turned its whole energy into careless gayety; to-day, it presents to you the sterner and more serious side of its life. It would be very strange if it did not occur to you to ask what sort of product this great system made after all — what sort of men these graduates are. But even as you ask the question you must see the difficulty of answering it. It will not do to point to the few strong, earnest men that graduate with every class and say, "These are the men, they are the typical graduates of this college." Such an optimism is idle. But it is just as idle to resort for our type to the opposite extreme — to the men who are simply and hopelessly negative about everything. For neither extreme represents the natural and normal development of certain tendencies which are at work in college life to-day.

You ask what these tendencies are? No new ones, only a freshened activity of old and general tendencies. The people of the United States have been calling themselves Americans for the last fifty years. But their declaration has been premature. A nation of individualized Americans is not yet formed; it is forming. The political ideas which are so rich and so sacred in our hearts are not yet merged; they are merging into what shall be a true national individuality. Mental and emotional life have developed swiftly since the Civil War. The result has been tremendous progress among the people at large. Among people of culture and in the colleges, the progress has been greater still, for they have better understood the boiling intellectual activity of the time. Harvard has almost totally changed its life since 1869. If the life has changed, the man who breathes the life has changed too. What, then, is the type of the new life? To my mind it is this. The unripeness and youth of the national spirit, have breathed unripeness and youth into every senior's best efforts. Test him and you will find him involved, indecisive, self-distrusting and college-boastful — not hopelessly so, to be sure, but appreciably so. But be fair enough to test him further still, and you will find that he has quick honor, broad humanity, and frank, manly instincts. His good traits are living things. They form an idea which is inspiring if for nothing but its high, good sense; and toward that ideal the average senior of to-day is striving, losing immaturity in maturity as he goes.

Our lack of simplicity is due more perhaps to half-comprehension of truths than anything else. Sensation pours in upon us. Life is endlessly complex. We do not see anything clearly enough to be sure of its relation and its meaning, and once sure — to follow it steadily to its legitimate conclusion. We need more of the artistic instinct. It was through that instinct that the Greeks mastered their life, and it is through it, that we shall some day master ours.

The average Harvard man needs vigor and order then. Growing out of these two needs, is that need of decision, already mentioned. As a rule, he is not ready to meet the call made upon him. He puts off; he will not risk; he will not assert. He spends too much time in preparation. He overstrains. It is hard to say what makes him do these things, whether it is self-consciousness and only a passing fear of the shock of the first plunge, or whether it is a weakness rooted in the college traditions. I think it is the former — that the weakness is only a passing one. Yet its existence helps make us lose in athletics; it assists the production of too many shy, shrinking scholars, and makes the number of ag-

gressive, self-reliant men, smaller than by rights it ought to be here.

The whole fault is a mistake of attitude. The remedy was pointed out long ago when the prophet, as he lay with his face in the dust, heard the still, small voice say, "Stand up upon thy feet!" It is the attitude of the true man, and of the mature man, too. And if the life here is moving, as I think it is, toward maturity, the false humility now present in it, *will* pass away because it must pass away, and the problem will have solved itself.

But complexity and partial indecision are not the only grounds for blame. Out of them grows a third — the tendency to underestimate what is dogmatic and un-Harvard. Happily this trait is not an aggressive one. It tends simply to make the average senior avoid the trouble of investigation; it makes him instinctively question, rather than trust, the value of ideas foreign to his life. It is a phase of what our enemies call Harvard indifference. The active mental life of the past thirty years has forced changes in many ideas and theories. It is forcing new ones continually. When such things are happening, it is not strange that one clings to what has been tested, or that one distrusts what has not met the new conditions of life and the wide extent of knowledge. This is undoubtedly why the average Harvard man to-day is likely to be too reserved — apparently too indifferent. I do not offer the explanation as a defence for him, for I am blaming his loathness to investigate for himself, and the unmanly diffidence and distrust which lead him into his mistakes. But I do offer it as a protest against that popular idea which reads indifference in a life where it does not exist, and makes vicious inactivity out of what is only hesitation and an unfortunate self-distrust.

In turning to the better parts of the men, one trait which means all in all to any true manhood, stands out before the rest. It is the high sense of truth and honor which prevails here. Those of you who are not in sympathy with me will doubtless call to mind more than one case of downright lying, of bought themes, of other detected dishonesty that you know of. I admit that you are right. But you are judging the whole by too small a part. The men who buy their themes and lie about their duties here, are not a product of Harvard life. It is impossible for any college to take a vicious boy and surely make a virtuous man of him. The best that it can do, is to show him a true and manly standard of morality, in the hope that the mischief his school and boyhood training have done him, may thus be softened and perhaps at last effaced.

Then trust in the student has steadily grown. He has been left more and more to face the sense of his own responsibility. If the response comes at all to such a treatment, it comes at once in a noble form. That Harvard life has, in a large measure, nobly responded to that trust, no one who has watched the course of affairs here, can rationally doubt. If you ask for proof, take the rapid development of the graduated school, the generally deepened tone of life among the undergraduates, shown, for example, in their recent determined attack upon professionalism in athletics. I know men, too, who will not use old examination papers, though the college library puts copies out for general use at examination times. This seems a strained delicacy of conscience, and perhaps it is such, but, together with the rest, it shows what forces are at work — what the tone of life is becoming. And this life has already reached a point which warrants, I think, the declaration, that the sense of truth and honor in the average senior is very keen and very sensitive.

There remains one more essential element of the life of the men. It is an element hard to define, and harder still to demonstrate the existence of. The study of history, literature, art, and philosophy, of the humanities in general, is increasing. The natural result attends this; namely, cultivation of taste. The standard of merit is rising; the demands of the critic are becoming sharper. It seems to me that the existence here of this growing spirit is of great importance. It is the very leaven needed for our civilization, for it is utterly antagonistic to that materialism which plays so large a part in American life to-day.

II. — Edward Rowland Sill.

By Charles W. Willard.

WHEN, a few years ago, two volumes of verse were published bearing the name of Edward Rowland Sill, there were many people to regret that the book which brought them the poems should bring also the news of the death of the poet. Perhaps the circle of those who know Sill is not very wide — he always avoided fame, writing oftener than not over a pseudonym; but there is a peculiar depth of insight and delicacy of expression in his poetry which gives him a right to a high rank among minor poets, if he died too early to win for himself that place among the greater poets which the work he had already accomplished promised to give him. He wrote prose as well as poetry, and with a keenness of thought and style which places it in its way on a level with his verse. But I wish to speak more particularly of his life. His literary work was so personal that it gains an added interest from the study of the life itself; and there is a mournful note of perplexity and doubt ringing through his poetry, which is the fitting burden to the story of his wanderings.

Of Connecticut birth and parentage, he entered Yale College with the class of '61, when he was sixteen years old. Pessimism is a sort of undergraduate privilege, and there is in what Sill wrote in his college days a good deal of pessimism, — less important for its own sake, perhaps, than as the foundation on which the cheerfulness of his later philosophy was built. The faith and hope which brighten so much of his poetry are the transfiguration of his early doubt and despair. It was because in college he was learning to find so many lives not worth the living that his energy began already to be bent on the search for a life which should be worth living. It was not strange, then, that he should have lacked an outward, definite purpose. He seems to have been preparing himself for no particular career; and certainly he neglected the regular college work. He knew nothing yet that he wanted to do, because he believed that there must be something better worth doing than anything which he could yet see before him.

A few months after graduation he sailed around Cape Horn to California with one of his classmates who was singularly dear to him and whose life, early cut short, was shaping itself under the same influences which guided Sill himself. Five years passed over Sill in California, leaving him yet unsettled in life, with the problem which faced him apparently no nearer solution. At one time he was at work in a post-office, at another in a bank; and when he came east in 1866 to enter our own Harvard Divinity School with his old college friend, it was hardly with any definite hope that he should ever be able to preach. In fact he stayed in Cambridge less than a year, turning his back on it with reluctance, but convinced that it was of no use to stay longer. "When I get money enough to live on," he said, "I mean to preach religion as I believe in it." Sill's faith was indeed profound; but it was hardly of a sort to satisfy the requirements of any established church.

After this final abandonment of all idea of the ministry, the course of Sill's life gained somewhat more outward unity. He married, and after a short period of editorial work settled down seriously to the task of teaching. A few years he spent in a high school in Ohio, a few more in a high school on the Pacific Coast, until, in 1874, he was made Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of California. Into his teaching he put all the strength of a devoted nature. He was singularly endowed with the power of attracting those about him; and his influence could not fail to reach far beyond the teaching of his specialty. Pleading once for free high-schools, he spoke with contempt of the argument which declares them unnecessary because men and women can learn nothing there to help them to a livelihood. "Not so much what kind of a living they make," he says, "as what

kind of life they make, is the question of public importance." The spirit with which he taught literature was of the same character; his interest was something more than that of the curious critic or of the admiring artist. Language was for him only the instrument for the conveyance of ideas; and in the ideas themselves, the record of the struggle of mankind to work out the problems of its existence, rested for Sill the value of books.

From time to time during these years his poems appeared in the periodicals; but it was not until 1882, when he resigned his chair in the University of California and withdrew to a home in a little Ohio village, that he began his literary work in earnest. And the work did not last long; in 1887 he died. His life had been short and not eventful as lives go. There had been the dreamy, idle student life, when he had learned the little he was told to learn, but had studied in his own way the deepest problems of life; there had been the close friendship between the two young men, their seemingly aimless drifting after graduation as they sought the opportunity to work for their fellow-man; there were the first adventurous, uncertain years in the new California; the hope that in the ministry might be found the work for which he wished so earnestly, and the doubt and perplexity which made this hope fruitless; then the devotion to teaching; and finally the few years of careful literary work, the gathering up of the ends, and the sudden death in the very prime of life. The critics who lament his early death, which came just as Sill had fairly served his apprenticeship and might be expected to produce work of much greater value, look at the poet and not at the man. There was a completeness in the life itself which added years could hardly have made more perfect. One critic has said that he achieved late; we ought rather to say that he was achieving throughout his life. The end of his work was not reached with the contribution of a couple of pages to some future anthology of American verse. His work lay among men, showing them by deed and word something of the possibilities of living which lay open before them. He paused only for that short evening after his day's work, to tell a little of what the day had taught him.

Such a life could not but be tragic to the man who lived it, none the less so for the gayety beneath which, in Sill's case, the tragedy lay. He was idolized by those with whom he was surrounded, for the very charm of his personality. But beneath that charm there was the never-satisfied longing of a sensitive heart. It was easy for those who knew him to be grateful for the Providence which threw such a man among them to brighten and lift up their life; and they could forget the deep tragedy, so sublime and so pathetic, which was being acted out in his own heart. To those who have not the memory of his face and voice his service is a different one. They can get the perspective which gives them a clearer view of the main trend of his life; they can understand and be thankful for this never-ending struggle after the best of life,— the ceaseless unrest and yet the steady patience.

One whose fellowship with Sill was close has said of him that it was his passion for the ideal which killed him. He was not satisfied to accept the world's prizes. From beginning to end there was always before his eyes the one great question how to live, the assurance that there was one way which was the best. Keenly conscious of all the perplexities, the paradoxes, the mysteries of life, he drew from this very consciousness the faith that there is in life a meaning below the surface; that its story is not told with the record of birth, bread-getting and death. Not every man devotes himself with such steadfastness to the art of living as did this eager, restless, cheerful teacher and disciple; but even he could not escape the sense of failure. Yet he has told us himself more than once, that in such things it is the effort and not the result which matters. If he had ever settled down in satisfaction, his life would not be worth to us what it is. The peace that he found was the peace in labor, or at most the peace between tasks. He was the child by the seaside in his own poem; it was always with him —

> "Ah, let me toss one little pebble more,
> Before I go!"

III. — A Remedy for American Philistinism.

By Charles Lewis Slattery.

THE European traveller when visiting America often exclaims, "Surely this is the land of the Philistine!" We smile at this when we think of the numerous unread copies of Browning, the daubs that pass for paintings, and the loud rattle about yellow novels; but when we pause to consider the significance of the term "philistine," we must be serious. The American philistine is not a mere fool. His character is a union of vulgarity and deceit, and is, therefore, a blot on our national name. No high-minded patriot can be willing to have him called the typical American.

What, then, is this high-minded patriot to do? Let him first discover whence comes the American philistine. Men in America are ambitious: they will be higher in the social scale than their fathers; and so they grasp the opportunities which a new and rich country offers them. Released from drudgery, two courses lie before them: they may become fitted to enjoy the highest things of life; or they may become philistines, men who live to eat, to be comfortable, and to be stylish. The general result of this change is that simple folk become luxurious philistines. Right here, therefore, is the opportunity for the reformer. Let the rich, satisfied philistine go his way. His ideals are a big house and a big bank account, and you cannot change these ideals. Your work must be prevention. You must meet the children of the poor, just as they begin to dream of what they shall be and struggle to get away from the hard path of poverty. Then, perhaps, you may block up the road to philistinism, and show them the way to refinement.

"Why," you exclaim, "does not the poor boy in America already have every advantage? Are not the public schools for him? And are not these public schools the noblest in the world? Do they not employ skilful teachers, and are they not richly equipped? All this is true in the main; yet something is lacking. The one ideal of the average American school boy is to grow rich: the millionnaire is his hero. *This ideal must be changed*, for it is his beckoning to philistinism; changed not by teachers and text-books,— they cannot change it,— but changed by the attractiveness of better ideals embodied in boys of his own age. The patriot, the educated patriot, must therefore, cultivate his children's taste as highly as he can, and then send them forth among the children of the public school, coming as they do from all sorts and conditions of homes. This may not be so pleasant or easy or fashionable as tossing gold to the beggar; but it is a work of charity infinitely more noble.

The father shrinks back. Shall he send his children as lambs among wolves? Would this not indeed be worse than useless? How could a few children from refined homes have any influence on the great throng of "plebeians?" And would not the counter influence from the mob be dangerous? Let these questions be answered by an illustration from the life in a small New England manufacturing town, the seat of an important college. A few years ago it was the "fashion" here to send children to the public schools. There was then a class in the grammar school numbering twenty-eight which was notable for its extremes; there were a few sons of college professors, clergymen and physicians; there were also sons of laborers and mechanics. The teacher set apart an hour each day for reading aloud and informal discussion of anything which the reading might suggest. The teacher had tact, and each pupil was forced to give an opinion of some sort. Of course, the few children from homes where the last good book was discussed at dinner had much more to say than the poor fellow who heard nothing better than idle gossip and the news of the prize-fight. At first it seemed to the little "plebeians" that to find enjoyment in one of Walter Scott's long novels was quite impossible. But little by little they caught the enthusiasm. They wanted to try the experiment themselves;

they did try it; and slowly but surely they began to know what a good book was,— and they began to enjoy it. These poor laborers' children then first realized what the ideals of the best life were; and the fine tastes which they then formed I believe have never deserted them. And how did this mingling affect the children of the cultivated folk? Here children met as many classes of people as they could meet in later life. Priggishness was nipped in the bud. They began to value a boy for what he was, not for his father's name or for the clothes he wore. Here reputation had to be supplemented by real personal merit. And as for the moral influence on these boys of refinement, nothing could have been better for them than to meet vulgarity and vice when home influence was strong enough to keep them from touching it, so that the attractiveness of wrong-doing might fade, and the boy entering college might be the man he was expected to be. I doubt very much if the children of higher cultivation gave more than they received. I can see no reason why this mingling of refinement and rudeness should not be healthful everywhere. Yet in many places the higher classes are wont to send their children to private schools, and seem even more and more disposed to do it. For this they have three possible reasons. Let us examine them briefly.

One class of parents prefer the private schools because they wish their children to be thrown among the sons of the rich and the influential. They would make their children toadies to their betters and snobs to their poorer companions. Compare this education with the manly self-respect cultivated in the public school, and it must be seen that the ambitious father has made a grave mistake.

A second class of parents select the private school as a reformatory for wild sons. The father cannot guard his boy's character, for he is too busied with his money-making. Nor can the mother, for she is a lady of fashion and her time is filled with social engagements. So the son's bad character is intrusted to a hired stranger, the master of a private boarding-school. But here temptations are infinitely thicker. The very strictness of the rules makes the boy anxious to evade them. A few wild boys under such restraint can plot more wickedness in an hour than a solitary scoundrel could concoct in a month. Every one who has talked with pupils of many a private boarding-school knows the vice that goes on before the very eye of the unsuspecting master. The only healthful place to reform a bad boy is at home. The private boarding-school as a reformatory is a whited sepulchre.

Parents may prefer the private school because the public school at home is poorly taught. This third reason seems more honorable: every good parent should give his son the best education possible. But should he be content to have the public school only second-rate? Men of cultivation have most influence in matters of public education. They ought to use that influence. But it is certain that they never will use it fully, till their own children are in the public schools. Then they will know each detail of method; they will demand the best teachers; they will see to it that the latest improvements are adopted; and they will make this public school the equal of the best school in the land. Thus not only shall their own children be as well taught as elsewhere, but a whole community shall be benefited.

The private school may be more fashionable than the public school; it is certainly superior in nothing else. The typical pupil of the private boarding-school is the philistine child; he has plenty of money and spends it freely on what only harms his better nature; he is shallow and sordid, but he makes great pretences, and is supremely satisfied with his littleness. The typical pupil of the public school is the boy who is not rich and is not very cultivated. His code of honor or of manners is not burdened by conventionalities; he values your son for his manliness and pluck, not at all for the shape of his collar or the size of his cravat. He is uncouth; but when once real refinement is brought to him, he admits its charm and is anxious to win some of its richness. Is it not better for your own son, if you be a rich man, that he avoid this lifeless, conventional boy of

fashion; and find a playmate in the bright, hearty, it may be, rough boy from the middle class or from the home of poverty?

But more than this, — you have a duty to your country. What, in this light, is your duty toward American philistinism? Your son must be made as refined and as cultivated as a carefully regulated home influence can make him; and then he must be sent to the public school, to rub against the coarseness of the boy of the town. If your boy cannot endure the rough contact, he is not worth an education. If he can, he will be a stronger man and a keener scholar because of it. Above all, he will give his less fortunate companion a glimpse of cultivation and refinement at the time when it has power to lift him. In this way, cultivation may link itself with rugged manhood; and from this union must come in time that true American who shall make the lonely philistine unfashionable. As the American philistine ceases to be the type by which the nations recognize us, men shall say, "Here is the man that Washington and Jefferson and Franklin dreamed of when they founded the new republic, a man who is an embodiment of refinement and simplicity, — the *American gentleman*."

THE ODOR OF SANCTITY.

By Ellen Marvin Heaton.

Chapter I.

"MY wife thinks I grow rusty. Jove! I'd like a chance to rust. I'm tired of polishing up!"

This remark, made by one elderly man to another in a Fifth Avenue stage, was overheard by Dr. North with amused interest. The speaker lifted his shining beaver and exposed a forehead scored with the hieroglyphics of many perplexities. A moment later he stopped the stage and descended, followed by the doctor, and the two men found themselves ascending the same flight of steps, leading to one of the mansions which face the avenue. Explanations followed, and the doctor learned that the man who was so tired of polishing up was the father of young Field to whom he had been summoned.

The son, Otis Field, was a member of the Harvard Nine, and had received a slight injury some weeks before upon the ball field. A growing lameness sent him home at Easter, and a week later he began to realize with dismay that he was "in for it," as he expressed himself. Two or three prematurely hot days reminded him of the cool and spacious country-house where he had been wont, as a boy, to pass his summers with his Aunt Hannah. He began to long to exchange the coddling concessions of home nursing for his aunt's bracing individuality. Besides, his mother and sister were going to Europe, and since there was now no prospect of his accompanying them, the sooner he put the city behind him the better. Accordingly, Aunt Hannah had been consulted, and her neighbor, Dr. North, the leading physician of Rockford, had undertaken to be the young man's escort.

"You'll dine with us, of course," said Mr. Field to the doctor. "Oh, never mind," he added, as the doctor glanced at his travelling gear; "that's all right. Mills will brush you up. We've half an hour before dinner," he continued, consulting his watch. "Otis will claim you until then,— and here comes Mills to show you up."

"Hello, doctor!" exclaimed the young man, at sight of the doctor's homely features. "Now this is what I call friendly! They tell me you have promised Aunt Hannah to gather up my fragments and carry them to Rockford."

"Yes, she is eager to have you with her," assented the doctor with a cordial hand-shake. "Let me see. Can you walk?"

"Hobble, you mean. Behold!"—and the patient rose with considerable difficulty and slowly made his way across the room, with the help of a cane.

"There, don't walk back!" commanded the doctor, scanning the young man closely and noting the pain the effort cost him. Then pushing his easy chair forward, he made him sit down while he drew him back.

"Now tell me where you feel pain when you walk."

"Just here," said Otis, indicating the place.

"H—m! So I supposed," said the doctor gloomily. "And you probably thought it necessary to exercise a good deal, eh?"

"Yes, — and a deuced bad time I've treated myself to whenever I've tried it."

"Just so. Well," after a pause, "we'll get some crutches and get you off to Rockford, and try what virtue there is in fresh air."

The doctor appeared in the dining-room some minutes later with an exterior improved by the manipulations of Mills. The ladies appearing at the same moment, the doctor was presented to them by his host with formality, and Mrs. Field began at once to ply him with questions about Otis. He was deciding that she was a solicitous mother, even if somewhat strenuous with her spouse, when the lady turned to her daughter, saying, —

"Well, Maud, I'm *so* relieved! I was afraid we might have to give up our plans for the summer. And it would have been *such* a disappointment!" she added, turning to the doctor. "We had made all our arrangements for going abroad when that unlucky accident happened to Otis. But since you think it only a matter of time and fresh air, —"

The doctor was about to qualify his statement, when Mr. Field put in a decided word.

"Go, — of course. What good could you and Maud do by remaining?"

The doctor glanced at Miss Field, who seemed to have lapsed into a condition of semi-consciousness. She ate mechanically, and there was a remote look in her eyes, as though she had no part or lot in her environment. He saw the futility of admitting the truth about the patient's condition to these women, and decided to discuss it later with the father alone.

The conversation for a time was forced and desultory. Finally, Mrs. Field spoke of the opera. She regretted that her guest could not hear one of the Wagner representations. The doctor explained that he had availed himself of the opportunity the previous evening, and added something not enthusiastic.

Here Miss Maud recalled her intellect and bestowed a scornful attention, while the doctor deprecated any claim to being musical in the modern sense. During his years of student life in Germany he had attended opera with great delight.

"But music in Germany," he said, "is like the air you breathe, not a luxury, but a part of life. I confess I am not musical enough to enjoy it in the same degree here. There, it is the music you go to enjoy. The accessories are modest, they do not eclipse it. Here, the audience and the glare so distract that it amounts to desecration."

The ladies stared and evidently thought the criticism audacious.

"Moreover," continued the doctor, "Wagner's music always tortures me. It is mostly written in the service of the painful emotions, hate, grief, despair, — and, as he is master of his art, how can one do otherwise than suffer?"

"Your views are certainly original," said Mrs. Field in a tone tinged with sarcasm.

"Give me a cheerful frog-pond any summer night," quoth her spouse, "rather than a box at the opera."

Mrs. Field's nostrils quivered — an effect often produced by her spouse's utterance. It was the only protest she condescended to make, but it always sufficed. Mr. Field had thus become so well-trained that he rarely transgressed when guests were present.

"There was not a vacant seat the last Lohengrin night," said the lady.

"How many of the audience, do you

imagine, were not glad when it was over? Some go for the spectacular part of it, some to see and be seen, and many are driven by *ennui*."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Field, "I often say to Maud that the word *ennui* ought never to be needed in our vocabulary."

"Set people to earning their bread and butter," interrupted her spouse; — "that will cure *ennui* quick enough! They called it laziness in my day."

Here the nostrils palpitated dangerously, and their owner rose and led the way to the drawing-room, remarking significantly, "One of us must go to Otis."

Mr. Field accepted this dismissal with a deprecating air, as of one who acknowledges a merited rebuke.

"You see the result of a business life, Dr. North. It crushes all ideality," observed Mrs. Field.

The doctor observed more than one result. As he glanced about the luxuriously appointed apartment, he wondered whether these women ever felt one throb of gratitude, or any appreciation of the labor that gained all this elegance, and the indulgence which supplied it. His heart went out to the old man, and he experienced a pang as he thought of the trial in store for him.

It was fortunate that Mrs. Field was too full of her own ideas to remark his preoccupation. She was bent upon demonstrating to her guest that she, at least, was well equipped for keeping *ennui* at bay. Art, literature, science, ethics, — all were brought forward for discussion. She did not say, "You see I am a woman of culture," but that was the impression she was ardently striving to convey. An hour passed in this way before her husband's appearance put a stop to the flow of egotism. Then, to the doctor's great relief, the ladies excused themselves upon the plea of some social engagement.

Now was the doctor's opportunity. He began by saying that he had avoided admitting to the ladies how tedious a case like that of Otis often proved. An unlucky accident upon the base-ball field had caused a strain which, neglected, had resulted in considerable inflammation. But it might yield yet to careful treatment.

"But suppose it doesn't yield?" asked the startled father.

The doctor tried to put him off; but Mr. Field insisted, and the doctor admitted his fears of an abscess. Mr. Field rose and began pacing the floor restlessly. "*Damn* athletics!" he exclaimed. "The colleges are nothing but training schools for sporting men. I set my heart upon Otis distinguishing himself. He has talent enough. If he had been a puny fellow he might have amounted to something. I wish he had been. An abscess! What kind of an abscess?"

Dr. North explained the connection of the psoas muscle with the human economy. He cheered his host somewhat by suggesting that it might, after all, prove a blessing in disguise; for, even were the abscess averted, the patient would not be able to resume any form of athletics for months.

"If I had a dozen sons, not another should go to college," protested the old man bitterly. "In former times there was some ambition among students. Nowadays the men who make any figure do not require brains, but muscle!"

"The lank, pale student was the approved pattern of those times, — the midnight-oil man," suggested the doctor smiling.

"And why not midnight oil burned over books as well as midnight gas at amusements? I begin to think that this world is nothing but a lunatic asylum for the rest of the universe. That would explain everything; nothing else will!"

"An excellent theory," returned the doctor, "and a charitable one. And now suppose we go up to Otis and arrange for the trip. I shall ask Dr. Warren to make an examination of the case before leaving town. After that, the less time lost in making the change the better."

The examination made by Dr. Warren early the following morning confirmed Dr. North's diagnosis, and the next train conveyed the patient and his escort to the desired bourne. The trip occupied only four hours, and was planned to cost the least possible effort; yet it made such

demands on the invalid's strength that he was put to bed at once.

"I'll look in when you are rested," said his aunt, as she adjusted the window shutters. "Silas is in the next room. Just touch this bell if you want anything."

Otis turned his languid glance to the window, which commanded a view of the near waters of Long Island Sound. A point of land running out some distance made long shadows, and he could just descry a boat floating idly close to shore. It contained only one figure — a woman. He felt a feeble curiority about her, as he had felt as to who "Silas" might be. But he was glad there was no one at hand to ask, for in the reaction after the day's bracing there came a languor which made rest a luxury.

A floating boat; a blue sky with drifting clouds; opposite shore in the dim distance; his room — large, cheerful, shaker-like in its cleanliness; the odor of sweet-brier creeping in at the windows — upon all of these details Otis closed weary eyes, to wake a couple of hours later with refreshed senses. The boat had disappeared, the shadows were lengthened, and Otis, sitting up in bed, had a great mind to test his powers of locomotion, when his aunt's knock prevented. The door opening disclosed her bearing a small tray with a glass of milk punch.

"The doctor's orders!" she announced.

Otis drank with a relish which gratified her; then taking one of her motherly hands, he made her sit down, "for a good visit."

"And first, who is Silas?" he asked.

"Oh, he is a young man who is glad to get his board in exchange for such help as he can give me. He will be company for you as well as help, and he won't be under foot when you don't want him. He's reading law."

"What — all alone in his room?"

"Why not? He attends the cases in court when they're on, and hears how they are conducted. And Judge Haight is going to take him into his office next winter."

"It must be rather slow."

"Slow and sure. He hasn't had your opportunities." Her tone was satirical, but her face was full of love. Aunt Hannah's head and heart were often at odds. "It's a queer world! Some throw away their chances, and some never have any," she continued.

"Oh, don't go," begged Otis as his aunt moved with that intention; "I've a hundred things to ask. What has become of my old playmate, Edith Campbell? And is that old bookworm, her father, still alive?"

"As much as he ever was."

At this moment a clear whistle was heard, which, approaching, proved to be the air of "The Campbells are Coming."

"That's Edith now!" said his aunt. "That's her signal."

"She must be quite a big girl by this time."

"No bigger than she has been for several years."

"Do you mean to say she is a young lady?"

"As much as years can make her. Let's see — it is seven years since you passed the summer here."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Otis, "she must be twenty!" His fancy had pictured her still a girl in school frocks.

Footsteps upon the veranda called his aunt to the door, and directly Otis heard a voice outside: "Open your mouth and shut your eyes!"

"Strawberries!" exclaimed his aunt. "As large as plums, I declare!"

"I've had a regular fight over them with the robins," declared the other voice. "The little wretches aren't content with their share, but they peck at them and spoil more than they eat. But I've got the best of them now; I've covered the bed."

"What with?"

"The old lace curtains from the sitting-room."

"Oh, Edith! What will your father say!"

"Oh, he'll never notice; — and they'll be as good as new when they're done up."

Here they moved away. Otis could hear the hum of more earnest discourse, and he knew his aunt was explaining his case.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, "I might as well be in second childhood! I am about as helpless."

Another footstep broke in upon his dejection, and the doctor's face followed his knock. Some professional talk followed, and Otis heard with dismay that he would be doing extremely well if he recovered powers of locomotion by the last of September.

"September!" he exclaimed "Ye gods! And it is now only June!"

"Rather rough! But can't you think of some friend who could join you for the next week? A good companion, —"

"Oh, as to that, Aunt Hannah is the best of company. And then I've an old playmate who is a near neighbor — Edith Campbell. I haven't seen her, but she's been talking outside with my aunt. I should anticipate rather jolly times with her, if —"

"If what?"

"Why, you see I couldn't stand being an object of pity to a great, robust girl."

"I thought you hadn't seen her," said the doctor with an amused look. "How do you know —"

"I've heard her. She cultivates vegetables." The doctor broke into a peal of laughter.

"What's the joke?" asked Otis with preternatural gravity.

"I'm picturing to myself your encounter with this great, robust country girl who cultivates vegetables and can pull a good oar."

"How came she by her tastes?" exclaimed Otis. "She didn't get them from the old stock — that fossil of a father."

"No, Edith and her father are not very congenial. She offended him on the threshold of life by not being a boy."

"He ought to be contented, since she has the habits of one."

"Oh, such habits are his horror. He wanted a boy to become a duplicate of himself."

"But there *is* a boy — that little youngster — what's his name?"

"Joe? Oh, yes. But Joe isn't the bookworm his father would like him to be. The eldest daughter is the only one the old professor thoroughly approves. Your Aunt Hannah insists that the poor mother's life was blighted by his depressing influence."

"But he's had no such blighting effect upon Edith."

"Fortunately not. She has too much mind of her own to succumb."

"It's a problem that from those two lives, one blasted, the other fossilized, there should spring this buoyant, *debonnaire*, — I don't know exactly what *debonnaire* means, but it's just the word for her, *isn't* it?"

"I thought you hadn't seen her!"

"No more I have, but, —"

"*Debonnaire*," interrupted the doctor, musingly. "Yes, that describes Edith very well."

"And so she manages not only to live, but to thrive?"

"Yes, and she is her father's Nemesis — the incarnation of activity, which he abhors. But the old professor is much esteemed by this community, you know."

"For what, pray?"

"For his learning and his piety."

"Oh, Lord!" ejaculated Otis, "from such learning and piety, good Lord, deliver us! — Who the deuce?" he exclaimed, as a timid knock interrupted the conversation. "Come in!"

The door opening revealed a tall, lank figure, clad in garments so loose as to give the impression of an animated manikin. A rising feeling of amusement at the apparition was dispelled, however, by a glance at the head, which was noble and impressive.

"Good day, Silas," said the doctor. Then noticing Otis staring, he added, "So you haven't met? Mr. Field, let me present your guide, philospher and friend in the person of —— Mr.——" He had actually forgotten the name.

"Silas," interposed the fellow. Otis held out his hand, which the other grasped without shaking.

"The doctor is adroit not to appoint you my tyrant and jailer," said Otis. "Perhaps you will develop into that later."

"It would be an easier character to sustain than the other," responded Silas in a slow drawl, an expression of shy humor creeping over his features. Otis's face beamed appreciation, at which the

deprecating droop of Silas's figure vanished, and an inch seemed added to his stature.

"Sit down," said Otis, indicating a chair.

"I came to tell you about the boats," said Silas, seating himself. "Captain Keeney says he can't afford to let you have his boat, he makes so much letting it to parties in July and August."

"How much did you offer him?"

"I didn't make an offer."

"Then how does he know?"

"He means," interposed the doctor, smiling, "that you can't afford to hire it, judging from his own standpoint."

"You send Keeney to me, Mr. ——"

"Silas," interposed the other. "Perkins is the other name, — you can take your choice."

"Perkins; well I think Silas is better. What's your idea of a fair offer, Silas?"

"Must you have the boat all the time?"

"He can't use it all the time, of course," explained the docter; "but he must have it whenever the weather and his strength permit — so it amounts to the same thing."

"Well, I wouldn't be surprised if he asked —— most anything! But you ask himself," he added; "he's just outside."

"Good! He can't value his services more highly than I do, if they are to be the means of pulling me out of this ditch."

Keeney was summoned. The doctor knew him. He had a sliding scale of prices corresponding to his scale of humanity. He had come with the intention of refusing to let his "yacht," as the little craft was called, but Otis's greeting evidently pleased him, and the doctor explained the situation.

"See here," said Otis, "why can't we rig up a set of signals, so that you needn't be dangling about in uncertainty? You can see this house from the dock, can't you?"

"Sartin!"

"Well, that's what we'll do; and you'll know whether to expect my fragments, or whether I'm ordered to stay in port for repairs. What's your price a month?"

"You don't want to pay when you don't use her. What's the use?"

"So as to be sure of you when I do need you."

"My boat's worth four dollars a day in July and August. *You* don't want to pay no such price."

"What do you say to a hundred a month?"

"But there's days when the weather's too rough. Then there's Sundays."

"Well, suppose we compromise on seventy-five? I'm suited if you are."

"The *Ida's* yours," said the man; and he ambled towards the door.

"If you had haggled with him a bit," said the doctor, "you would have saved money, and he would have thought more of you."

Chapter II.

The following day our patient lacked ambition even to leave his bed. He had passed a restless, feverish night, through which his aunt had watched him with growing anxiety. This feeling deepened when she noted the doctor's face during his morning visit. She followed him from the room and made him confess his fears. Her manner of meeting the trial was characteristic. "You fight the case physically, doctor, and I'll fight it spiritually," said she; and one knowing the facts must have conceded that her part of the contract was faithfully fulfilled.

While the struggle between the unseen powers is progressing, we shall have time to learn something of the other characters with whom these chronicles are concerned.

There still exist in New England, homes where wholesome recreations are frowned upon and natural instincts suppressed. No small percentage of our Reform Schools may be traced back to such homes, where the atmosphere of suspicion and disapproval fosters skulking deceit or breeds defiant rebellion. The Campbell family furnished examples of these perversions. The transparent paleness and fragile, drooping form of the eldest daughter reminded one of the sickly growth of a cellar plant. For two and twenty years she had plodded her patient way, the perfect model of the Puritan vir-

tues, a willing victim craving no more buoyant life. If she lived to bear children, she would train them to the same standards. Before Edith's birth, however, the mother had realized her chains, and the child had inherited her rebelling instincts in full force. She was *born* indignant, it might almost be said. Her sense of justice, her hatred of oppression, her keen recognition of all shams, were traits which cropped out fiercely even in early childhood. Before the advent of the third child the poor woman had grown discouraged, and the hopeless struggle with the conditions of her colorless life crushed her spirit. Then followed a period of waning health, and poor Joseph had inherited all her regretful yearnings for forbidden delights, and perhaps the tendency to subterfuge which such feelings beget. While he was still an infant, the mother died — a victim of the lack of sunshine.

The boy Joseph was four years younger than Edith, and it was pathetic to see how early the latter assumed the airs of maternity toward the child. As the years went on, the sentiment strengthened, until it was almost like the fierce and jealous love of an animal for its young. It was the boy's salvation. Without Edith's cherishing and buoying love, he would have sunk through the successive stages of despair, until the boyish face became a mask and caricature of his real self. It was so now at times. It frightened Edith, and made her long to break away from their fettered lives. That problem haunted her day and night. It made her indifferent to much to which young girls commonly respond, and especially to attentions from young men. She was made to radiate happiness. It was astounding how much she managed to enjoy even amidst adverse conditions. It needed no prophet to predict that the girl's strong nature would overthrow its barriers in time. Aunt Hannah watched the struggle with indignant interest.

Edith's father was the incarnation of the Puritan conscience in Puritanism's November, with its cruel lack of perspective. All social amusements were condemned in the family, lest they lead to forgetfulness of the higher purposes of life. Thus it was that the Campbell girls were left out of the festivities of the young people of Rockford. Mary found compensation in praise-meetings and the mild variety of the Sunday-school picnic. She could not understand why these outlets were insufficient for her sister's exuberant nature. For the elder sister there was also the world of books. Her father found in her a willing student. Had she been a boy, he would have made of her a duplicate of himself. His approbation, however, was qualified by the depressing fact of her sex. This was the more galling since neither of the other children had any literary tendencies. Edith's love of nature and out-of-door activities was looked upon askance. Long rambles, gardening, and rowing were her resources, and as her tattered garments gave frequent evidence of her active pursuits, she labored under the reproach of slovenliness. Aunt Hannah averred that the reproach was false, and that the girl had inherited from her deft and dainty mother a natural skill at needlework, which cropped out at odd times when there was nothing better to do. "Only let her alone," she pleaded of the anxious elder sister, "and she will come out all right."

"What's the use of sewing-machines, Goosie, if we women are to drudge all the time like our grandmothers?" was Edith's frequent remonstrance. "'When you've a day to be idle, be idle for a day' — there's a proverb as good as any of Solomon's. *My* conscience says it's a sin not to go to the woods on a day like this."

She was quite equal to managing her sister. But her father's requirements were quite another thing. She hated study, such study as he exacted. Mathematics indeed were a joy, but Latin was her aversion, from the first declension of *musa* to the point where she flung her Virgil across the room, and declared in anger that she would "never, never construe another line." Before her father could recover from his astonishment, she was over the hills. When she returned hours later, with defiance in every line of her face, her father avoided an encounter. She sought him herself the next day, and, with a softened face, but a resolute voice, informed him that she was willing to be

as diligent as he could wish, if he would let her work in her own lines. He should see what good work she would do if he would let her select it; and her rebellious little face glowed as she went on.

"What does it all amount to?" she demanded, — "this poring over dead languages? *I* am not dead. I am alive, and I love life!" — and she stretched out two hands tingling to their finger-tips. "Let me learn something of living nature. Let me study the life of the flowers and insects, the — ,"

She paused abruptly and searched her father's face with wistful eyes. The old man was shaken and astounded, but there was no tinge of sympathy on his face. Her own expression hardened slowly as it reflected his.

"All this is unseemly," was his response. "Your sister has never objected to such studies as I deemed fitting."

"Yes, and look at her!" retorted the little rebel. "She has no more vitality than — "

"She is all I could desire — for a woman." He added the last clause in a tone tinged with the bitterness of a long cherished disappointment. "If it had pleased Providence to, — if she were a boy, I might make of her a scholar, a — theologian, quite probably. As it is, your brother, — "

"A scholar! a theologian!" echoed Edith scornfully. "Oh, father! give us children something better to do! You do not understand my brother. He is too shrinking to show his real self. If you will only give him a chance at science he would distinguish himself. He knows a great deal now of natural history. Why, you should see his collections! And for the last year he has been so engrossed in electricity, he reads everything he can get hold of about it!"

"That accounts for his lack of interest in his studies. He wastes his time in that way, does he? I will see that in future he has less time to give to such things."

"Don't say that! you do not mean it!" exclaimed Edith, advancing upon her father, almost threateningly, her face even darker than his.

"Be silent!" he commanded. "This is frivolity. You shall not contaminate your brother with your ideas. From the moment he was born and I knew he was a boy, I dedicated him to — "

"To the dead past!" exclaimed Edith in excitement.

"To learning."

"But nature has dedicated him to *her* service, and her will will be carried out in spite of all that can be done to thwart it," cried Edith. "Father," she continued, as his features settled into an expression which boded little good to the shrinking young apostle of science, "you may force us to spend our lives eating husks — but you can never make of us, in that way, anything which will do you credit. Some are born to be scholars in the sense you admire. But do they leave their stamp upon their times as, as — Darwin did?"

She could not have used a more unfortunate word. The name stood to her father as the symbol of "materialism" and all bad and dangerous modern things. His expression had grown remote and rigid. With hands clasped behind him, he was pacing up and down the room, muttering to himself, as was his habit when alone.

With a sickening sense of the hopelessness of her cause, she turned and left the room.

The old man continued to walk and mutter. He would gladly have headed a crusade against modern science. He was already engaged in thinking out an article upon "Dangerous Modern Tendencies." He very soon forgot the scene with Edith. He seated himself at his writing-table. Page after page recorded his contempt of modern science. A couple of hours later he availed himself of certain modern agencies; he sought the telegraph office and sent a message to his colleague, engaging to meet him the next day at a class reunion; and he made the journey the next day in a most comfortably equipped railway carriage.

Edith managed to keep out of her father's sight in the interim. It was not a difficult thing to accomplish, especially when he had any writing on hand. On

such occasions he required his frugal meals served in his study — greatly to Edith's satisfaction. The girl was by nature so resolute and buoyant in temperament that her present depression arrested her sister's attention. In the conversation that followed, Edith poured out all the bitterness of her disappointment. Her Niagara of emotion swept away her sister's deprecating remonstrance, as a twig is swept down stream by the torrent. After that, she became the same buoyant being as before. Adverse fate might overwhelm, but could never crush such a spirit.

In the program Mr. Campbell had made for his son, it was decreed that the latter should prepare for college by the time he was eighteen, be graduated at his own *alma mater*, study theology at Andover, and take a post-graduate course in Leipsic. The boy had always known what was expected of him, and had accepted it stolidly, as an inevitable fate. He was guiltily conscious that his natural tastes were such as his father would not approve. His boyish enthusiasm over bird's eggs and insects was displayed to Edith alone. His crude experiments in electric batteries and telephones seemed to her the promise of future achievement. Edith's proud words, "You should see his collections!" had been the first intimation given Mr. Campbell that his son's tastes were developing in a direction so antagonistic to his own.

The resolution formed at that moment recurred to his mind the day of his return, when, looking out of his window, he descried Edith and her brother slowly wending their way home from a ramble, in animated discourse over the trophies with which they were laden. He saw them enter the woodshed, and by the sounds he judged they mounted to the room above. It was probable, then, that the woodshed chamber was the depository of the collections Edith had boasted of.

An hour later he visited the place. What he found would have delighted any father whose heart was not clogged to the currents of nature. To him every object was but an added proof of wasted energy and hours. This room had formerly been used as a bedroom, and a stove still remained in its place. The sight of it suggested a ready way of disposing of what he regarded as "trash." Ten minutes later all that remained of the lad's cherished collection was a heap of ashes. The old man then turned his attention to the few remaining articles. There were evidently attempts of a rather ambitious nature in electricity. Where the boy had picked up the knowledge necessary for these experiments was the problem which exasperated his father. Not for an instant did he falter in the work of destruction. One invention had taken the lad more weeks to construct than it took his father seconds to destroy. Only a heap of *debris* — the ruins of many an hour's enthusiastic work — was left.

Mr. Campbell performed this demonic work with a perfectly firm conscience — convinced that he was thwarting tendencies which would lead his son from the straight and narrow way into the broad paths that lead to "materialism." To the suggestion that he might spoil a good scientist to make a poor ecclesiast, he would have replied, "I must do my duty and abide the result."

When the ruin was complete, he descended to his study for reflection. It was plain that, since the boy had made opportunity for so much experiment, he would do so again. Clearly, he had too much leisure at his command; that must be remedied. As long as he remained at home with Edith these proclivities would be fostered; *that* evil must be remedied.

As ill-fate would have it, just at this juncture his eye caught sight of a letter lying upon his desk. It was from his old classmate, Stearns, and conveyed the intelligence that, after twenty years passed as director in a reform school, he had resigned that onerous position, and was planning to take into his family half a dozen lads to coach for college. If his friend could aid him in the enterprise, he would be duly grateful. Mr. Campbell had read the letter once with little interest, but it suddenly assumed a different aspect. He took up the letter again and read with zest the description of Stearns's isolated and barren abode.

"Just the place for study! No distractions whatever!" he exclaimed; and

he answered the letter forthwith, urging that his son might be received.

Meantime, Edith and her brother, inspired by their morning's success, planned another little expedition. As Edith was detained after dinner by some household duty, her brother started on, saying he would wait for her in the "pine grove" — a frequent place of rendezvous. Before he started, however, he thought of something he wished to adjust in his electrical apparatus, and mounted to the woodshed chamber. The scene that met his eyes as he opened the door made him believe, for an instant, that he was dreaming; as the reality dawned upon him that the ruin before him could be the work of but one person, and that person his father, he stood spellbound. Then his features worked convulsively, his hands clinched, he turned, rushed down the stairs, and fled, as if mad. Mechanically he took the way to the grove, his mind a seething chaos. Uppermost in his consciousness was the sense of terrible injustice. All those hours of delightful work — all the results of the repeated, untiring experiments — all destroyed at one stroke! He flung himself upon his face on the pine needles which covered the ground, and gave himself up to the frenzy which possessed him. It was not only the sense of his loss or of the wantonness of the ruin, — but the conviction that this act of his father's was one of condemnation. He must give up all his beloved pursuits, must sacrifice them utterly! He had never looked for sympathy from his father; some subtle instinct had warned him to keep silent concerning his interests. But he had never dreamed of any such active hostility. Filial love in the Campbell family was a thing taken for granted — not an active principle. When such love takes on the aspect of a duty it becomes at best but an empty formality. But negative though the relation had been up to this moment, the father's ruthless act turned it to a positive thing — and that thing was *hate*.

So sunk were the boy's outward senses in the one absorbing train of ideas, that his sister's frightened grasp of his shoulder and her entreaties to know what was the matter, were the first intimations of her presence. He sat up and gazed at her in a dull, dazed way — his features swollen and distorted.

"There is nothing left, — not one thing! He has destroyed them all!" he said simply. The desolation of his loss returned, and his face quivered like that of a grieved child who knows that sympathy is at hand.

Edith did not need to ask "Who" or "What." She comprehended in an instant. She simply gathered her brother into her arms, hid his face upon her bosom, and said, "I knew it would come, darling! Sooner or later I knew it would come!"

For a brief space both were silent. The boy's emotion was slowly subsiding, but the girl's was growing to a white heat. She pushed him from her, and sat opposite, white and rigid.

"It is fiendish!" she exclaimed. "It is as bad as murder! It *is* murder. It will kill our real selves and make unhuman beings of us. He wants us to sacrifice every interest, and become mechanical things. O Joe, dear Joe!" she cried, suddenly overwhelmed with a sense of his loss, "I'm so sorry, darling!" And she gathered him again in her arms and swayed him back and forth as a mother does a tired child. "There!" she said at last, "sit up, and let us face the matter. We are no longer children." Her eyes glowed. Purpose was in them. "Joe," she renewed, "listen to me! A few years of this kind of life will kill all your enthusiasm for science. You will become a pedant, with no other idea than to keep your nose in some mouldy, antiquated book. You shan't make such a sacrifice! Ah, this isn't the first time I've thought of it," she murmured, answering the boy's eyes which asked as plainly as words how he could escape the fate. "I've lain awake nights and nights over it."

Here she paused over a thought she did not care to express. Time after time she had planned in her eager enthusiasm how they might both go out into the world seeking their fortune. They always found it, and she had repeatedly gone to sleep in a mood of buoyant hope,

only to awake the following morning to a sense of how utterly impracticable the plans of the night had been. Like many another she found that "colors seen by candlelight never look the same by day." She frowned now, thinking of this problem, and realizing that something less futile must be brought to bear. It crossed her mind as odd that she never made any plans by daylight. She ought to think the matter out by day, in a cold, prosaic way. That was what she would do. And on the strength of her resolve she resumed, "Scores of people have made their way in the world by their own efforts, and why can't we?"

"But," objected the practical boy, "they have to work every minute for their bread and butter, and how would that be any better than working over Greek and Latin?"

"Where there's a will, there's a way," Edith quoted, for want of anything better to suggest. The color deepened in her cheeks, and she added, "And I have a will. Come!" she continued, rising with strange resoluteness. "The past is behind us — we stand upon its wreck. But the future is before us — that will be what we make it."

A listener might have called this "heroics," — the enthusiasm of a visionary. Not so her brother. As he looked in her face, his own courage rose, and he felt within him power to reconstruct something worthy out of the present chaos of his life. In this mood they went their way. All the afternoon they pursued their usual search, as if nothing had happened, and returned as usual laden with spoils. But they avoided the woodshed-chamber, and deposited their treasures in Joseph's room. Fortunately their father, absorbed in writing, ordered his tea in his own room, so there was no encounter that night. They did not see him, indeed, until the third day after, when he sent for Joseph to come to his study, and there he told him of the arrangements he had made, and bade him be in readiness to start the following day. "I shall expect you to fit for college in eighteen months," he concluded. "If you were to trifle away your summer vacations here, with so many distractions, nobody knows how long it would take. There you will have no vacations."

Joseph gave his father one long look. A world of entreaty was in his eyes; but the eyes which met his showed him how hopeless was any appeal, and he left the room in silence.

Not for a moment did the old professor falter. All his life he had been guided by his sense of duty. That there could be any flaw in his conception of right never occurred to him. His standard of right and wrong had developed into a Juggernaut, which rolled its hideous way, crushing all before it. But Edith had never prostrated herself beneath its wheels. When her brother told her of the plan, she stared at him aghast. "He can't mean it!" she exclaimed, and rushed into her father's presence. Her father was already serenely occupied with his writing. He looked up on her abrupt entrance. She faced him with hot cheeks, exclaiming:

"Are you going to send Joe away?"

"Yes, he will leave to-morrow for Marshfield, to remain until his preparatory studies are completed."

"And not come home all that time?"

"I shall allow no interruptions."

It was a full minute that they looked into each other's eyes before Edith spoke. Then she said vehemently, "Father, it is fiendish!" That was all she said. Clinching her hands, and glaring into her father's face again, with emotion too deep for speech, she turned and left him. He sat for a moment, gazing at the door through which the girl had passed; then, muttering the one word, "Depravity!" he sighed like a saint struggling against infernal powers and, rising, paced the room.

Edith sought her brother, and their interview lasted late into the night. She bade him remember that she would never rest until she had devised some plan of rescue. He wearily replied that he should get through it somehow, and that at the worst it could not last forever. "No, but by the time your mind has been bound down to the rack eight years — for it will take that long to complete the program — you will have lost all your interest in science, or at least all your ambition to

achieve anything. Oh, no, we won't risk it!"

The purpose then formed never left Edith's mind. So firm was her faith that her brother caught her spirit, and they parted the next day in the sanguine hope of better days to come.

The Campbell household was still further diminished the next week by the departure of the eldest daughter, who was despatched to an aunt in declining health, whom she tended faithfully through several months. Edith was thus left practically alone to dream her dreams. At first fantastic as the plans of a heroine of the Radcliffe school, they gradually assumed a more practical character. Her father remarked her absorption and congratulated himself. She was evidently growing more like her sister. Aunt Hannah likewise noted the change, but not with approval. It seemed to her the girl was drooping. She plied her with questions, but Edith laughed her solicitude to scorn, and summoned back so much of her old spirit that the anxiety was allayed for the moment, but only to return again and again.

In fact, there was ground for fears, for the Campbell mansion possessed every unwholesome quality. It was not far from a graveyard; it was shut off from sunlight by the close surrounding trees, and "the old oaken bucket" still flourished, a part of the professor's conservatism being to deny the possibility of contamination to his well. It was almost the only remaining bucket in town — an abundant water supply having been secured years before. Hitherto Edith's out-of-door habits had enabled her to resist the unwholesome conditions; but the hours passed within the house, brooding over her plans, now began to tell upon her.

CHAPTER III.

While the events recorded in the last chapter were taking place, the patient continued slowly to succumb. The doctor persevered in having him carried to the "yacht" each forenoon. At first he was able to find some amusement in "chaffing" Keeney and drawing out Silas; but even that soon became too much exertion, and he drifted into a torpid condition from which it was almost painful to be aroused. A dull suspicion crept over him that the chances might be getting against him, and he once asked the doctor if he was not a rather desperately sick man. Still he experienced no acute anxiety. At last there came a week when he could not be moved, and, day by day, the doctor's expression grew graver. During this struggle, there were moments when Otis longed to close his eyes upon life and slip quietly into the great ocean of eternity. Finally, there came a pause, when the disease seemed stationary. "No worse," and "Holding his own," were the reports that greeted the doctor. The latter was puzzled. He had abandoned hope of averting the abscess, his efforts latterly having been directed to building up the patient's strength to meet the emergency.

"He's better!" announced Aunt Hannah radiantly, one morning. And so it proved. The gain was so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible, but it was gain, and Otis would escape the great danger anticipated. The doctor looked ten years younger when he realized this certainty. He had taken the responsibility of not apprising Mr. Field of his son's serious condition, for he had not been willing to risk the presence of a helpless, anxious parent, and he was happy now as he sat down to write the cheering news.

One morning, a fortnight later, Otis was reclining near his window, counting the weeks he had been struggling with disease. His late experience seemed a great gulf across which he beheld his former life, like a dream, remote and futile. He held up one thin hand and regarded it, thinking he could scarcely seem more a ghost if he had slipped into the land of shadows. His old interests and ambitions had evaporated, leaving him void and purposeless. From where he was lying he could see Silas in the next room over his books, and there was his Aunt Hannah shelling beans outside his window, while the doctor was just coming in at the gate. How unreal and grotesque it all seemed to him! He

laughed aloud — a weird, uncanny laugh, which startled himself as much as it did his aunt, who rose abruptly and hastened into his room, closely followed by the doctor. Otis did not wait to be questioned. He laughed again, but much less like a ghost.

"Well, doctor!" he exclaimed, "you must be proud of your skill when you look at me! I am laughing at how much life seems like a chromo, and all of us like painted figures in the landscape."

The doctor was familiar with this stage of convalescence; and he congratulated his patient, and predicted the activities in store for him.

"If it's all the same, I prefer to lie upon the shore and eat the lotus evermore," rejoined Otis.

"I'll allow you a month for that," said the doctor. "I predict you'll find lotus-eating a trifle tedious."

A week more went on in this way, the patient's chief amusement being in drawing out his aunt's views upon various subjects — which she was free enough in imparting.

"I don't wonder men grow up such monsters of selfishness," said she, one day. "Nothing could be better planned to foster selfishness than the system of modern education among the upper classes. Look at them! Pampered through childhood, never required to make a sacrifice of any kind, taught to consider their own advancement the chief end of life; sent to schools feverish with competition; then to college with their pockets full of money, and the liberty of doing as they please! I don't know what would become of them," she added, with humor in her gray eyes, "except for the antidote provided in the shape of still more selfish women. Once married, they discipline each other.

"Then there's the other extreme," she resumed. "Silas is an instance of that. *He* was never spoiled by indulgence. His father was a minister of the old school, like Professor Campbell — the kind revered by the community and feared by their own households. He would sit writing at the warm corner of the fireplace, monopolizing the light, while the children studied their lessons in silence, shivering at the other end of the table. Then he would go into the pulpit and preach about the sin of loving the creature more than the Creator. H-m! No one could accuse him of that! Sin!" resumed Aunt Hannah, scornfully. "As if the world wasn't already bankrupt as regards Love! That's what's the matter with the race; and that's how there came to be so much talk about 'Duty.' Only the other day," she went on, "I asked Mrs. Slade to let her Daisy go and see Edith Campbell, as Edith misses her brother so much and seems lonely, and Mrs. Slade said: 'Yes, Daisy shall go. I'll put it to her as her Christian duty.'"

Otis asked her how Edith bore such missionary effort.

"They didn't get on at all! Daisy made a call, and Edith returned it, and there it will end. As Edith says, 'What's the use of knowing people who are forever attitudinizing?'"

Here the maid brought in the mail, in which Otis was beginning to feel some interest. His mother and sister wrote gay letters from the German *Bad* where they were sojourning. Of late they made frequent mention of a certain Italian of quality, whom they described as fascinating.

"You mark my words, Otis," said his aunt, "that Prince Padua is bent upon bolstering his fortunes, and I think your mother and Maud are just as bent upon buying a title. She won't be the first American girl who has done it, but if she —." Aunt Hannah dropped the subject abruptly, and opened one of her brother's short letters.

To him the summer had been a peaceful one. He felt almost guilty when he thought how much he had enjoyed it. For occupation one could always watch the market; and for recreation, "Who wants anything more glorious than a sail down the harbor?"

The greatest blessings of life, after all, are the negative ones, — the absence of criticism, the privilege of growing rusty and not having to "polish up." Mr. Field appreciated his liberty. The only one who worried about him in his loneliness was his sister.

"It must be so forlorn for him in that great house!"

"Oh, you needn't worry about the Governor," said Otis. "Six days out of seven he's so absorbed in stocks that he loses his reckoning, and he brings up bang against Sunday, perfectly astonished to find another week gone. I don't believe he could tell you his age if you asked him. One Sunday he made a discovery. 'Jove! how came my hair gray all at once?' he exclaimed; and he wouldn't believe it had been growing so for years."

"Doesn't he go to church?"

"Yes, usually. But I'm afraid it doesn't do him much good. You see his New England notions stick to him, and he comes home railing about the 'pomps and vanities,' — no spirit of worship about it, and so on. He really tussles with time of a Sunday. The Sunday papers help him awhile. Then he has a nap, — and then he is at bay. I feel sorry for him then. The trouble with us Americans," continued Otis philosophically, "is that we are neither an artistic nor a social people. Now the Germans are never bored Sundays. And a Frenchman will take care of himself. We are the only people who seem so helpless in leisure. And speaking of leisure, — that is a thing that doesn't run riot in New England. I appear to be the only one here who has any. Even the women, — by the way, where has Edith Campbell kept herself all this time? I remember her being here the day I came, — I heard her talking to you; but since then, I've neither heard nor seen her."

"She was here often before you became so ill, but it always happened to be when you were off on the water."

"So! She evidently has no fetish called 'Duty.' She doesn't mean to be a missionary to me! Well, I'm glad of it! I shouldn't care to exhibit my wreck to a great robust girl."

Aunt Hannah stopped knitting and regarded Otis in surprise. She was about to say something, when a light step tripped along the veranda, and the subject of the conversation appeared. Upon seeing Otis she faltered for an instant, but then advanced and held out a slender hand to him, saying, "Such old friends need no introduction. You pushed me into a ditch the last time we played together. Do you remember?"

"How easily you might take your revenge now! But you are evidently in no hurry to do it."

"Oh, I am going to heap coals of fire upon your head. I am going — but what are you looking — is anything wrong with me?" and she shook her skirt and drew a wisp of straw from her wrap.

"I beg a thousand pardons!" exclaimed Otis. "To tell the truth, I am overwhelmed at finding you so unlike the robust maiden my fancy pictured."

"But I *am* robust. Am I not, Aunt Hannah?"

"But not exactly a giantess. What gave you that idea, Otis?"

"Miss Edith herself. She came in whistling the first time I saw her — heard her, rather. And she told about gardening, and she rows, and —"

"As if one must be a giantess to whistle and garden and row," laughed Edith; and she caught up a skein of Aunt Hannah's yarn and began winding it deftly, while she put the worthy woman through a "shorter catechism" upon some domestic problems.

Otis regarded her wistfully. She was of a distinctly New England type. Far from presenting a robust appearance, she was almost fragile. This was an inheritance, which her active, outdoor life could not wholly remedy. Yet there were tokens of buoyancy and health in the clear brown eyes and in the delicate complexion neither blonde nor brunette. She turned to him again.

"How long before the doctor is going to let you row again? Can't we have a race one of these days?"

"Lotus-eating, — a month of it has been prescribed," said Otis, forgetting that himself had bespoken it. Lotus-eating seemed paltry beside this new opportunity and that radiant smile.

"Ask the doctor if floating among the lily-pads won't do just as well," said Edith, laying the finished ball of yarn in the basket. "And, Aunt Hannah," she resumed, "I don't take kindly to so

much bother about a few pickles. Why should I make them just because May always thought it necessary? You say yourself, they are unwholesome things. Then why make them at all?"

"Sure enough!" said Aunt Hannah, "I fear I've kept on making them from sheer force of habit."

"Behold!" said Edith, turning to Otis. "Since I turned iconoclast, it's extraordinary how many idols I've overturned." And then with a blithe "Adieu" she departed, leaving behind the tonic influence of a breezy morning.

Otis's meditations were almost immediately interrupted by the appearance of Silas with the rolling-chair.

"That's getting rather stale, Silas!" he exclaimed, "I believe I could trundle you down to the dock. I long to get even with all you people. I'm going to insist on being promoted to crutches. Hands off!" he exclaimed, as Silas brought the crutches, and made as if he would support the first attempts.

"There! I believe I've been shamming all this time," he said gayly, as he made his way slowly to a garden seat. "Let those old law-books slide!" he entreated, as Silas was about to return to them. "What made you ever fancy law, any way? Why not turn to something that won't bring you in contact with so much meanness?"

"Just mention that particular calling," said Silas in his slow drawl. "Doctor?" he queried, as Otis hesitated, "parson? merchant? I fancy you never gave much thought to the matter of earning your own bread," he continued, as Otis dissented to each. "When you do, perhaps you'll wish it were as popular to go into a monastery now as it was in the middle ages."

"But there can't be much chance for litigation in a community like this," said Otis. "Ah, farming! You didn't mention that, or I should have taken you up."

"The farmers are the class that litigates most. They'll hang on to a case involving a few dollars until the costs are more than the whole amount."

"How did it happen that you didn't go West, like so many other enterprising New Englanders?"

"I did."

"Didn't you like it there?"

"I couldn't stay long enough to find out.

"Homesick?"

A timely interruption rescued Silas from the ignominy of confession. Parson Chapin leaned over the garden railing and congratulated Otis upon his convalescence. When he had gone his way, Silas, looking after him, exclaimed, "He's not long for Rockford."

"What do you mean?"

"He doesn't go in for the terrors of the law enough to suit some of them here. But, then, it wouldn't make much difference what he believed. Church squabbles in a village like this are like lawsuits to the farmers,— a necessary excitement. It's only a matter of time. But they are slack now compared to when I was a boy. I remember being flogged for getting another boy to sit and talk with me of a Sunday under one of the trees in our door-yard. I used to wonder whether the guilt lay in talking with the boy or in sitting under the tree on the Sabbath. We had to go to church three times — besides Sunday-school. I remember still my horror of heaven as the place

> 'Where congregations ne'er break up,
> And Sabbaths never end.'"

"There's been a great change since then," said Otis.

"Yes. But still some of them find Mr. Chapin too lax. The fact is," said Silas, "what village communities like this need is wholesome recreation to keep their minds from morbidness. I wish I were rich enough to provide entertainments twice a week for this town. It would drain off the bile. There goes Deacon Myers, now! I guess his designs on the parson must be thriving; he looks cheerful!"

This was entertaining to Otis. He was eager to know more of this New England community; and Silas was well posted in church matters.

"It's been brewing some time," he went on. "It dates from a sermon Mr. Chapin preached. He said in giving the notice, that the subject would be 'Are Christians Christ-like?' I wish you had

heard it. He charged the 'professors' with mistaking gloominess for devoutness, and said melancholy Christians do more harm than good. He told them they were deceiving themselves with a spurious spirituality, and he called their attention to the real 'fruits of the Spirit,' love, joy, peace, long-suffering and the rest, you know. He asked them whether their daily walk illustrated these things. It was pretty tough on some who had so long posed as examples. In the prayer-meetings, of course, they often called themselves backsliders and their righteousness filthy rags; but they all understood that sort of talk. This was different. Some of them cringed under the glances of the young folks. I overheard Deacon Myers and Brother Stores give each other their opinion of the sermon; and I made up my mind there was no easy time ahead for Mr. Chapin. I hear they have called a church-meeting. One thing they complain of is that Chapin's preaching attracts the irreligious. Every town like this has its skeptics, you know. There goes one now, old Captain Ward. He scoffs at all the doctrines, and at miracles. There is one Bible-passage though — it is in the Apocrypha, I guess — that he firmly believes in: 'Why should a man die who has sage in his garden?' So he drinks quantities of sage-tea, and — well he isn't dead yet, you see."

"He looks a hundred and fifty," said Otis.

"He's as supple as a boy of ten, and can hold his own in a race with the best of them."

"He has searched the scriptures for some purpose," said Otis reaching for his crutches. "Let's go in and order unlimited sage-tea. If it makes such an old sinner as that supple, what may it not do for me?"

CHAPTER IV.

THE dignitaries of the Congregational church in Rockford met the following evening to consider their pastor's theology. Deacon Myers opened the meeting with a few remarks. He regretted the necessity which called them together; but personal considerations must not be allowed to interfere with eternal interests, and a more thorough grounding in doctrine was needed for the welfare of the rising generation. It mattered less to the elders, who had been trained up in the principles of the covenant under the faithful guidance of that sound servant of the Lord, Dr. Enos Rood. Deacon Myers had forgotten, it would seem, that he himself had been chiefly instrumental in the good doctor's dismissal, upon the ground that a more active man was needed to build up the church; but Aunt Hannah had not forgotten.

"No," continued the deacon, "We elders are, I trust, firmly grounded in the essential truths. But shall the lambs of our flock be left to wander into the broad road that leads to destruction, for lack of the saving doctrines? We have a solemn trust, brethren, to discharge to them; and we must not falter in it. While we appreciate the many amiable traits of our pastor, consideration for his feelings must not stand in the way of the eternal interests of those we commit to his care."

A long prayer followed; after which Brother Stores was called upon to give his views. Brother Stores, was a mirror — a good reflector. The danger to such is their environment. So long as that is right, they are right. Change their environment, and you change them. Who has not met them in city theatres, fresh from denunciations of the drama at home? Who has not met them thriftily turning the Sabbath to account in sightseeing in Europe? To Brother Stores's gift for reflection was added the gift of a ready tongue. Between him and Deacon Myers existed a kind of spiritual partnership, tacitly entered into, but firmly sustained. He responded promptly, inspired by the consciousness of expressing the sentiment of the more prominent brethren. It was with great hesitation and profound regret, he said, that he arose to express himself. Brother Myers had said that this church needs to be brought back to the fundamental and saving doctrines. He had pointed out the danger of drifting away from the anchors. He supposed there was no one present who did not indorse

these views. Here Aunt Hannah's palm-leaf fan moved very vigorously — an act so gratuitous, in the present low state of the thermometer, as to arrest Brother Stores's attention. He quailed visibly, and in his momentary confusion he repeated himself, and again supposed there was no one present who did not indorse his views.

"You take too much for granted, Brother Stores," spoke up Aunt Hannah. "I can't undertake to say how many share my views, but they differ from yours. I've been a member of this church through the pastorate of five ministers — all excellent men — and I have witnessed the dismissal of every one of them upon as many different pretexts. Each time I have thought the fault was not in the pastor; and I think so now."

Having projected this bomb, Aunt Hannah suddenly gathered up her wraps, while the circle looked on in astonishment, and departed. An ominous silence followed. It was not customary for their women to speak in church. Among their Methodist neighbors only were there women who spoke in church. But Aunt Hannah had been moved to say to the brethren collectively what she would not hesitate to say to them separately.

Brother Stores continued standing. He made one or two attempts to open his mouth; but the audience seemed to have suddenly taken cold, and the result was discouraging to the speaker. Brother Rood, a brother of more decision, rose and suggested that, in view of the lack of unanimity, a committee be appointed to wait upon their pastor and request him to express himself fully regarding the doctrines in question. Deacon Myers's eyes beamed with satisfaction. This was precisely the result he aimed at.

To those not familiar with some phases of New England life, it may seem strange that the interests of the church were left to such men. It was not for want of better men; but in a democratic order the direction of affairs is often assumed by the most pushing. Thus it happened that such men as the venerable Enoch Ripley, ex-president of Bellingham College, ex-Congressman Waller, Mr. Hewitt Pomeroy, Squire Parsons, and half a dozen other such men make so little figure in these chronicles. In the present crisis most of the men like these were awkwardly situated. To espouse the side of their pastor would be equivalent to indorsing his views, or lack of views; and taking account of their own doctrinal stock it seemed also to have shrunk somewhat. Of Professor Campbell, however, this was not true. President Ripley, too, held fast to all the old traditions. Not so, however, with Squire Parsons. He had been heard to speak with levity of Jonah, and now, when the brethren generally were diving into the depths after their "tenets," he announced with unbecoming flippancy that he had lost several. He had recently got out his Westminster Confession and Catechism, and was so astounded at their contents that he invited in several of the brethren and read extracts to them.

"There!" he exclaimed, "that is really the kind of doctrine you ask Mr. Chapin to teach! all that is in the creed of thousands of churches in the United States, whether it is in ours or not. But do you mean to say that the ministers they are turning out of our theological seminaries are going to teach such doctrines?"

"No, no!" responded ex-Congressman Waller. "Of course not; of course not! I don't believe they ever read them. Doctrines and customs fall into disuse. Even laws become obsolete. In England a man can still legally whip his wife."

"But when he has whipped her to death he can't marry her sister," retorted the squire.

"Not yet. But all in good time. Even that disability will become obsolete in time." To this day the ex-congressman puzzles his brain as to what set them all laughing.

Rockford was thus seething in the modern theological controversy. In the meantime, Mr. Chapin had no idea of the effervescence around him. Advantage had been taken of his temporary absence to call the meeting which has been noticed. Therefore, the letter of the committee asking for his views upon the mooted doctrines was his first intimation of disaffection. It came at an untoward moment. Only two months

before, his wife had barely escaped death in child-birth. The child lived but a few hours, and Mr. Chapin, worn out with anxiety and care, was still suffering from the effects. He read the letter a second time; and well-knowing what it meant, he paced his study. He recognized this action as a symptom of disaffection. If the welfare of the parish demanded a change, he was ready to resign. Yet he believed the parish had prospered under him, and if this were only the restless element, ought he yield to it? He pondered long before he sat down to prepare the exposition of his views for the following Sunday.

It was a large congregation which gathered to hear him on that Sunday. Matters of this kind are the great social crises in rural New England, and there were present not only members from other churches, but many non-church-goers.

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," — that was his text. He gave a historical sketch of the rise and progress of Protestantism, and of the Puritanism which found refuge in New England. So far, all was quite simple. The keenest listener failed to detect anything suspicious. But suddenly, resting both hands upon the pulpit, the pastor cast an impressive glance over his congregation. "I am asked, my friends," said he, "to tell you how I stand as regards certain doctrines once deemed essential by our fathers. It is so long since they have occupied my thought that, going back to them from the vital truths which I feel to-day, they seem to me, compared with simple Christianity, as alchemy to chemistry. To those who still cling to these doctrines as essential, and who deem a minister of the Gospel upon unstable ground if his feet be not planted on them, I must say that they have ceased to interest me. I cannot, indeed, recall any period of my life passed in enforcing them. Belief in some of them was a tradition to me, and I think that I subscribed to them with a clear conscience. It was a gospel of fear. To-day we adore a God whose name is Love."

Probably no person in the church was more surprised with this utterance than he who uttered it. His manuscript sermon was a prudent compromise, such as ninety-nine men in a hundred might have written under like circumstances. He had preached from his manuscript at the beginning. Then he had been taken possession of by a power outside himself. A scorn of all poor prudence seized him, and compelled this simple utterance.

It was his custom after service to walk down the aisle and exchange greetings with members of his flock. To-day he stood quietly facing the audience, an air of exaltation almost transfiguring him.

Several moments passed before the stir of departure began. Then the audience broke up in silence. Two or three of the older men lingered for a little, and one of them took a few paces in the direction of the pastor; but then he too turned and passed out with the others. Only Aunt Hannah was left with the pastor and his wife. Aunt Hannah rose, and went to him, clasped his hands in her own motherly ones, and said, "God bless you!"

A far different spirit animated some in the departing audience. Deacon Myers sought Brother Stores, a gleam of triumph lighting his features. It was quite time such heresy should be exposed. The expediency of dismissing the pastor for a man of sounder views was now demonstrated.

They were very greatly amazed to find later how many took the pastor's part. A year's sermons could not have effected half as much as this simple outburst. But the end of it all was a forgone conclusion. Mr. Chapin sent in his resignation. Its acceptance was so strongly opposed, that a committee was appointed to ask him to re-consider; but he remained firm.

Aunt Hannah expressed her feelings in forcible terms. She asserted that the parish could never replace the man it had put out; and she now wished it distinctly understood that, so far as her influence went, it could never be counted upon to support any minister with outgrown doctrines. "This was not the eighteenth century," was her emphatic declaration, more than once repeated.

Her sympathy for Mr. Chapin took a more practical shape. The day follow-

ing the committee meeting, she sallied out to submit to him a plan she had long been revolving in her mind. He received her in his study. She was struck with his deadly paleness. He was experiencing the reaction. He made no complaint. He only said: "How the heat exhausts one these sultry days!"

"Yes," assented Aunt Hannah, "and you need rest. That's what I've come to talk about. I am going to ask a favor. I know your little wife wants to make a good long visit to her mother. She may never have another so good chance. I don't know what your plans are, and I hope you haven't got any. You see you haven't preached all the selfishness out of me yet. I've been puzzling my brains to think who could spare time to make a trip with my nephew. The doctor wants him to get off before the autumn is much advanced; and he says the trip would do him double the good if made with some good companion. Now you need to rest before settling to work again, and I've come to propose the plan to you. I've talked it over with Mrs. Chapin, and she approves," she added.

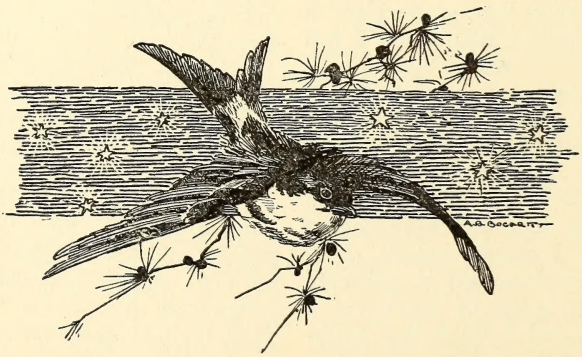
Mr. Chapin glanced about the room.

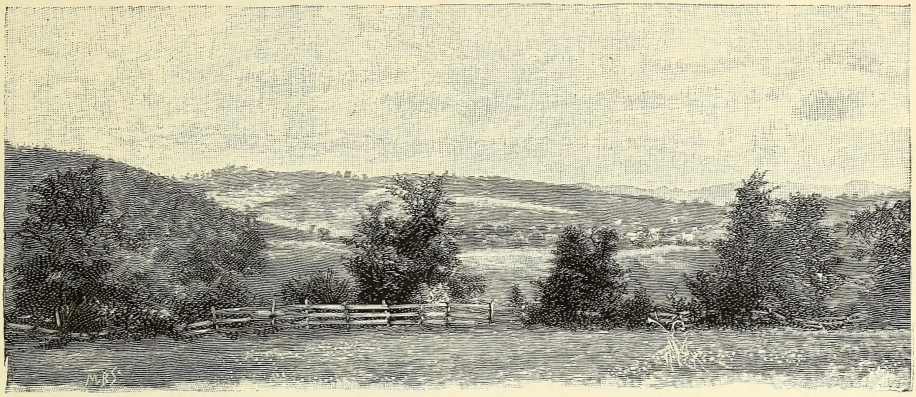
"Yes,—there's the packing. Silas and I will attend to that. He's a Jack-at-all-trades, you know. He will undertake the boxing, and everything can be stored on my premises until you need them. All Mrs. Chapin has to do is to pack her trunk. You can take her to her mother's and have time for a good visit there, as Otis must get a little more expert in walking before he leaves. As soon as you are out of the way, Silas and I will make short work of the rest,—and here," she said, producing a check, "are the sinews of war."

"Your goodness overwhelms me," said the bewildered man. "But I must have some talk with your nephew before deciding this. I believe we should make very good comrades, providing he will agree to travel in my style, *a la* parson, instead of making me travel in his style. In that case my own purse will do. You know we are simple people, and as household expenses will stop, I can manage well enough myself."

He could not be induced to accept the check,—Aunt Hannah made up her mind, however, that that could be managed, and she went home highly gratified with the success of her plan.

(*To be continued.*)





The Battle Field.

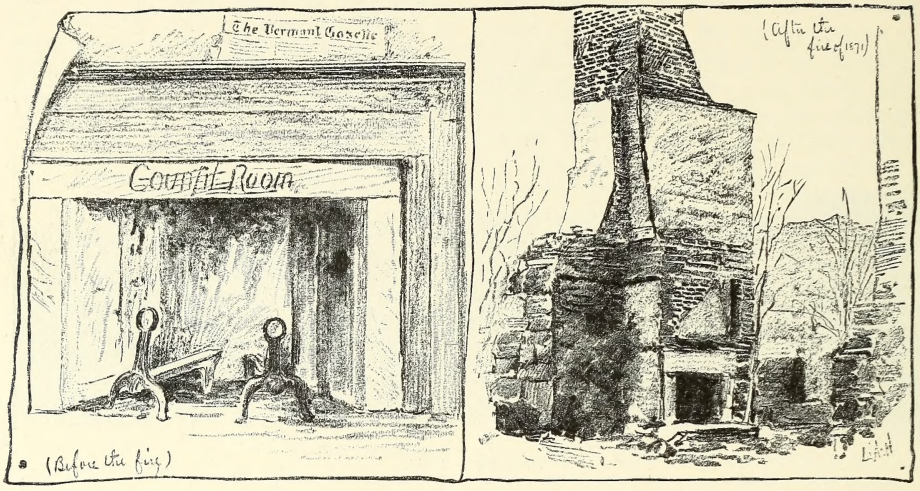
BENNINGTON AND ITS BATTLE.

By Edwin A. Start.

LIKE a stately watchman among the hills, the battle monument of Bennington guards the historic valley which it overlooks. Rugged, massive, and enduring, it wonderfully adapts itself to the natural surroundings, of which it seems to form a part. A mighty shaft of gray-blue dolomite, rising straight upward toward the northern sky three hundred feet, upbearing on its apex a rod with a gilt star,— the cut stone has the rough rock face, which, with the curious chromatic quality of this dolomite, produces changing effects, varying from black under the thunder cloud to a warm, soft gray in the summer sun, while every little face and angle gives its own tone to the picture, making a gracious play of light and shadow. The landscape from the hill whereon it stands is one of soft yet rugged strength, simplicity and grand repose, and the battle monument seems a part of it all, as though it had stood there through the ages, indifferent as a sphinx to the pettiness of man.

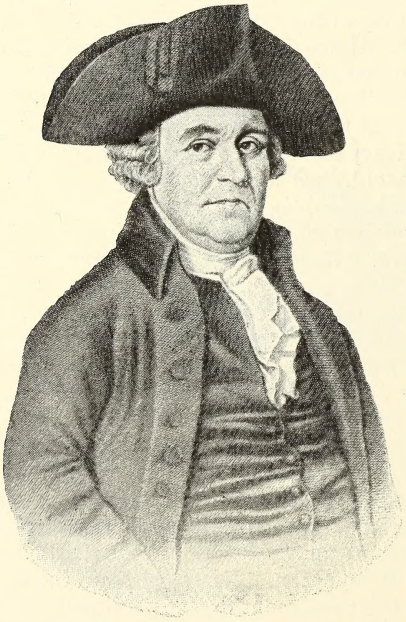
The architectural feature which gives this monument distinction, in addition to its great height, is the adaptation of the vertical curve, giving to its outline a grace wanting in the cold, geometrical obelisks into which modern builders have corrupted the ancient models. From base to apex this vertical curve is continuous, though in the first two hundred feet it amounts to less than three inches. At that height a band of hammered stone, pierced with long, narrow windows, marks the observatory hall and breaks the monotony of the exterior aspect of the structure. Above this is a second wider band of hammered stone, and from this point the curve becomes more pronounced until it sweeps to the apex.

Heavy sunk panelled bronze doors guard the entrance and above them will be a lintel, which is to be carved in bas-relief, though the design is not yet decided upon. Within the echoing interior one may ascend by an iron stairway to the lofty observation hall, twenty-two feet square and sixteen feet in height, where a magnificent panorama is spread before the eye. The monument stands on State Arms hill, the centre of the old town of Bennington, near the site of the old military storehouse which lured Baum to his doom. Every foot of this ground is consecrated by patriotic memories. Four miles to the westward lies the battlefield of Bennington. Eastward from the foot of the monument extends a broad country street, the main street of old Ben-



Fireplace in the Council Room of the Catamount Tavern.

nington. On the left side of the street, a little way down, on ground now occupied by a handsome modern residence, stood the old Catamount Tavern, where the Council of Safety met; where bluff old Ethan Allen drank his New England rum; where Chittenden, Fay, Warner, Stark, Robinson, Safford and others counselled together of affairs of weighty import to the destinies of the nation then in the throes of its birth. Farther down the street stands a well kept white church, on the site of the first meeting-house in Vermont, and beside it is a graveyard full of historic associations. Here were buried the remains of the Robinsons, the Saffords, the Harwoods, and all the old Bennington families — families that could boast a record as noble as any family that ever bore a quartered coat of arms.

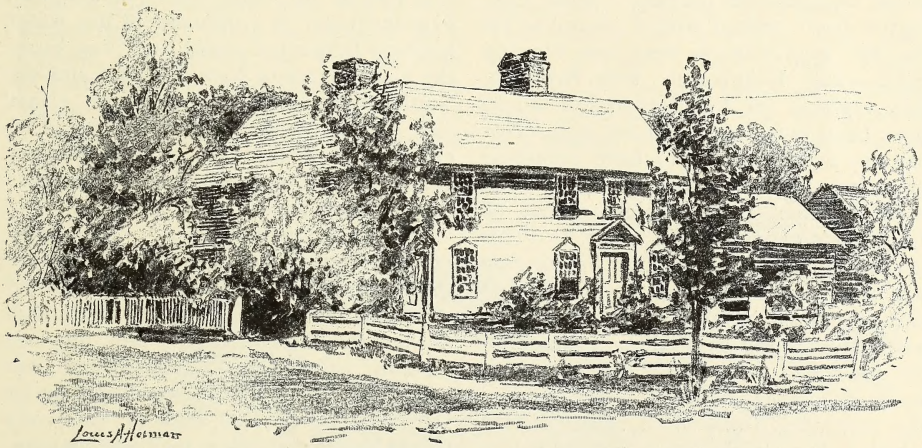


Col. Benjamin Simonds.

There are three graves here that tell a pathetic home story, when one reads between the lines of the simple inscription. One is that of the young husband and father, killed in Bennington fight, August 16, 1777. Next is his young wife, who died a few days later of a broken heart; and then their child, whose little life was too frail to bear the double bereavement. Its death occurred within two weeks of its mother's. Hardly one of these plain, closely crowded stones does not tell some story of a life that in greater or humbler station was twined into the fibre of the national woof that was being woven in those years around the council table in the Catamount Tavern. There is a small area of greensward among the graves a little back from the street. Here were buried the Hessians, who were wounded, and died after the battle, men to whom scant justice has been done in our careless and partisan methods of historical study: brave, soldierly men, whose mercenary

service was accounted no discredit in the Europe of their day, and who fought loyally for whatever cause they espoused. Almost opposite the old churchyard stands the Walloomsac Tavern, built in 1774 as an inn, and still a popular summer hotel, with guests who may and may not reflect on the scenes that have passed about the ancient hostelry.

But there is that in the scene before us that dwarfs these happenings and makes events of a century and more ago seem but as yesterday's. Around us swings a grand amphitheatre of hills and the Green Mountains roll away to the northward in mighty billows. Mount Anthony rises, to the height of two thousand feet, only half a mile away. Below lies the valley of the Walloomsac, a small, picturesque stream, along which lie many factories, that make the modern village of Bennington, green-bowered in the valley, a prosperous hive of industry. Fill in all this with bits of picturesque scenery, with an atmosphere surcharged with historic associations, and you have the surroundings of the Bennington battle monument.



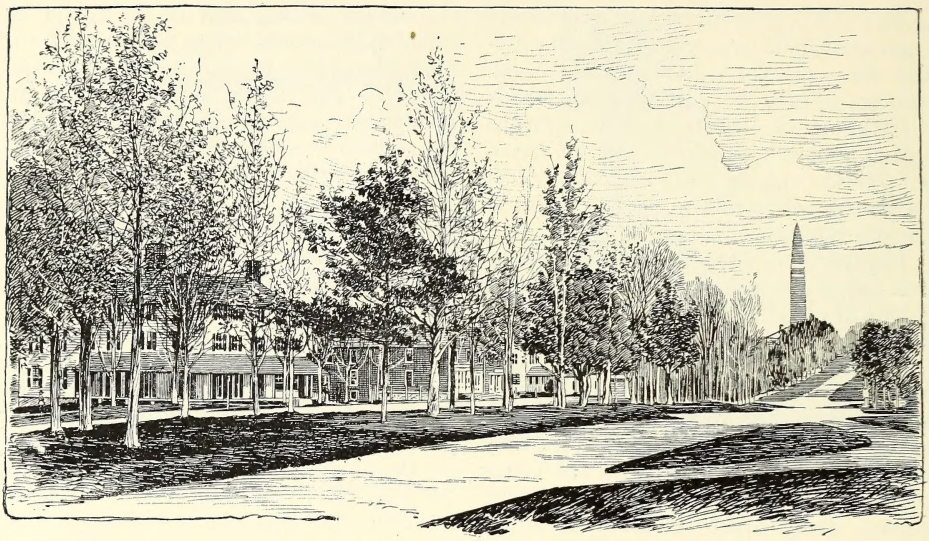
The Old Catamount Tavern, destroyed in 1871.

It has been no simple thing to plant this noblest of all our battle monuments here in a little Vermont town. The agitation began in 1853, but nothing was accomplished until 1875, when the centennial enthusiasm led to a revival of the project, and a new association was organized, by which a centennial celebration was held on the 16th of August, 1877, that stands second only to the battle in Bennington annals. The coöperation of the national government and the governments of the states of Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts was secured, and the design of Mr. J. Philip Rinn, a well-known Boston architect, for a shaft to cost about $120,000, having been decided upon, work was begun, and the corner-stone was laid in 1887 with imposing ceremonies. In this present month of August the finished work will be dedicated with all the pomp and circumstance which the civil and military representation of the United States and of three of the states can give it.

Every school boy knows of the battle of Bennington, but its significance and the true facts regarding it are but little understood. It is not generally realized that New Hampshire's part in Bennington was fully equal to that of Vermont; nor that Massachusetts was there at least four hundred strong, furnishing more than half of the men who fought under Stark's personal command in the desperate struggle at the centre of the line.

On a bluff overlooking the city of New Haven stands a monument dedicated to the soldiers of four wars. On that face of the monument inscribed to Revolutionary heroes are these three names:

CONCORD.
BENNINGTON.
YORKTOWN.



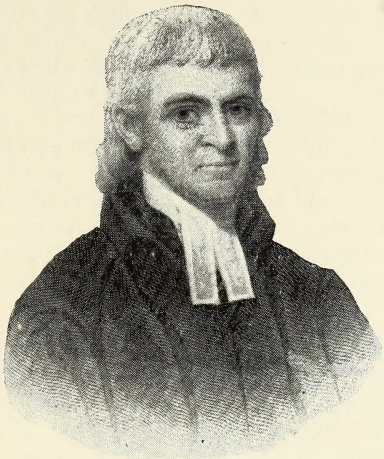
The Walloomsac Tavern.

Extreme, perhaps, in its conciseness, this inscription evinces an unusual appreciation of the historic importance of the three engagements named. Had Lexington been united with Concord — for the two engagements were one running fight — and Bennington with Saratoga, this epitome of the Revolution would have been complete. Creasy says, "Nor can any event be said to have exercised more important influence on the future of mankind than the complete defeat of Burgoyne's expedition in 1777." This is not too strongly put; and Bennington was the triumphant prelude that made Saratoga possible. It came at an hour when everything was disheartening for the American patriots. Their resources were almost exhausted. They needed the assistance from some strong nation which only a striking success could secure for them. Driven from Long Island and Manhattan, Washington waited watchful on the heights of Morristown; but few men could comprehend the Fabian policy of such a man. Now a tremendous blow was to be driven home, at the very heart of the colonies, by the best equipped army that England had yet landed in America.

In Virginia and New England were the two burning centres of revolt. Between them the Tory element was strong, and the slender connecting link of settlements along the Hudson and Mohawk was peculiarly susceptible to attack. Were that link in the chain once broken, and England once in command of the water highway between Canada and New York, the malcontents of New England and the South might snarl and growl on either side, — the monster of rebellion would be cut in two and the troops of his majesty could proceed to crush the helpless sections at their leisure.

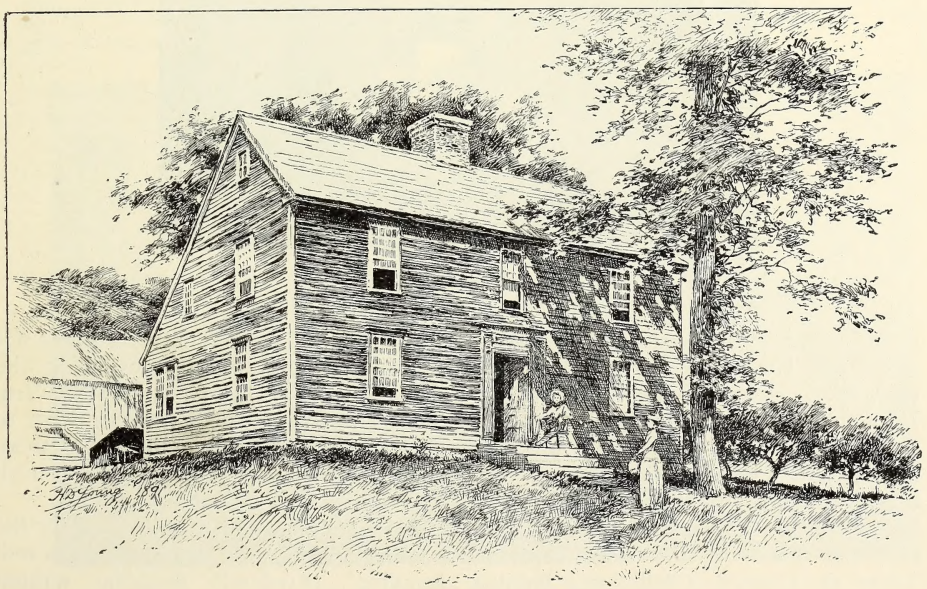
This reasoning was good. An apparently faultless plan was evolved to achieve the desired result. Sir Guy Carleton had obtained command of Lake Champlain down to Ticonderoga the previous autumn. The plan of the British war office was to send one expedition under Burgoyne by the old familiar water-way from Canada; another, by Lake Ontario, was to land at Oswego, and push through the wilderness to the Mohawk valley, rallying Indians and Tories on the way; Sir William Howe was to ascend the Hudson; and the three expeditions would unite at Albany, a splendid army, with the rebels at their mercy. The plan was comprehensive. It must have looked well on paper in the British war office. But it took no account of the trackless forests that would oppose their unaccustomed obstacles to the European soldiery,

and it vastly overestimated the Tory strength that would be gathered in. There were enough Tories to make their patriotic neighbors much trouble at times, but there were not enough to save Burgoyne. Nor did the British war authorities take into account, though Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill should have taught them the lesson, the promptness, obstinacy and courage with which the men of New England, somewhat slow to inaugurate aggressive warfare, would rise and defend their own soil when menaced by an invader.



Thomas Allen, the "Fighting Parson."

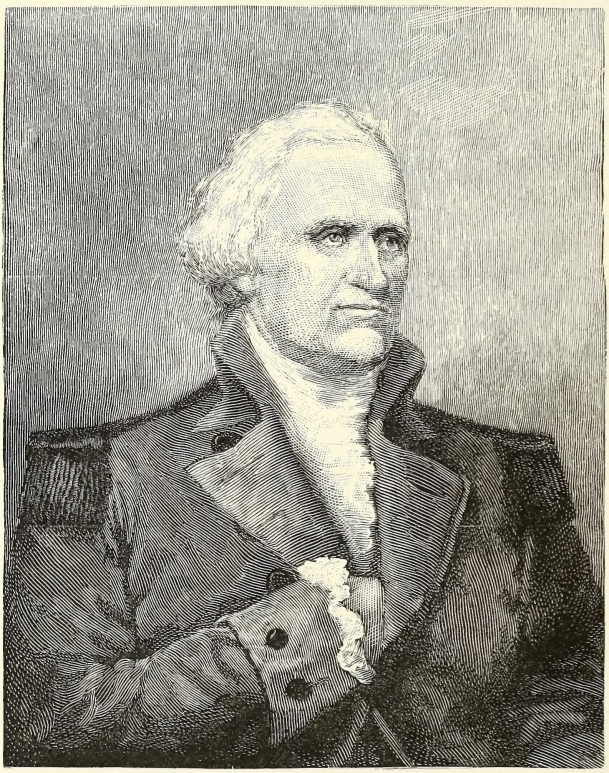
Burgoyne ascended Lake Champlain with a thoroughly equipped and disciplined army of eight thousand men, half of them British regulars; three thousand of them German mercenaries, the tried veterans of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, under Major-General Riedesel, one of the most accomplished officers of that martial prince; and the remainder Canadians and Indians, of the latter about five hundred. No British commander had better general officers than Phillips, Fraser and Riedesel. The knowledge of the approach of such an expedition was sufficient to carry consternation into the colonies, where dissensions between congress and the best generals in the continental army were already making wounds that would never heal. When the gallant Phillips scaled Mount Defiance and forced St. Clair to evacuate Ticonderoga, with his little army of "two thousand half-armed men and boys," the consternation became a panic. St. Clair retreated into Vermont hotly pursued by Fraser, but at Hubbardton the American rear guard under Colonels Warner and Francis checked the pursuit, and Fraser was only saved from defeat by the timely arrival of Riedesel. This affair occurred on the



The Oldest House in Bennington.

7th of July, and after it the pursuit of St. Clair was abandoned and Burgoyne pushed on to Skenesborough, now Whitehall.

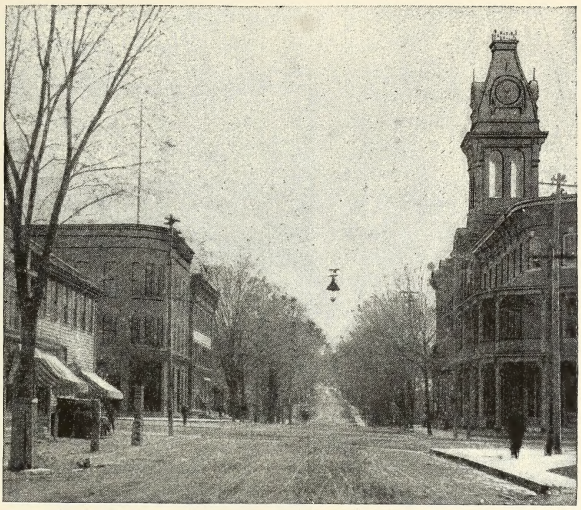
New Englanders felt an unjust and unreasoning distrust of Schuyler, who was slowly retreating before Burgoyne. They saw that they were menaced and felt that the necessity was upon them for self-defence. Burgoyne's advance was slow because of the obstructions placed in his path by Schuyler's woodsmen. Meanwhile the New England militia were rising, and General Lincoln was sent to Manchester, Vermont, to superintend the assembling of the levies. The gathering farmers had a depot of supplies at Bennington, then an important village, numbering fifteen hundred inhabitants, the principal town in the new Vermont. There the Council of Safety was holding its sessions, the affairs of the young state having been committed to it by the legislature, which had hastily adjourned at Windsor when alarms of war were heard on the western border. This council of safety was a remarkable body of twelve good men and true, with strong commonsense; Governor Thomas Chittenden and sagacious Jonas Fay were its master spirits. No government ever had a better secret service. Their scouts were everywhere with argus eyes, and little occurred in any part of the adjacent country that was not promptly known and discussed in the council room at the Catamount Tavern. Thus they learned of Burgoyne's plan to strike direct at Bennington, to deprive them of their supplies and to replenish his own exhausted stores.



General John Stark.

Stores of all kinds were needed for the coming campaign. Bennington was well supplied. Riedesel's dragoons wanted horses, and many and good ones cropped

the fertile pastures of the Walloomsac valley. In vain did Riedesel, who saw the danger of sending a detached body of men through the wilderness with the enemy in easy striking distance, use all influence to which his rank and experience entitled him, to dissuade Burgoyne from his plan. The latter had scant respect for the fighting qualities of New Englanders. In his journals Riedesel thus gives the motives for Baum's hapless expedition:



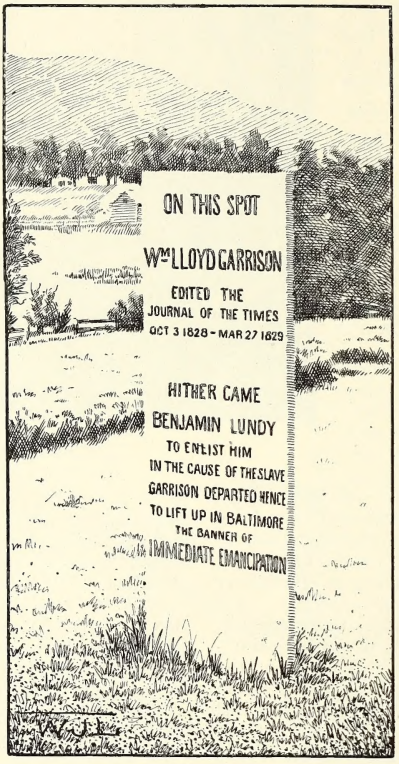
A Street in Bennington.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Baum marched to-day from Fort Miller to the Battenkill. General Burgoyne rode up to him to give him further instructions. As the said general had received intelligence that there was a magazine of considerable importance at Bennington, defended only by a small body of military, he countermanded the instructions he had previously given Baum and ordered him, instead of marching to Manchester and thence to Bennington. to take the direct road, attack the enemy and capture the magazine. General Burgoyne informed General Riedesel upon the latter's return from Fort George of the alteration in his plan respecting the expedition under Lieutenant-Colonel Baum. General Riedesel expressed his fear and astonishment in regard to the danger attending it. General Burgoyne, however, considered the change in the plan necessary for the following reasons: (1.)It would be of great advantage to the army to gather their subsistence from the captured magazine of the enemy until supplies could be transported to the army sufficent to last for four weeks. (2.) In case he should move with his whole army against the enemy near Stillwater, General Arnold would not be able to send a strong force against Colonel Baum. (3.) That he had received intelligence that Colonel St. Leger was besieging Fort Stanwix and that Arnold intended to send a considerable force to the relief of that place; therefore it was of the greatest importance that a detachment of the left wing should make a move and thus intimidate the enemy and prevent him from sending this force against St. Leger. These three reasons overruled the representations of General Riedesel."



The Vermont Soldiers' Home at Bennington.

In response to Burgoyne's pompous and threatening proclamation issued from Skenesborough to the people of the neighboring Vermont and New York towns, some met Colonel Skene at Castleton to learn how they might earn the gracious clemency of England's king, but a far greater number fled to the southward. The air was full of panic, but in the Catamount Tavern the hardy makers of a new state never lost their heads. Word had already gone out to New Hampshire that New England's border was in danger, and the New Hampshire assembly had called John Stark from his Achillean retirement and summoned him to command a brigade and march at once to Vermont. In Massachusetts the men of Berkshire and Worcester prepared to respond promptly to a call to arms. The rising had begun.



Tablet at Bennington Centre.

John Stark was one of the bravest of the brave. He was born at Londonderry, New Hampshire, in 1728, and in 1752, while trapping along Baker's River in Rumney, he was captured by Indians. His experiences with the Indians excel in adventurous romance any tale of fiction that ever was written. After several months' residence at St. Francis, he was ransomed. He won a commission in the seven years' war. He raised a regiment immediately after Concord, and commanded it at Bunker Hill, where the New Hampshire men acquitted themselves well. He was in the Canadian expedition with Arnold, and was at Trenton, where he was spoken of as "the dauntless Stark." But Congress showed an incredible stupidity in passing over such men as Stark and Arnold and promoting junior officers of inferior merit. It was this treatment that at this very period was pushing Arnold on the downward road to ruin. Stark, cooler tempered, less egotistical and more patriotic, retired in March, 1777, with the simple explanation that his self-respect, in view of his honorable service, would no longer allow him to hold his commission. He was living quietly on his farm when New Hampshire summoned him to her service. The state council voted at once to raise a brigade, and John Langdon of Portsmouth, its great-hearted president, pledged all his wealth to guarantee the expense. Stark accepted from New Hampshire what he could not accept from the continental congress, but he accepted the command only upon condition that he should have absolute command of the brigade entrusted to him, to hang upon the left wing and rear of the enemy, and with no responsibility other than to New Hampshire. But for this Stark might have been obliged to submit to the commands of Lincoln, and the whole course of events would have been changed. The Council of Safety at Bennington, acknowledging no allegiance but to itself and Vermont, saw the wisdom of giving Stark independent command and cordially supported him. Thus at a most critical time in the struggle for independence, an engagement of the greatest significance came to be fought under a commander commissioned by, and answerable only to, New Hampshire. This commander was enabled to put his

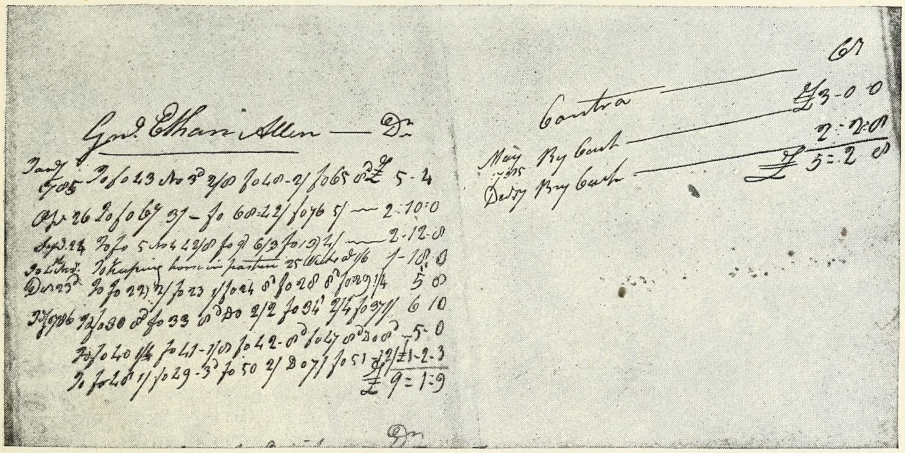
force in the field through the loyal generosity of the civil head of New Hampshire, and from New Hampshire was sent a brigade of several hundred men, fully half, in all probability, of all the men engaged in the battle on the American side.

Stark went at once, upon accepting the command, to Charlestown, No. 4, on the Connecticut, and began forwarding men and supplies with the promptness which always characterized him. Proceeding to Manchester, where he arrived on the seventh of August, he met Lincoln, and positively declined that officer's instructions to join Schuyler at Stillwater. He had come, he said, to the defence of Vermont, and he could not better harass Burgoyne than by hanging on his flank and rear. To Lincoln's credit be it said, that he accepted Stark's position and agreed, possibly because they were mainly Vermonters whom the Council of Safety ultimately controlled, to let him have such of the force at Manchester as he needed.

Learning that Bennington was threatened, Stark marched to that town, accompanied by Colonel Seth Warner, whose regiment of Green Mountain Boys remained at Manchester under Lieutenant Colonel Safford. From this time until the brief campaign was over, Warner was Stark's right-hand man and chief adviser. The plan of battle was the joint work of Stark and Warner; but the latter's regiment only came up from Manchester in time to share in the second part of the battle.

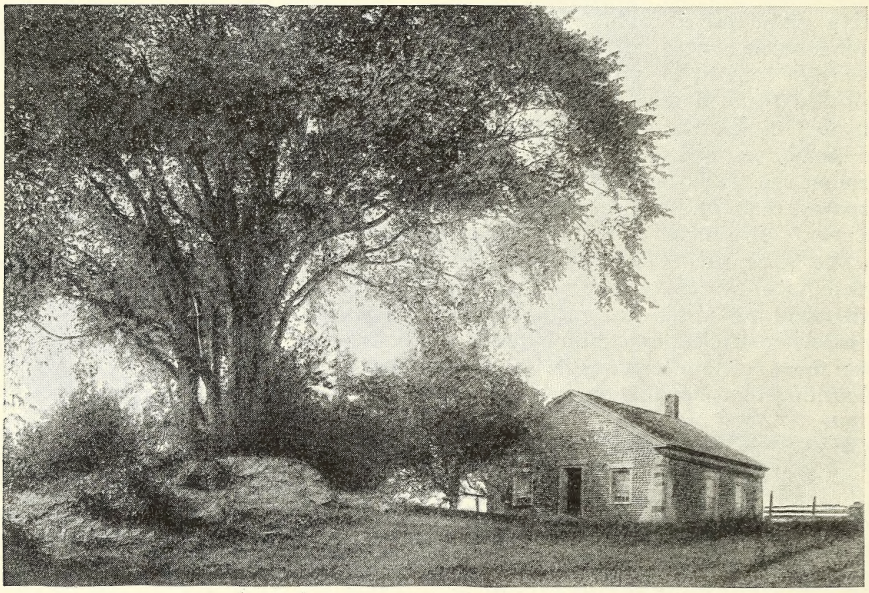
Seth Warner was a remarkable man. He was a resident of Bennington, but like a large proportion of the early settlers of Vermont, he was a native of Connecticut, where he was born in 1744, in Woodbury. He was a famous hunter and physician, and was, with the more brusque and impetuous Ethan Allen, the leader of the Vermonters in their early territorial struggle with New York. He marched into Ticonderoga with Allen, and served under Montgomery until Montreal was taken, when he went home, but returned in time to cover the American retreat. After Bennington he was with Gates at Saratoga. His death occurred in 1785. He was cool, wise, and brave, able in council, strong in the field.

The little army arrived at Bennington on the ninth and encamped, while Stark, Warner, and the Council of Safety considered the situation, and awaited intelligence from their scouts. Baum had marched from the Battenkill to Cambridge, which he reached on the thirteenth. The next morning he arrived at Sancoick, a small village eight miles from Bennington. Five prisoners were here captured, and Baum wrote to Burgoyne that fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred men were at Bennington, "but they are supposed to leave at our approach."



A Page from the Catamount Tavern Ledger, showing the Unsettled Account of Ethan Allen

This news of the large force at Bennington led to the sending forward of reinforcements under Lieutenant-Colonel Breimann, the peril of Baum's detached force already causing Burgoyne some anxiety. Stark, learning that a body of Indians was at Cambridge, sent Lieutenant-colonel Gregg to dislodge them, but hearing during the night that the



Cobble-stone Schoolhouse and Elm, Bennington Falls.

Indians were only the vanguard of a large force with artillery, advancing on Bennington, he marched out to support Gregg.

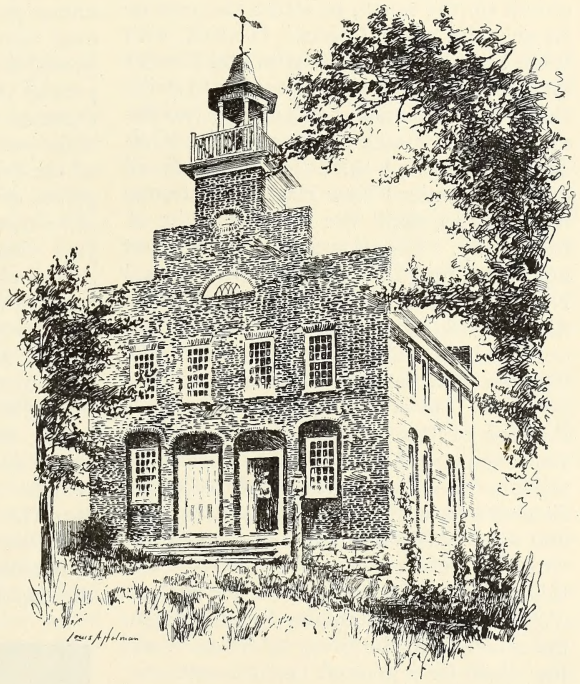
Then there was mounting of messengers and hot spurring over the hills; some to Manchester to summon Safford and Warner's Green Mountain boys; others to Massachusetts to alarm the sturdy Berkshire men. The south-bound couriers, after a hard ride through Pownal, perhaps straight down Pownal Hill, drew rein in Williamstown at the farm house of Benjamin Simonds, colonel of the North Berkshire regiment, and from there couriers went and summoned North Berkshire to arms. They came at the call, until in some villages not an able-bodied man was left. How many there were it is hard to say. Two or three hundred is now the least number conceded as the contribution of Massachusetts to the fight; but this is unquestionably too small a number. Prof. A. L. Perry of Williamstown, whose children, through their mother, are great-great-grandchildren of Colonel Simonds and of Captain Nehemiah Smedley, who commanded one of the Williamstown companies, claims that the pay rolls in Boston, and tradition still lively in Berkshire, attest the fact that over five hundred men went from Berkshire to Bennington. The part of Massachusetts in the battle has been underrated and but little understood. It is probable that at least four hundred Berkshire men did yeoman service in the fight under their gallant leader. The pay rolls in Boston, which may not, however, be conclusive as to the actual number of men engaged, show four hundred and three men of Simonds' North Berkshire regiment, from Williamstown, Cheshire, Hancock, East Hoosac, Lanesboro and New Providence. Several detachments from southern and central Berkshire, under Lieutenant-Colonel Rossiter, of Pittsfield, were also rallied in time to join Simonds' command. With the Pittsfield company came, in his ancient chaise, the Rev.

Thomas Allen, the "fighting parson," who added to fine mental and spiritual attainments the fiery vigor of the church militant. All these Berkshire men were brought together in twenty-four hours, and marched at once, joining Stark at his position west of Bennington on the night of the fifteenth, in a pouring rain. Not long before this, Schuyler had summoned all the Berkshire troops to the northern border and then sent them home again. It was this fact that led Parson Allen, when he dismounted from his chaise and reported to Stark, to say:

"Our Berkshire people have been often called out to no purpose, and if you don't let them fight now they will never turn out again."

Stark promised the impatient parson fighting enough on the morrow. The little army now included three New Hampshire regiments under Colonels Hobart, Stickney and Nichols; the Berkshire militia under Colonel Simonds; and of Vermont troops a force of militia from the east side of the state under Colonel William Williams of Wilmington, a corps of rangers under Colonel Herrick, and two Bennington companies, with other militia from the immediate vicinity of Bennington; the whole numbering from sixteen hundred to two thousand men. The exact number cannot be fixed from any existing data. Nothing can be found to determine the number of Vermonters engaged.

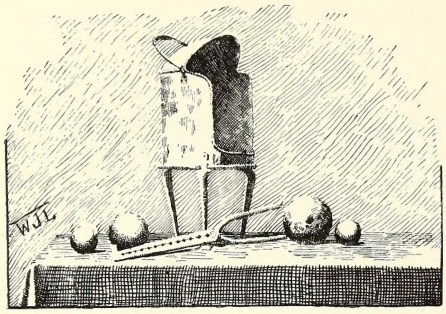
Stark had been joined by the Massachusetts contingent at a point near the junction of the Walloomsac and Hoosick rivers about four miles west of Bennington, where he had encamped on the east side of the Walloomsac. Less than two miles away, on the west bank of the stream, but concealed from view by intervening hills, lay Baum. He had prepared for a defensive battle. A wooded hill had been partly cleared and fortified, and here was posted the larger part of Riedesel's Brunswickers under Baum's personal command. At the east of this hill the stream, which is not a large one, made a sharp bend to the south. The eastern front of Baum's position was well protected by the abrupt ascent of the hill and by the breastworks of earth and logs that were thrown up. Where the road to Sancoick crossed the hill, entrenchments were also thrown up, and strong breastworks, on one of which was mounted a cannon in charge of German grenadiers, defended the bridge across the Walloomsac. At this point Fraser's marksmen garrisoned small breastworks on opposite sides of the road, while Canadians occupied several log huts near by. The loyalist corps of Pfister and Peters held a hill east of the river where the "Tory breastworks" stood. Away on the west, on his left flank, was placed Baum's second piece of artillery, with a body of grenadiers and Tories.



The Old Schoolhouse, Bennington.

The morning of the sixteenth of August was bright and clear. The plan upon which the battle was to be fought had

been jointly arranged by Stark, Warner and the Council of Safety, when Baum's position was fairly understood. Colonel Nichols, with three hundred New Hampshire men, was sent around by a wide



Colonel Baum's Camp Furnace.

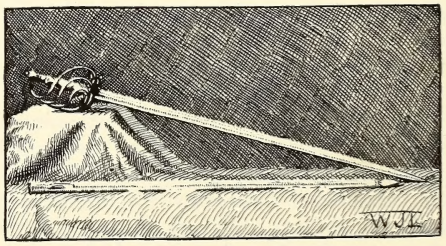
circuit on the north, to strike the rear of Baum's left, while Colonel Herrick, with three hundred of his rangers and Brush's militiamen made a similar detour to strike the rear of the enemy's right, the two detachments to attack simultaneously. Colonels Hobart and Stickney with a detail of three hundred New Hampshire troops were sent to assail the extreme right of the enemy. The Massachusetts regiment and the remainder of the Vermont and New Hampshire forces, under Stark's own direction, faced the enemy's centre and occupied Baum's attention while the flanking detachments were getting into position. It is said in some accounts that one of the false Tories upon whom Baum depended assured him that the unmilitary looking bodies of shirt-sleeved farmers were well disposed (that is, Tories) and were betaking themselves under his wing for protection. If Baum believed this, he was soon undeceived, for at three o'clock in the afternoon Nichols began the attack, and the firing by his men was the signal for a general engagement.

For two hours the stubborn fight lasted. Stark, who, it should be remembered, was a veteran of several battles, including Bunker Hill, says of it in a letter to Gates: "It was the hottest I ever saw — it represented one continuous clap of thunder." Baum's Indians fled early in the fight, but his Germans made a stubborn and gallant defence. The men in the entrenchments on the hill were fairly driven over their own breastworks by the assault from the rear, and thrown upon the tender mercies of the main body of the Americans, where Stark, Warner and Simonds, representatives of the three states, were leading their men in gallant and desperate strife. The journal of one of the German officers thus describes the fight in the entrenchments:

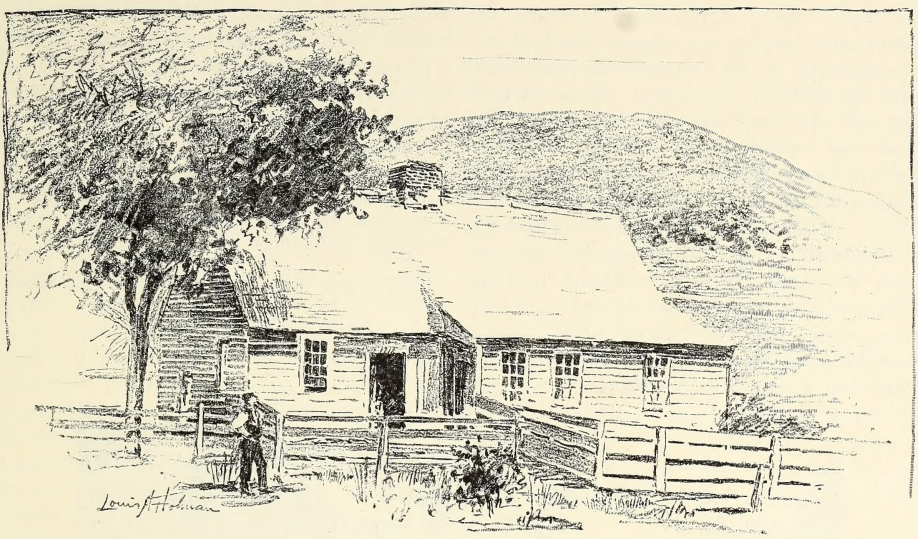
"Then for a few moments the bayonet, the but of the rifle, the sabre and the pike were in full play, and men fell as they rarely have fallen in modern warfare, under the direct blows of their adversaries. Colonel Baum, sword in hand, led the remainder of his men, but soon sank mortally wounded, and save a few who darted here and there between the surrounding assailants, his whole corps, with the loyalists who joined them, were disabled or taken prisoners."

The prisoners were sent to Bennington under guard, and the victorious Americans who remained upon the field dispersed to search for plunder. This almost proved their destruction. Suddenly word came of the approach of a new enemy. This was Colonel Breimann's command of six hundred and fifty men, with two pieces of cannon. Breimann was but two miles away, and the situation was critical. Just then Warner's regiment, one hundred and forty men, came up from Bennington fresh and well armed, and upon this body the scattered patriots rallied. Parson Allen's journal says that the Berkshire men, "being collected and directed by Colonel Rossiter and reinforced by Major Stratton, renewed the fight with redoubled fury." The younger officers, Warner and Rossiter, were allowed to reap the laurels of the second fight, Stark and Simonds taking little part in it.

Breimann advanced slowly, clearing the road with his artillery, which was



Colonel Baum's Sword.



House in which Baum Died.

flanked by infantry. At length a sufficient body of Americans was rallied to make a stand a short distance east of the present Walloomsac railway station. Here a severe battle took place, Breimann facing a destructive fire on his front and left where the Americans fired from a wooded hill. At last his losses became too great to hold his ground longer. His artillery horses were killed and the guns were abandoned in a retreat which speedily became a rout. Darkness only saved his entire force from capture.

Among the trophies of the double victory were four pieces of cannon, twelve brass drums, two hundred and fifty sabres, four ammunition wagons and several hundred stand of arms. The losses of the enemy in men are variously estimated, American accounts giving Lieutenant-Colonel Baum, one major, seven captains, and thirty-five other officers, and seven hundred other prisoners, with two hundred and seven left dead on the field. No less an official authority than Burgoyne's orderly book, the original of which is in the Washington headquarters at Newburgh, N. Y., gives the number of men lost at Bennington as twelve hundred and twenty. Possibly this included Tory desertions after the battle.

Colonel Baum, a gallant officer, died in a house in Shaftsbury, about a mile from the battle field, as did Colonel Pfister. This house was standing until within a few years. The sword of Baum is preserved with other relics of the battle by the Robinson family, the direct descendants of the founder of Bennington, at their home in old Bennington. Two of the captured cannons are in the state house at Montpelier, and two are at the New Hampshire capital. It would be fitting that all should do duty in the future about the monument.

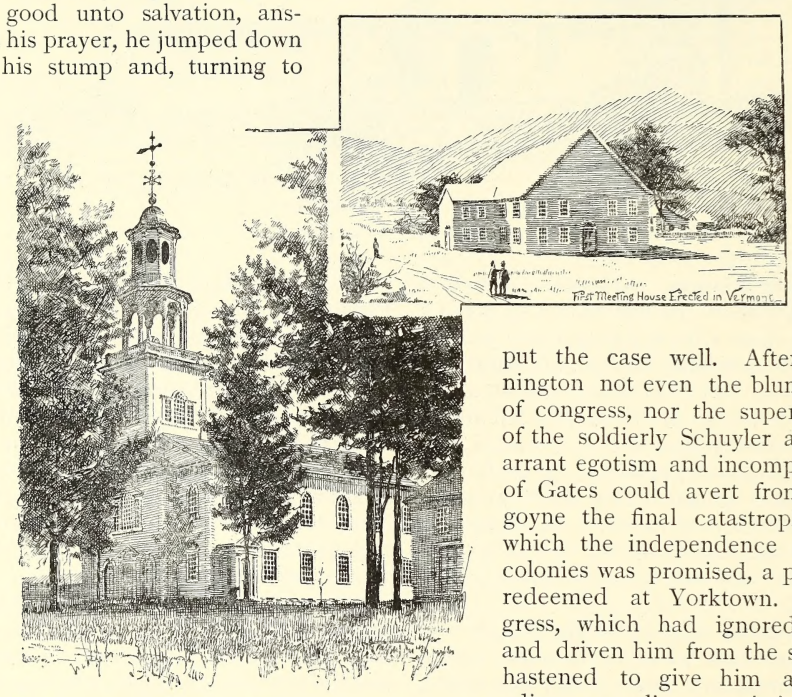
The American loss in both engagements was but thirty killed and forty wounded. This loss seems remarkably small when the obstinate, prolonged and hand to hand nature of the fight is considered, together with the great superiority of the enemy's equipment, the Americans having no artillery, few bayonets, and an imperfect armament in other ways.

The Tory prisoners, 152 in number, were tied in pairs, the good wives of Bennington cutting their bed cords for the purpose, a horse was harnessed to each pair, and thus they were led through Bennington. Many of them were sent to the prison caverns of the old copper mines at Simsbury, Conn. *

A story is told of Parson Allen, who is

*An account of this old prison, and its use as a prison for Tories, was published by the present writer in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for November 1890.

known to have done his full share of manly work in the fighting of the day at Bennington, which should be repeated here for what it is worth. It is related that at the opening of the battle the Berkshire militia, or a portion of them, were in front of the "Tory breastwork," behind which were some of the parson's flock. Allen mounted a stump and prayed fervently that they might see the error of their way and come over to the patriot side. When no sign of repentance, good unto salvation, answered his prayer, he jumped down from his stump and, turning to his brother, Lieutenant Allen, said: "Give me a gun, Bill. You load, and I'll fire."



Old First Church, Bennington.

Thus Bennington was fought and won. Its results were immediate and important. In her bright and interesting record, Madame Riedesel, who accompanied her husband in this campaign, says that by Baum's defeat "the army (Burgoyne's) was prevented from advancing, while the enemy, recovering suddenly from depression, increased their numbers daily." Burgoyne lost heart proportionately with the increase of spirit on the patriotic side. He was not a captain who could wrest victory from defeat. Outwardly he maintained his confidence to the end, but in a private letter to Lord George Germaine he showed his real feeling when he said of the Vermonters:

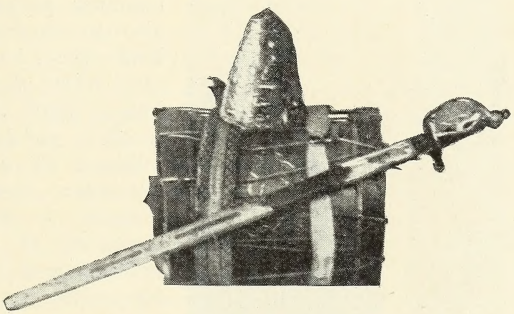
> "The Hampshire Grants in particular, a country unpeopled and almost unknown in the last war, now abounds in the most active and most rebellious race on the continent, and hangs like a gathering storm on my left."

Burgoyne was a facile writer, and he put the case well. After Bennington not even the blundering of congress, nor the supersedure of the soldierly Schuyler and the arrant egotism and incompetence of Gates could avert from Burgoyne the final catastrophe, by which the independence of the colonies was promised, a promise redeemed at Yorktown. Congress, which had ignored Stark and driven him from the service, hastened to give him a brigadier-general's commission and to load him with praise.

Next to Stark stands Warner, of whom Stark said in a letter to Gates, praising all the officers and men who had served under him: "Colonel Warner's superior skill in the action was of extraordinary service to me." High credit must also be given to Colonel Simonds of Massachusetts. His portrait hangs in Professor Perry's library, — a strong, rugged face of great decision, showing just those qualities that would be looked for in the chosen leader of such men as were the Berkshire pioneers. Seldom has a better staff of officers or body of fighting men been assembled than fought under Stark.

The town of Bennington itself is the most interesting historically in Vermont. The principal village, with long, shady streets, lies in the valley on both sides of the Walloomsac. A half mile or more to the southwest lies the old village, on a hill, with the stately monument and Mount Anthony dominating the landscape. When the early settlements of northern New England were made, dense forests covered the country, and the pioneers sought lofty points from which they could survey the country. With the clearing and development of the land, industrial conditions caused villages to spring up in the valleys along the water courses and natural lines of travel.

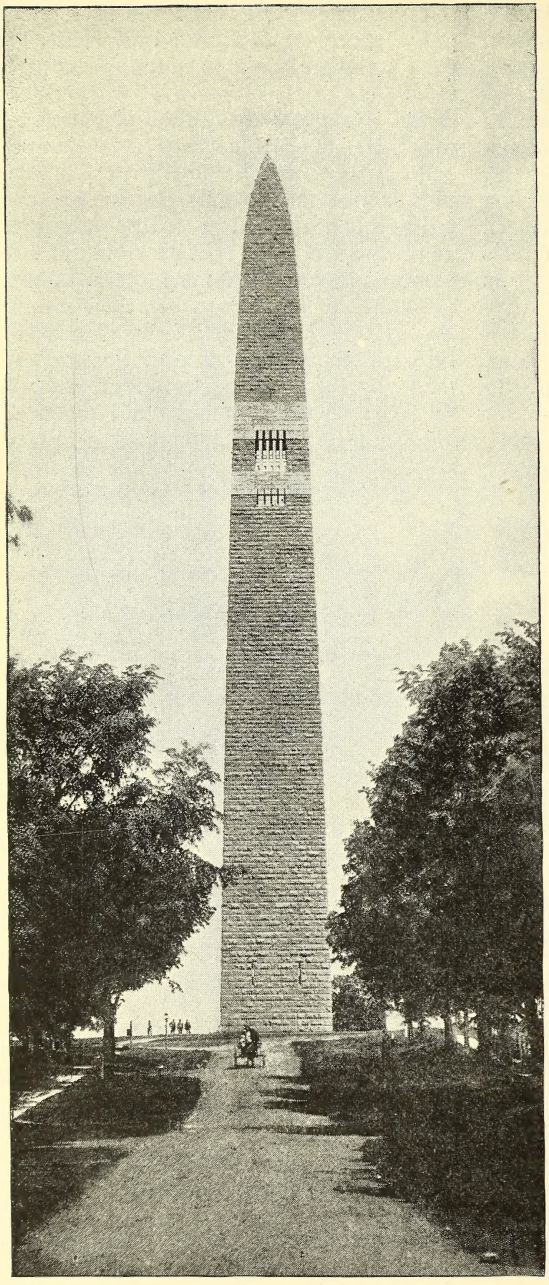
Bennington's pre-revolutionary history was not devoid of excitement. In 1749 grantees from Portsmouth secured from Governor Benning Wentworth a warrant for a township six miles square, lying twenty miles east of the Hudson river and six miles north of the Massachusetts line. These grantees never took up the land, however, and their rights were purchased by Captain Samuel Robinson of Cambridge, Mass., who had strayed into the fair valley of the Walloomsac when returning from the Lake George campaigns in the French war, and who was at once so charmed with its many beauties that he resolved to make it his home. Obtaining what he supposed to be an unquestionable title, he brought together from Cambridge, Sunderland, Hardwick and Amherst in Massachusetts and Newint in Connecticut a company of people of as fine quality intellectually as ever laid the foundations of a new community. This was in 1761. The town was named from Governor Benning Wentworth. It is related of Mrs. Robinson that she wept throughout the journey from cultivated Cambridge to her new frontier home; but she lived to see one son governor of Vermont and to rejoice in the share taken by her own family in the development of one of the fairest and most prosperous of early New England towns. Of the early families of Bennington, three, the Robinsons, Harwoods, and Saffords, all of them enjoying a creditable prominence in its affairs, were represented in a genealogical record published in 1837 by an aggregate of 2136 individual names. A writer in 1869 spoke of the old house of the Harwoods, then standing, as retaining more of the characteristics of the old houses of Bennington than any other in existence. It was of the type common in the older towns of Massachusetts and Connecticut, plain and square, with roof pitching to front and rear, the latter with a long slope, and an air about the whole of substantial dignity and well-to-do-ness, joined with severe plainness of architecture.



Relics of the Battle of Bennington, State House, Boston.

It is interesting to note from early records the trials of New England pioneers. In Bennington we find that it became necessary in 1862 to legislate against rattlesnakes; but a much more vexatious difficulty was to plague the settlers. Three years of prosperity and growth were followed by the beginning of that obstinate struggle over the New Hampshire Grants which raged so bitterly and afflicted Bennington especially, because of its proximity to the New York border. Of these early days of Bennington, Bancroft says:

"Men of New England of a superior sort had obtained of the government of New Hampshire a warrant for land down the western slope of the Green Mountains on a branch of the Hoosick, twenty miles east of the Hudson River; formed already a community of sixty-seven families in as many houses, with an ordained minister; had elected their own municipal officers; formed three several public schools; set their meeting-house among their primeval forests of birch and maple; and in a word enjoyed the flourishing state which springs from rural industry, intelli-



The Bennington Monument.

gence and unaffected piety. They called their village Bennington. The royal officers of New York disposed anew of that, as well as of others near it, so that the King was known to the settlers near the Green Mountains chiefly by his agents who had knowingly sold his land twice over. In this way the soil of Bennington became a fit battle ground for independence."

New York's claim was based on an ancient blanket grant from the Stuarts of all land east to the Connecticut; but no attempt was ever made to enforce the claim against the stronger provinces of Massachusetts and Connecticut, to whose territory it applied as much as to the New Hampshire Grants, which under later charters plainly embraced Vermont. It made little difference to the people of Bennington whether they lived under the government of New York or of New Hampshire; but when the royal officers of New York, not satisfied with claiming jurisdiction, attempted also to dispossess them of the lands they had improved and upon which they had made their homes, after due purchase, they revolted, and in the struggle that followed all of that sturdy independence, manliness and self-reliance, as well as a certain pugnacity of disposition which characterized the people in the succeeding revolutionary period, and even to the present day, was developed.

The settlers had secured a good title from New Hampshire and they did not propose to yield their plain rights in the case. Governor Colden of New York and his associates were bent upon parcelling out the fertile lands about Bennington for their own use, to erect princely manors thereon and emulate the patroons of New York in their style of living. Frequent collisions occurred along the border between the sheriffs from Albany with their evicting parties and the righteously wrathful proprietors. Captain Robinson was sent to England as a commissioner to the king, and he secured a verbal promise that the wrong should be righted, but he died in London of small-pox before the necessary orders in

council had made his diplomacy of avail. His remains were buried over the sea, but a simple memorial stone in the old Bennington churchyard recalls the sterling virtues of the founder to whom Bennington owed so much. The bitter animosity continued, but under Seth Warner and Ethan Allen the men of Bennington held their ground until the declared independence of Vermont settled its relations to each and every adjoining State. "The gods of the valleys are not the gods of the hills," tersely and abruptly declared Allen in response to the laying down of the law by the crown officers at Albany, and he gave them fair warning that they would have no hospitable welcome if they crossed the borders. The epigrammatic phrase still lives in Vermont and frequently does duty when in state politics the large towns of the valleys are arrayed against the small towns of the hills. The last attempt at eviction was made in 1769, at the Breakenridge farm near the New York border, by a sheriff with a posse of three hundred armed men. When the sheriff and his men arrived, they found that every tree and stone wall and building covered Green Mountaineers, armed with the rifles they so well knew how to use; and after a brief parley the sheriff drew off his men in good order. Thereafter the New York officials maintained their claim without attempting to enforce it, until the greater conflict put it out of sight. It was for siding with his own province, as a member of its assembly, that New Englanders retained through the Revolution their untiring grudge against gallant Philip Schuyler, finally driving him from his command.

The result of the land complications was a curious mixture of localities in old title deeds, in which Bennington is sometimes made a part of Albany County, New York. After the independence of Vermont was declared, the new state was divided into two counties by a north and south line, and that division has a real significance to-day, which every Vermonter understands. Later, Rutland County was created, and Bennington and Manchester were made shire towns of the new Bennington County. The taxable property of the town of Bennington in 1781 was more than double that of any town in the state except Pownal and Shaftsbury, and was not rivalled until 1820, when Rutland, Windsor and Burlington began to assume prominence. The population in 1791 was 2,377; in 1860, 4,392. As late as 1830 only Burlington exceeded it in population. At present it has nearly seven thousand. The legislature of the new state met in Bennington in 1778 and the four succeeding years, and again in 1784, in 1787 and in 1791; and it was here on the sixth of January in the last named year that the convention assembled which accepted the constitution of the United States and added the "star that never sets" to the blue field of the national flag.

Among Bennington's distinguished citizens of bygone days none claims a higher place than Dr. Jonas Fay, an able physician, who was born in Massachusetts in 1737, was a surgeon in the French and Indian war, was with Allen at Ticonderoga, but rendered his most distinguished service in advancing the independence of the state. He was a member of the convention and was himself the author of the declaration, and then became secretary of the Council of Safety. He was afterward a judge of the superior court and agent of the state in congress, and lived to see the beloved state of his adoption take a proud place in the Union. He died in 1818. His family was one prominent in Bennington annals. A Fay, Stephen by name, famous landlord and patriot, presided over the Catamount Tavern through its historic period.

The interests of modern Bennington are concentrated in the large and widespread manufacturing village on the level reaches of the Walloomsac valley. This village was an insignificant part of the town in its early period. In 1800 there were less than twenty buildings here, exclusive of barns or sheds, while at Bennington Centre, on the hill, now devoid of business, was a flourishing place full of life and trade. The principal manufactures of Bennington at present are knitted woollen and worsted goods. There are ten factories producing this class of goods. A factory established in 1795

did a great business in earthenware pottery, and was famous in its day, but for a few years its production has been small. There are also factories producing wooden novelty goods, and wooden and paper boxes. The development of the wood pulp paper business has led to the establishment of pulp mills and of a large wood pulp machinery business. The manufacturers of Bennington are men of energy and enterprise, and they have been generally successful, and have acquired wealth, which shows in the handsome homes with spacious grounds everywhere visible through the village. The trade of Bennington is considerable in all lines.

There is one feature of the place that is noteworthy. Nearly all the large towns of Vermont are built more or less on hillsides, with limited space for growth. This has resulted in compact business centres, with a remarkably "citified" appearance, the buildings and the activity being concentrated. Bennington village, on the other hand, was able to spread itself all over the broad Walloomsac meadows, and the result is a village which one must study for some time to realize its commercial importance; a village almost without a business centre, with stores scattered here and there, while there are almost no buildings of size or distinction. In a word, Bennington, growing, thrifty, and prosperous, preserves still a charming rural aspect. It should turn this fact to good account. There are now some summer residents and a fair number of summer visitors, but Bennington people are so busy with their many industries that they have not made the place the summer resort which it might be.

Bennington makes no pretensions to being what is called a literary town, but its schools are excellent and intelligently directed. There are well equipped and graded schools, both in Bennington village and North Bennington, and the high school does thorough work. There is a small but good free public library, presented in 1865, by the late Seth B. Hunt, of New York, and Trenor W. Park, both natives of Bennington, who took a lively interest in its welfare. The library contains about four thousand volumes, and is under the care of the Young Men's Christian Association, an organization which commands the united interest of the best people of the town, and is doing a good work for the young men.

At the edge of the village, on spacious grounds, with a grove of magnificent trees and a wonderful fountain, said to be the highest single jet fountain in the world, is the really homelike Vermont Soldiers' Home, an institution in which the state takes just pride. It is comfortable and healthful, with pleasant winding walks among the trees; and in full view from the grounds of the institution, the battle monument on its distant hill, speaks to the patriots of our latest struggle of the patriotism of an earlier day that made the surrounding country consecrated ground. Captain R. J. Coffey, the superintendent, himself a veteran, works earnestly here to make the days pleasant for the "boys" who are patiently awaiting "the last recall."

Bennington is well supplied with churches of the evangelical order, and a strong Catholic body, the parish of St. Francis de Sales, which has just completed an ornate stone church and rectory, the most noticeable structure, architecturally, in the village.

The observant stranger in Bennington will remark the absence of noteworthy public buildings, and the frequent occurrence on all the leading streets, as well as outside the village, of homelike and handsome residences. Even the mills are scattered about and placed unobtrusively, so that their size and number are not at once apparent. Bennington is alive and growing, but it has not reached the ambitious, showy period of its development. It is moving in a steadily conservative way. Its energies have been centred on its great monument. That work being accomplished, they will probably be turned to some other and less stupendous public enterprise.

Such is the pleasant old village of Bennington, which stands this month in the full light of its historic past, radiant with the patriotic memories of great men and noble deeds inseparably associated with the birth and life of the nation.

In conclusion, the dedication which takes place on August 19, will be one of the most important ceremonies in the national history — an occasion around which memories will cluster almost as sacred and inspiring as those which now hallow the inauguration of the First President. The Hon. Edward J. Phelps, ex-minister to Great Britain, will deliver the oration, and standing, as he will, on the consecrated ground of American liberty, and speaking to the whole world and to posterity, his words will assuredly be worthy of him. New Hampshire's ex-Governor, Benjamin F. Prescott, the president of the Bennington Battle Monument Association, will present the memorial to the State. The governors of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Vermont will attend with their staffs, and a number of other high officials of the Federal and State governments are expected to be present.

It would be unjust to the men who sacrificed time, ease and money for this patriotic cause, to omit their names. The building committee which took hold of the enterprise with the earnest practicality which has made it a success, was composed of Major A. B. Valentine, Henry G. Root, and Milo C. Huling. Their services were entirely voluntary, and their sole reward is the knowledge that future generations will look up at the monument, and have no reason to reproach their ancestors with ingratitude to the memory of the patriot fathers of the Republic. Among those who have done as much as any interested in the project to keep the enthusiasm alive are Professor Perry of Williams College, President Benjamin F. Prescott, and ex-Governor Horace Fairbanks. They deserve the thanks of posterity for their unselfish devotion to the cause.

THE RISE OF THE SWISS CONFEDERATION.

By W. D. McCrackan.

PRIOR to the thirteenth century, the territory now known as Switzerland, had no separate political existence, and its condition resembled that of Central Europe in general. But in 1291, just six hundred years ago, three small and obscure communities of peasants, Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, united in a league to defend themselves against the encroachments of Habsburg, the most powerful of the noble families in those parts. In this manner the Swiss Confederation was born; with these three communities as a nucleus, she grew in the course of time, by the adherence of other sovereign communities, until she reached her present proportions of twenty-two Cantons at the beginning of this century.

The Swiss people have reason to feel proud of the region in which their national life had its birth, on the banks of the lake of Lucerne. This sheet of water, blue and green by turns, like all the Swiss lakes, lies on the northern side of the great Alps, imbedded in the setting of the lesser heights. Three principal valleys and numerous smaller ones empty their torrents into its winding arms, and velvet slopes stretch from the water up the mountain-sides to where the firs stand sentinel over summer pastures.

Amid such surroundings, the commonwealths of Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden grew from infancy to maturity by the slow process which characterized the rise of all free communities in the Middle Ages. They did not at first occupy exceptional positions within the German empire, for we find the same conditions existing elsewhere. They acquired the first degree of liberty, the privilege of immediate dependence upon the empire *(Reichsunmittelbarkeit)*, by the same steps as some of their neighbors, and

their final collective independence resembled very closely that of the leagues of the Hanseatic, Lombard, Rhine, and Swabian cities, except that it was more enduring.

The Forest States, Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden, appear for the first time in history in the seventh and eighth centuries. On the Roman charts there is nothing but a blank for the whole region. When, however, the Alamanni invaded the country, it passed into their hands and formed part of the duchy of Alamannia; but after the fall of the ducal house of that name, it was annexed to the Zürichgau to be administered by the count of that district. From that moment the political aspirations of the people were centred upon acquiring the immediate dependence upon the empire, known technically as the *immunity*. Each state came into possession of this prerogative by different methods and at different times, according to the peculiar development of their internal organizations.

As early as 853 Uri had been deeded to the Abbey of Nuns at Zürich, which was under the jurisdiction of a special imperial bailiff. A majority of the inhabitants were serfs of ecclesiastical and secular owners, with a sprinkling of simple freemen, and a few representatives of the lesser nobility. The whole population, however, gradually amalgamated, and in 1231 Henry VII. issued a charter to the men of Uri confirming their immunity. Schwyz, in which state the freemen predominated, received a charter from Frederick II. in 1240; whereas, Unterwalden, with a population of freemen and serfs in about equal proportions, did not obtain this much-prized boon till considerably later.

The reader who has derived his ideas of the origin of the Forest States from Schiller's play of William Tell will doubtless be disappointed at the picture here presented. Tradition would have us believe that the three states were from the very beginning independent commonwealths of freemen, leagued together from time immemorial, that they voluntarily submitted themselves to the German empire during the reign of Frederick II., and only revolted when King Albrecht of Habsburg sought to put an end to their liberties. This view is quite incompatible with contemporary evidence. Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden were not originally independent states with fully developed republican forms of government; nor can there be a question of their having voluntarily submitted themselves to the empire, since they formed a part of it as early as we have any records. If modern research has proved anything beyond the shadow of a doubt, it is that the Forest States gained their freedom after centuries of persistent toil, and not at one blow.

But what was the danger which prompted their union? what the bond which held them together through all their trials and tribulations? Stated in the simplest terms, it was the existence of a common enemy in the ambitious and not over-scrupulous house of Habsburg. The league which forms the nucleus around which the Swiss Confederation has grown was formally sworn in 1291, and triumphantly defended against Habsburg, at the battle of Morgarten in 1315.

Not far from Brugg, in the present Canton of Aargau, upon a hill which goes by the name of the Wülpelsberg, stands a massive tower, with an adjoining dwelling. This partial ruin is the ancestral castle of the Habsburg family, now rented by the cantonal authorities to a farmer — like many another castle on Swiss ground — and all efforts of the present Austrian emperor and his representatives to purchase it have so far failed. A pretty legend, devised to explain the name Habsburg, relates that the originator of this noble line lost his hawk [German *Habicht*] while hunting in those parts, and at last found it on Wülpelsberg. He was struck with the beauty of the view, built a castle, and called it Habichtsburg or Habsburg. From modest beginnings the family gradually amassed extensive possessions in the Aargau, in Elsass, and in the present cantons of Lucerne, Schwyz and Unterwalden. Numerous offices, such as those of counts over the Zürichgau and Aargau, and of bailiffs over rich convents and monasteries, also gravitated towards them, so that at the time of Rudolph's election to the German throne, they had become

the principal landowners and office-holders in the territory which is now Switzerland. Rudolph had comprehended at once that he was king not by the grace of God, but by the good will of the electing princes, that the time might come when he or his descendants would have to yield the throne to some other family, and would then be glad to fall back upon a private fortune. He did not pause, therefore, in the efforts which he had been making to extend the family possessions. Nothing can give one so good an idea of these accumulations, and of the danger which they constituted for the Forest States as the roll of Habsburg estates, the so-called *Urbarbuch*, in which were recorded the lists of the properties and offices with the revenues appertaining to them. All the conditions seemed favorable for the creation of a great Habsburg principality in the Swiss Alps, such as was actually founded later in the neighboring Tyrol. How came it that Rudolf and his descendants, having once acquired so firm a foothold, and having besides obtained the vantage ground of the German throne itself, were worsted in their conflict with rude, inexperienced peasants? The answer to this question brings us to the threshold of the real history of Switzerland; that which has gone before was but the prologue to the great drama which now unfolds itself.

Rudolf of Habsburg died on the 15th of July, 1291, and seventeen days after, on the 1st of August, the three Forest States concluded a perpetual league and signed what we might call the mother-constitution of the Swiss Confederation. The promptness with which all this was accomplished seems to suggest that the constitution had been drawn up previously, and held in abeyance to be proclaimed after the king's death. A brief summary of its principal provisions is as follows:

1. "Let all men know," says the text, "that the men of the Valley of Uri, the commonwealth of the Valley of Switz, and the community of the men Amongst-the-Mountains (Unterwalden) . . . . . have promised in good faith mutually to assist each other . . . . . against one and all who shall inflict upon them, or upon any one amongst them, any violence, detriment, or injury, and undertake any mischief whatsoever against their persons or their possessions."

2. The contracting parties swear a bodily oath[1] to this effect, and renew a pre-existing, but now unknown, compact.

3. "But every man, according to his condition in life, is bound to obey and serve his master, as it behooves him."

4. They refuse to accept any "judge in the aforesaid valleys, who shall have obtained his office for any price or money whatsoever, or who shall not be a native inhabitant."

5. In case of disputes amongst the Confederates, "the most prudent amongst them shall step forward to settle the difficulty between the parties." This established the principle of arbitration.

This by no means faultless document is closed with the following noble declaration, which succeeding ages have verified in a surprising manner; that "the above-written statutes, decreed for the common weal and health, are to endure for ever, God willing." Six centuries have passed since this sentence received the seals of the three Forest States, and the Swiss people are preparing to celebrate the six-hundredth anniversary of their first perpetual league by appropriate festivities. When we consider that we are treating of an event which happened two hundred years before Columbus discovered America, our respect for the political genius of the early patriots is considerably raised.

On the whole, the agreement is just what would be suggested to men working entirely by experience and not by theory. It is neither complete nor altogether logical, but shows the touch of what we call practical men. It is also distinctly conservative, designed to continue "lawfully established conditions," as the text has it. Moreover the third agreement expressly states that "every man, according to his condition in life, is bound to obey and serve his master as it behooves him." Here is direct evidence from the people themselves that they did not aspire as yet to be free in the sense in

[1] An ancient custom of raising the thumb and two fingers of the left hand.

which the nineteenth century understands that term. Their struggle seems to have been directed more especially against corrupt judges and against any fresh encroachments upon the liberties they already possessed, as well as in favor of a vigorous enforcement of law and order within their borders. As far as can be judged from the document itself, there was no intention of cutting adrift from all previous enactments to found a new state, although this was the necessary effect and actual result of the league.

Had it not been for the fierce conflict around the German throne, in which the family of Habsburg became involved immediately after Rudolf's death, the Forest States would probably at this time have experienced the full resentment which their independent action was calculated to provoke, but as it was they escaped untouched for more than twenty years. Adolf of Nassau, Albrecht of Habsburg-Austria, Henry of Luxemburg, and Ludwig of Bavaria succeeded each other upon the throne, and still the day of reckoning did not come. Adolf and Henry confirmed the charters issued by Frederic II., and Albrecht, in spite of what the sixteenth century chronicles say, does not seem to have interfered with the liberties of the people. It is true that Henry ordered an exhaustive investigation to be made into the rights of Habsburg in the Forest States, but he died before the promised inquiry could be made, and the whole subject was pressed into the background by the difficulties experienced in finding a successor to the crown.

It is impossible to judge how long this mutual hostility between the Forest States and their traditional enemy might have lain dormant, had not the men of Schwyz, in the next reign, under Frederic of Habsburg-Austria, committed an unpardonable outrage upon the neighboring abbey of Einsiedeln, an institution which was under the protection of Habsburg. During the night of the 6th of January, 1314, a marauding band from Schwyz attacked the monastery, took the sleeping monks prisoners, penetrated into the cellars, broke open the doors of the sanctuary, and in drunken fury overthrew the ornaments, treasures, vessels, vestments and relics. At daybreak they departed with their prisoners and the cattle they had found on the place. The whole story of this raid has been told in a Latin poem by one of the suffering monks, and though the narrative cannot be considered as impartial evidence, still, when we have made due allowance for some very natural exaggerations, we are forced to acknowledge that the incident reflects but little credit on the men of Schwyz.

In fact a dispute had existed from the earliest times between the markgenossenschaft of Schwyz and the abbey of Einsiedeln, in regard to certain forests and Alpine pastures, lying on the confines of their respective territories. For the better part of two centuries the rivals had robbed, burned, and retaliated upon each other. Several German sovereigns had been obliged to interfere in order to bring about even temporary cessations of hostilities, and this outbreak was a final spurt of the slumbering quarrel.

Habsburg's exasperation was complete. The failure of the investigation ordered by Henry VII., and now this outrageous behavior of Schwyz, made it impossible to arrive at a peaceful solution of the question of Habsburg's rights. Day by day the conviction forced itself upon the parties involved that the relations which existed between them could not continue, and that the final decision must be reached in a resort to arms. Of course this struggle was only an incident in a much wider conflict, which was going on everywhere at this time, between the peasants and nobles. Each side followed the dictates of self-interest, with no more reference to general principles of equity than we find amongst semi-barbaric nations of to-day, so that it would be unfair to stigmatize the conduct of the ducal house too severely as tyrannical, and to exalt that of the peasants unreservedly as holy and righteous. Undoubtedly the patriots were fighting for the cause of popular liberty, but as far as the law was concerned, Habsburg had a right to resist their attempts at independence.

Both sides made ready for the struggle. In the autumn of 1315, Duke Leopold,

the king's brother, rallied about him a formidable army in the Aargau, composed of vassal knights and infantry recruited from the towns subject to him. Says Johannes Vitoduranus, a contemporary chronicler, to whom we are indebted for the best account of the battle of Morgarten: "The men of this army came together with one purpose, to utterly subdue and humiliate those peasants who were surrounded with mountains as with walls." Leopold's plan of attack was in every way an admirable one, but carelessly carried out. His main force was to march upon Schwyz, over the Sattel Pass and skirting the ridge of Morgarten, while minor detachments operated against Unterwalden, so as to involve the Forest States in a network from which there could be no escape.

In the meantime, the confederates fortified their frontiers, and got ready their famous halberds, formidable weapons of their own invention, to be used in striking, thrusting and dragging men from their horses; nor did they forget to offer public prayers for heavenly aid, according to their custom before setting out on any undertaking.

So few people have ever taken the trouble to visit the battleground of Morgarten, that a general ignorance of its position and strategic points prevails even among the Swiss. After having studied the course of this battle in the pages of Swiss historians, without obtaining a very clear conception of its different phases, I determined to settle the matter by examining the ground in person.

Morgarten is not a terrifying, craggy, Alpine pass, as popular imagination has painted it, but the ridge of a chain of hills, situated in the rolling country which lies between the lakes of Lucerne and Zürich. If the scenery can be said to be remarkable at all, it is by reason of a certain gentle charm, due to the absence of the higher Alps, and the softness of the velvet slopes. An impress of profound peace rests upon the land, in strange contrast to the warlike reminiscences which it evokes. I lunched upon the green where the early confederates had routed the invaders nigh upon six centuries before, and questioned a few peasants who were haying in the brilliant sunshine, about the positions occupied by the contending forces. After studying the ground, and coming to a satisfactory solution of the questions involved, with the help of Dändliker's "Geschichte der Schweiz." I shouldered the knapsack in which I carried my meagre tourist effects, and followed the carriage road along the little lake of Ægeri, rejoicing in the exquisite coloring which made even this comparatively magnificent sheet of water a jewel of priceless worth. At nightfall I reached the little village of Unter-Ægeri, from whence the main force of the Austrian knights advanced upon Schwyz on the memorable 15th of November, 1315.

On that day the forces of Schwyz, with reinforcements from Uri and Unterwalden were posted on the Sattel pass, to dispute the passage of the Austrians. The noble knights rode towards them in the best of spirits along the road which skirts the lake, jesting as though out for a day's sport, and never for one moment doubting that they would return victorious. At the other end of the lake, the old path, the one in use at the time of the battle, branches off to the left of the modern carriage road, leading along the slope of the ridge of Morgarten to join the modern road again at an old piece of fortification, called the Tower of Schorne. Keep this old path in mind, for it alone reveals the secret of the Swiss victory. As the knights were riding up the path, weighed down by heavy accoutrements, their line of battle necessarily broken, they came to a spot which suddenly placed them at a great disadvantage if they should be attacked. Behind them was the steep path which they had mounted, on their right flank a detached hillock, and on their left the ridge of Morgarten. Here the battle must have been fought, if the early accounts of the course of events are to have any meaning. When thus hemmed in, the Austrians suddenly heard a loud, roaring noise, and looking up beheld an avalanche of rocks and trees rolling down upon them from the Figlerfluh, a prominent spur of the ridges of Morgarten. A somewhat mistrusted tradition says that this first blow was dealt by a detachment

of fifty men of Schwyz, who had been banished from their country, and were desirous of proving their loyalty by some act of patriotism. Be that as it may, the effect of their plan was instantaneous: the Austrians were thrown into the wildest confusion, and at this moment, the main force of the Confederates rushed from their position further up the path, swinging their deadly halberds, and hurled themselves against the invaders with a momentum made irresistible by their descent. Unable to deploy their mounted force in this natural trap, the Austrians were obliged to yield in the direction of the lake, whence they had come. The retreat turned into flight, the battle into slaughter. Some were crushed by the falling masses, some hewn down, and others crowded into the lake, where they were drowned in their armor; the rest fled to the friendly shelter of the towns which were under Austria's protection. Amongst the knights who reached Winterthur that night, our chronicler, John of Winterthur, saw "Lüpold, who seemed half-dead with overpowering sorrow. That I saw with my own eyes," he assures us, "for I was a schoolboy at that time, and ran in great glee to meet my father at the gate, with other older schoolboys." Many a noble family in those parts mourned a father, son, or brother, on that day, but the loss of the Confederates was insignificant. "When the fight was over, the men of Schwyz pulled off the weapons of the killed and drowned, robbed them also of their other possessions, and enriched themselves with arms and money." In order to commemorate the victory, a chapel was erected near by, dedicated to St. Jacob, where I found a rude, but exceedingly graphic picture of the battle to guide me in studying the topographical features.

Morgarten was one of the first occasions in the Middle Ages, perhaps the very first, on which an army of mounted knights was conquered by peasants on foot; so that for this reason, if for no other, it deserves an important place in the annals of military tactics. The Bernese chronicler, Justinger, supplies an anecdote which, if true, shows that one person at least in the Austrian camp was not without apprehensions. Jenni von Stocken, the duke's fool, when asked what he thought of the plan of invasion, remarked that he did not like it: "You have all taken counsel how best to get into the country, but have given no explanation of how you are going to get out again!"

As in the league of 1291 we heralded the birth of the Confederation, so in this battle we can recognize its martial, baptismal day; for henceforth the Forest States were admitted to membership in the company of the nations, modest newcomers occupying humble positions, but none the less worthy of admiration and respect. We can therefore leave our subject at this point with the satisfaction of knowing that the young nation had taken its first step successfully, and stood armed at all points to maintain its independence. The future was to bring many a storm to be braved, invasions of foreign foes to be repulsed, and internal dissensions to be quelled. There was to be the critical battle at Sempach; each new state, as it sought admission into the Confederation, was to have its own war of independence to fight before it could become a member; the struggle with Habsburg was not finally laid aside until 1474, when a permanent peace was at length concluded; there were the bloody Burgundian wars, the so-called Swabian war against the German emperor himself, the troubles produced by the Reformation, and the crop of little wars which sprang up from this soil fertile in dissensions, the last of which was actually fought in 1847–48. From all these trials the young Confederation emerged victorious, and the perpetual league, "decreed for the common weal and health," has justified the faith which the early patriots reposed in it; for after six centuries of growth from the rudiments of liberty to its full flower, the Swiss Confederation in the present day displays the inspiring spectacle of the best governed and the best organized of all the democratic states in existence.

COMMONPLACE CARRIE.

By Eliza Orne White.

THE spring sunshine was coming in at the west window of Professor Bainbridge's room, and making a painful glare across the papers which were scattered on the table that was drawn up to the slippery horse-hair sofa upon which he was lying. The room was ugly and commonplace, and the professor had an insuperable objection to both of these characteristics. He sighed as he glanced at the impossible brick-colored roses with arsenic-green leaves, that formed the pattern of the wall-paper, which, to make it still more unendurable, was divided into diamond-shaped compartments by heavy black lines supposed to indicate a lattice. There were six roses and three buds in each diamond; how many times he had counted them! The walls were adorned with uninteresting engravings and portraits of the class that are banished to the attic in houses where respect for art outweighs respect for family. The professor sighed once more when he thought of the dreary weeks that he must pass in these uncongenial surroundings. But at this point his attention was arested by the sound of voices in the porch below him; one was the familiar treble of the daughter of the house, while the other was that of an elderly neighbor.

"Do tell me something about your new boarder, Professor Bainbridge," she was asking. "Hannah Harwood says that he has written learned books and clever short stories that have made a great stir. Is that a fact?"

Fame is sweet, no matter from how humble a source it is awarded. The professor smiled complacently.

"Mr. Bainbridge is a professor at a Western college," the younger voice answered indifferently," and I believe he has written some stories."

"So Hannah was right," Mrs. Brown responded. "I thought she must be mistaken, for I caught a glimpse of him the day he came to town as he drove past our house, and I thought he looked *very* insignificant."

At this juncture, the professor began to be troubled by doubts as to whether he ought to listen to a conversation which evidently had not been designed for his amusement.

"What's the matter with him?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"He has overworked, and had a low, nervous fever, which has left him — out of spirits, to put it mildly. You know he came here to be under Uncle Frank's care, but the Sanitarium is full, so we have taken him in."

"What does he say, and do? Tell me everything; it is *so* interesting to hear about nervous patients."

"He doesn't say anything, that is just the trouble," Carrie Swift replied. "He sat perfectly silent at table for the first four days after he came, when to the relief of the family he took to his room with water on the knee."

"The poor man must have melancholia. Does he literally never speak?"

"He can talk enough to ask for fifty things he wants, and to send me up and down stairs twenty times a day to get them, but not enough to be polite. I don't see any excuse for his looking like a funeral; I believe people can be cheerful if they choose; but Uncle Frank says — " here the speaker's voice was lowered, and the professor became doubly sure that it was dishonorable to listen any longer. He tortured himself with vain speculations as to the revelations that followed, which he knew only too well must be inimical to himself. The thoughts thus suggested followed him into the night, and banished sleep effectually from his eyelids.

The next morning he awaited Miss Swift's arrival with feverish impatience. She came at last, bringing him his breakfast, as usual.

"I hope you had a good night," she said, as she deposited the tray on the table by his side.

"Thank you, I did not sleep at all," he replied coldly.

Carrie Swift gave him a glance at once compassionate and contemptuous. She was a little creature, with a slight undeveloped figure, and a careworn expression that seemed unsuited to her nineteen years.

"Sit down," said the professor in a peremptory tone. "There is something that I wish to say to you."

Carrie obeyed.

"I could not help overhearing a part of your conversation with your friend last evening," he went on swiftly, "and I regret exceedingly to have given you so much trouble. I beg you to believe that I shall be more considerate in future; but in return I will request you to abstain from talking me over."

His manner was haughty, even stern, for there was nothing about the sharp-featured, freckled young person before him to arouse either his interest or consideration. He thought her face one of the plainest that he had ever seen, and its lack of physical attraction was not atoned for by any charm of expression.

As she listened to his words a painful flush mounted to her cheeks. "I — I — am sorry that you heard me," she stammered.

"I am glad, that as such observations were made, I overheard them."

"After all," and she faced him with a look half appealing, half defiant, "it was the truth."

"Did that justify you in gossiping about me? Put yourself in my place. Imagine yourself confined to your room, with your nervous system in a shattered condition, and little occupation but your morbid fancies, and ask yourself if, under these conditions, it would be easy to retain your cheerfulness? If you became depressed and silent, would you enjoy being held up to ridicule to the whole neighborhood?" Professor Bainbridge had grown angry under the recapitulation of his wrongs. "Will you promise to desist from discussing me in future?" he concluded in an authoritative and superior tone that roused his companion, who would gladly have agreed to anything had he been more considerate.

"I will promise nothing," she said with a flash from her gray eyes. "Do you think you have a harder time than the rest of us? Put yourself in my place. Imagine yourself washing dishes and sweeping rooms until you were ready to drop, and having to stay at home from drives and sewing-circles in the afternoon because somebody might want to have the window open, and then find that there was a draught and want it shut again. Somebody who never spoke to you except to say 'thank you,' shortly, as if he thought he should die if he said anything more. Do you suppose *I* find it easy to be cheerful? And yet I manage it."

Greatly to Carrie's surprise, the professor laughed softly.

"Poor girl, you do have a hard time," he said pleasantly. "Suppose we each try to do what we can toward the amelioration of the conditions of the other?"

His genial manner recalled her to herself.

"Oh, what have I said!" she exclaimed ruefully. "How rude I have been to talk in this way to you, who are a professor, and so old! Please forgive me. Ethel is always telling me that I must not say whatever comes into my head, without stopping to think. Ethel Sandford is my most intimate friend. She used to live in Longfield. Ethel is not a bit like me. She is lovely to everybody, even to Mrs. Brown, whom she hates. I will never say another word to Mrs. Brown about you, although it will be hard, for she asks so many questions. It must be dreadful to be shut up in one's room all day. When you have had your breakfast, and I have done the housework, perhaps there is something that I could do to amuse you?"

"Would you read to me?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes. Mother says that I read awfully, but as she has a cold, I will do the best I can."

Mr. Bainbridge awaited her return with absolute impatience. Her flash of anger had done what her fortnight of

patient toil on his behalf had failed to do. It had given him an interest in the study of her character. To be sure, it was not of a type that would have attracted him under other circumstances; but the inveterate student of character is grateful for the slightest indication of variety where he has expected monotony.

It was late in the afternoon before Carrie was able to comply with her promise. She found the professor with an open book by his side.

"It seems, Miss Carrie, that I am to be followed by one misfortune after another for the rest of my life," he said testily. "After cutting me down to using my eyes only one hour a day, your uncle has now forbidden my using them at all. If I am to be lame and blind, I might far better have given up my existence when I had my fever."

Patience had not been one of Professor Bainbridge's most conspicuous virtues in the days of his prosperity, but in his adversity it deserted him entirely, as the long-suffering Carrie discovered in the weeks which followed. He, on his side, found that Mrs. Swift had but a too well-grounded opinion of her daughter's elocutionary powers. His patience was sorely tried by the way in which she spoiled the rhythm of poetry; but, on the other hand, her views concerning novels were an unfailing source of entertainment to him. He amused himself by trying a series of experiments in the course of which he and his young friend wandered in a somewhat vagrant manner through the fields of English literature.

One afternoon Mr. Bainbridge handed "Sartor Resartus" to Carrie. "Will you be so kind as to read me this chapter on "The Everlasting Yea?" he asked. "I like to read it when I wish to put myself into 'good tune,' if I may be allowed the expression. Carlyle always raises one's grovelling spirit to a higher mood."

It gave him great pleasure to say things of this kind to Miss Swift.

She took the book and began to read, stumbling over the unfamiliar words, and treating her auditor to a running commentary on the text. After half an hour spent in this way she laid down the volume and said,

"What queer stuff. What is it all about, any way?"

The professor gave her a brief account of Teufelsdröckh's life. "He was an unhappy man," he said in conclusion. "Like the rest of us he was fighting his way through doubt to truth, through temptation and suffering to more abundant life. 'Name it as we choose,' he quoted, 'with or without visible devil; whether in the natural desert of rocks and sands, or in the populous moral desert of selfishness and baseness, to such temptation are we all called.' Do you feel as if you were in a moral desert of selfishness and baseness, Miss Carrie?" he inquired, with the half-amused, half-kindly smile that she had grown to know so well.

"Sometimes, when you are cross with me because your knee doesn't improve any faster."

"What a base slanderer you are! Go on, please."

She obeyed, and read without comment until she reached the end of the following sentence: "Beautiful it was to sit there, as in my skyey tent, musing and meditating; on the high table-land, in front of the mountains; over me, as roof, the azure dome, and around me, for walls, four azure, flowing curtains,—namely, the four azure winds, on whose bottom fringes also I have seen gilding."

At this point Carrie looked up from her book. "I hope the poor man had his overcoat on, and a shawl too," she observed; "for if he was blown upon by all four winds at once he would need to be well wrapped up, especially as he seems to have been a sickly individual."

"You wretch!" the professor exclaimed, trying not to yield to his desire to laugh. "Have you no soul? You have spoiled one of the most beautiful passages in the English language for me. I can never read it again without fancying Herr Teufelsdröckh wrapped up in a blanket shawl."

"But he didn't wear one, so don't disturb yourself; he was just the kind of man to be imprudent, and he hadn't Uncle Frank, and mother, and me to look after him."

"No, poor fellow!"

Carrie began to read again, and

her criticisms continued in the same vein.

"Oceans of Hockheimer," she said at last. "A throat like Op—some kind of a cuss; you can pronounce that word Mr. Bainbridge."

"Ophiuchus."

"Thank you. 'Speak not of them.' (I am sure that is the last thing *I* want to do.) 'To the infinite shoeblack they are as nothing!' Well, that shoeblack is the only sensible person I've come across."

"Look here," said the professor, losing all patience, and snatching the volume from her. "You shall not murder Carlyle any longer."

"I suppose this is the 'higher mood' that you wanted him to get you into," she said, as she rose to leave the room.

"Don't go; stay and talk to me, or let me teach you chess; you promised that I might some day."

"I've got to clear out a closet this afternoon, and do heaps of sewing on the machine, and trim a hat for Fanny, and I ought to make some calls."

The professor reflected for a moment. "What a useful life you lead," he remarked at last. "I don't know what this family would do without you."

"One expects to be useful in one's family."

"You do, at all events. Does it not bring a sense of thorough satisfaction to be so indispensable?"

"I never thought about it."

"You rarely occupy your mind with yourself, I fancy."

"What's the use," she said briskly, "when everything else is so much more interesting?"

This remark evidently opened a wide field of speculation to the professor, for he meditated upon it for some time in silence. At length Carrie renewed her attempt to go.

"When you are alone, what do you think about?" Mr. Bainbridge asked, as she stood opposite him with her hand on the door-knob.

"That depends upon the time of day; early in the morning I think about housework, and the rest of the time I divide my thoughts between you and mother, and the sewing machine, until evening, when I think of my small sisters; it is strange, but I think of them regularly every night at eight o'clock."

"You enviably busy creature! But when your work is over, how do you occupy your mind then?"

"When my work is over, I go to sleep."

"Happy girl! I wish I could go to sleep with that ease. When you chance to lie awake, however, do you never worry over your shortcomings? are you never beset by the cruel problems of life?"

"No, I wish I hadn't taken a cup of coffee. That is always my first and last thought when I lie awake at night."

Certainly this young girl was amusing; so much the professor conceded as she glanced back at him mischievously when she left the room. He was growing to have a kindly feeling for her, apart from his interest in her as a study. Her unconsciousness and simplicity pleased him, and she piqued his curiosity.

At length he grew bold enough to give her a short tale of his own to read. The scene was laid in Florence five centuries ago, and the little romance had attracted far more attention than his "Historical Sketches," which covered the same period. He was aware that the story had received greater praise than it deserved, and he was anxious to learn the opinion of an unprejudiced mind which would be alike unaffected by fashion and regard for himself.

When Carrie finished reading "A Mosaic of the Thirteenth Century," she gave it to her mother to return to the professor, a circumstance which that observant man did not fail to note.

He would not let Miss Swift off thus easily. The next time he saw her, he demanded her opinion. "How do you like my romance?" he inquired.

"Since you ask me, I am sorry—" she began, then hesitated.

"Don't be afraid to say just what you think."

"Well, then, *I hate* it."

"Thank you. Most people who find the plot and characters disagreeable, praise the local color, and what they

term 'the atmosphere of the thirteenth century.'"

"I never lived in the thirteenth century, so I don't know anything about its atmosphere."

"Do you think my sketch artistic?" he asked, with his accustomed smile.

"I suppose so," she said doubtfully. "All the disagreeable stories that Ethel admires are artistic, she says. I never know whether books are artistic or not," — and she raised her eyes with a child-like candor which ought to have disarmed her tormentor.

"You take no pleasure then in art, apart from subject, nor in form and color?" he went on. "You have, I fear, no æsthetic taste."

Her face grew crimson. If he chose to amuse himself at her expense she need not spare him.

"I *hate* your story from beginning to end," she said with a certain fierceness. "I can't see what good there is in writing about such horrid things and wicked people. I should be ashamed to have such ideas come into my head. I don't wonder that you had nervous prostration afterwards."

The professor laid back on the sofa and laughed heartily, notwithstanding that Carrie looked perturbed as she left the room.

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Bainbridge next saw her. He had been expecting her for some time before he heard her business-like knock on the door. She came in, bringing him his tea on an ugly black waiter adorned by a gilt landscape that had been dimmed by age; the china which held his repast was brown and white, and Carrie wore a blue and white checked apron over a dark green dress.

"Here is a case illustrating my point," said the professor, reverting to the subject of their former interview. "Had you any of the æsthetic passion, you would have put on your pretty white apron, and brought me my tea in those Faience dishes on the red waiter, in which case you would have made a harmonious picture."

The poor child was tired and out of spirits, and this was a little too much to bear in silence. "I guess you wouldn't have any time to think about the æsthetic passion if you were as busy as I am," she returned, "or to stop and think what colors look best together." She rushed out of the room to hide her tears. When the professor next saw her her eyelids were red and swollen.

"My dear Miss Carrie," he said penitently, "I have been both rude and ungrateful to my faithful little nurse, who is so much better to a crusty old fellow than he deserves. Will you forgive me?" and he held out his hand with a pleading motion. Carrie did not take it. She looked at him wearily. His face had grown unusually gentle.

"It isn't so much that I am angry at what you have said," she explained, in a burst of confidence. "It is that sometimes I feel as if I never did anything to suit anybody, and then I get cross and hate myself. I can't ever make a pretty picture, because I am so hideous. I wish Ethel were here; perhaps she may come for a visit before you go; she is lovely, and has such pretty clothes; but after all, it isn't my fault that I am plain and stupid, and can't find time to make any more white aprons."

The professor gave one of his provoking laughs, but instantly grew grave. The pathos of the girl's life had suddenly and powerfully appealed to his sympathies. How young she was to have so much care! He saw the dull years stretching on for her in endless succession, filled with humdrum duties and unillumined by any of the light which an imaginative person throws around the future, to make the dreary present more endurable. The unselfishness of her character struck him as it had never done before.

"Come," he said, in his most persuasive manner, "you have not forgiven me yet; pray do, and let us be better friends in the future."

"I don't know that I want to be better friends. The more you knew me, the more you would laugh at me. I don't believe you ever like people for themselves alone. I will take your waiter now, please," — and she held out her hand for it.

He took her hand and clasped it firmly in his. "You do me an injustice," he said. "I like you now for yourself alone, and I want you to like me for myself alone, and not because I have some reputation as an author, or — "

"I certainly shall not like you on account of your books," she interrupted playfully. She was almost charming when her face lighted up in that unexpected way. The professor still kept her hand. "Will you forgive me?" he reiterated.

"I will forgive you, but we are not the kind to be friends."

"You mean we are not '*sympatica*,' as the Italians say; but that is not necessary."

"If Ethel were only here!" — and she gently withdrew her hand; "she is intellectual and sympathetic, and — "

"I am thankful she is not here," he broke in impatiently. It piqued him to have his unusual advances met with such indifference. "I am sorry that you dislike me," he added coldly.

"How foolish you are! I don't dislike you, but there is a long way between not disliking a person and wishing to be friends with him. How I hate all this talk about one's feelings," she said vehemently. She had risen and was standing opposite the window, and her face suddenly became radiant.

"Uncle Frank has come back from Boston," she announced in great excitement. She left the room precipitately, and presently the professor saw her run down the street and greet her uncle with outstretched arms. "She is a good lover," he reflected; "how she would worship a husband!" No man with a spark of sentiment or imagination could fall in love with her, he told himself, but her friendship would be something worth having.

For those of us who remain in this world, spring always ends in summer, ultimately, no matter how lengthened the process may be. It was greatly protracted in Longfield, not only from climatic causes, but likewise for internal and domestic reasons. It seemed to Professor Bainbridge, who had never before experienced a New England spring, as if house-cleaning were the chief event of the season, and the delicious carols of the thrushes and catbirds, the dim, feathery sheen of the opening leaves, and the fields starred with anemones or dotted with dandelions were so many impertinent interruptions to the one important business in life. He was well enough to take long drives into the country with Carrie's uncle, the doctor, and sometimes she herself was his companion; but her mind on these occasions was apt to revert to the best method for killing moths, or to an infallible means of exterminating Buffalo beetles. In spite of her limitations, however, his friendship with Carrie grew as the weeks passed. When summer at last took the place of spring, its advent was marked by unusual festivity in the little town. The professor concluded that the industrious housewives were eager to exhibit the fruits of their labors, for they gave a series of tea-drinkings in their immaculate houses, at which all their best china figured, as well as the new gowns which had been as important a feature, in the spring, of the younger portion of the community, as the sweeping and garnishing of their dwellings had been with their elders.

The professor was not a social man; or rather, to be accurate, he never thought it worth his while to be civil to persons who bored him, and the society in Longfield was such as to elicit nothing but monosyllables from him. Genius has this privilege, — it may be rude without losing any of its prestige; and whatever his reputation might be in the world at large, in Longfield Professor Bainbridge stood for Genius (spelled with a capital G.)

Carrie, who knew how delightful the professor could be when he chose, was not satisfied with his behavior when in company. One evening she took him to task.

"If you go to the Peterson's lawn-party to-morrow," she said, "you must be just as agreeable as you can; of course you don't find Longfield people pleasant when you are horrid to them."

"I consider it a breach of truthfulness to appear to like persons whom I in reality detest," Mr. Bainbridge returned,

with the air of supporting a valuable moral principle.

"Really," Carrie said, throwing back her head, and putting all the sarcasm of which she was capable into her voice. "When Fanny does as you do, we say she is a very naughty little girl. That is just the difference between a little girl and a great man," she mused, "a really famous man. Mrs. Peterson asked me the other day if I did not feel it a privilege to be under the same roof with so much greatness. At first I thought she meant the new parlor curtains."

"'Greatness' feels contemptibly small this evening, Miss Carrie, so please don't take him down any more than is necessary."

"What is the matter?"

"I have a furious headache. The whole top of my head seems to be coming off." He flung himself down on the parlor sofa as he spoke. "I have no doubt I am in for another fever."

"Men always think they are on the brink of the grave when they have a headache," Carrie remarked. "Mother has one nearly every week, but she has never had a fever."

In spite of these unsympathetic words she was truly sorry for him. Suffering of body appealed to her as suffering of mind did not; it was something tangible and comprehensible: it was beyond the control of the patient, and within the province of the nurse.

"I can sometimes drive away mother's headaches by stroking her forehead," she said thoughtfully. "Perhaps I can cure you; may I try?"

"Indeed you may."

Carrie's touch was firm, yet gentle. It soothed the professor and carried him back, with a skip of thirty years, to the days of his childhood, when another hand with a motion as firm and gentle had put him to sleep night after night. He had been rather a pathetic little boy, with a tendency to sleeplessness even in those early days. He thought of his mother's premature death, and of his lonely life; while Carrie's hand travelled across his forehead, making a running accompaniment to his reveries.

"You must tell me if you do not like this," she said anxiously.

"I do like it; I cannot tell you how much good it is doing me."

The fine side of Carrie's nature appealed to him irresistibly. He was lost in admiration of her utter unconsciousness of self. She was trying to help him as simply and unaffectedly as if she were a Sister-of-charity and he a hospital patient.

He forgot that he had ever been vexed by her lack of appreciation and that he had once thought her commonplace. He longed to seize her hand and tell her how great a blessing her friendship might be to him. He wanted to say that her strength and unconsciousness humbled him; but he judged rightly that at the first hint of these things her hand would be withdrawn and the growing peace of their intercourse troubled.

At length there was the sound of the opening of the long French window opposite them. The professor moved uneasily, while the color mounted to his face. Carrie remained undisturbed. She put up her hand with a warning gesture, as her mother, accompanied by the ubiquitous Mrs. Brown, and her friend Miss Harwood, entered the room.

"Hush!" she said, "he is just going to sleep; he has a bad headache."

Mrs. Brown and Miss Harwood exchanged significant glances. The professor treacherously kept silent.

"Carrie," said Mrs. Swift gently, "will you please take my bonnet upstairs, and bring down my eyeglasses?"

II.

THE afternoon of Mrs. Peterson's lawn party was bright, but insufferably hot, a fortunate combination, as the weather enabled the guests to be present, and furnished them with an unfailing topic of conversation. Carrie and the professor arrived upon the scene in due season, and were instantly separated by Miss Harwood, who kept Mr. Bainbridge's eloquence to herself for half an hour, much to the regret of Kitty Peterson.

After a lengthy comparison between New England in the present day and Italy

in the thirteenth century, Miss Harwood touched upon the women of both countries.

"You would not say what you do about the loss of beauty in New England if you could see Ethel Sandford," she said at last. "She is of the golden-haired Titian type, and a fascinating creature besides."

"Miss Sandford appears to be not only the most beautiful of her sex, but a paragon of all the virtues and intellectual graces also," the professor returned. "I confess I am tired of hearing Aristides called 'The Just.'"

"Still harping upon the great men of the thirteenth century?" asked Mrs. Peterson, who had caught the last clause of this sentence. "They were all giants, those men of that fertile period," she added in a tone of deep conviction, "but I myself don't think Aristides quite equal to Dante; Dante now seems to me a grand poet."

It was almost tea time before the professor could make his way to Carrie. "It is comfortable to get back to you," he said, sinking lazily on the bench by her side, with a sigh of relief. "I have been bored to death between discussions of the state of the weather and the state of Italy in the thirteenth century. Every one in Longwood has been studying up on the subject. People fancy that it is my one interest. I have returned to you for rest, after the incessant flow of witty and wise conversation."

"Because I am stupid and silent. Thank you."

"You are very perverse, and always will twist my compliments into reproaches. I meant that you are a most restful little person." He had some roses in his hand. "The prettiest Miss Peterson gave me these," he said, as he offered them to her, "do put them at your throat, they contrast so well with your blue dress."

"I can't take them; Kitty wouldn't like it."

"*I* cannot wear them," said the professor.

"You have no sentiment; when a young lady gives you flowers you must treasure them carefully,—at least until you are out of her sight."

"It is you who have no sentiment," observed her companion.

"I really mustn't take them," Carrie said, but there was a shade of doubt in her tone.

"Just these two, they will never be missed," urged the professor. Carrie succumbed with a thrill of pleasure, realizing for the first time what it was to be young and a woman. The professor smiled down upon her.

"This is enjoyment," said he. "What is needed to complete our perfect contentment?"

"A back to this seat, and cooler weather."

"You prosaic and ungrateful girl! Do you mean to say that the devotion of 'greatness' is not sufficient to make you forget these little drawbacks?"

"But you are not devoted to me; if you were you would fan me. Everybody fans Ethel, always."

The professor took her fleecy, white fan. "It looks like a pile of snowflakes," said he. "Is it swan's down?"

"No, it is made of goose-feathers. I pasted them all on cardboard, myself. Don't you admire my ingenuity?"

"All my swans are your geese," he murmured, as he slowly moved her fan back and forth.

"How little breeze you make! I'll show you how,"—and she took possession of her fan. "There, see the difference," she added, as she briskly set the air in motion.

"You always do everything well; what will become of me when I no longer have my little friend to act as guide and caretaker? You cannot be so cruel as to say that we are not the 'kind' to be friends now?" he persisted. "I want you for my friend. At least we are better friends than we were at first?" he demanded, spurred on by her silence.

"I should hope so; at first you were detestable."

He joined in her laugh. "I wish this pleasant summer was not to end so soon," he proceeded. "I am sorry that I rashly promised to go to the Rangeley Lakes week after next; and in a month or two I shall be back in my dull routine in the West. I wish we lived nearer each other, I wish,"—He stopped abruptly, for he had caught sight of a face

and figure that he had never seen before. He was sure that the slender girl who was coming slowly toward them down the garden path was, like himself, a stranger in Longfield. She was not unusually pretty, but she was extremely graceful, and her white dress fitted her to perfection, and was a marvel of simplicity and taste. She wore a hat with rather a broad brim, and a wreath of pink sweet-brier around it. It threw a shadow over her face, and made the waves of golden brown hair on her forehead seem remote and mysterious.

Carrie was waiting for the end of the professor's sentence. At last she looked up. "Ethel!" she cried in excitement. "My dear, when did you come? Kitty didn't tell me she expected you this week. You must come to us as soon as you can. How lovely, how altogether charming this is," and she flung her arms around her friend with utter disregard of spectators.

Professor Bainbridge lingered in the vicinity, but it was some moments before she remembered to present him to Ethel.

"I already know Miss Sandford well, by reputation," he said after the introduction had been accomplished, "and I need not add that her reputation has not suffered at the hands of her friend."

Carrie moved away to help pass the salad, and Ethel took the half of the bench which she had left, while the professor dropped into his old seat. He was more animated than Carrie had ever seen him. "What a contrast to the way in which he talks to me," she thought, as she glanced at them from time to time. "There he goes to get her a comfortable chair, but I might have broken my back on that bench until the day of judgment and he wouldn't have done anything about it. He is fanning her, I knew he would, and he is doing it as if he had been used to it all his life, and with what an air of devotion! If a girl is plain and hasn't any intellect, a man stops liking her just as soon as a pretty, a bright girl appears, although instead of doing things for him, she makes him wait on her. It isn't very fair, but it's natural; I should like a pretty girl better than a plain one if I were a man. He has taken the advice I gave him last evening," she thought with a little smile, in spite of her heart-ache; "for once he is making himself as agreeable as he can."

Some of the petals from one of her roses fell at her feet. She took them both out of her dress, and after looking at them regretfully she tore them to pieces. Her brief hour of triumph was over.

Love is often accused of blindness, but the most virulent detractors of the little god have never charged him with being lame. Friendship, on the contrary, is clearer sighted, but her approach is seldom swift. She stumbles on with many a halt, but her eyes are sharp, if her feet are clumsy; and when she has made sure that there are no more brambles and pitfalls in the way, she reaches her goal at last. Love, because of his blindness, takes no heed of obstructions, but rushes to his destination with feverish haste and outstrips the laggard friendship.

Mr. Bainbridge was in love; he had a friendly feeling for Carrie Swift, but he loved Ethel Sanford. He had known Carrie intimately for the past three months, and he had talked for three hours with Ethel.

The week after the lawn party, Miss Sandford came to the Swifts to make a visit. The professor had thought it impossible to cancel his engagement to go to the Rangeley Lakes, but he contrived to do it with apparent ease, and stayed on in Longfield.

One evening after Ethel had been for two or three weeks at the Swifts' house, the professor came back from a drive, — having left her and Mrs. Swift at the other end of the town, where they wanted to make a call, — to find Carrie sitting on the front porch with her knitting. He seated himself by her side, partly through remorse, for he had forgotten her existence of late, and partly for want of a better occupation.

"Have you had a pleasant drive?" she asked.

"Very," he said, with a swift consciousness of how much greater the pleasure had been than when she had been his companion.

"Whom did you see?" Carrie inquired.

"No one."

"And you actually went all the way to South Swanset without seeing a living soul?" she demanded playfully. "I suppose you were too much absorbed in philosophy to notice such trifles as people."

"We were absorbed in wondering who lived in the different houses, and what sort of lives they lead," said the professor with asperity.

"If I had been there I could have told you," said Carrie. "What especial houses were you interested in?"

He described one.

"Abijah Patten who used to be our butterman has just moved there. Mother ought to have known that. His sister is a bony old maid of fifty, — I know I shall look like her some day, — and she is as sharp as vinegar, but she makes good butter. That is a nice old farmhouse though; if we were very poor I wouldn't mind living there."

"Wouldn't you? Miss Sandford wondered how any one could endure life in such a lonely place."

"I could be happy anywhere with father and mother and the children, and work enough to keep me busy."

"I really believe you could," said the professor with a smile. "You agree with me in thinking that place makes little difference in happiness. I could be happy anywhere with one or two chosen friends and plenty of books."

"Yes," she responded, "if you had a few cartloads of books and some one whose character you could study, I believe you would be happy at the north pole; only the person would have to be changed for a new one as soon as you had made out his character."

"You are unfair, Miss Carrie; whatever my attitude may be to the world at large, I am capable of strong attachments, as my friends can testify."

"I should like to see your friends," she mused. "One of them is the gentleman you have had so many letters from, I suppose?"

"Yes. The others are out of my reach at present; one is in California, the other in Japan."

"Haven't you but three friends?"

"Not according to the best definition of the word. Are there so many persons for whom you would be willing to make any sacrifice, and whom you can depend upon in return, that you think three friends such a small number?"

"There is a great difference between being willing to do things for people, and having them ready to do things for you," she said slowly, bending her head over her knitting.

"In a perfect friendship each must be equally willing to help."

Carrie was silent; she wondered if, when the professor had asked her to be his friend, he had meant anything so great as this; but her common-sense told her directly that he must have had in mind only the usual definition of the word 'friend,' or he could not have forgotten that conversation. Why had Ethel come, just as the professor had begun to be so kind? Ethel had such hosts of friends that one more or less could make little difference in her life. Carrie's eyes filled with tears as she reflected that there was not a person who would think of making any sacrifice for her, outside of her own family circle; whereas, there were many people for whom she would be willing to do the smallest thing, or the greatest, — and Mr. Bainbridge was among them. She thought that if she had planned the world she would have made the plain, uninteresting people without any heart, and then they would not have minded having no friends.

"Suppose we walk to the other end of the village to meet your mother and Miss Sandford?" suggested the professor.

Carrie was silent.

"Won't you come?" he persisted.

She shook her head and went quickly into the house; the professor followed her and the sound of a suppressed sob met his ear.

"Miss Carrie, what is the matter," he asked stupidly.

"I have a bad headache, and am too tired to go to walk, so I will say good-night."

He took her hand kindly, and said in soothing tones: "You must take care of

yourself or you will break down, and then what should we all do?"

Carrie snatched away her hand and impatiently turned to go upstairs.

"You must come to drive with us to-morrow night," the professor pursued. "You shall sit on the front seat with me and point out all the people we meet, and give me their family histories, and tell me who lives in all the different houses."

This speech exasperated her past endurance. "You are very good," she said, in an icy tone, "but has it never occurred to you that even *your* society may not satisfy every one at all times as completely as you think?"

She disappeared into the house, leaving Mr. Bainbridge deeply aggrieved; yet strange to say, what pained him most was the fear that she might be echoing Miss Sandford's sentiments, — for Carrie had been very friendly with him once. He asked himself why he should be thus cruelly pained at the thought that Miss Sandford did not like him; for it was not a new one, — he had often felt sure that she was merely amusing herself with him as she had done with a score of others. It is all very well to study character, but it is not so agreeable to encounter a fellow-student in that branch of sociology, who is bent upon remorselessly dissecting one's own traits. "I have no doubt that she makes the same satirical, lazy comments about me to which she treats me whenever her Longfield friends come up for discussion," he thought.

Spring had lingered in Longfield, but as if to make up for loss of time, summer departed with uncompromising swiftness. Autumn had come, and was flaunting its badges on every hillside and in all the valleys. The world was yellow and red and russet brown with the changing leaves. The little town was transformed, and every roadside, however insignificant, was a garden for a brief season. The fringed-gentian lifted its modest head and caught the hue of the sky, and the purple aster subdued the otherwise too brilliant coloring of the sumach bushes and the omnipresent golden-rod.

Mr. Bainbridge's departure came with that of the summer; his last day had actually arrived.

Longfield, as it may be imagined, had been in a state of suspense throughout the past two months with regard to the professor's "intentions"; and on this evening as Mrs. Brown and Miss Harwood wended their way to Mrs. Swift's house, he was under discussion.

"The little heart he has," said Mrs. Brown, "is evidently at Ethel Sandford's disposal. "If I were in his place I should marry Carrie Swift. Ethel is a very good sort of girl to be in love with, but for daily home comfort, give me honest, simple little Carrie."

"The professor would be quite willing to let you have her, Sophie," Miss Harwood returned. "What would he do with a wife who could not sympathize with his intellectual tastes sufficiently to treat the thirteenth century with anything but levity?"

"A man has other tastes besides intellectual ones, and he cannot dine on the thirteenth century," Mrs. Brown retorted.

They had reached the Swift gate; when they entered the house a moment later, they found the professor sitting with Ethel and Carrie in the front parlor. The girls were sewing, and he was reading aloud to them.

Mrs. Brown had come to beg clothes for a certain poor family for whose needs she had so much practical sympathy, that the just professor was forced to admit that even she had her virtues. He was unreasonably angry with Ethel, however, for treating her with distinguished cordiality, when she had joined with him the moment before her entrance in unsparing dissection of her faults.

Ethel was making some buttonholes in a pink cashmere waist, which she presently handed to Carrie, saying that she would accept her offer gratefully, as she hated to make buttonholes.

"It is convenient to have a friend always ready to do disagreeable things for one," Mrs. Brown said.

"But I like to make buttonholes," protested Carrie.

"Nevertheless, we cannot always escape unpleasant things," Mrs. Brown continued remorselessly, "good-bys for instance. We shall all miss you, Professor Bainbridge," and she extended her hand to

him, "but these young ladies will feel your loss greatly." She spoke collectively, but she looked at Ethel.

"Yes," Ethel returned indifferently, but with heightened color, "we shall all miss Professor Bainbridge; it is always a pity to end a pleasant acquaintance. I suppose you know that I am to stay with the Swifts until Christmas, and that two patients are coming here from the Sanitarium next week? So the house will be fuller than ever."

"And you are here to speed the parting and welcome the coming guest, Miss Ethel," Mrs. Brown said, by way of a gracious farewell, as she and Miss. Harwood took their leave.

Carrie saw a pained expression on the professor's face, and hastened to observe with warmth, "We shall all miss you dreadfully, Mr. Bainbridge, and the new people won't in the least take your place."

He gave her a grateful look; in a moment he had conjured up before himself the ideal woman who should have Carrie's transparent sincerity, unswerving loyalty, and unselfishness, joined to Ethel's beauty, tact and fascination. But alas! in this imperfect world the man with keen insight into character never comes across those perfect combinations which his vivid imagination invents, and which his less discerning brethren think that they have found; and there are moments when the compensation of being able to see the good points in a Mrs. Brown cannot make up to him for feeling the flaws in those he loves.

After their guests had departed, Ethel rose quickly and, seating herself at the piano, she played one piece after another at the professor's request. There was a minor strain in them all. Carrie grew more and more restless and sad as she listened, until she could bear it no longer; she did not know what troubled her, but she had suddenly become aware of the misery in the world. How could Ethel help loving him? And since she did not, why must she increase his pain by playing this heart-breaking music, and by looking so wonderfully lovely in her white gown, with the candlelight shining on her golden-brown hair, and the deepening color in her cheeks.

"Have I played all your favorites to you now?" Ethel asked after a time. "It is your last chance." She cast down her eyes, and added in a lower tone, "I hope we shall not lose sight of you forever."

"Forever!" exclaimed the professor impetuously, his resentment and doubts alike forgotten.

It was at this point that Carrie left the room. She waited in the dark, upstairs, for a long time. At length Ethel came. She moved softly, for she thought that Carrie was asleep.

"You can light the candle, Ethel; I have not gone to bed, I am over here on the sofa," Carrie said. Ethel crossed the room, and taking a seat by her friend's side, she felt for her hand. This unusual demonstration gave Carrie a sudden pang.

"Carrie, how do you like Mr. Bainbridge?" Ethel asked abruptly.

"Very much, but it would be more to the purpose if I were to ask you how you like him."

Ethel was silent a moment; then she said with a thrill in her voice that Carrie never forgot, "How do I like him? Very well,— that is,— to-night,— I am engaged to him."

There was a dull pain at Carrie's heart all the next day, which grew more intense as the hour for Mr. Bainbridge's departure approached. She was too busy all the morning to allow herself the luxury of thought. In the afternoon the house was overrun with people; there were visitors in the parlor and children everywhere else. She went into the garden, but retreated quickly, for Ethel and the professor were in the summer-house. Then she wended her way to the barn to tell Jerry to be sure to harness the horse in time for Mr. Bainbridge, who was to leave on the five o'clock train. Yielding to a sudden impulse she climbed up into the loft and settled herself comfortably in the hay as she used to do when she was a little girl. She wished she were a little girl now; life was hard for grown-up people.

Why was it she did not rejoice in Ethel's engagement? she asked herself. What did these strange feelings mean?

Surely she had never fancied in her wildest dreams that Mr. Bainbridge might love herself. Her face grew hot at the thought. Then why was she not glad that he was to marry her friend? She was a selfish, jealous girl, for she would have liked to keep his friendship exclusively. For a moment she let herself imagine what it would be to have his love when she had found the crumbs of kindliness which had fallen to her share so pleasant; for a moment she felt how she might have loved him; then she dismissed such reflections as useless. He and Ethel were happy, and it was right that they should be so, for he loved her, and she was beautiful and good. "Much better than I am," thought poor Carrie. "I am not only plain and tiresome, but horrid too."

Through the open doors of the barn she could see Mrs. Brown and Miss Harwood walking down the village street and pausing to talk to her uncle, the doctor, who was just going into the Sanitarium. It was what had happened a hundred times before and it had seemed sufficiently interesting once; but now it was inexpressibly dreary to think of the days stretching on interminably with only such events in them for her.

"I wonder what I was put into the world for," she thought. "And the worst of it is, I am not the only one; I could bear it better if I were. There must be thousands of commonplace people like me, who are not interesting enough to be fallen in love with, but who have hearts of their own just the same. Of course they can't get what they want, and all they can do is to *try* to be glad that some people can. After all it is true, what Mr. Bainbridge said the other night when I got so angry,— that I am of use in this family. I suppose some people are needed just to fill up gaps and make it easier for the others. That idea ought to content me, but somehow it doesn't. Well, any way I am glad for them."

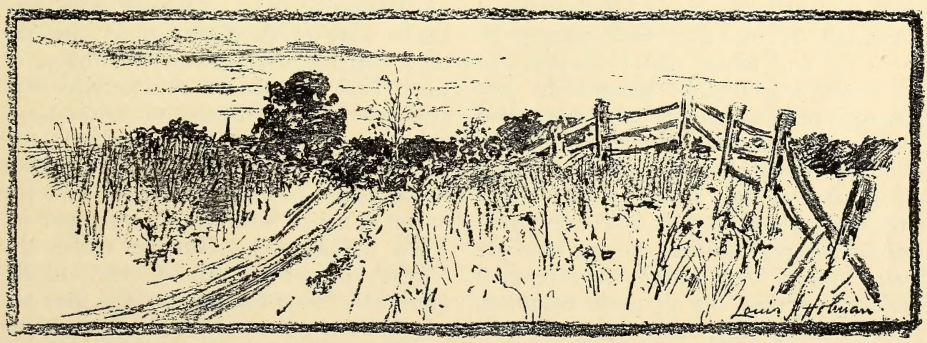
When she reached the house, the carriage that was to take Mr. Bainbridge to the depot was standing at the door, and he was about to help in Ethel, who was to drive him to the station. Carrie went up to them and extended both her hands impulsively.

"I have not had a chance to congratulate you together before," she said, "but I am so very, very glad."

They took her sympathy as a matter of course, and were too much absorbed in their happiness to notice the expression that for a moment glorified her plain face.

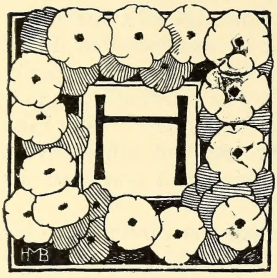
"Fortunate people!" Carrie thought as they drove away. "It can't be very hard for them to part, for they belong to each other."

She stood watching them until they were out of sight, and then she went into the house, to mend and put away the clean clothes.



IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF BURGOYNE'S ARMY.

By N. H. Chamberlain.



ISTORY as writ in the old time is too often like a line engraving, where the drawing is clear and bold enough, but color, with its subtleties of warmth and grace is absent. The picture has no atmosphere. The new men like Froude and Motley light up their historic canvas with warm colors and take great care with the atmosphere of their landscape. The final history of our great heroic epoch of the Revolution, for instance, will not be an engraving, but a painting. It is also coming to be seen that the fountain of the colors of every grave historic event or epoch is to be found in the letters, diaries and private memoranda of the actors in the events, rather than in more formal documents. That rare but charming book, "Travels through the interior parts of America" (London, 1789), by Thomas Anburey, a young officer of Burgoyne's army, is a case in point. Here are letters extending over the years 1776–81, written by a keen observer to his friend in England; which give us not only a close view of the minutiæ of Burgoyne's campaign, but also most vivid pictures of the rural and home life of Canada and the colonies, so that we breathe the very atmosphere in which our forefathers lived and wrought out their liberties. No book at hand, except his own, tells us anything about the author or his future. He writes himself down as a well-bred, gentle-minded, high-spirited young Englishman, with a very bitter but common prejudice against the patriotic colonists. It is a surmise only, based on a very free handling of the subjects in some places, that these letters were addressed to a gentleman, yet their courtesy and warmth of affection sometimes start the suspicion that they were meant for feminine eyes. We shall try to recreate from these letters the atmosphere of our Revolution age, especially as seen in Burgoyne's ill-fated campaign.

The first ardor of the Revolution had manifested itself at Lexington and Bunker Hill, and Washington had been appointed to command in the early summer of 1775. On the last day of that year Montgomery and Arnold, having led famished soldiers with unsurpassed tenacity through a wilderness without bread or bridges, threw themselves in vain against the triple barriers of Quebec; and their wounded army, scattered in Canadian winter forests, died of hunger and the tomahawk, while the remnants, fleeing along the shores of Lake Champlain, wasted with the small-pox, until a mere handful survived. This failure to wrest Canada from England left the colonies to the constant menace of an invasion from that province as a base for military operations. It was this open road into the heart of the rebellion which the authorities in London determined a strong and thoroughly equipped army should take. The nucleus of such an army already existed at Quebec and Montreal, in those regiments under General Carleton which had beaten off the patriots in their assault of December 31st. Strong reinforcements were at once sent out. Among these came young Anburey, in charge of some Irish recruits of the forty-seventh regiment. The voyage of a transport ship from England to Quebec in those days was about three months, and we get many glimpses into the rough, wild life of an English soldier of that period. Then as now, whenever he could, the English officer ate, drank and fought hard; and even now at Saratoga they tell where Burgoyne's head-quarters stood by the bottles which the plough turns up in spring. He regarded the American soldiers as rebel peasants unfit to cope

with gentlemen, and as devoid of courage as of honor; although there are not wanting in these letters traces of a genuine good will towards American liberty, which, voiced in Parliament by men like Barré, Burke and Pitt, hid itself among the common English people, in contrast to the mercantile and aristocratic classes. It lay at the root of English history that her colonies should attempt to be free, and our Revolution was a prophecy of that drift of Christendom towards liberty, equality and fraternity, which to-day makes uneasy the heads of those who wear crowns. We find the captain of a transport, at the risk of his neck, handing over his ship with a valuable military cargo to the rebels in Boston harbor.

Our author notes, as he sails by the Isle of Orleans to Quebec, that there were broad cornfields, large stone houses and several stone churches on it, one so near the shore that they heard the sound of the mass as they passed by. The Canadas had been settled by French immigrants, and the happy, light-hearted life which they had brought with them from sunny France, with its numerous holy days, its niceties of etiquette, its love of dancing and merry makings, showed sharply in contrast with the Puritan austerity of New England and the undemonstrative habits of the English race. They were all devotees of the Roman faith, and had already built stately churches as centres of the Canadian life. In these churches, on Christmas eve, the services began at nine o'clock; at ten, a magnficent cradle was brought in with shouts, and at twelve, a huge, nicely-dressed wax babe was shown, with the music of a brass band and more shouting, and the cradle was vigorously rocked till one, when the pageant ended. By the roadside, numerous crosses were erected, adorned with the implements of the crucifixion, hammer, tongs, nails, and a flask of vinegar, all surmounted by a cock, as an emblem of Peter's downfall. The impatient English officers on their journeys were often greatly vexed at waiting in the frost while their driver stopped before the crosses to say his "little prayers" in the snow. The English soldiers were directed in general orders to salute and uncover before the Host as it passed, and here in the wilderness the old religion held firm sway. The Canadian peasant is described as swarthy, of low stature, meagre habit, from his milk and vegetable diet, while his ordinary dress was a round woolen cap, jacket, and in the cold, a blanket coat held with a worsted sash. Even the children smoked. The women were neat, but with no pretentions to beauty in English eyes; and society held the fashion of a three days' reception at New Years, where the ladies in state received French salutations on both cheeks, a custom apparently much in vogue also with the young English officers. The Seigneurs or gentry were a proud set, who did not disdain to till their own farms or keep a grocery, but would have naught to do with mechanics, as below their blood. There were many who would have been glad to have gone with the Americans, but the army held them back.

Here the army gathered and waited through the winter and spring of 1776–7. Recruits were drilled, riflemen practised, while the soldiers' coats were razed to jackets, and their hats to caps, in the anticipation of the rough wood campaign before them. There was not lacking a touch of grim humor in this soldier's life, as shown by young Anburey's story of the soldiers robbing the cows' tails of hair to wear on their caps according to regimental regulation, while French peasants beat them off with clubs; or of the hospital steward in the winter, while the frost was too deep to admit of burials, ranging round the room the dead soldiers clad in regimentals, and in diverse postures, with their favorite book or pipe in hand. Nor were there lacking traces of the heroic temper of the Americans, as told in the story of that patriot soldier the year before, who, floating down in accident upon an ice cake by Quebec walls, and saved, exhausted, by his enemies, had only life to tell them before he died that his countrymen were sure to drive them out.

General John Burgoyne landed at Quebec, May 6, 1777, and assumed command four days later. He was of gentle blood and bred in courts, but had seen

war in Portugal and elsewhere on the Continent. He afterwards proved no mean orator in parliament, and was not without literary vanity and skill, as his published plays and speeches show. He had watched the fight at Bunker Hill, and was one of those who reported home that Gage, though amiable, was unfit to manage the gathering storm. He owed his appointment to court favor, though his courage was undoubted; and with him went some of the ablest officers in the British army. His business was to march to Albany by Lake Champlain, two hundred miles as the crow flies, and there join Sir William Howe from New York. This done and a chain of forts established along his route, the colonies would be permanently divided, and the New England ones, hot-beds of treason, might, by an army marching east, be rolled together as a scroll or into the sea.

His route was and is the natural path of an army invading us from Canada, and the time was chosen wisely, when the patriots southward under Washington had been wasted before New York, and confronted overwhelming forces in the field. The campaign had been carefully planned in London, and the wild Indians were to be enlisted to add their savage cruelty to the war, under the lead of a Frenchman who had managed Braddock's defeat.

Without resistance Burgoyne's army sailed up Lake Champlain and reached Ticonderoga, July 2d. It mustered 7,863 men, with forty-two guns and four hundred Indians. Fort Ticonderoga, the scene of such bitter strifes in the old wars of French and English, was wisely abandoned by the Americans as untenable, and Burgoyne's army swept south. At Hubbardston, towards Whitehall, it struck the American rear-guard under Colonel Francis, a Massachusetts man, and there among the hills and woods two armies of one blood strove together until English re-inforcements drove the patriots headlong toward the Hudson. In this fight the supremacy of the American riflemen was established, who from high pine trees smote especially the English officers from distances which astonished them. Burgoyne had now two possible routes to the Hudson, — one westward from Ticonderoga by Lake George, which was the route insisted on in London, and the other by the road through Whitehall, over which he was pursuing his enemy. He chose the latter, for reasons which though often assailed have never been discredited, and moved on to his doom. His road, lying through marshes and hill ranges, was so littered by the American axemen felling trees, and forty bridges having to be built before he reached Fort Edward, that he marched hardly more than a mile a day. And now began the stress of his enterprise. Fighting an army is never so hard as feeding one, and his baggage wagons were breaking down in the miserable roads. His Indian allies would drink and murder without stint, but from fair fight they always ran away. Disliked by a civilized army, whom they disgraced by their barbarity toward the defenceless, they went off in troops to find safer quarters than under American guns, and from the red flame of Saratoga they slunk away like felons.

Meanwhile on Burgoyne's left flank the black cloud of New England soldiers gathered and threatened. Them he strove to strike with picked men of the German regiments at Bennington; but they marched so badly in their heavy armor and were handled so stupidly, that country people in their shirt sleeves and in disarray, so struck them in wood and fields that few escaped. Yet Burgoyne, obeying imperative orders, moved on toward Albany. The path he had come was over-run by his enemies, while before him, where and how he did not know, the patriots were mustering.

In contrast with his ignorance, the Americans knew his whereabouts exactly. Gates, versed in war, had come to supersede Schuyler and reform the army, August 19th. Meanwhile Burgoyne, waiting at Fort Edward to gather twenty-five days rations before advance, found his army diminished three thousand men since the day he reached Ticonderoga. His private correspondence shows that he recognized the gravity of the situation and his army confessed that Americans could fight. Nor was he without a certain help from the Tory bush-rangers and

spies, who maintained a bloody warfare with their exasperated countrymen. There was much cruel butchery on all sides in the wilds that surrounded the invading army, and quarter was not so often given as asked. Only a few years ago, in building a road, they dug up the the skeleton of one of Burgoyne's tory spies, Lovelace, exactly as it had been buried, standing upright at the roots of the tree where he had been hung. The patriots had a graduated scale of hatred towards their enemies, ranging from a lesser rage towards the English to a great bitterness against the Hessians, Canadians and Tories.

Burgoyne crossed to the west bank of the Hudson, September 13th. He found himself in an exceedingly ragged and broken country, with deep ravines running west from the Hudson far among abrupt and heavily wooded hills, with only a few scattered farm-houses and patches of cleared land to lend a shade of civilization to the wilderness in which he was about to fight. Of the numbers and position of the American army, which was hid somewhere before him in the wilds, he was singularly ignorant; and with a strange fatality he did not seek to increase his information, but in that crisis of his campaign, where to halt was to be thrown back toward disaster, apart from throwing up some earthworks for a fortified camp, the platforms for whose cannon were visible only a few years ago, he did not attempt aught beyond futile and narrow manœuvres, which in no wise bothered his foes. His spies whom he had sent south to New York to bring him news of British help from below, were not yet returned, and indeed some of them were already in their graves by the rude rule of war. But from whatever cause his unmilitary delay was ominous. Meanwhile the patriot army was mustering stronger every day, and the eager New England militia came in crowds to the grim pastime. An army of British soldiers, with great lords and generals among them, were somewhere in the woods before them, and the red storm could not be far off. September 19th, on a bright fall day, with its left wing upon the Hudson as a pivot, the whole British army swung itself westward into the forest in a slow stately parade and in three divisions, to find its foe. In the early afternoon, in pine groves which sloped down and around a patch of cleared land known as Freeman's Farm, the centres of the two armies struck each other, and for four long hours no sharper strife was ever seen in the west. On the American side the very rage and delirium of war was on the host even to the camp women who fought beside the men; and Anburey tells us that days after, when sent forward on a scout, he found the body of a woman fallen between two soldiers, with cartridges still in her clenched hand. In thickets discipline is marred by trees, and the American yeomanry, left to their own military wit, showed stronger and deadlier than men accustomed to the ways of European parades. The patriotic fervor was only quelled by the English cannon brought rapidly to work, and these were won and lost by the American bayonets several times. An English battery lost its captain and thirty-six out of forty-eight men. On the edge of a glebe, in the space of a few rods square, some fifty grenadiers lay dead or dying, three officers among them, each against a tree. The American rifles searched out the officers especially, of whom many fell, and of the young English gentry who had come out to win their spurs, mere boys indeed, there was sad waste. Of three officers of the 20th regiment buried in one grave, the eldest was only seventeen years. It was only when the English wings swept round against the American flanks that the latter withdrew to their own lines and left the English to bury the dead on the morrow. The struggle was recognized in both armies as an English defeat, with a loss of a thousand men to Burgoyne. Meanwhile for four long hours, in the English rear, in a log hut, four wives whose husbands, officers of rank, were under fire, listened to the battle crash and waited in womans' agony, fearing the worst. One husband was deeply wounded and another killed, and the surgeons turned their hut into an amputation room, and yet these ladies, tenderly nurtured, waited through all in a devotion stronger than danger and death.

Lady Acland, with the pure, strong English face, whose romantic story is told later on, and the Countess Reidesel, with the beautiful blue eyes and sweet girlish countenance, whose little daughters were elsewhere among the tents, were the wives that welcomed back the living. And over the land, which was to be purified for liberty by patriotic sacrifice, other wives and sweethearts waited for tidings which should robe them in widow's raiment or give them gall to drink. American citizenship is cheap with some today; but it was bought in those days with a price greater than gold.

Burgoyne had intended to strike his enemy again the next day; and if he had done so the chances of success, even as computed by the American leaders, were in his favor. But the night of the battle a spy reached him from Sir Henry Clinton, telling him that relief was at hand. He therefore waited in his lines from September 19th to October 7th, for the expected succor. British soldiers have stout hearts to breast defeat, and these could be counted on to waste themselves in the battle flame when ordered, but a sullen despondency and silence not often found in an English camp now took possession of the veterans. Their rations, all the campaign, had been coarse and stinted, and on October 3rd, they had been reduced one-half. Their horses had scant forage and, days before the surrender, only dry leaves to eat. If a foraging party was sent out, the American rifles decimated it before it got back. The men slept at night on their arms, and were disturbed in sleep by perpetual alarms at the outposts, organized by their vigilant enemy. A great outcry like that of a pack of dogs led to the camp order that all dogs found loose at night should be hung up by the provost marshal, but when a company of soldiers were sent out to arrest the clamor, they found it proceeded from wolves howling over the fresh, scant, soldier's graves they were rifling. October 7th, Burgoyne, taking with him fifteen hundred men and ten guns and all his best captains, as the gravity of the venture called for, moved out before midday to find his enemy. He moved so early in order, that if driven back, he might reach camp before nightfall, and he hoped to break through the iron band that held him to starve and waste in the wild. By two o'clock he had found his eager enemy, who smote him with an outbreak of fire fiercer than that of September. Gates was at his centre, out of fire, and was supposed to direct by his aids. But the true military genius of Saratoga was a man who, above Judas Iscariot, Americans most abhor, Benedict Arnold. By military law, Arnold had no command, and did not even belong to the army. Gates had forbidden him to give any order, and any court-martial, by the military code, would have been forced to condemn him to death on a hundred proven counts. He refused all orders from his superiors, when under fire, and struck one of them over the head with the flat of his sword. But the common soldiers knew him of old as a man to lead on and through when the flame was hottest, and so whenever he saw the enemy he rushed at him with his men in hand, raging as if mad, so that some called the delirium of a soldier's courage, drunkenness. But he was cool enough to detect where a blow would tell, and his stroke followed close upon his thought. The Americans fired ball and buckshot together, and the best fell before them. Sir Francis Clark, Burgoyne's most trusted friend and aid, fell early. General Fraser, best beloved of brave men in all the army, was also mortally wounded by a marksman a quarter of a mile away. "That brave man on the gray horse yonder urging on his men is Fraser," said the American officers to Morgan's riflemen; "it's hard, but shoot him." A ball cut his saddle pommel, and another his rein. "Dismount, General," said his aid, "they single you out." "I must not shun danger," he answered, and thereupon fell. Two men led him painfully to the rear, and when he came to camp they crowded around him, but he shook his head sadly, and they knew there was no hope. Acland, of the grenadiers, was wounded and a prisoner, though he offered fifty guineas if any man would take him off the field. The battle lasted less than an hour, when the

English moved sullenly back to the camp, leaving their guns and their dead and wounded. It was now nightfall, and suddenly Arnold broke in against the camp with a rolling sheet of flame, as Anburey tells us, strangely lighting up the darkness ; but Lord Balcarras with his light infantry thrust him back and stayed, at that point, the disaster. Whereupon Arnold, in his rage, swept around to the British right flank, where the German General Breymann kept his camp, broke into it, and, driving out its defenders with the bayonet, laid bare the flank and rear of the defeated and broken army. It retreated in the night, leaving its wounded and hospitals to the Americans. A cold rain began to fall at eleven at night, and the chill added to the discomfort. They had no tents ; the soldiers slept in the air, and the season proved very rainy.

There is a bit of stern romance in the after relations of Arnold and Lord Balcarras, who on this eventful evening strove so bitterly together in Saratoga woods. Afterwards in London, under the stress of a royal introduction, Balcarras refused to recognize the traitor as a gentleman. The latter sent a challenge, and at the meet fired at the other, who turned away without returning fire. "Why do you not fire?" cried Arnold. "Sir," was the proud, bitter answer, "I leave you to the executioner." On Saratoga battlefield there is a stately monument in honor of the American army. On that monument there are four niches. Three of them contain each the portrait of an American general who commanded here. The fourth is vacant, and underneath is simply writ, "Arnold." History, relentless as the judge of hades, is Arnold's executioner, in a punishment where neither the death nor the shame dies. Yet she says he fought well at Saratoga.

The details of the after tragedy, to be noted briefly here, are full of pathos and human interest. The enemy were of the old Norse and Saxon blood, and there were many who would have been glad to have turned and died savagely in their tracks against the overwhelming odds. As it was, the rank and file took their work, whatever was ordered, with a stout, sullen temper untamed of disaster, and Gates, in his great caution, showed no underestimate of his now broken enemy. In the little room where General Fraser lay dying, the Countess Reidesel and her little children were huddled with wounded officers, and the house was littered with sick and dying men. When General Fraser, according to his last request, was buried at evening on the great redoubt of the camp, and the long, slow procession of officers wound over the hillside, the American cannon by mistake first opened fire upon the mourners, throwing up the earth upon the parson's book, who read the English burial service — and after learning their mistake, in homage for a brave man, fired harmless minute guns to grace the ceremony. Against the house where the women and children had taken shelter, and some officers had unwisely shown themselves, as if taking observations with their glasses, the Americans levelled their guns, until eleven cannon balls went crashing through its timbers, making scars that show today, and smote a wounded soldier on the amputation table into a shapeless mass in the corner. Through that long day the women and the wounded hid in the cellars, and there, in the sweet charity of woman, the Countess Reidesel ministered to pain and wounds, though the sufferers were only common soldiers. Yet when this same sweet lady, after the surrender, drove up with her children in her homely carriage to Gates' headquarters, overflowing with officers from both sides, a gentleman came forward, and, taking out the children with a kiss, offered, with a grave courtesy, his own quarters to the lady, and gave them all a right good dinner. And when that same lady after asked him to find lodgings for her in Albany, he sent his servant with her, and to her surprise was ushered into that gentleman's family as her home, where every courtesy was shown her. That gentleman was General Schuyler, — and Burgoyne had ruined his property up the river. While the wounded and women were in the house before mentioned, under fire, there was no water for the dying, and it was worth any man's life to go for it. But when a soldier's wife went out with her pail to the stream, every rifle

in the tree tops spared her, and she came back again and again in safety, to receive from the officers, when all was over, a gift of twenty guineas for her brave service.

When Lady Acland knew that her husband was wounded and a prisoner, she went to Burgoyne in the confusion of the retreat, and begged him to send her with a commendatory letter to Gates, that she might join her husband. It was night; the country was full of angry men and stragglers; she was in very delicate health, and had been twelve hours in the rain without food, and the only stimulant to be had was a little rum mixed with dirty water, which a soldier's wife gave her. She was sent in the dark down the river in a boat, with the army chaplain for protection. At the American outpost she was kept long in the open boat under rain, but at last came to headquarters, where Gates received her graciously, and she joined her husband, and nursed him back to health. Years after, in London, at a dinner party, this same Major Acland "gave the lie" to an officer who charged the Americans with cowardice, and fell in the duel that followed. Lady Acland went insane for two years or more, and after recovery married the very chaplain who had been her escort on the night she came through two armies to her husband.

In defeat Burgoyne showed as he was. Elegant, dissolute, but personally brave, he was not the man whom a great blow causes to stand bolt upright in the altitude of a great, dominant nature. His handling of his army from the start, while showing a technical skill, lacked that military genius which inspires and enforces victory. His grasp was never strong upon his army, and his blows were never bitter upon his enemy. The fact is, the atmosphere of the English Court under the Georges could never be the breath of a hero's nostrils. Cromwell or Bonaparte, repulsed at Saratoga, would have turned swiftly back upon their track, and brought out with a high hand a high-spirited army into the open of Ticonderoga, and the friendly freedom of the lake that led to Canada. Burgoyne dallied with hope, and played loosely with fortune until the American arms hemmed him in. That he was unworthy of his army is proved from the fact that when his regiment lay around him in the night rain without food, he was the man who, in General Schuyler's lighted house, spent the night in revel with champagne and boon companions of both sexes. His army, crushed together in narrow confines, and under hostile cannon, with only three days' rations, was surrendered October 15, upon most favorable terms. It was agreed that substantially without degradation the army should stack their arms and be sent back to England, upon agreement not to serve in the war. This agreement the American Congress evaded on pretexts, but for the real reason that they meant to keep them out of the struggle, and once in England they might release garrisons to come back in their stead. Most were not released until the signing of the peace in 1783, and before that time many officers and men had gone where there is no roll call. A careful historical student, after a late and thorough investigation of the documents, gives this guarded verdict:

"A survey of the doings of Congress in regard to the Convention of Saratoga forces upon me the conviction that their acts are not marked by the highest exhibition of good policy or good faith."

The stacking of their arms was made without an American soldier in sight, and their whole treatment by the victors was considerate and humane. It was considered a courtesy for our army bands to play our only national air of Yankee Doodle, just come into vogue, and young Anburey thus naïvely remarks on the performance:

"Yankee Doodle is now their poem, their favorite of favorites played in their army; it is the lover's spell, the nurse's lullaby. After our rapid successes, we held the Yankees in great contempt; but it was not a little mortifying to hear them play this tune when their army was marched down to our surrender."

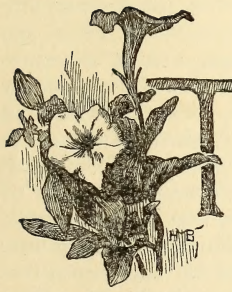
Burgoyne's blame in the disaster has been already noted. But the English war department was still more blameworthy. The plan of the campaign, still preserved in the British Museum, had been overlooked and annotated by the king himself, and pledged military assistance from New York was one of the

elements of Burgoyne's venture. He notified Sir William Howe of his intentions, from London and Quebec; yet the latter left him in his crisis to his fate, and coolly sailed away to Philadelphia. The reason of this miscarriage curiously illustrates either the imbecility of the British Cabinet or the interposition of Divine Providence in behalf of the American cause, according as one happens to look at it. As agreed with Burgoyne, orders were to be issued to Howe; but Lord George Germaine, going into Kent, would not tarry from his pleasures a half hour or so to sign them, and on his return to town quite forgot them. Howe received no orders and Burgoyne no succors, but the unsigned document was found in safety in its pigeon-hole, after the surrender.

Indeed, England waged war against us in our Revolution neither with that energy nor sagacity which befitted her military fame. No idea worthy of her race and mission strengthened her arms in the field; while the inspiration of a great endeavor abode with us. Burgoyne's fate sealed our victory. The Nemesis for which France, bewailing her lost Canadas and her dissipated dream of a great empire in the west, had waited was fallen upon England at Saratoga. The rifles of American yeomanry had abridged and meted out the military and imperial glory of her ancient rival; and France hastened to confirm the disaster with a prompt assistance. Franklin and the American Commissioners, who had waited long in Paris with heart-break at French indifference and evasion, now found the ear of the French Cabinet wide open to their solicitations, and the struggling people of the west soon beheld the French lilies arranged in battle line beside the stars and stripes. It is without doubt true, as Professor Creasy puts it, that Saratoga was one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world.

THE ROSHUAYANS,

By Margaret Bertha Wright.



TO voyagers through "the Reach" the promontory seems a wild region, gashed with deep fissures, looming with craggy bosses, uninhabited, and veiled in a mysterious haze.

From the Castine side it seems even more sombre and mysterious, for there its solemn trees grow straight up from the water's edge, climbing steep walls to the sky, and giving effect of an unbroken forest rising directly from the waves. One might easily imagine it a region of gnome and elf and fay, of robber chiefs, sleeping beauties and haunted castles — save for the ever-unescapable knowledge that such are not indigenous to the coast of Maine.

But, in fact, it is a lonely land. Almost never have stranger feet, save of eager treasure-seekers and campers from the Main, scrambled over these rocks. "Sorter wild," Castine wharfers will tell you the Roshuayans are; and the Brooksvillian, but four miles away, will say he was never on "the Cape" in his life, with the air of one who does not care to go forth to see only reeds shaken in the wind.

Like many a savage isle it figures chiefly in dreams and prophecies. Sybils and seers babble of it in oracles. Many a heart has beat high with dreams of untold wealth and glory and power hid within its purple mystery. Weedy chasms and displaced boulders show where argonauts have hunted pirate gold, always buried we know, where the imagination is stimulated by an expression of spiritual, as well as physical aloofness. It has more than once happened to the Roshuayan

proprietor to find his ponds "dreened" and his pastures rent while he slept, by gold hunters from the western and southern States, who have taken this *terra incognita* for the region described of soothsaying. Not only Captain Kidd is tracked here, but the treasure-pots of fleeing Boston tories are imagined to seed the soil, as well as of nameless pirates who seem in the other world more concerned for the dubloons and ingots they could not take with them than for all the consequence of misdeeds in the flesh that assailed them there.

It is scarcely strange that phantom feet glide constantly over these rough rocks and fields; that the shimmer of ghostly garments thrills belated wayfarers; that the women so often fall into trances and jabber in unknown tongues; that the men see visions, and the children hear whispers in the dark. It is not wonderful that Orr's Cove on the map is Spirits' Cove to the dwellers upon it, who see spectral sails drifting out to the horizon, and hear voices known to have been swallowed long ago by far seas. Nor is it strange that when weird, wailing sounds float down as it were from the skies, that the community falls into Millet-Angelus attitudes, and never doubts that the sounds are supernatural, and not the crooning whistle of a new Bangor tug.

Neither is it strange that the *Banner of Light* is favorite reading, or that when a prominent Roshuayan goes to Boston once a year to consult "his medium" he is charged with messages to half the dead of the Cape.

The Roshuayans are too unworldly to resent the term "natives" so contemptuously repudiated by the "aborgines" of Mount Desert near by. It is little indeed they are called upon to resent from the outside world. They know little of it, they care nothing for it. The throbbing heart of the universe for them is that six-mile space dotted sparsely with their homes. With not one of their crazy timepieces keeping step with another, with hazy ideas of the day of the week, and none at all of the day of the month, they are a race apart, kindred only to the rest of the world by their share in our universal pain, sorrow, and loss. Death does not forget them, or love, and the tragedy of life, and the joy, is doubtless as keen to them as when sovereigns love and die.

For over a hundred years this handful of natives, descendants of two or three original couples, two of them 'English Howards' have inhabited the Cape, always father and son, mother and daughter, the same names from great-great-grandfather to least of grandsons. No stranger comes, save long ago the foreign sailor who left his wife and unborn child, and sailed away forever; and once in a generation or two a runaway boy returns with some coasting captain and remains, marries, and introduces fresh blood into the Roshuay strain.

Even the roads bear witness to the universal familyship. You may not pass a mile, away from the Main Road, without opening six or seven of the barred gates by means of which farmers allow themselves and each other to save the expense of fencing in their fields. Thus do brothers dwell in amity.

A fleeting visitor comes always with a sort of shock to the Roshuayans like an electrical flash. All the Cape is affected by it. Even the pleasuring buckboards from Castine draw the inhabitants into sight like mustard plasters. Years ago almost the only incursion from the outer world, the Cape not yet discovered by Castine buckkoards, was the wise and choleric Dr. S——, who knew how to bleed men, but not to make them bleed gold. "Ragbaby Howard," some of whose descendants to this day love tatters better than whole raiment, was nigh unto death. Years before he had sworn that no Howard should inherit his farm, because, generations before he was born, an English Howard had sailed away from the Cape and never come back again, carrying with him a fortune in furs, and with them the lives of his own cheated brother and a family of children.

"There's pizen in the Howards!" Ragbaby always declared. "The doctor has striv and friz for us, and he shall have the farm."

Doubtless the dying man by rights owed the doctor much more than the value of his rough acres, but the latter

denied Ragbaby's right to disinherit his children.

"They're Howards, I tell you!" insisted the dying man. "There's pizen in 'em all, and they shan't have my farm!"

The doctor bided his time. When the dying eyes were filmed, he said solemnly:

"Now you are almost gone; if you repent your injustice to your children, press my hand."

The wily old doctor looked round triumphantly as Ragbaby breathed his last.

"He was a just, honest man!" he exclaimed. "He squeezed my hand!"

But every one knew that the just man fibbed, whose word was as good as any bond.

The Cape is quite unchanged in appearance, since the early French explorers first sighted Isle-au-Haut farther out in the bay. Many of the names given by those sea-rovers linger yet, with a sea-change into sounds new and strange. Isle-au-Haut is Iler-holt to Cape Roshuay, and Roshuay itself is a memory of le Capitaine Rozier. Rozier is not flourishing. Its days are sere. Significant depressions, lined with weeds, are all that remain of quenched household fires. Some families are entirely extinct, others reduced to one or two sons or daughters who have gone away having nothing to hold them here. Some houses again are empty because a Boston company has bought the roughest farms, and the owners have gone away with the proceeds. Only lately have the guileless Roshuayans begun to suspect why that Boston greenhorn bought tide-washed rocks and ragged "mountings" rather than tilled farms. Now, however, imagination has run to the other extreme, and upon every boulder-strewn height a thronged hotel is seen by the awakened inhabitants.

The real wonder is that this wild and romantic promontory has not been long ago "gobbled" by summer cottagers. The difficulty of access has doubtless been the chief reason, as the Cape has never had any sort of a steamer landing — one is now building — and no means of public conveyance whatever. I was put down over the steamer's side by means of a ladder into a rocking skiff, in the Reach, and rowed to the Cape. When we returned, we were rowed to Castine in a leaky dory, and there took the steamer. The Castine buckboards cross by a ferry ten miles up the river, and make a day's excursion of "The Cape." One of the Roshuayan houses tilts upon its side almost a field's width from its brambly cellar. It was removed thus to outwit a ghost. One of the many ghostly Howards labored with axe and saw every midnight in that cellar, shaping for himself a coffin that should not leak, as all do leak when made by living hands. The separation of house and cellar seems unnecessary, as nobody has occupied the house since. Whether the ghost continues his nocturnal carpentry, whether he has finally housed himself from the damp, nobody seems to know. If he is quiet, at last a mystery of ghost-life may be considered solved — that a spook born under a roof will not work under the stars.

Roshuayan farmhouses are usually black and weatherbeaten, the most of them touched by decay. Tall and brilliant dahlias enliven many of the doorways, and bits of gardens bloom with old-fashioned flowers; while by unfenced roads ruddy pumpkins blaze like moons close under our horse's shying feet. Along the edge of Goose Creek, up which yachts from "Little Deer" float airily with summer boarders at high tide, and from which not a flounder could escape at low tide, dreary fisher cots crouch close beside rocks, the color of which they seem to have absorbed. How inexpressibly forlorn they are! Even in sweet summer they express a chill and famine. What must they be when winter shuts everything up in a box of ice? In actual comfort the bamboo hut of the South Sea islander is their superior. In picturesqueness the prairie log-cabin surpasses them; in expression of human intelligence and character the Indian wigwam is their equal. No dahlias here embroider the dim soil with color, no marigolds, no pumpkins. Nothing but ooze and slime, tottering fish-flakes, rotting lobster pots and wild children, with probably a few slanting gravestones in the middle distance, all the Roshuayans going

under the sod of their own pastures, and lingering even after death at their own backdoors. Fortunately for the inhabitants of these tumbledown huts, the sky is low over heads born in such places, and none fall into ditches because of watching the stars.

The hills are steep on Roshuay, and the road climbs them with noble contempt of the nerves of city folk. The Roshuayans themselves drive down them like mad. The wagons are without breaks, the impetus and push are such that the horses are obliged to run for their lives to avoid dying on their own noses, while the sensation to the passengers is that of flying through the air, with prospect of being "dumped" at any instant. One's hair almost turns white in a single flight. Ox teams are the safest travellers upon these heights, (only four horses are owned on the Cape) but even they have been known to come down coasting upon their own sleds. But one pleasure wagon or pleasure vehicle of any sort, is owned upon the Cape, the Concord, to which we cling with upstanding locks and distended eyes during much of our "pleasure" driving.

"Undercliff," where the Concord is owned, is a toy cottage of crenolated and battlemented pine, cuddling under Mount Desire, and facing an exquisite view of island-dotted sea. Those islands loom and hide in the mist, or shimmer and glow in the sun, as poetically by name of Hog, Dog, Ram, Buck, Fox, Eagle, Deer, as were they called the Cyclades, or by Calypso's name.

All Roshuayans go afloat, for the cold soil cannot possibly support them. They go fishing, coasting, lumbering, scolloping. The young men go to the Banks, or to coast fishing, or they leave the field during "canning-time" and see the world, and come home with store clothes, from stations on the Penobscot River. The young women go to domestic service on the main, the wildly adventurous roaming even so far as the Beverly shoeshops, whence two at least return now and then wedded and prosperous.

Homer would have sung of the Roshuayans had he known them. Mothers and daughters spin wool and weave it, sometimes straight from the sheep's back without carding. When a sheep is spied by its owner with gashed fleece, it is more than suspected that "over the mounting" somebody is already knitting up that missing wool. Matrons and maids "tromple" hay, and drive the creaking wain and wide-horned cattle; they harvest sour apples, and pull beans from the vines, and draw water from bubbling springs, and turn the cider-press. Unlike Homeric people they do not pour water over the hands for all possible occasions. The family flour barrel is sometimes the family toilet stand. Ruddy maidens dress their locks dangerously near the chowder, which perhaps, after all, is no more than the king and queen of the sea-loving Phœceans did and Nausica, their ivory-armed daughter. These brave women — dressed much alike, for the pedlar boat brings sixty yards of one gingham and eighty of another — carry on the farm as well as the house, while "fotther" is afloat. They milk and rake, and reap and sew and sow. They "go a clammin," at the back door, with baby clinging to their petticoats, and while the goose greens boil for dinner. They make rag mats by the score, and knit a mitten or a sock between "milking and bed." In August, when fields and waysides are heavily fringed with jet, they turn out for blackberrying. Twenty or thirty quarts are gathered, a group walks from two to four miles, each member takes an oar and rows two or three miles to the main, to sell berries from door to door at from eight to twelve cents a quart.

Our hostess is a particularly bright woman, with a genius for picturesque story-telling that would have made her historic, had she been born in the days and the sphere of the triumphant French *salon*. She is utterly without pretence or affectation, tonic and racy, and brilliant as dandelion blossom and barberry fruit. She has lived away from Roshuay, whereas her girls have never seen more than their native fields. Why is it that these girls, rustic to the core, are ashamed to have it told that they sell berries every year of their lives, that they earn their clothes by knitting for a dealer on the Main, and that they work in other kitchens than

their own? Where does this blight of affectation and false pride not penetrate in America, if Rozier be not without it?

Was ever a Homeric maiden ashamed of spreading the snowy fleece or turning the milky flax?

It is a strange folly, for our Roshuay damsels lug huge trunks up and down the stairs which we call "golden" because they are so narrow, dark, and steep, with the unblushing strength of hotel porters. These blooming maids do not realize the picture they make — a picture worthy of a Leopold Robert — when the winter vegetables come home to the cellar door. Only russet potatoes quickly following russet hay — the Roshuayan's only crops, yet they come picturesquely home as ever did wine-blooded clusters. A young Amora drives the jigger, standing as erect upon it as a young sapling. The barrels are heaped with russet, and round them and over them bareheaded girls wreathe themselves like garlanded nymphs round Bacchic urns.

All the large fish have been driven from these waters, till even a harbor pollock is regarded as a prize. Tomcods (the frost fish of the more southern coast) and flounders may be caught at the rate of one a minute, at times. The stranger boarding here at five dollars, with every boating and sailing privilege thrown in as freely as water, may fish his own dinners till he loathes them, and sighs with rapture before "biled dish." Now and then a porpoise neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, is divided among neighbors, furnishing slices like briney beefsteaks, juicy, tender, and toothsome.

"Let us drive to Blue Hill," we murmured. "For there we shall find a change from fish and lobster, clams, baked beans, and biled dish."

"Fish or baked beans?" asked the maid of the Exchange, whooping-coughing in our ears with all her might and main that night at supper.

At breakfast the next morning, which was Sunday, "Beans or fish?" coughed the maid.

"Nobody eats beans for Sunday dinner," we consoled ourselves, "or fish three times in succession at a hotel."

At dinner, "Fish or biled dish?" asked the maid.

One day we stopped in a house while the "Cap'n" jabbered outside with its master. The mistress was a fragile little creature, with heartbreak upon her face.

"I have never left the Cape since my marriage — thirty years ago," she said; "but I must go soon to get some teeth."

"How did you get rid of the old ones?"

"We women neighbors own a pair of forceps, and each pulls out her own."

Surely if any need teeth the Roshuayans do, who chew gum through long revolving years.

Three fisher lads come to spend the evening. Three wooden chairs are fastened against the wall. Three pairs of jaws move automatically, three? — no, ten! For mother chews, the girls chew, and chews likewise the stranger within their gates from sheer nervousness, and with nothing but fancy, sweet or bitter, for a cud.

The summer's social centre is the post-office, a black farmhouse with views like paradise. Twice a week the roads are flecked with figures all moving to one common focus. The farmhouse takes on a gala air, with doors and windows wide open, and shirt-sleeved men and boys lounging on the steps and the bench beside them. The bed in the parlor puts on "shams" and "frills," and the room is crowded with knitting and baby-tending matrons and young girls unemployed.

The mail-carrier arrives in an open buggy, and soon all Rozier knows what sort of a "ketch" Ernest is having at the banks, what wages Medora gets, and if Alonzo ain't agoing back on Melissa. Then the postmaster informs the circle that the postal revenues are increasing, there's a stranger at Cap'n Davis's who buys fifty cents worth of stamps at a time, and the income that day was seventy cents!

The stranger who watches bright girls float airily out upon the Reach, bareheaded in all weathers, to bring a dinner from its depths, does not wonder that the snap camera is such a bold thief of young beauty. Maid Vivian or Bianca (pronounced "Byanshy"), or Sybella, or

Flora, or Gladys, or Blanche, or Pearl (the Roshuayan mothers are fond of "story names") handles her boat as a mother her cradle, and looks bewitchingly pretty as she hauls a mighty lobster pot hand over hand from the deeps. But it is only a fleeting picturesqueness, and soon wind and weather make her an Undine no more.

Though entirely without Christian ministration "destitooter of the sperit 'n' the nood heathen," as a layman told them, the community is a moral one, even though in the matters of cider and the fish laws its conscience is its own, and not the Maine legislature's. Almost their only religious observance is of funerals, when a prayer is made and Scripture read by a Roshuayan who keeps piety in stock for such occasions. "Comes handy for funerals," was said of an otherwise useless old man "gifted in prayer."

Only a homespun justice marries them, fresh from the cow-yard, or from fish flakes; the contract to them is a civil and not a sacramental one, yet they are faithful to their bargain with each other. Scandals are few, and never in the history of the Cape has an arrest been made, or a man taken away to prison. Unfathered children come now and then, but rarely elsewhere than "over the mounting," where stockings are knit straight from the sheep, or in these dreary cots crouching under gray rocks in brambly pastures. Divorces are much more common, and that it *un*marries, is all some Roshuayans know of the law to which they are all so loyal.

Now and then a sailboat darts to and fro in "the Reach," pausing for swift swallow dips upon islets where only the fishhawk dwells. Sometimes even, the stay will be longer, a white dog-tent will blossom like a shining water lily for a few days. The boat swims hither and yon, dragging mysterious masses behind it, or pushing them before. Then we learn that river pirates, *not* Roshuayans, have been this way offering dressed lumber cheap so far from "Bangor River."

Dark, hairy men, wild of visage and manner, straddling like stage buccaneers, and swearing like real ones, roll ashore just below the houses. They reel up to the back door, casting tobacco juice right and left, and sometimes showing rolls of bills that look like wealth of Golconda, but are of the lowest denomination. If we met them elsewhere, we should be terrified, as if meeting dragons in the way. We do not like to meet them even here. For only yesterday when we tumbled unanimously out of our boats into the water upon trying to land, they roared with devilish glee, and never offered to help us back again. They have come ashore now from those grimy schooners in the cove, which ought to be "clipper built" and "rakish," but are only clumsy. The buccaneers are Deer Island wood-carriers.

So isolated a community of about one hundred and fifty people is naturally given to wholesale intermarrying. In the course of generations certain vigorous families have got the upperhand, and forced their names upon the community to the extinction of others. Notably is this the case with the Grays who beget only sons. One woman the stranger always named as "Madame Gray de Gray-Gray" — she being born Gray, and espousing two other Grays.

Idiocy does not result from this relationship, so far as a stranger sees, though some sillies roam the pastures, and we hear of dead crazy ones. Cancer leaves a dreadful trail, and morbid instincts have driven more than one Roshuayan to morose exile upon solitary isles. There are several pure albinos, with snowy white hair and pink eyes. The brothers and sisters of these are perfectly normal, only one albino has ever come in a family, and the effect is always of the same crossing of blood.

One of the sillies is Mary Davis, witless and a pauper for sixty years.

Mary and another silly were once "bid down" from the town by a man who owned an island in the bay where a fishing shanty stood and drift wood was abundant. He left the two poor creatures here with fish lines and cornmeal. When he went for them in the autumn lo! a son had come to one, a daughter to the other. "Tee-hee-hee," laughed the sillies. "Yere's Adam, yere's Eve."

THE EDITORS' TABLE.

THE Harvard senior who on Commencement Day urged the claims of the public school as the great remedy for American Philistinism was touching an important truth. What is Philistinism but the narrow experience and the narrow view, the lack of the large and public spirit? What is it but content in comfort, instead of aspiration and stalwartness? It matters little of what sort is the comfortable content, whether of the prosperous young deacon in the village, warm in satisfaction over his inheritance or his lucky enterprise and over his election to the general court, or the New Jerusalem, contemptuous, with a contempt not born of familiarity, of the doctors of the other party and the other church, or of the family from Murray Hill summering in the biggest and most gorgeous suites at the *Metropole* and the *Grande Hotel*, never minding the expense, and never feeling that there are any more significant spots in all London or all France. This Philistinism is more costly than the other, it exercises itself in larger pastures; but it is not itself larger, and it is not smaller. The deacon and his wife and the millionnaire and his wife are alike insulated and parochial in their experience and by their experience. We are not here speaking of millionnairism or deaconism — we have found the deacons, as we have known them, an estimable class; we are pointing out that Philistinism flourishes alike in the hamlet and the capital, and is nourished by what tends to make men satisfied in the materialities and the superior positions. We could draw illustrations from much higher classes. There is the least Philistinism where there is the strongest public spirit, the greatest civic pride, the sturdiest common life — in old Athens, in fifteenth century Florence, in eighteenth century Boston. Philistinism grows with the growth of the feeling of class and caste and of the social ambitions which pertain to this instead of to the temper of a high democracy. Our Harvard senior is quite right in thinking that the great development of the private school system in our cities is a threat to our democracy and a proof that our democratic spirit has already suffered. We are not saying that this or that private school is not a good school — we think that few could give higher or sincerer praise than we, and that the master of the public school might learn a hundred times from the master of the other. We are not denying that there is a certain place for the private school. We are saying that the private school, broadly speaking, is the rich man's school and the school of those struggling to get into the rich man's society, that it threatens democracy in America, that it promotes class feeling, and that our Harvard student is right in perceiving that it thus ultimately nourishes Philistinism. It is no new thing surely to see and to say that the great promoter of public spirit is public education. Aristotle said it with power to Athens more than two thousand years ago. Phillips Brooks said it with power to Boston in his oration on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Boston Latin School. He rightly pointed out that no boy in private schools could ever get that which this great public school with its traditions and its proud consciousness of its relations to the city's life supplied. We need in all our cities a great revival of devotion to the public school. We want to secure for every child that sturdy education which comes from mingling with the rich and poor alike, from seeing the "Paddy" and the "Jew" at the head of the class, from learning that only merit is strong, from knowing in the school an America in miniature. We want that personal interest in the public school on the part of every influential man, which can only be fully felt when his own children are in the public school. Our Harvard student has done well to set this before the people as a common duty; and he has done well, we think, in seeing that this duty is also great advantage, and great protection, if we look far enough, from a narrowness which a community and a family ought to dread.

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IN connection with the important commemoration to be held in Switzerland during the present month of August, which is noticed in the article on the Swiss Confederation in the preceding pages, many will be interested to know that a translation of the Swiss Constitution by Professor Albert B. Hart of Harvard College has recently been added to the general series of Old South Leaflets, issued by the Directors of the Old South Studies in History, in Boston. The historical and bibliographical notes in this leaflet by Professor Hart will be so useful at this time to many desiring to compare the Swiss political system with our own, that we reproduce them here:

"Of all the foreign federal constitutions now in operation, the most important for comparison with the Constitution of the United States is that of Switzerland. Switzerland is composed of the most ancient group of republics which still retain their republican institutions; it is also the oldest confederation now in existence; in many respects it bears a strong resemblance in government to the United States, and many problems common to both federations have been worked out in Switzerland in a manner most instructive to Americans.

The foundation of the Swiss Constitution is the old Swiss Federation which lasted from 1291 to 1798. The system of government was loose yet complicated. Privileged classes and inequalities between citizens and between districts prevented a strong feeling of union.

By the intervention of the French in 1798 a single centralized state was substituted for the thirteen old cantons. This government was so foreign to the spirit of the people that in 1803 Napoleon granted a moderately centralized federal government under the so-called Act of Mediation. After the downfall of the French Empire a loose confederation, not unlike that of 1815, was substituted, and

territory were made. The Constitution proved too narrow for the purposes of the nation, and did not prevent political and religious struggles, which culminated in civil war. In 1848, a new Constitution, modelled in many respects after that of the United States, was adopted. Still later, in 1874, under the influence of the triumph of the federal principle in the American Civil War, and the foundation of the Canadian and German federations, that Constitution was remodelled in the form shown above. Several amendments have since been passed and incorporated into the body of the Constitution.

By far the best books in English on the constitutional history of Switzerland are: "The Federal Government of Switzerland, An Essay on the Constitution," by Bernard Moses, San Francisco, 1889; and "The Swiss Confederation," by Sir Francis Ottiwell Adams and C. D. Cunningham, London and New York, 1889. Both books are elaborate descriptions and discussions of the workings of the Swiss government. Briefer accounts in English may be found in Woolsey's "Political Science," Vol. II. pp. 208–223; and in Woodrow Wilson's recent treatise on "The State," §§ 505–577. Edward Freeman in the introduction to his "History of Federal Government" (London, 1863) alludes to, rather than describes the Swiss government, but his essay on "Presidential Government" (*National Review*, November, 1864: reprinted in his "Historical Essays") is an interesting and valuable comparison of the American and Swiss systems. A somewhat detailed historical account will be found in May's "Democracy in Europe," Vol. I. pp. 333–403. The article in the Encyclopædia Britannica, Ninth edition, may also be consulted. Statistical and political details for each year are best obtained in the annual "Statesman's Year Book." The topography of the country is excellently shown in Baedeker's standard "Handbook of Switzerland," which is revised every few years, and which abounds in local historical details.

The elaborate works on the Swiss Constitution are almost all in German. Oechsli in his "Quellenbuch," Zürich, 1886, gives the texts of all the documents embodying the Swiss Constitution from its foundation. Texts of present Constitutions, federal and cantonal, may be found in Demombyne's "*Constitutions Européennes*," Paris, 1881, Vol. II. pp. 271–320; and in the official "*Sammlung*" or "*Recueil*," Berne, 1880. The laws and resolutions of the Confederation, including constitutional amendments, are in the official "*Amtliche Sammlung der Bundesgesetze und Verordnungen*," Berne, 1889. Meyer has issued a succession of works: "*Geschichte des schweizerischen Bundesrechts*," 1875 and 1878; "*Eidgenossische Bundesverfassung, Bundesgesetze und Bundesbeschlüsse*," 1876; "*Staats Kalender der schweizerischen Eidgenossenschaft*," 1883. Bluntschli has published a "*Staats und Rechts Geschichte der Schweiz*," 1849, and a more important "*Geschichte des schweizerischen Bundesrechts von den ersten ewigen Bunden bis auf die Gegenwart*," two vols., 1849–52, 2d edition, Vol. I. 1875. More useful are the compact treatises of Jacob Dubs, "*Das öffentliche Recht der schweizerischen Eidgenossenschaft*," 1877–78, two parts (also, in a French edition, "*Droit publique de la Confederation Suisse*," Zürich, 1878), and of A. von Orelli, "*Das Staatsrecht der schweizerischen Eidgenossenschaft*" (in Marquardsen's "*Handbuch des offentlichen Rechts*"), Freiburg, i. B., 1885. Dubs devotes himself to a critical discussion of the workings of the Constitution, with much information not usually to be found in legal works, and with frequent references to the United States. The most voluminous work on Swiss history is Dändliker, "*Geschichte der Schweiz*," 3 vols., Zürich, 1884–1887.

In French two works need to be mentioned: A. Morin, "*Précis de l'Histoire Politique de la Suisse*," 5 vols., Geneva, 1856–1875; and Dareste's "*Constitutions Moderne*," Paris, 1883 Vol. I. pp. 439–469. There is also a Spanish work, by Moreno, "*Principales Constituciones o Instituciones Politicas . . . de la Confederacione Helvetica*," Madrid, 1881.

Brief bibliographies of the subject are in Wilson's "State," p. 333; the "Statesman's Year Book," end of article on Switzerland; Dubs' "*Droit Publique*," pp. 62–63; Oechsli, pp. 562–566; Dareste, Vol. I. p. 469.

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A COMPARISON of a republican system like that of Switzerland with our own, such as is provoked by the present commemoration in Switzerland and by certain notable new departures in Swiss political methods, is certainly fruitful. But more fruitful still is a study of the political ideals of the Puritan age in England, of which we ourselves were directly born, in comparison with the ideals and social aspirations of the time in which we stand. We are impressed by the singular degree of attention which this subject of the ideas and ideals of the time of Puritanism and the Commonwealth is receiving at this particular time. In the April number of the *English Historical Review* is a thoughtful and scholarly article by John G. Dow, upon "The Political Ideal of the English Commonwealth," the most valuable special feature of which perhaps is the notice of the prophetic political speculations of Harrington, more careful and appreciative than any recent notice of Harrington which we remember to have seen. In the last two numbers of our own *Political Science Quarterly* is an able article by Prof. H. L. Osgood, on "The Political Ideas of the Puritans"; and the author calls attention in a note to a thorough paper just published in a recent number of one of the French reviews, the writer of which had treated the subject in a spirit and with conclusions substantially the same as his own. This notable present attention to the Puritan political ideas, of which these able articles thus appearing together are one striking indication, is, we say, impressive; and the reason for it is interesting and, we think, not far to seek. Political thought, like the general course of civilization, seems to move in spirals — ever moving onward and upward, but constantly, in that movement, returning to a point nearer that of some preceding great epoch than any point in all the intervening time. At such a point we have arrived with reference to Puritanism and the Commonwealth, and especially with reference to the

political ideals of that time — the ideals of Cromwell and Milton and Vane and Harrington and Algernon Sidney. These men seem more like our contemporaries than it was possible for them to seem to our fathers or our grandfathers — just as, for quite another reason, in this time of quickened perception of the universal and pervasive reign of law, men write so much better about the Greek tragedies, and read them so much more, than a hundred years ago. The Puritan had wonderfully deep and commanding thoughts about individual liberty and individual rights; but along with these went always thoughts just as deep and commanding about the authority of justice and the obligation to establish a state which should be the nearest possible reflection of the "Kingdom of God." Hence the theocratic idea, and the remarkable union on this side of the Atlantic of Church and State; here the motive and key to Cromwell's great speeches. This high religious feeling about the state and politics has been largely lost in the ultra individualism of the last hundred years. It is now being restored — often accompanied by many vagaries, as all great social and political movements are, but it is being restored, as every significant utterance in political theory and in social and economic discussion is reminding us. It is natural that at such a time, thoughtful students should turn back to the ideas, the aspirations and endeavors of the bold idealists of the Commonwealth; and they are turning back to them.

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THE effort that is being made to establish in Boston an Independent Theatre, to do a work like that of the now famous Theatre Libre in Paris, the Freie Bühne in Berlin, and the Independent Theatre in London, is attracting the attention and sympathy of all genuine lovers of the drama the country over. The statement of the aim of the new enterprise, as made by the committee charged with its organization, is substantially as follows:

"The objects of the Association are first and in general to encourage truth and progress in American dramatic art; second, and specifically, to secure and maintain a stage whereon the best and most unconventional studies of modern life, and distinctively of American life, may get a proper hearing. We believe the present poverty of dramatic art in America due to unfavorable conditions rather than to a lack of play-writing talent, and it is the purpose of the Association to remove as far as possible the commercial consideration and give the dramatist the artistic atmosphere for his work, and bring to its production the most intelligent and sympathetic acting in America.

"The theatre is designed to be distinctively but not exclusively modern and American, and it will encourage the use of the wealth of native material lying at our hand. Its scope may be indicated thus:

"I. Studies of American Society.
  (*a*) Social Dramas.
  (*b*) Comedies of Life.

"II. Studies in American History.
  (*a*) Dramas of Colonial times.
  (*b*) Dramas of the Revolution.
  (*c*) Dramas of Border History.
  (*d*) Dramas of the Civil War.

"III. Famous modern plays by the best dramatists of Europe.

"We believe that the above plan is sufficiently extensive to claim the support of all lovers of the drama, while at the same time it maintains its distinctive character. We believe that with the encouragement of a fair trial for their plays, a part of the confessedly great talent of our novelists could be directed to the production of plays as true, as modern, and as American in flavor as our famous short stories.

"The Association, while it has in mind the great work done by a few unknown men in the Freie Bühne of Berlin, the Theatre Libre of Paris, and the Independent Theatre of London, does not propose to model itself upon either of these organizations, but to take all helpful hints and use them in its own way. It is designed to have all enterprises conducted upon the co-operative principle as far as possible. A corporation will be formed to build within the coming year a small theatre, and to sell season tickets by subscription, very much as in the Freie Bühne. The season will last thirty weeks and will include the production of ten or twelve new plays — tickets to admit subscribers three nights in the week and to be transferable. The unsold seats on subscribers' nights and the entire house on alternate performances will be open to the general public.

"A Reading Committee will have entire charge of the selection of plays. To place all plays on equal footing, the MSS. must be submitted to the secretary, in typewriting, unsigned, accompanied by the name of the author in a sealed envelope. If the play is accepted, the envelope will remain unbroken till the last performance of the first week's trial. If the play is returned, no one but the secretary will know the name of its author. It is designed to extend the co-operative principle to the plays, the association to retain an interest in the plays it produces.

"It seems to us that the most fitting city in America to begin the great work is Boston. Boston is at once the most conservative and the most progressive of cities. She has an autonomy that is lacking in most of our towns, and her influence for art is greater than that of any other American city. The establishment here of a theatre with "Truth for Art's Sake" as a motto would unquestionably result in the formation of similar enterprises in other places. We appeal to the art-loving population of Boston to assist us in the carrying out of this plan, which we believe will result in the birth of a genuine, truthful, buoyant American drama. Any one subscribing to the purposes set forth in the prospectus can become a member of the association. Signers to the articles of association are not bound in any way to become subscribers, or to perform any services other than voluntary support of the principles here set forth."

It seems to us that such a theatre, if kept in the hands of men of courage, enthusiasm, culture, and

breadth, can do a very great work in the encouragement of dramatic writing and of good acting in America; and we shall watch the development of the enterprise with interest.

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We catch with our net from the newspaper ocean the following suggestive communication from Professor Edward S. Morse of Salem, touching principles which might profitably be adopted in this modern time by the enterprising American towns which, especially in the South and West, so suddenly and rapidly jump to maturity. We like to make this Table, so far as possible, a place for records of progress or hints for progress; and we welcome to it such useful suggestions for our rising cities as those of Professor Morse. Professor Morse was thinking, when he wrote, of the vigorous new towns which in these days are springing up so marvelously, almost in a night, in Virginia and other parts of the South — and of how much might be done for the broadening of the public intellectual life by wise methods in the foundation days; but the suggestions are germane for every American longitude, and not without force for many a town whose foundation days are far behind.

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"The wonderful mineral resources now being so rapidly developed in that region of our country which includes Virginia, Tennessee, eastern Kentucky, northern Georgia and Alabama is accompanied by a development of town and city which is quite as marvellous. A region as large as France and richer in coal and iron, lying nearly in the centre of the country's population, has been until recent years, as Mr. Edward Atkinson says in a letter to the *Manufacturers' Record*, a *terra incognita*. By some magical process there is going on in this region a visible growth of cities. In the evolution of a city, as we know it in all parts of the world, there is first a small settlement with a single store, combining postoffice, village club house and every variety of merchandise in demand. The dwellings are ordinary, but each one stands in an ample lot of land. It is only when the village becomes a town and the trunk main of a street branches into a number of smaller streets and alleys, that the more penurious or less thrifty inhabitants part with slices of their territory. Slowly or quickly, as the case may be, the town aspires to be a city, with its mayor, uniformed police and, in varying order, gas, street cars, water works, electric lights, etc. Indeed, some of these luxuries may have appeared at an earlier stage of the city's growth. Observe now what is taking place in this phenomenal region. Cities are immediately shaping themselves without the trace of preliminary stages, unless one regards a few squalid huts, with a hundred equally squalid inhabitants, as the germs of a city, germs which have been arrested in their development for fifty years. It would seem as if a schedule of the natural stages in the evolution of a city had been carefully prepared, and the projectors of these enterprises had deliberately turned the list upside down, and begun with the last and latest feature a city acquires. Enormous hotels, horse cars, electric lights, water works, public parks, paved streets stretching for miles through vast tracts of pasturage that a few years ago would have been dear at $10 an acre. Now this same region is divided into microscopic lots such as one finds in dense London streets, with prices almost as high. This seems all absurd, it seems unnatural. The brainy men directing these matters, and presumably accustomed to luxury, can find certain of these comforts in the great hotels which accompany these developments; but the bone and sinew in the thousands of brawny workmen need cheap and wholesome houses and good water as sanitary measures. The electric lights, horse cars, paved streets, opera house, etc., may well come later. The development of a city has its natural stages, usually superimposed in the same order, and the making — we cannot say growth — of a city in any other way is fraught with disaster. Now let us admit at this point that we may be wrong, and that this Aladdin-like performance of making a city outright may be an epochal feature in our history. In thus electing to build a city as we please at either end of the work, we but follow the course of those who undertake the much smaller but equally difficult task of calling into existence a university. If this happy era is really dawning upon us, it behooves the student of municipalities to formulate the best way in which this work is to be accomplished. Obviously, the comfort of the citizen is to be looked after, and comfort implies good health. Now health boards look after vitiated water supplies, contagious diseases, and the like, but take no cognizance of dust, smoke, rattle of carts over ill-paved streets and, least of all, that entirely useless nuisance, the factory whistle, arousing from tired sleep "the soft-handed sons of toil" who are plotting and planning for this work, wearied women and invalids to whom an hour's sleep in the morning means everything. So, in the plan of a city, it stands to reason that fresh air, good water, and well-paved and well-lighted streets are the first things to consider. An instigator of a factory whistle should be imprisoned for life in an active boiler shop. The city's great factories and workshops, furnaces, and the like, should be in one great region by themselves; her lighter shops of dry goods, books, etc., on some pleasant boulevard lined with trees; her working classes in wholesome tenement houses far away from the sight of mill chimneys; if possible, little plots of ground to encourage kitchen gardening; a reward, if necessary, as a stimulus to such work; a series of large, well-lighted rooms for a public library, industrial art museum, scientific collections, etc.; above all, a good city hall that can be let at the mere cost of light and janitor for every lecture or entertainment of an instructive or elevating nature. Public schools, of course. If prohibition is elected, let it be absolute. If high license, then see that the liquors sold are pure. There is more reason for a city chemist than a city marshal. See also that the city makes its own light, owns tramways subject to suitable conditions for their use, and supplies its own water. In other words, let a competition go on among the land improvement companies as to which one shall make up and de-

liver to the country the best city, running without noise as a good machine does, giving citizens pure air as they now have in most cases pure water, and able to retain within its boundaries in the summer those who usually migrate to the country. Finally, that no injustice may be done to the booming towns, let it be said that in some of these regions the tendencies are in the directions indicated. Indeed, so magnificent are the conditions of nature in this land of the sky, as to mineral wealth, agricultural resources, and salubrity of climate, a city might be begun with an art museum filled with old masters, and the city would grow up to it."

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THE portrait of Old Governor Chittenden which accompanies the article on Vermont in the preceding pages had an interesting origin. As in the case of Seth Warner, so of Chittenden — no actual portrait of him is known to be in existence. But the editors of an important historical collection published In Vermont some years ago, feeling the great importance of having some portrait of the old Governor, secured the preparation of a careful portrait, based on traditions and recollections of his personal appearance, and upon portraits of members of the later generation of the Chittenden family, who in this feature were said to resemble their distinguished ancestors. Of this portrait our engraving is a copy.

Many readers will undoubtedly notice with surprise the absence of a portrait of Starr King in the article on the Literature of the White Mountains. A portrait will appear in the magazine in another connection.

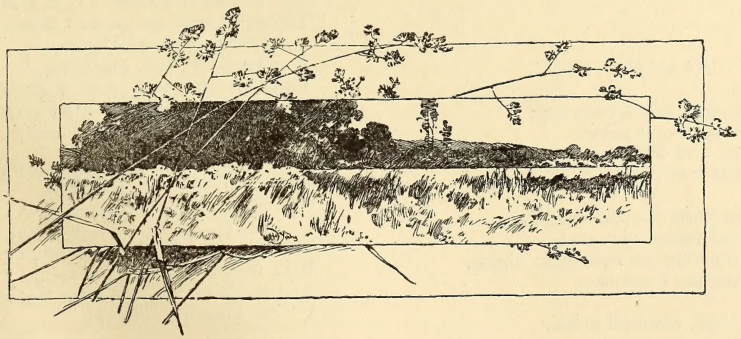
IN 1776, the rattlesnake did duty for the American crest much more than the eagle. A correspondent sends us the following passage, taken from the *Scots' Magazine*, published at Edinburgh in July, 1776, the very month of the Declaration of Independence, to which we are glad to give place, no more on account of its historical interest than as showing how many good things can be said of a rattlesnake:

"The colors of the American fleet have a snake with thirteen rattles, the fourteenth budding, described in the attitude of going to strike, with the motto,

DON'T TREAD ON ME:

It is a rule in heraldry that the worthy properties of the animal in the crest borne shall be considered, and the base ones cannot be intended. The ancients accounted a snake, or a serpent, an emblem of wisdom and, in certain attitudes, of endless duration. The rattlesnake is properly a representative of America, as this animal is found in no other part of the world. The eye of this creature excels in brightness that of most other animals. She has no eyelids, and is, therefore, an emblem of vigilance. She never begins an attack, nor ever surrenders; she is, therefore, an emblem of magnanimity and true courage. When injured, or in danger of being injured, she never wounds until she has given notice to her enemies of their danger. No other of her kind shows such generosity. When undisturbed and in peace, she does not appear to be furnished with weapons of any kind. They are latent in the roof of her mouth, and even when extended for her defence, appear to those who are not acquainted with her, to be weak and contemptible; yet her wounds, however small, are decisive and fatal.

The power of fascination attributed to her, by a generous construction, resembles America. Those who look steadily on her are delighted, and involuntarily advance towards her, and having once approached, never leave her. She is frequently found with thirteen rattles, and they increase yearly. She is beautiful in youth, and her beauty increases with her age. Her tongue is blue, and forked as the lightning."



THE OMNIBUS

A Railway Reverie.

She muses! — a far-away look
Steals into the hazel eyes,
And the untried wealth of the open book
At the window neglected lies.
Reposing, a slender hand reclines,
Ungloved, with a careless grace,
And the languid swoon of the afternoon
Comes over the perfect face.

She sleeps! — and the full-blown rose
Droops drowsily on her breast
And nods in the tremulous tide that flows
In the warm young life at rest.
Could the shadowy smile on the cheek that plays
Be traced by the daring pen,
How the plaintive lays of a lover's praise
Might live in the hearts of men!

She wakes! — Did a dawn like this
E'er yet on the dark earth smile?
Did a passing spirit stoop to kiss
The cheek that a saint would guile?
Divinely fair is the rose-blush there,
Where the shadow of dimples play;
And my hungry gaze, — but I must not stare, —
Reluctantly turns away!

Ah! Sweet are the thoughts that cling
To the picture in every line,
And my soul would sing on a buoyant wing
Of the vision that hath been mine!
God grant His care to the dear, sweet life,
And bright be the days to come;
But my reverie stops with the train. 'Tis my Wife,
And I pay for the carriage home!

— *Ernest N. Bagg.*

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On Rainy Days.

On rainy days he's always gay;
The more it pours,
The more, I've often heard him say,
His spirit soars.

A driving storm his soul delights
And makes him glad;
He has the blues on moonlight nights,
And has them bad.

October days, when all is fair,
He simply hates;
But when the fierce sleet fills the air,
His breast dilates.

Indeed, he's so enthralled beneath
The weather-vane,
His friends must often grit their teeth,
And pray for rain!

— *William H. Hills.*

The Troubadour.

O it must have been quite charming,
Spite of Saracen's alarming,
Or the bold Crusader's harming,
To have been a Troubadour.
With a voice for song and blarney,
Over all the world to journey,
And at every joist and tourney
Find a lady to adore!

For in sooth no better trade is
Than to serenade the ladies,
From fair Venice to proud Cadiz,
With a tuneful, light guitar;
While their lovely eyes soft glancing
Set the Trobadour's heart dancing,
As with melody entrancing,
He would sing of love and war!

What to him was wind or weather,
Price of gold on 'Change, or whether
Stocks were sold at par; his feather
He could flaunt at any Court.
For they doted on his coming,
With his carolling and humming,
And his dainty touch and tumming
Opened every door and port!

He was never in a hurry,
And no sordid care or worry
Put his temper in a flurry.
without herald travelled he —
Nor advertisement or boaster,
Agent, placard, or bill-poster
Did he need; — he took a toaster
With his breakfast and his tea!

For in turret and high tower
And in maiden's sweet love-bower,
The rich cream and perfect flower
Of the ancient chivalry,—
A convenient place obtaining,—
Every eye and nerve were straining
And their haughty necks were craning,
The gay Troubadour to see.

How he made the brave knights frantic,
By his graceful pose and antic,
And his studied air romantic,—
Till they swore with jealousy;
While the festal board was ringing
With the plaudits of his singing,
And the ladies' flowers were flinging
In admiring ecstacy!

O 'twas charming and 'twas jolly,
Spite of hermit's melancholy,
To have led a life of folly,
Like the dashing Troubadour;
Pleasure through the world pursuing,
Singing, dancing, billing, cooing,
And the fairest maidens wooing,
By the dozen and the score.

— *Zitella Cocke.*

1542